This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

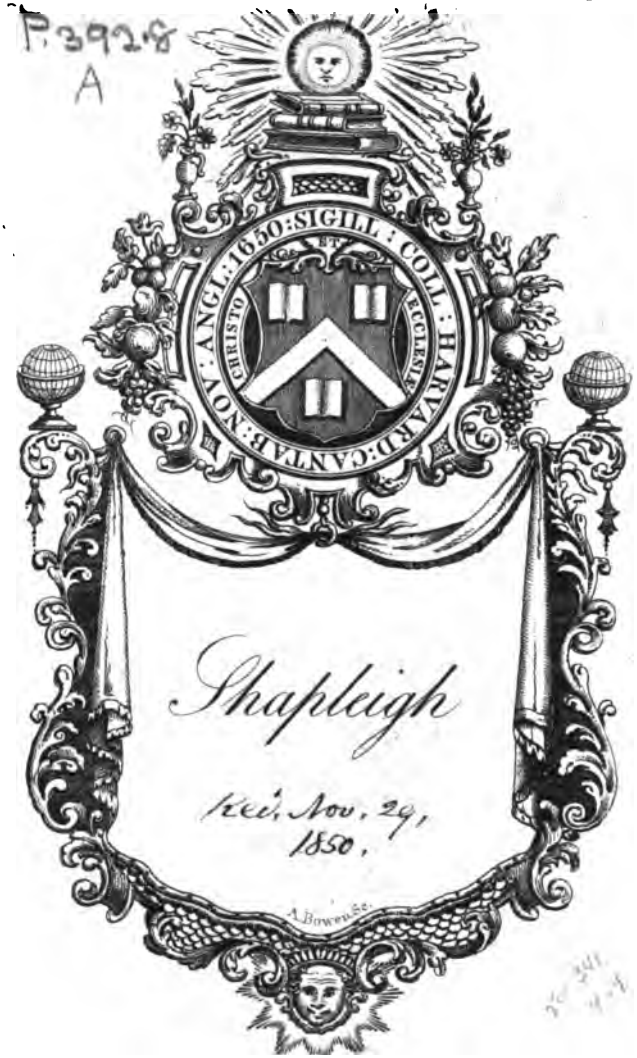
**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Digitized by Google

MISSING pp 321-338

P.392.8
A




Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

# UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

# DEMOCRATIC REVIEW,

CONDUCTED BY

THOMAS PRENTICE KETTELL.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. XIX.

NEW-YORK:
No. 142 FULTON-STREET,
1846.

Digitized by Google

P 392.8
A

Digitized by Google

# INDEX TO VOLUME XIX.


Page

A Letter of a Valetudinarian ..... 62

An Essay on the Ground and Reason of Punishment. An Essay on the Ground and Reason of Punishment; with special reference to the Penalty of Death. By Taylor Lewis, Esq. And a Defence of Capital Punishment. By Rev. George Cheever, D. D. With an Appendix, containing a Review of Burleigh on the Death Penalty..... 90

American Actors in England ..... 186

A Song of the Stars. By Miss Anna Blackwell..... 224

A Dream of the World. By R. S. S. Andros..... 303

A Day in the Dead Letter Office. By Francis Copcutt..... 446

Brazil. Sketches of Residence and Travels in Brazil, &c. &c. By Rev. D. P. Kidder, A. M. (Concluded.)..... 33

Correspondence of Mr. Ralph Izard. By Lt. Col. Henry Whiting, U. S. A.; author of "Ontwa," "Washington's Orders," &c..... 40

Comparative View of the Relative Advantages of Constructing Steam-Ships of Wood or of Iron in the United States, for Ocean Navigation. By Junius Smith..... 260

Financial and Commercial Review.....71, 148, 230, 321, 401, 483

Gluck in Paris. Translated from the German. By Mrs. Von Hassel... 106

Gossip of the Month.....332, 411, 491

Howard's Special Term Reports. New-York Supreme Court Special Term Reports. By N. Howard, Jr., Counsellor at Law, and Deputy Clerk af the Supreme Court..... 19

Haydn's Apprenticeship. Translated from the German.....193, 298

Hochelaga. Hochelaga; or, England in the New World. Edited by Eliot Warburton, Esq.; author of the "Crescent and the Cross".... 255

Human Clothing, Dyeing, and Calico-Printing. Practical Treatise on Dyeing and Calico-Printing, &c. By an Experienced Dyer; assisted by several scientific gentlemen..... 305

Imaginary Commonwealths. By J. Sullivan Cox..... 175

Legislative Embodyment of Public Opinion. Texas—Oregon—The Land Bill—The Tariff—The Warehousing Bill—The Independent Treasury..... 83

Literary Larcenies.....203, 289

Modern Arms and Armies..... 15

Marginalia. By Edgar A. Poe..... 30

Miss Fuller's Papers on Literature and Art. Papers on Literature and Art. By S. Margaret Fuller, Author of "A Summer on the Lakes," "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," &c..... 198

Minstrelsy; Ancient and Modern. Minstrelsy; Ancient and Modern. By William Motherwell..... 264

Morni and Ethnea—A Tale of St. Columba.....284, 394

Modern English Poets..... 316

Mutations of Time. By Mrs J. W. Mercur..... 361

Money. 1st. A Manual of Gold and Silver Coins of all nations struck within the past century. By Jacob R. Eckfeldt and William E. Dubois, Assayers of the Mint of the United States. 2d. Annual Report of the Director of the Mint at Philadelphia, showing the operations of the Mint and Branches for 1845..... 369

Notices of New Books.....76, 151, 235, 327, 408, 489

No Remedy and Remedy. By D. P. Barhydt..... 103

Origin of Idolatrous Worship..... 22


Digitized by Google

Page
Practical Annexation of England..... 3
Prison Discipline. Reports of Prison Association of New-York..... 129
Papers of an Old Dartmoor Prisoner. Edited by Nathaniel Hawthorne. 141, 209
Political Statistics. Oregon Treaty—Tariff Bill, and Vote thereon in the House—Land and Treasury Note Bill, and Vote—Warehousing Bill, and Vote—Land Graduation Bill, and Vote..... 154
" State Elections..... 414
" Congressional Elections..... 495
Political Portraits with Pen and Pencil. Silas Wright, of New-York.... 349
Do. Zadock Pratt, late Member of Congress from the State of New-York..... 472
Reasons Why the Aspect of Society in England and the United States must be Radically and Permanently Different. By Junius Smith.... 25
Do. No. II..... 217
Sonnets. By the Author of the "Yemassee," &c..47, 140, 202, 302, 391, 471
Some Translations from Uhland. By William Allen Butler..... 55
Slaves and Slavery. 1st. Message of the President, transmitting to Congress Despatches from the American Minister at Brazil. 2d. Report of the Secretary of State, with Correspondence of S. W. Slacum, late U. S. Consul at Rio Janeiro. 3d. Parliamentary Debate on Sugar Duties..... 243
Travels in North America. Travels in North America. By Charles Lyell, Esq., F. R. S..... 113
The Writings of Charles Lamb: An Essay. By J. W. Shelton..... 123
The Tariff—Its History and Influence..... 163
The Old Arm-Chair that Rocks so Easy..... 192
The Indian Lover..... 272
The Elements of Morality; including Polity. The Elements of Morality; Including Polity. By William Whewell, D. D., Author of the "History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," &c.....273, 385
The Broken Heart—A Tale of Hispaniola. By S. Anna Lewis, author of "Records of the Heart,"..... 312
The New-York Constitutional Convention,..... 339
The Goddess of the Beautiful—A Bohemian Legend,..... 365
The Norseman's Ride,..... 368
The Infelicities of Intellectual Men,..... 378
The Welcome Rain—Translated from the High German of Herr Niemand of Weisnichtwo..... 400
The Results,..... 419
The Administrations of Washington and Adams. Memoirs of the Administrations of Washington and John Adams. Edited from the Papers of Oliver Wolcott. By George Gibbs,..... 426
The Natural History of New-York. Natural History of New-York. By Authority,..... 433
The Autobiography of Goethe. Truth and Poetry; from My Life. Translated from the German of Goethe. Edited by Parke Godwin,. 443
To the Ocean. By Mrs, J. W. Mercur..... 452
Upward! By J. Bayard Taylor..... 442
Which is the Fortunate Man? By Miss Anna Middleton..... 48
West Point. By H. T. Tuckerman..... 121
What is Truth? 1st. Acts and Resolutions passed at the first session of the 29th Congress of the United States. Published by Authority. 2d. Sections adopted at the New-York Constitutional Convention..... 267

Digitized by Google

THE

# UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

# DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

Vol. XIX. JULY, 1846. No. XCVII.

## PRACTICAL ANNEXATION OF ENGLAND.

The great feature of the modern world is the growth and power of the Anglo-Saxon race. More particularly since the commencement of the present century have their numbers multiplied with a rapidity that astonishes the observer. In the 46 years which have elapsed since the 18th century reached its close, the Anglo-Saxon race, properly so called, have increased 120 per cent. Their wealth, prosperity and social condition have improved in a much greater ratio. The race is now divided into nearly equal parts, one of which, in the possession of great political power, occupies the British islands, and from them sways the commercial world. The other inhabits the continent of North America, and will soon absorb the whole in one vast union, from whose bosom the British islands must thereafter draw their supplies of food, and become measurably dependent for the elements of their power. The natural limits of British greatness appear to have been reached; that is, the greatest number of persons that her resources can feed, occupy her islands, and those persons exercise the greatest possible power that is permitted to one nation in modern times. If the Anglo-Saxon race on this continent is destined to reach wealth and power as much greater than those now enjoyed by England, as the breadth of land here occupied is larger than the British islands, then indeed might the nations of Europe have cause for alarm, were it not for the peaceful nature of our institutions. The Anglo-Saxons on this continent are now equal in number to those in Great Britain, and in a few years the latter will bear but a small proportion to the whole number.

The great improvements which have been made in science have prodigiously increased the means of subsistence in the British islands; and the increase of the population, great as it has undoubtedly been, is yet subordinate to the enhanced production. The latter, by outrunning the population, has afforded to the laboring classes luxuries and even comforts that formerly were unknown to the richest lords. The proportion of food produced in the British islands to the whole number of the people is doubtless much larger than formerly, but at the same time there is a larger and increasing number who suffer more than formerly, because the tendency of laws and the structure of society has been, to accelerate the natural accumulation of property in the hands of a few at the expense of the many. The population of the British islands, exclusive of Ireland, has increased from 10,472,048 in 1800, according to the census then taken, to 18,664,761 in 1841, being an increase of about 80 per cent. in 40 years. In the same time the number of the

Digitized by Google

French people rose from 27,349,003 to 34,194,875, or 25 per cent. only. The United States, peopled by the same race as Great Britain, have in a similar period multiplied their numbers of white inhabitants from 4,304,489 to 14,575,998, or 320 per cent., having nearly doubled every 20 years. The population of the United States has indeed been mostly of the Anglo-Saxon race, but it has received constant accessions of French and Germans, who mix with and are finally lost in the swelling numbers of the whole mass. The British Islands have lost to some extent by emigration, and most of that which they have lost has been a direct gain to America. The decennial increase per cent. of the population of the United States, as compared with that of England, has been for the first 40 years of the present century as follows:

| | 1800–10. | 1810–20. | 1820–30. | 1830–40. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| United States | 36.2 | 34.3 | 33 8 | 34.7 |
| British Islands | 14.2 | 17.6 | 15.5 | 14.0 |

From 1810 to 1820, which embrace the period of the last war, it appears that the ratio of increase in the United States diminished, while that of the British islands improved. Since that period the actual increase of the population of the United States has become more considerable, while that of the British islands has decreased 3½ per cent., having been for the ten years ending with 1840, slightly less than in a similar period ending with 1810, during a general war. These facts seem to support the theory that the increase of population must always depend upon the increase of food and other necessaries, and can never, for any considerable period, exceed that increase. As far as high science and great capital go, England has the advantage of the United States in facilities for enhancing the means of subsistence; nevertheless her population feels annually the increasing restraint upon its growth consequent upon the deficiency of food, and the existing distress manifests itself in the swelling number of paupers, who now, according to a Parliamentary statement, reach 1,500,000 souls. While England has thus encountered in her onward progress an insurmountable barrier to her continued advancement, the United States have constantly added to the quantity of land occupied, and each successive tract overrun is apparently more fertile than the other. The area of Great Britain is the same now that it ever has been; that is to say, 55,291,788 acres, or 86,439 square miles. On this extent of surface, as we have seen, the population has increased 8,192,713 souls or 80 per cent. in 40 years, or 94 persons to each square mile. Or, in other words, from a population of 118 to the square mile in 1800, the density has increased to 210 to the square mile in 1840. In the United States the greatest density is in that of Massachusetts, eighty-six to the mile. To maintain this increase, the highest skill and science in agriculture, added to the most unremitting industry and perseverance, has been requisite in England. It is self-evident, however, that there is a point beyond which this increase cannot take place; that how great soever the productive powers of the English soil may be made through the aid of science, ultimately the wants of the population, through increasing numbers, must exceed those powers. This appears now to be nearly the case. Every portion of the soil of Great Britain, capable of bearing food advantageously, has been pressed into that service. It is true that there are still maintained in England a large number of cattle, Of horses alone there are 1,330,000, on which duties are paid; to feed which, an extent of soil equal to that which will suffice for the sustenance of 10,000,000 human beings is required; but these horses are, to a very considerable extent, necessary in the conduct of internal business, and indispensable as yet to the trade which supports the manufacturing population. How far those services may be superseded by steam is a question. It is, however, probable that steam may so far supply the place as to make an increase in their numbers to facilitate a growing trade unnecessary; and, indeed, as the home supply of food has now become insufficient for the support of both animals and human beings, in consequence of the excess of their demands, it would seem that the maintenance of the former would become yearly more onerous. The surface of England may be pretty accurately divided into three sections, viz: 10 manufacturing and mining counties, 13 metropolitan and

Digitized by Google

partially manufacturing counties, and 19 exclusively agricultural counties. The official returns show that the rural population of England has not increased since 1760, a period of 140 years, during which the other classes of society have increased near 300 per cent.

The population of the several divisions of England that we have named are as follows:

POPULATION OF ENGLAND.

| Counties. | 1700. | 1800. | 1840. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Agricultural | 2,029,800 | 2,670,337 | 4,059,114 |
| Manufacturing | 1,113,900 | 2,528,773 | 5,310,472 |
| Metropolitan | 2,002,700 | 3,130,054 | 5,587,560 |
| | 5,146,400 | 8,331,164 | 14,957,146 |

The returns of the population of the towns and cities show that the increase of the agricultural counties has been principally in the towns, so that the rural population of England, as in the agricultural counties of Scotland, appears not to have increased at all since 1700, at least not materially. The same number of the tillers of the earth, the productions of whose industry fed 5,146,400 persons in 1700, is now required to feed 14,957,146, without counting the increase of cattle, which is probably equal to five millions more persons. This excessive demand has been supplied by pressing into the service every possible tillable piece of ground, and calling the highest science to aid in its cultivation (the latter has mainly compensated for the small increase of manual labor.) The traders and manufacturers have increased seven millions since 1700, and five millions since 1800. These have produced that manufactured wealth which has laid the world under contribution to British industry. The physical well-being of the masses of the people has not, however, proportionably improved. The master manufacturers have divided with the land-owners the whole profits of the industry of these people. What little money the former have paid for labor, the latter have demanded for the food supplied from their lands. This collusion of interests worked well, as long as the manufacturers did not experience in third markets any active opposition. But European competition has so reduced the money prices of goods, that manufacturers can no longer pay sufficient wages to feed their workmen at the old prices demanded by land-owners for food, even if the latter could continue to supply the demand. The land-owners must now reduce their profits to enable England to maintain her markets. The manufacturing greatness of the British islands has outgrown their capacity to feed the operatives. The Anglo-Saxon race in England, like a hot-house plant, is confined in too small a vessel; it has become restricted in its growth, and requires to be transplanted to a broad and genial soil. This has been done. The climate and soil of the United States were peculiarly suited to the development of their vigorous growth. On this continent the breadth of territory and its resources are as limitless as the untiring enterprise of the people. Their escape from the restraining limits of the narrow islands and unjust laws of Britain, has been followed by a vigor of growth never before equalled by any people; and this progression has been marked by an accession of territory in a ratio nearly as great as that in which their numbers have multiplied; that is to say, the white inhabitants of the United States have increased 10,271,509, while Great Britain has added but 8,192,713 to her population since 1800. In this period, the land brought into cultivation in Great Britain has been 3,621,770 acres, as returned by the inclosure bills before Parliament. On this continent the area of the states in 1800 was 473,770 square miles. There has since been added, exclusive of Texas, 814,810 square miles, making an area of represented states at this time equal to 1,288,580 square miles, or 15 times the area of Great Britain. Nearly all the land so occupied and settled is, in its natural state, of a description more fertile than any which the high culture of England can exhibit. Prairies containing millions of acres of rich black loam several feet deep are but entered upon, and still waiting the physical force which is yet to accumulate for the cultivation of vast spots, most of which, after an annual succession of 200 crops, yield wheat as rankly and vigorously as in the first few years of their subjection to the service of civilization.

The people of the United States are essentially agricultural in their pursuits, and the unrivalled advantages which nature has afforded have by no means been neglected. The most invaluable

Digitized by Google

tracts of land have been spread before a fearless, enterprising, and energetic race, almost without money and without price. The choicest lands of the western valleys have been at the command of every man; and they have flocked thither to enjoy them, not only from our own Atlantic states, but the islands of Britain and the distant countries of Europe have poured forth their thousands to occupy and subdue the prairies of the west. The census returns of the United States show, that of the increase of the population since 1820, 80 per cent. are agriculturists; the remaining 20 per cent. are engaged in commerce, mining, manufactures, and trades. This is the reverse of that process which has been going on in England, and also in Europe. The same causes which have operated so powerfully in England to cause the demand for food to outrun the local supply, have also been actively at work in diminishing that surplus supply in Europe to which England formerly looked to make good her own occasional deficits. These causes are the powerful impulses that have been given to manufacturing industry, by which the number of agricultural producers has been diminished and the consumers increased. The former have also been lessened by the number of agricultural emigrants who leave the worn-out lands and the profitless servitude of noble owners in Europe to tread their own prolific farms in the western valleys of America. The countries of Europe during the past year, which has indeed been one of bad harvests, have not yielded more than sufficient for their own wants. The surplus of one section has not more than sufficed for the deficit of another; and, although the demands of England, which subsequent to 1837 were annually large, were last year small, the price of grain throughout Europe has been higher than perhaps ever before, and grain is now much cheaper in the United States than in any other country; that is to say, in the great grain markets of the north of Europe for May, the price of wheat averaged $1.40 per bushel, and in New-York 90 cents. At Odessa, the great centre of the Black Sea grain trade, it was $1.00 per bushel, and the demand good to supply the wants of Italy and the Mediterranean.

Not only has the demand for food increased with the progress of manufactures and the extension of railroads throughout Europe, but the application of capital and science to agriculture, and the improvement in implements, have been insufficient to compensate for the decay of the land. —The constant and long cropping of the best lands in the wheat districts of Europe has, united to a barbarous system of culture, reduced them to a state of comparative sterility. It has long been known that the continued exportation of corn from any country will exhaust the soil, unless there is imported in return articles which may be converted into manure in some degree to compensate for the injuries so inflicted. Many parts of the north of Africa and of Asia-Minor that were formerly depended upon by Europe for large supplies of grain, are now irretrievable deserts. The system pursued in Prussia and Poland, of raising two crops of corn in succession, administering nothing to refresh the soil but a fallow, will ultimately exhaust the best land. For near two centuries Poland has continued to export large quantities of bread-stuffs, without receiving from abroad anything that could be converted into nutriment for the soil. The quantities exported, for periods of 25 years each, with the price at the close of each period, in Dantzic has been as follows:

| | Wheat. | Price. | Rye. | Price. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | bush. | $ cts. | bush. | $ cts. |
| 1651–1675 | 14,397,384 | .... | 36,049,976 | .... |
| 1676–1700 | 24,978,464 | 26 | 45,416,464 | 20 |
| 1701–1725 | 12,159,064 | 36 | 34,019,976 | 30 |
| 1726–1750 | 16,124,848 | 32 | 23,754,108 | 22 |
| 1751–1775 | 27,087,328 | 86 | 39,762,824 | 60 |
| 1776–1800 | 30,059,840 | 1 75 | 21,608,976 | 105 |
| 1801–1825 | 32,052,648 | 60 | 9,181,532 | 26 |
| 1825–1846 | 20,000,000 | 1 50 | ..... | .... |
| Total | 176,859,576 | | 209,793,856 | |

The natural effect of this constant drain of corn from a district, is manifest in the exhaustion of the soil. Accordingly, Jacobs, who was sent by the English government to investigate the capacity of the countries of Europe to supply grain to England, reports that in every part of his journey through Poland the fields, whether with growing crops, in stubble, or under the operations of the plough, presented the appearance of "exhaustion from excessive cropping."

Digitized by Google

About three-fourths of the exports of Dantzic are to England, the remainder goes to the other countries of Europe. This is the point whence one-half the imports into England have been drawn in the last 20 years. The wheat exported from Dantzic, forming one-half of the English supply in years of deficient harvest, is delivered there from the river Vistula and its tributary the Bug. The former rises in the Carpathian mountains, and flows 450 miles through Poland and West Prussia, joining the Baltic at Dantzic. The stream becomes navigable at Cracow, and thence the wheat is conveyed to the sea in open flat boats, which hold 1,200 bushels. These boats are, in seasons of leisure, constructed on the banks of the Vistula, above the reach of the water, of fir, rudely put together and fastened with wooden tree-nails. When the rains of Autumn, or the vernal sun melts the snows of the mountains, the river rises, and the boats are easily floated. A large tree running along the bottom and roughly cut forms the keelson, to which timbers are secured; it rises some ten inches from the floor; across this and extending to the sides, hurdles are laid, covered with mats of rye straw, which serve for dunnage. The space below receives the water which rains or leaks in above and below. The wheat is thrown in on these mats, piled as high as the gunwale, and without further ceremony proceeds on its voyage, carried along by the force of the stream. A small boat precedes, with a man in it, sounding to avoid shifting shoals. In this way the barge, conducted by six or seven men, occupies several weeks and sometimes months in its passage. The rain falling upon the exposed wheat soon causes it to grow, and the shooting fibres form a thick mat that serves as a protection to the remainder of the cargo. When the wheat is delivered at Dantzic the boat is broken up, and the men return home on foot. The grown covering of the wheat is removed, and the bulk spread out on the land to dry, being thrown in heaps as often as necessary to protect it from falling rain. After the lapse of some time and frequent handlings it becomes fit for storing in warehouses well constructed for that purpose. The wheat, however, becomes so deteriorated in quality that nearly one-fourth is unmarketable. This is the manner in which one-half the English supply from Europe is conveyed to the points of exportation. The mode of culture is not more praiseworthy, being of a rude and primitive description. The fertility of the lands of Prussia, under the care even of skilful, affluent, and productive proprietors, was not equal in the best localities to seven-fold the seed, and in very many portions three-fold; that is, six bushels reaped for two bushels sown per acre. In Poland the product may be seven fold in some cases. As an instance of the cost of producing grain in Prussia and Poland, a paper prepared by Mr. Rothe, president of government of Dantzic, and laid before Parliament, states, that in a year of favorable sales of grain, the produce of an estate of 2,018 acres, of which 1,040 acres were cultivated with grain, sold on the spot at 72 cents per bushel, by which a loss of 20 per cent. was sustained, besides rent. The actual cost of that wheat delivered in London is $1 29 cents per bushel, without yielding any profit whatever to producers. In France the average yield of wheat per acre is 14 bushels, according to the returns of the Minister of Commerce. In England it is about 20 bushels.

The countries of Spain, France, Belgium, and Great Britain, are corn-importing countries. In France the excess of import over export, which last was mostly to Algiers, averaged, for eight successive years, 681,266 bushels grain per annum, and in some years the import is much larger. No country in Europe approaches France in the extent of surface appropriated to the wheat culture. More than two-fifths of the tillable surface of France is cultivated with wheat; that is to say, of every 100 cultivated acres, 40 are sowed with wheat. The quantity of land thus employed is greater in the south-western departments than at the north; yet the acreable product is greater in the latter sections, a result ascribable both to superior cultivation and greater fertility. In the aggregate, the quantity of wheat produced in France is greater than that produced in Belgium, Spain, Holland, Prussia, Poland, Sweden and the British islands. The crop

Digitized by Google

is usually to the seed as 6¼ to 1. The consumption of wheat is also greater than in any of the other countries. The internal transportation is so costly and difficult, that prices vary very considerably in different sections, being always higher at the south than at the north, from the circumstance of greater fertility. The operation of rail-roads will probably equalize the prices while it will enhance the consumption of the whole. Notwithstanding the great fertility of France, and its great production of wheat, aided by protective corn-laws, it is generally a wheat-importing country. Its agricultural resources, by the aid of science and industry, may be developed almost indefinitely to meet its increasing wants, if enterprise is stimulated by competition instead of being smothered with parchment laws. To effect this, however, a great social revolution in the rural districts is first necessary. Belgium and Holland suspended their corn laws in October last, to allow of the free import of food to supply the deficit occasioned by her late bad harvests. The Russian country bordering on the Black Sea, has of late years sent forth considerable quantities of grain, and the trade in that article has made Odessa a place of importance. This year, however, Italy and the Mediterranean countries require all that it can spare at very advanced rates. Throughout Europe, therefore, the general features are decreasing productions of the land, and an increasing consumption of food, by which double operation the surplus of the most agricultural countries is yearly diminishing, while the wants of the corn-importing countries are annually becoming greater.

It is not a little singular that, while such is the actual state of affairs, each country has made laws prohibitory of the import of corn from others, on the plea, as expressed by the report of a committee of the French Chamber of Deputies, that "if wheat were introduced without duty from the Baltic or Black Sea, our maritime shores would remain uncultivated, and the affect of a ruinous competition would effect more and more nearly the whole of our agricultural population." It is difficult to conceive how absurdities so gross can be gravely put forth by a body of men pretending to ordinary intelligence, much less to the government of a great nation. All the countries of Europe enacted similar laws on the same plea. Whence, then, would the corn necessary to produce that ruinous effect be derived, if all those sagacious laws were repealed or suspended, as is now the case in Belgium? Which of all the counries that now raise grain under protective laws, would be endowed with such prolific crops through the repeal of laws by various countries? According to a resolution of both houses of Parliament, communications were made from the British consuls residing in the corn countries, respecting the quantity of corn that might be exported from each. The result, from all the countries of Europe, north, south and east, was 2,222-464 quarters, or 17,179,712 bushels. The consumption of wheat in Great Britian for food and seed, has been estimated at 9 bushels per head. In France probably it is not more than 5 bushels. At this rate, if the whole quantity, as stated by the consuls, could be regularly furnished, of good quality and at present prices, it would supply but two weeks consumption to France and England alone at this moment, without taking into consideration the wants of other countries. Yet statesmen will declare that the removal of heavy duties will create sufficient wheat to throw out of cultivation the maritime shores of fertile countries. The whole export from Dantzic, as given in the above table, for 196 years, is equal only to 12 months consumption for the present population of England. The increase of the population of Great Britain in the last ten years, has been 2,300,000 souls, which requires 20,700,000 bushels more wheat per annum, to feed them. While this increase has taken place, the exports from the wheat countries of Europe has diminished and the prices advanced, until they are now not materially less than in England. The quantity of wheat which can be exported from Europe, is best tested by the effect which a moderate demand produces upon prices. The effect of high prices for any continued period, is to stimulate production and produce a reaction and fall in prices, even although the demand which first occasioned the advance should be continued. When, therefore, a demand to

Digitized by Google

a given extent springs up, and being continued for any number of years, is not followed by a decline in prices, but rather the contrary, that circumstance furnishes almost irrefragable testimony that the demand is more than can readily be supplied. This evidence is furnished in the case of the English demand and its effect upon European prices during the last 16 years, a period sufficiently long to test the full effect of alternate good harvests and deficits in England upon the European trade. During the four years ending with 1832 the harvests of England were bad, and she imported annually 9,326,390 bushels of wheat. During the whole of that four years, the price ruled at the five leading corn-markets of the continent, at an average of 35s. per quarter, or $1,05 cents per bushel. From 1832, the five consecutive years ending with 1837, were of good harvests, and England imported 341,695 bushels per annum only. The average for wheat in those five years at the same ports on the continent, was 23s. per quarter, or 70 cents per bushel. In the year 1838 England imported 14,550,624 bushels, and the average of the continent rose to 38s. per quarter, or $1 14 cents per bushel. Now it is fair to infer that the low prices of the five years ending with 1837, must have ruined many corn growers, bankrupted many estates, and reduced the quantity of corn produced. The 14,550,000 bushels taken by England, however, appear to have exhausted the stocks in the warehouses, and raised the price 80 per cent. all over Europe. That stimulus would naturally again enhance the production. In the next year, 1839, England took near 22 million bushels, and the average price in Europe rose to 42s. per quarter, or $1 26 cents per bushel. That price was continued down to 1843, and the average for the five years ending with 1842, was 40s. or $1 20 per bushel, throughout Europe. The purchases of England during that time had reached 19,148,268 bushels per annum. In the three last years the purchases of England have averaged but five million bushels per annum, and in 1845 they were less than three million bushels. Nearly all the demand for account of Great Britain which had raised the level of prices from an average of 70 cts. per bushel in the five years ending with 1837, to an average of $1 20 in the five years ending with 1842, had ceased, yet the price continued and continues to advance. Russia has suspended her corn-laws, and Holland and Belgium have remitted theirs, and the average in Europe is now $1 43 per bushel! against an average of 60 cents in the United States, and $1 67 in England.

The improvement in the business of Europe, which has facilitated an increased consumption of food generally, and that of wheat particularly, appears to have resulted from two primary causes, viz: the construction of rail-roads, by which rapid and cheap communication has been effected in the mining and manufacturing districts, and in the extension of internal trade by customs unions, thereby removing artificial barriers to intercourse at the same time that the natural ones are overcome.

The states comprising the Zollverein or Customs Union and Belgium, in the official statistics, afford the most positive and marked indication of this improvement. The population of all the states now composing the Customs Union, in 1834, was 23,476,120. In 1845, the population of the same states was 25,534,321, being an increase of nearly one per cent. per annum. The revenue of the Customs Union rose from 14,515,722 thalers in 1834, to 26,471,591 in 1845, having nearly doubled in ten years. This expresses of course the duties upon articles imported into the German states, and at the same level of duties would indicate a doubling of the trade in ten years. But inasmuch as that the duties have repeatedly been modified, the ratio of increase in the actual trade must be much greater. A new impulse was last year given to this trade by means of a treaty between Belgium and the German Union. The benefits which each nation has derived from their mutual concessions in favor of commerce, is already manifest in the trade of Belgium, according to official reports. When Belgium separated from Holland, in 1830–31, her manufacturing industry underwent a great reverse, inasmuch as that previous to that time, she had to supply Holland and her colonies with those productions of mining and manufactur-

Digitized by Google

ing industry in which the resources of Belgium mainly consist. From the supply of 16 millions of people, including Holland and her India possessions, East and West, she found her consumers reduced to four millions. The free trade between her and Holland, which operated to mutual advantage under the union, was supposed to be injurious as soon as the governments became separated, and protective tariffs were mutually interposed to *preserve* home-industry from the supposed destructive effects of that competition which previously had benefited it. In 1833 the government of Belgium projected a uniform and comprehensive system of rail-ways, to the construction of which the surface of Belgium is, from its geographical position, adapted in a most extraordinary degree. The plan finally executed was that of taking one point in the centre of the kingdom, and constructing lines radiating from that centre to every side of the kingdom. The average cost of these roads is $42,000 per mile. The principal lines of these roads were opened in 1835, since when the business of Belgium has improved as follows:

| | 1835. | 1845. |
|---|---|---|
| Railroad receipts | f2,500,000 | 12,500,000 |
| Tons carried | 41,000 | 702,000 |
| Passengers carried | 1,275,000 | 3,456,000 |

These figures show a most extraordinary increase in the trade of these roads, which were the chief agent in developing that extension of commerce which the official returns of the kingdom present. In 1831, when the separation took place, the general imports and exports of the kingdom amounted to 202,592,865 francs. In 1835, when the principal lines of roads were opened, it reached 359,675,121 francs; and in 1845 it reached 676 millions of francs, or $126,000,000, being 60 per cent. of the external commerce of the United States. The most interesting feature of this vast increase is that of the transit trade, or the passage of goods across Belgium from the sea to the interior countries of Europe in its vicinity, and *vice versa*. This trade, previously to the construction of rail-roads, amounted to but 14 millions francs. In 1845 it reached 125 millions francs, being 900 per cent. in a few years; and having doubled in the last two years, when modified regulations and improvements upon the roads have facilitated the transportation of that trade which the improved condition of the German states, under internal free trade, has created. The external commerce of France has increased from 1,595 millions francs in 1835 to 2,496 millions francs in 1846, being near 75 per cent. in five years. As the French figures are official, or prices fixed by law to value the products, they represent quantities in a comparison, and therefore indicate the real progress of trade in a given number of years. The manufacturing and trading interests of the north and west of Europe may, as a whole, be put down as having increased 60 per cent. in the last ten years, and must consequently have produced the same effect upon the consumption of food as has the progress of the same interests in Great Britain. Manufactures and trade present attractions in their elasticity and profits which agriculture in Europe nowhere holds out. This truth is peculiarly evident in the fact, that after a quarter of a century of profound peace, steady corn-law protection in all the countries of Europe, and large annual purchases of their surplus by England for nine consecutive years, Europe, as a whole, has failed in the last year to produce more than enough to feed her own people. In the United States the reverse has been the case. The population increases in the ratio of 100 per cent. every 20 years, and 80 per cent. of that population are active, enterprising, and skilful agriculturists, possessed of all the improvements of the age adapted to the most prolific soil ever occupied by man, and intersected by works that make the cost of time and money in the transportation of produce comparatively of but little moment. Railroads and canals, aided by steam, have brought the great valley of the Mississippi as near to London as a few years since was that of the Tweed. Many of the same men who formerly produced food in the north of England are now applying the same labor, with much greater success, to the same object in western America. The labor that served in England to raise 18 bushels average,

Digitized by Google

now suffices for the production of 30 bushels of wheat. The constant improvements in the means of transportation, and the competition of rival lines, are continually diminishing the cost of transportation, and the Imperial Parliament has now removed an hitherto almost insurmountable artificial barrier to the admission of grain into England. From London as a centre, the cost of transportation will now form the only difference between the wheat of Western America and of the North of England. As an off-set to the advantage of proximity, the former yields nearly double the quantity for the same amount of labor, and its produce are untaxed, either for rent, Church, or materially for county poor. In England the taxes for the two last items have been estimated at 15s. sterling per acre, or 18 cts. per bushel of wheat, and this alone is equal to the cost of producing wheat in the Western country. When the settler occupies the prairie, he encounters, the first year, the expense of fencing and breaking up the soil, in addition to the expense of seed-sowing, cutting and harvesting. The average expense of all these items for the first year is less than $8, and the product for the first year averages 20 bushels of sound wheat, which therefore costs 40 cents per bushel. After the first year, the expense of fencing and "breaking up" is not incurred, and the remaining expense will average $4 50 per acre, and the yield 30 bushels, or 15 cts. per bushel, or 5s. 6d. sterling per quarter. This wheat is the producer's own property. Whatever it brings in money is his own. It is not the property of a lordly owner, who must keep up his state and retinue out of the proceeds. It is the result of the industry of him who conquered the soil and drew forth its riches by his own exertions. Whatever profit the grain yields him is the reward of that industry.

It has been alleged that grain is produced at small cost in the serf districts of Europe, because labor is cheap. Thus, it has been alleged that under free trade in corn, the capital of England will be transferred to Europe, where labor can be had at 6d. per day, and that capital employing the unskilful and unwilling labor of serfs on the worn-out lands bordering the Baltic, and which yield 6 bushels for two sown, will successfully compete with the active and intelligent industry of an American farmer on his ground. which yields 30 bushels of better wheat. Although the peasants of the North of Europe are no longer called slaves, they are so in fact, much in the same manner that slavery exists in Mexico. The peasants of Poland hold a number of acres, usually 35 to 50, from their lord, for which they are bound to work on his land two days in the week with oxen; if he requires them two days more he pays 6 cts. per day, if the remaining two days of the week, he pays such a sum as they can agree upon. As he requires their labor usually when their own land most wants their services, it is any thing but willingly performed. He is bound to furnish them with oxen in case one dies, and also their ploughs and implements, such as they are. The peasants, since their personal liberty was promulgated in 1791, may leave the estate, but they must *first* discharge their debts to its lord. This is the same tenure of liberty as in Mexico, and the result is usually the same, viz. that they are always in debt, and are always hopelessly working on at the bidding of another. When the freedom of these peasants was first decreed, they were greatly alarmed, because it was viewed only in the light of relieving their lords from the duty of protecting them in old age and sickness. These people live in thatched wooden huts, in the single room of which the cattle and inhabitants crowd together. Their food is mostly cabbage, potatoes, black bread, &c. "Whenever the peasant," says Mr. Jacob, "has a small quantity of produce to dispose of in the market town, a portion of the money is first used to purchase salt, the remainder is commonly expended in intoxication." This is the country, these the people, and such their habits, from whom the American farmer is to apprehend successful competition in a steady English market for wheat. The mere supposition is a libel on the country.

There can be no trade, either internal or external in any country, which is not based on an interchange of the produce of industry. In the North of Europe,

Digitized by Google

where the people are not sufficiently refined to use wheat as an article of food, their wants in all respects are circumscribed, and they do not require, in exchange for the wheat they raise exclusively as an article of export, those articles of British manufacture which constitute the means of England to pay for food, and which are of first necessity to the well-being of the American agriculturists, the refinements and attainments of whose families are superior to many of the rural lords in Europe. It is this community of interests between the Anglo-Saxons of England and those of the United States, that under a free system, will ensure to the latter the supply of all the grain of which England may be deficient, and the interchange of commodities reduces the cost of transportation. If a vessel leaves the port of New-York with grain, she charges 9d. sterling or 18 cts. per bushel freight, and she cannot carry less, because she is almost sure to come back empty, and that 18 cts. covers the expense of two passages. If she had a return cargo, the same profit would accrue from 9 cts. freight on a bushel of grain out, which item alone would reduce the cost of the wheat delivered in England 3s. 6d. per quarter. The want of this intercommunion is the great source of distress at this moment both in England and the states. The chief products of the former are manufactures, and of the latter, agricultural produce. In both countries there is an over-production of the staples of each, a glut of markets and a most unparallelled depression in prices; while in each country there is a great want of the surplus products of the other. Manufactured goods were never so abundant or so low as in England, and produce, particularly wheat and wheat flour, scarcely ever presented in any country such quantities for so little money, as is now the case in the United States.

The farmers of America cannot buy goods, either foreign or domestic, because they cannot dispose of their produce. The operatives of England cannot buy a sufficiency of that produce, because the glutted market for goods suspends their labors and wages at the same time. This unnatural separation of interests and mutual injury inflicted upon each other, has been the result of government jealousies kept alive by parties who have sought special privileges to themselves, at the expense of the remaining portion of the people at home and abroad. It has been supposed that the welfare of the state required its "independence," as it has been called, of other countries for its supplies. Yet the nation that has a great deal to sell, is as much dependent upon the buyer as the latter is upon the producer. The transaction of sale and purchase is a mutual benefit. Special privileges have only served to make the government and certain classes rich and powerful at the expense of the mass of the people. England is an eminent example of the working of this theory. Her government and aristocracy combine power and wealth in an extraordinary degree, but the condition of her people is far from enviable. Her power itself is fast becoming nominal. In an actual war she would indeed inflict great and serious injuries upon her opponent; but her commercial interests, on which that power rests, makes the existence of the war impossible. The people of England have discovered that peace and commerce are the means of their welfare, and not taxes and glory. To extend commerce they have successfully demanded free trade in corn. The idea that to depend upon foreign nations for corn is injurious to the national welfare, has been pronounced by the popular leaders in Parliament, an absurdity, and the national voice has declared for entire freedom in the trade in that article. The United States are eminently fitted by resources habits, industry, and position, to supply the wants of England; and the people of this country have demanded an abandonment of the obsolete notion of protective duties, which, in their operation, mean, practically, an embargo on sales of corn to England, by forbidding the entry of the returns in products of British industry. The state of Texas, in its independent condition, could not successfully carry on its government, and it asked to be annexed to the Union. It was so annexed, and prohibitive duties on both sides abolished, leaving absolute free trade between it and the other states; and this freedom of trade is the only manner in which

Digitized by Google

annexation brings itself home to the people in their individual transactions. They now derive their supplies from, and send their produce to, the United States, uncounted and untaxed, and they experience the benefit of it. England now virtually proposes the same annexation. By abolishing her corn laws, she asks to have her 18 millions of Anglo-Saxons numbered among the consumers of western bread-stuffs, and the conditions are, that the producers of those bread-stuffs shall take their pay in the products of British industry. This is objected to by the makers of similar goods here, on the plea that England can furnish them "too cheap;" that unless the monopoly prices that exist here can be sustained, the manufacture will be abandoned, and the Union become "dependent" upon England for goods. What then? If the vast capital, manufacturing skill, and resources of England, become annexed to the United States through the bond of mutual interest, and the people of this country enjoy a larger quantity of comforts and luxuries for the same labor that they now bestow, where will be the evil? If the great capitals of the Lancashire mill-owners come to compete with the corporate monopoly mill-owners here, for the supply of the great mass of the American people, there may be fewer overgrown fortunes in the hands of the mill-owners, but there will be more comfort diffused through the land.

It is, however, not true that any diminution of manufactures will take place in consequence of European competition; on the contrary, the consumption of goods must be vastly increased, and, as a consequence, the quantity to be made must swell in an equal ratio. The free import of corn into England will ensure cheap bread in England, and every practical person is aware that in England cheap food is accompanied by a larger consumption of goods. The same cause will produce a steady market for produce, and enhance the means of the farmers to buy goods; while the low prices of those goods will ensure an extensive consumption. By a double process, therefore, the demand for manufactured goods must, according to the admitted principles of trade, be enhanced here and in England. Why, under that increased demand, will the manufacture be diminished? The pretence is evidently without foundation in fact. The only effect will be to lessen the profits of the factory monopolists. The demand for an increased quantity of goods must increase the number of operatives, and, as a consequence, improve their wages. Michelet,* the able historian of France, describes this operation as follows:

"All who can do nothing else, take to the tending of machines, and in *proportion to their number, their wages lower*, and their wretchedness increases. On the other hand, articles, thus cheaply manufactured, are brought within the reach of the poor, so that the misery of the *machine workman* lessens in some degree the misery of the workmen and peasants, who are, probably, some seventy times the more numerous.

"We had experience of this in 1842. The cotton mills were at their last gasp; the warehouses full to bursting, and no sale. The terrified manufacturer neither dared work nor stop with these devouring machines of his; interest on the money he has borrowed does not stop. He kept his mills going half days, and heaped goods on goods. Prices fell; to no purpose.—They went on falling, until cotton fell to three-pence a yard. * * * A miracle followed; that word three-pence operated into an "open sesame." Millions of purchasers of poor folks, who never bought, started up. It was then found how immense a consumer the people is when set agoing. The warehouses were emptied as if by magic. The machines went to work like furies. The chimneys vomited smoke. * * * It was a revolution in France, scarcely noted, but still a great one; a revolution in the cleanliness and embellishment of the dwellings of the poor—body-linen, bed-linen, table-linen, window-curtains—whole classes acquired these things that had never before known what they were since the beginning of the world."

This was the wonder-working magic of that cheapness of price which protectionists held up as a bug-bear to the people. This cheapness, by which goods are placed within the reach of all, is carefully guarded against by the protective policy. Grave statesmen and Christian philanthropists raise an outcry against the "pauper labor" of

* "The People." By M. Michelet, author of the History of France. D. Appleton & Co. New-York.

Digitized by Google

Europe, which hackneyed phrase, if it means anything, means that the products of industry and frugality jeopardize the profits of indolent possessors of capital. It is not alone against the foreign artizan resident abroad that this cry is directed, but it is applied to the adopted citizen, who, seeking our shores that he may enjoy the whole fruits of his own industry, is assailed because his habits of rigid frugality and persevering industry are destructive of corporate privileges and paper money profits. In relation to English manufactures, the wages of operatives are *higher* than in the United States. The report of the Parliamentary factory commissioners state, that the average labor in England is 69 hours per week for 11*s*., or $2 64. In the United States, 78 hours for 10*s*., or $2 40. The average in Lowell is $1 50 per week, and $1 25 board, being $2 75, or 11*s*. 6*d*. per week. These figures show that England has no advantage over the United States in cheapness of labor. In the last two years a very great reduction has been made in the prices paid for weaving. The manner of it has been thus:—Prior to 1842 a girl tended *two* power looms, and she received 16 cents per piece for cotton cloth produced; these looms are driven by steam or water-power. In 1841–2, the speed at which these looms were propelled was reduced, and the girl required to tend *three*. The most healthy and active girls were selected, and the others discharged. As soon as habit enabled her to tend the three looms with comparative facility, the speed was increased, and still further exertion on her part became necessary. This process continued until the old speed was restored, and an active strong girl became taxed to the utmost of her physical powers, to tend three where before two was considered a great task. These three looms then would produce three pieces in the same time that two were formerly produced. The *price* allowed the girl was reduced from 16 cents to 11 cents per piece; she therefore received 33 cents for the same length of time employed as when she received 32 cents for producing two pieces. Her extra exertion in producing the *third* piece is the increased profit of the mill-owner, who memorialises Congress for protection against British "pauper labor," because he has *increased* the wages of his own operatives; that is, he pays her 33 cents where he paid 32 cents before! This increased production does not lower the price here, because, as soon as the United States' markets are overloaded, the goods are exported to China and India, where they *undersell* the English goods at a discrimination of 10 per cent. duty in favor of the latter. This system is secure in the hands of monopolists as long as the large capital of England is debarred from competing with the corporate capital here. It is impossible for individuals here to compete with vested capitals of a million dollars and upwards each, and the protection of the people against this oppression is to be found only in the aid of the large capital of Lancashire, whose people are now asking our farmers to sell them their surplus flour for their goods. The practical annexation of the manufacturing interests of England to the agricultural interests of the United States through free trade, again unites the Anglo-Saxon race in an indissoluble bond, and gives a new impulse to the prosperity of this glorious Union.

Digitized by Google

# MODERN ARMS AND ARMIES.

In modern times the maturity of the art military has been productive of singular effects in the concentration of great power in a small body of men. A handful of troops, drilled, disciplined and armed according to scientific rules, and guided by experienced and skilful officers, may be productive of the most important results, and even change the destiny of nations. A marked example of this has been exhibited during the last few years in the case of China. That nation, some two centuries since, was overrun by the warlike Tartars of the north, and the Manchow dynasty established. Under the policy adopted by that government, she remained secluded from the rest of the world down to 1843, and the population had reached 300 million souls; at that time the British government having difficulties with China, sent 4000 soldiers under Sir Gordon Bremer to blockade Canton. A nation occupying the islands of the North Sea, and numbering some 26 million of inhabitants, attacked the ancient nation of China, outnumbering them 13 times, with a force of a few thousand men, and that little army was sufficient to enable its leaders to dictate terms to so mighty a nation. A small polished axe in the hands of a skilful woodman, will at a few well applied strokes bring down the sturdiest oaks. In a similar manner, that small highly disciplined band of Englishmen, in a few weeks shook a power that had been undisturbed for ages, and by bringing it within the intercourse of nations, laid the foundation of a mighty revolution. So great are the results flowing from the application of science to the direction of force. Nor are all armies alike. We have recently seen an army composed of 2000 Americans, utterly defeat, in two successive engagements, three times their number of Mexicans, under skilful leaders. These great results flow from the superiority of skill and intellect in the direction of masses. Napoleon, in his memoirs, informs us that two Mamelukes kept three Frenchmen at bay, because they were better armed, better mounted and better exercised; but a hundred Frenchmen were a match for a like number of Mamelukes, and 1000 French could easily beat 1500 Mamelukes. The cavalry generals, Murat, Leclerc, and Lasalle, formed in three lines; when the Mamelukes attacked the first line, the second came to its assistance on the right and left. The Mamelukes wheeled to turn the flanks of the new line; at that moment the third charged them, and they were always broken. Such is the effect of tactics and evolutions.

The difference between tactics and strategics was but indifferently well understood until fully developed by Napoleon. The difference between them may be stated in saying that the mixing of colors, preparing canvass and choosing brushes, are the tactics of a painter. Strategics are how to paint. The former received great improvement as connected with modern weapons, from the king of Prussia. The true principle of the latter was the discovery which Napoleon was born to make, and he conquered the European continent in developing it. It had always been assumed that what was true of the relative position of troops in actual combat, was also true of armies at a great distance from each other. That is to say, since the invention of fire-arms forces have necessarily been drawn up in long thin lines; therefore, if an army was attacked upon one or both of its flanks it was almost sure to be defeated. The reason was, that in such a position no effectual resistance could be offered until a change in front was made to correspond with that of the enemy, and making this change under the pressure of his attack was impossible without disorder. It was always assumed, therefore, that an army between two others, no matter how distant, was also in a dangerous position. Napoleon saw at once that if the armies were distant from each other, this central position was the strong and not the

Digitized by Google

weak point. As long as the central army had time to concentrate upon one enemy before the other arrived, the chances were all in favor of the central position. This general principle, combined with other causes, was the source of his success, and he was in the latter years combatted by the allies in the only manner that he could be resisted successfully, which was by systematically retiring when he advanced upon any one force. It was the application of the highest order of intellect to military affairs, at a time when the combinations of Europe against republican France offered the broadest field for the developement of genius. The progress of the art of war was illustrated by the conquest of Europe. It was the exclamation of Wellington, on hearing of the masterly operations of Napoleon around Ratisbon, in 1809, that "the art of war never was perfected until then." Subordinate to the vast field of strategics are the tactics of armies, or the organization and preparation of those different arms which, in a master hand, are the instruments of great results. There are many able tacticians, who have but little notion of strategy. Thus Napoleon remarked of the heroic Lannes, that "no officer could so skilfully handle 20,000 men in the field;" but at the time of his death at Essling, he was just beginning to have a notion of strategics. Again, the great genius of the French emperor was displayed as much in following up a victory as in gaining it. To this end he extended those branches of military force that are most efficient in improving victory. At one time the French cavalry numbered 90,000 men; of these in one instance 30,000 men, after helping to defeat the enemy as infantry, were mounted on horses taken from him, to complete his defeat. This subsequently caused a controversy to spring up among the martinets, tacticians and adjutants, as to whether a cavalry recruit was better or not for having learned to act on foot. The great principle by which the best application of force to suit the occasion was made never occurred to them. The success which the undisciplined armies of revolutionary France obtained over neighboring states was not because of the excellence of their materials, but because, as Napoleon expressed it, "Carnot had organized victory." The great war minister had so arranged the campaigns that the armies were of necessity victorious.

The new principles of war illustrated by the French arms, and the terrible vehemence with which they were executed, occasioned many changes in old notions; among others, the truth became apparent that fortified places had lost very considerably of the value they formerly held either in the imagination of mankind or in reality. In modern war the use of fortresses is reduced nearly to their simple effects upon communications. A fortress which secures exclusively to the possessor a certain passage of a river or a mountain pass, is valuable, as a gate is valuable which keeps one man out and lets another in. In this sense a fort is called a "key," and like a key is of importance only when it is the key to something. The idea that fortresses in an open country will check an invading army for fear of the operations of the garrison on its rear, is obsolete. If a force retires before a larger one, it will, by throwing garrisons into forts, weaken itself still further. The effect of fortresses, in the present state of affairs, is reduced to the degree in which they may promote operations against men, and therefore the importance of them has become secondary to the organization of the army.

The countries of Europe have all large standing armies kept up in time of peace, from the supposed necessity of being always prepared for war, in order to avert attack. Whenever diplomacy takes an angry turn, a great expenditure is usually incurred in arraying and raising men, building ships, &c. To assist diplomatic bargains, movements of troops and a great clatter in the arsenals is thought necessary. It would appear that a nation is not thought strong unless her people are kept always with arms in their hands, as if those men would be incapable of becoming soldiers when occasion calls for their services. Thus the United States have been sneered at because their army is small and their government economical. The leading journals of Europe scarcely regard us as a power, because there are but 8000 men in the army. Yet recent events have shown that one-fourth of that army was sufficient to protect our southern

Digitized by Google

frontier against four times the force, and to invade the enemy's territory; that armies larger than any England ever had on foot can in a few weeks be placed at a threatened point; that economy of money in time of peace makes expenditure in time of war more easily borne; that the country is full of skilful and well educated military men, sufficient to officer an army of 200,000, and the aptitude of the people for military exercises will not, we think, be questioned. In respect to *materiel*, the resources of this country are exhaustless. With all these elements of creating the instrument, and the acknowledged ability of our tacticians, we will not doubt that strategical genius will be found when required. In fact, from the progress of the science of war, it must result that the maintenance of armies will become unnecessary; that the preservation of the science in its vigor will always suffice for a nation's wants.

The regular army of the United States is now organized as indeed are most modern armies, into staff and administrative departments, and four arms of service, viz, infantry, cavalry, artillery and engineers. The numbers of these are 558, officers and general staff, two dragoon regiments, 1,205, four artillery regiments, 2,303, eight infantry regiments, 3,371, and 427 unattached, being at West Point and elsewhere, making a total of 14 regiments and 8,349 men. The men of the army are enlisted for three years, and are mostly foreigners, German and Irish. The English army has a similar organization, and is composed of 1,703 general officers, 22 regiments of cavalry, 8,303 men; 91 regiments of infantry, 86,797; 8 regiments of artillery, 7,732, and 1200 engineers, sappers and miners. This large force is composed of 51,474 English, 41,218 Irish, 15,239 Scotch. There is a great disproportion between the number of men actually serving as soldiers under the British government and under that of the United States. But it does not follow, because England has kept up so large a force since 1815, at an annual expense of $25,000,000, that therefore her military strength is greater than that of the United States. It is true that by the use of this force England has acquired territory of great value, but scarcely sufficient to cover the outlay of the $1,000,000,000 that her people have paid for it since the peace of Paris. It was not the military strength that France possessed at the outbreak of the revolution that enabled her to go on and conquer Europe; it was the concentration of strength and the development of genius, as she progressed, which enabled her to do it. Nor did her greatest generals improve by experience. Even in the case of Napoleon himself, he acknowledged that his *chef d'œuvre* in war was his first campaign in Italy. He further remarked that Turenne alone appeared to have gained by experience, and his talents were the result of study. In this view, the military strength of the United States is as great as that of England. As to actual service, the English troops during the last thirty years have had no more experience than the United States militia. The army of England can have but little advantage, and that of a very temporary nature, over that of the United States. It is originated and organized in the same manner; as an instance we may look at the royal artillery, of which the royal regiment of horse artillery is a corps of preference, a "crack regiment," in which the offices are the reward of great merit in the remainder of the arm. The artillery arm is nominally divided into regiments. Artillery acts by batteries and not by regiments.* The term battery when applied to artillery means a certain number of cannon, with the men, &c. required to serve them. A battery is usually six pieces, four of them 6 lb. guns, and two 12 lb. howitzers. The royal artillery is composed of 72 companies of 80 men each, one-half of them are in the colonies, from Canada to New Zealand. To each company there are two captains, two 1st lieuts. and one 2d lieut. The pay is, lieut. colonel £320, captain £220, lieut. £120, 2d lieut. £100. The men must be 5 feet 8½ inches in height, of large frame and considerable bodily strength, and their pay is 1s. 4d. per day. There is no promotion from the ranks except to

* Elements of Military Art and Science; or, Course of Instruction in Strategy, Fortification, Tactics of Battles, &c. &c.; adapted to the use of Volunteers and Militia. By H. Wager Halleck, A. M., Lieut. of Engineers, U. S. Army. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.



Digitized by Google

quarter-masters and adjutants of invalid battallions, and occasionally commissions in the line regiments are promoted to the royal artillery. The royal regiment of horse artillery, which is the head of the arm, is composed of seven troops of horse of 80 men each, of which one troop is called the rocket troop, from being usually practiced with that weapon. These troops never leave England, except in time of war. Five are usually located in England, with two guns to each troop, and two troops in Ireland, with four guns each. The war complement is four 6 pounders and two 12 pound howitzers. The men for this corps are selected from the whole arm, and receive 1s. 6d. per day. They are instructed in the care of horses and in field movements. Each troop has two captains, three 1st lieuts., two sergeant majors, three sergeants, three corporals, and four bombardiers. The officers are selected as vacancies occur, from the body of the regiment, and always for their merits and services. The pay of a lieut. colonel is £400, or $2000, captain £320, lieut. £290. Portions of this corps were in every action of the Peninsular war, and five captains were knighted for their services. Napier tells us that one of the most brilliant achievements of the war, was by a troop at Fuentes d'Onor. The regiments of the line have the name of some battle where they most distinguished themselves, on the colors; but the royal artillery having been always present, they bear the word "Ubique," and the words "Waterloo" and "China" are now added.

All the officers of the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers pass through the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. They are required to pass a rigid examination in mathematics, fortification, drawing, history, geography, natural philosophy, French, and grammar.—They enter between 15 and 17 years of age, and remain 3½ years. The Artillery rank before the Engineers, but the latter get the most pay. The appointments to the academy are in the hands of the Master-General of Ordnance, Sir George Murray, and are always given to sons of the nobility, gentry, or naval or military officers.—Each cadet pays £120 per annum, and the whole expense which each incurs is about £1200 per annum. All promotion from the academy is by proficiency in study, and in an average of 20 years 3 out of 5 obtain commissions. This corresponds very nearly with our West-Point system, except that the appointments are not confined to *nobility*, and the cadets are paid by government. A greater number graduate annually at West-Point than at Woolwich. The West-Point cadets are the most thorough, because they have all to live by it as a profession. The Woolwich cadets being all nobles, and most of them wealthy, and to hold the office when won requiring an annual expense from private means, the chances are, that more *science* is acquired at West-Point than at Woolwich. The degree of military knowledge diffused through the people of the United States is therefore as great as in England. If they do not incur as great an expense in time of peace to keep up the drill of the men, they are not, therefore, the weaker. On the other hand the national wealth, which constitutes the sinews of war, increases the more rapidly. The expensive organization of England would give her greatly the advantage were the two nations to send out expeditions to any given point; as for instance in the case of the African coast. Under the Ashburton treaty the United States undertook to keep a certain number of guns there to attempt to suppress the slave trade—a useless and most onerous engagement; so much so, that already the English minister has complained that the required number were not present. To send troops to England or off this continent will probably never be undertaken; and in the present prospect of affairs no European power or powers will ever be able to send a sufficient force to this continent with the object of attacking the United States. The art of war, as matured under the system of Napoleon, can, therefore, have but little practical application to the United States. The scientific knowledge and the understanding of the higher principles of the art, are all that it is required of our people; and with that knowledge they are stronger without a standing army than the most powerful European government resting on its military force. It is coming to be understood that the number of guns owned by a government, or the number of men it drills daily, do not constitute its strength, nor are they a guaranty of the national prosperity.

Digitized by Google

## HOWARD'S SPECIAL TERM REPORTS.*

"Motion in arrest of judgment that the pyed horses were mares; and thereupon an inspection was prayed—*et sur ces le court advisare vulp.*"—*Scriblerus Reports.*

There were theological persons in Ancient Egypt, good judges probably of their business, who walked in solemn procession to water dead sticks planted in the sand; thus illustrating the vanity of earthly endeavors. We in modern New-York have legal individuals, good judges also, no doubt, who eight times in each year, in February, March, April, June, August, September, October and December, water with their wisdom, and cherish with their protection, the arid points of practice of the courts; fully impressing upon suitors the folly of those who suppose that Justice is to be obtained from Law. In the second century, in the land of darkness, and in religious observances, we might look with indulgence upon a quiet absurdity which merely made the perpetrators ridiculous, and no one unhappy—but that in the nineteenth century, a people, who pride themselves upon their utilitarian common sense, should permit their judicial officers, in the business concerns of every day life, to listen to arguments, and to make decisions upon points as quibbling and as empty as the quiddities and entities of our mediæval progenitors, would be scarcely conceivable to a stranger who was not aware of the centuries it requires to eradicate popular custom or opinion, however absurd.—"I have often thought, if the wisdom of our ancestors had excluded all persons with red hair from the House of Commons, of the thousand convulsions it would occasion to restore them to their natural rights! What mobs and riots would it produce? To what infinite abuse and obloquy would the capillary patriot be exposed?"† The blind devotion of the English for every thing they peculiarly possess, has descended upon the children of their colonists in the matter of the Common Law—a system of jurisprudence in many respects unfitted to our peculiar institutions; but we live on and suffer on under this "red-haired" dispensation. If we dare grumble at the palpable inconsistencies of the Law of Evidence, at the unfair and unrepublican system of Bail, at the folly of maintaining in this country the vestiges of the feudal law of real property, and hint at the expediency of a code, the bar, one and all, gray-haired counsellor to the scarce fledged attorney, are down upon us with "Ignorance! Innovation! Uncertainty! a System hallowed by ages!"—Hallowed by ages? The old woman's reason for eating peas with a knife—she always had done so. If the system needs amendment, let us at least attempt it. What can be more essential to the welfare of a wise people, than the proper adaptation of the rules by which all the concerns of life are carried on, to their habits, characters and occupations?

We have no idea, however, of striking at the Common Law as a system. *Neminem oportet esse legibus sapientiorem.* Let us return, then, to the publication before us.

The ordinary points of law arising in suits, are tried at four general terms in the year by the three judges in bench, as is very well known by our New-York readers. But other questions arise in "Practice," which is a kind of law—judge-made. Suitors are stopped *in limine.* There is a word or two misplaced in the papers; the court cannot be trifled with. In the vestibule of the temple of justice sits a man who examines whether the pilgrim has complied with all the ceremonies requisite to gain his admittance to the shrine. Wo be to him if he has omitted a genuflexion or a prayer! This man is holding a Special Term; he does it

* New-York Supreme Court Special Term Reports. By Nathan Howard, Jr., Counsellor at Law, and Deputy Clerk of the Supreme Court.

† Peter Plymley.

Digitized by Google

eight times in the year; he admits or rejects, gives or refuses, as he thinks fit. Formerly these terms lasted only a day; now they continue a week, sometimes a fortnight. These cases Mr. Howard, in the volume before us, has reported at some length, and we believe carefully. The work is well supported; indeed, our practice is so Protean in its bewildering forms, that an attorney can scarcely do without the work. It is this usefulness that we complain of, as showing that justice takes more note of the forms than of the merits of the cases which are laid before her.

From these Reports we have selected a few cases as examples, in order to give men, who take a common sense and not a special term view of their affairs, an opportunity of knowing and appreciating the exquisite subtlety with which the justices treat the important question of the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee.

Be it known to the 'lay gents' that in order to change the place of trial, or the 'venue,' an affidavit of the convenience and necessity of witnesses is required. In Dimon vs. Dimon, vol. 2, p. 91, the defendant in his affidavit named his witnesses: "who *each and all* reside in Tompkins county, are material witnesses for the defendant on the trial of this cause, without the testimony of whom, and the testimony of *each and every* of whom, he cannot safely proceed, &c." The justice denied the motion, because the affidavit did not state that *each and every* of the witnesses were material, &c. But the affidavit did state that the testimony of *each and every* witness was material; and as there is nothing material in a witness but his testimony, and as the affidavit says that all the witnesses are material, it would seem to be expressed as clearly as possible that each and every of the witnesses *were* material. Certainly there is not a shadow of difference in the meaning.

In the case of Harris vs. Clark, page 82 of the same number, the same motion was denied, because the defendant in his affidavit swears: "that he is advised by counsel, and verily believes, the defendant cannot safely proceed to the trial of this cause without the testimony of *all and every* of the witnesses above named." It should have been, quoth the justice, *each and every* of the witnesses. If there is any difference between the two, *all and every* expresses the required necessity of the witnesses more fully than *each and every*.

* Mills vs. Adsit, p. 83, is a similar case. The affidavit of the defendant was as follows: "that he had a good and substantial defence on the merits to the whole of the said plaintiff's demand, as he is advised by his said counsel and believes to be true; that he has also fully and fairly disclosed to his said counsel what he expects to prove in the trial of this cause, by each and every of the witnesses hereinafter named; that he cannot safely proceed to the trial of this cause without the benefit of the testimony of each and every of the said *witnesses;*—that the testimony of each and every of the said witnesses is material and necessary to this deponent, on the trial of the said cause, *as he is advised by his said counsel, and verily believes to be true, &c.*" Bronson denied the motion, because the words "as he is advised by his said counsel," &c. were not again inserted after *witnesses*, as if the last paragraph did not say every thing that could be said. Strain the construction as you please, and the only fault is an error in legal grammar; but "mala grammatica non vitiat chartam," says the axiom. Comment is unnecessary on these cases. It is difficult to imagine how men of ability, information and high position, can condescend to quibbles and equivocations for which children would be whipped by conscientious parents.

The reports are full of such special absurdities. In Kellog vs. Kellog, v. 2, a declaration in ejectment was served on the wife of the defendant. Defendant appeared to the declaration. Afterwards, it was moved that the proceedings should be set aside, because the wife was not "on the premises" at the time of the service, according to the letter of the statute. The object of the requisitions of the statute is to ensure to the defendant a knowledge of the proceedings against him. In this case no injury resulted to him; he was duly informed of the service, assented to it, and appeared in the action. The Chief

* Young *vs.* Arndt, v. i., p. 227, is a similar case. There are many others of the same nature.

Digitized by Google

Justice, nevertheless, held that such an irregularity was fatal, and set aside the proceedings.

* In another case, defendant swore to the merits of his defence, but in entitling his affidavit misspelt the name of the plaintiff — he named him Sundeland instead of Sandland. Held bad.

Sometimes papers must be endorsed, sometimes they must not. Sometimes they must be entitled in one Court, at times in another. † There appears to be no general rule. In Stacy vs. Farnham, v. 2, p. 26, an affidavit of ownership was attached to a writ of replevin. The proceedings were set aside because the affidavit *was* entitled in the cause. In Higham vs. Hayes, v. 2, p. 27, it was refused to set aside an inquest, because the defendant's affidavit of merits *was not* entitled in the cause.

‡ In another case, a defendant moved to set aside a default which had been taken against him. In his affidavit he swore that "he had fully and fairly stated the case in the above entitled cause to Samuel W. Jackson, Esq., his counsel," &c. His motion was denied, because Jackson was not a counsellor of the court, but only an attorney.

In Campbell vs. Spencer, the papers were served as appears by the affidavit of service, viz: "he served on L. H. Card, plaintiff's attorney, a copy of the foregoing affidavit and notice, by leaving the same in a conspicuous place in his office at the time above mentioned, the said L. H. Card being then absent therefrom." Nelson held the service bad, because the affidavit did not state that "no person was in the office."

§ In another, a motion was objected to on the ground that the papers, on which it was based, were not served *in a wrapper*, according to the 101st rule of court. The notice of motion was written on the inside of the wrapper; consequently *all* the papers were not enclosed in a wrapper. C. J. Nelson denied the motion accordingly.

A Jewish Rabbi undertook a commentary on the Talmud; but on the cover of his copy was a sketch of Moses, well covered with a fur wrapper, but unprovided with shoe or sandal. The Rabbi was stopped *in cortice*. Here was a difficulty. Was this Moses taken in winter or in summer? *Quære per Rabbi, J.*

*Semble* in summer, from the bare feet.

*Semble* in winter, from the fur wrapper.

And on this knotty point the Rabbi spent thirty years before beginning his commentary. This is a picture, only exaggerated as to time, of much of the special term practice. Summum jus, it seems, is no longer summa injuria, but summa ineptia as well. We might cite many more examples, were it not too melancholy to see grey-haired men thus trifling with truth. Were any of the justices *millionaires*, we might suppose that they were training their souls, at the special terms, for the difficult passage of the needle's eye.

It is thus, the judges of the supreme court of this state teach the young attorney the too-easily learned lesson of degrading equivocation, to look not at the case but at the costs, and to wriggle, eel-like, through the grasp of the man who has justice on his side. It is thus they furnish bread to the needy wretches whose legal acquisitions do not extend beyond the rule-book, and destroy the legitimate business and respectability of the profession. The straight-forward merchant, who sees nothing in an action at law but the justice of his cause, cannot be made to understand that it is right and necessary that the wrong side should prevail, because the words "all and every" have been mistaken for "each and every." He avoids the courts, and has recourse, if possible, to compromise and arbitration.

Through this slough of word-mongering all young attorneys must pass. There is no avoiding it. Liberal practice and gentlemanly feeling are no safeguard. They are only life-preservers, which may keep their heads above water and bear them safely over. We are within bounds in saying, that nine-tenths of the time and labor expended by a young practitioner are taken up in settling and adjusting points of practice which have nothing to do with the merits of the case, with justice, or with common sense.

What is the province of a judge?

* Sandland vs. Adams. † Foote vs. Emmons—Peck vs. Whitbeck—Alcott vs. Davis, v. ii., p. 44.
‡ Hart vs. McGarry. § Birdsall vs. Taylor.

Digitized by Google

To clear up difficulties; not to make them. He has no right to make arbitrary rules and forms of practice, and then to use those rules and forms to defeat the object for which he was nominated. We do not want a judge who, like an Indian medicine-man, thinks his manipulations and incantations necessary to the success of his simples. An unjust or foolish statute is a disease he cannot cure; but the milder attacks of common law or common practice absurdity, admit of remedies which a judicious magistrate could easily administer, had he the suitable skill and freedom from prejudice. Such men are wanted, and such men the people will be sure to *elect*.

The present state of things cannot last forever. There is a convention, and the talk is of reform. We may hope, if not for a code, at least for a thorough sifting and weeding out of common-law follies; and may Special Term distinctions perish with the rest. And when the Law and not the Letter prevails, there may come a day when the officers and ministers of justice shall stand forth as respectable members of a noble and practical profession, and be no longer the despised of Cicero and of Bolingbroke — *Leguleius quidam cautus et acutus præco actionum, cautor formularum, auceps syllabarum.*

---

## ORIGIN OF IDOLATROUS WORSHIP.*

"Their gods
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil—
* * names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train."

In the opinion of those who have made the most industrious researches into the traditions and records of antiquity, the mythology of the Pagans ascended no higher than the deluge. The Hindoos had an indistinct notion of of a remote and golden age, when man had no cause to labor—when the earth yielded its fruits spontaneously—the air was filled with the fragrance of flowers—the sight was refreshed with the brightest and softest hues—the warbling of birds, and the music of the spheres charmed his hearing—ease and contentment, health, happiness, and long life were his portion in one perennial spring. This delightful romance originated, without doubt, in some of the lingering recollections of Noah, or his sons, transmitted to their descendants before the confession of tongues, which dispersed them from the plains of Shinar; and this legend was derived by the Greeks of after ages, from the Orientals of Indostan. It unquestionably alludes to the garden of Eden, and to an antediluvian age and race. Why it was lost to those branches of Noah's posterity, who wandered in other directions, after the dispersion from Babel, cannot be accounted for; but there are no traces of it before we come to the Mosaical account of the creation of the world.

The first object of deification, after the flood, both in India and Egypt, was Noah, whose wisdom in building and navigating the Ark over "that shoreless ocean," filled his descendants with astonishment, admiration, and awe. They saw in him the father of all men; they believed him the creator of all things; and as he receded from their sight, and the mist of time began to ob-

* This account of the origin of idolatrous worship was drawn up with no design of publication. It was derived from data reaching to the remotest periods, and none of its statements are made lightly, or on dubious evidence. The writer regrets that the authenticity of the article, (which was written some time since,) cannot be verified by citing the authorities, but they were not preserved at the time, and are not now conveniently accessible.

Digitized by Google

scure his mortal lineaments, they ascribed to him the power and attributes of a God. If he ever gave them any instruction regarding the pure worship of the Creator, they lost sight of it when he was no longer present, and transferred their gratitude and reverence to sensible images representing him as rising from the sea, possessed of universal dominion, producing and controlling all things by his power. They viewed the Ark as a goddess, the common mother of all things, the companion of Noah, and both—the common parents of gods and men.

Immediately after the separation at Babel, one branch of the descendants of Ham migrated to Egypt, and worshipped him as Osiris, and the Ark as Isis. Enshrining Osiris became a ceremony of great pomp and splendor. Twice a year, a personification of Noah or Ham—or Oannes or Thoth —for he had many appellations, was placed in a magnificent ark, and conveyed through the streets, "amidst the shouts of adoring multitudes." The Egyptians also instituted religious rites in commemoration of his rescue from the flood. They carried an ark in triumphal procession, in token of "the debarkation of the patriarch," after which they descended into the sea, and the keepers of the robes, aided by the priests, took from a consecrated chest a little ark of gold, into which they poured clean water, and proclaimed, with loud acclamations, that "Osiris was safe."

The *form* of the ark was also a fruitful source of objects for idolatrous worship. A circular crescent-shape invested objects with a peculiar sanctity; hence the worship of the moon, and of the serpent, for his circular writhings. The curved horns of the cow and bull, rendered those animals sacred to Isis, and objects of universal homage. In the progress of time, accidents operating upon the imaginations of men, enlarged their catalogue of deities; and from deeming a curve or an image a symbol of their primary objects, they considered them distinct divinities, and established for their service appropriate rites.

They denominated the serpent, Oub; and after his deification, Ob-El—the Serpent God. The temples erected to his worship were cylindrical, and were called Ob-El-Es-Ca, or Obelisk—"A temple for the radiant serpent God." The serpent was admired for his keen eye and curious colors; and was also reverenced as a symbol of defence, because anything encircled by his terrible folds was secure from external assault.

Another branch of the idolatrous family of Ham may be traced in India, where his descendants deified him in common with their progenitor, Noah. They saw no sensible object his equal in glory; but the sun approaching nearest to his grandeur, they called that luminary "Ham, or the Sun," in honor of their father, and soon transferred their adorations to him, as the source of all honor and happiness. Jupiter Ammon, the word Jupiter being an addition to "Ham-On," or "Ham the Sun," was the most renowned deity of antiquity.

From this followed the worship of fire, as an emanation from the sun, and the temples dedicated to the sun or fire, were denominated Pi-Ur-Am-Ait—literally, Pyramid; the form of which is deduced from the figure of an ascending flame.

The element which sustained the ark was another object of adoration; and the wanderers from Shinar carried the worship of water to Egypt and India, and celebrated divine rites to the Nile and the Ganges.—The Hindoos worsipped, also, many objects as types of the ark; such, for example, as the Ibis, an aquatic bird, because it sat like a boat upon the water. In tracing the analogy of languages, it appears undoubted that Boodha, the great God of the Hindoos, is derived from Boodh, a boat, the ark itself: and that the Woden of the Goths, the Maheena of the friendly Islands in the Pacific Ocean—the Siamese Gautma, and the Chinese Foe, all came from the same Chaldaic original.

The Arkite idolatry, including Osiris, Isis, Apis, Ibis, and everything appertaining to the deluge—the Oophite, or Serpent-worship, and the Solar, or Fire-worship, are believed to be the three radical fountains from whence all systems of mythology had their origin.

As the human race spread gradually over the coasts of Asia Minor and the north and west of Europe, divine rites were celebrated for the patriarch, under the appellations of Xuth, Thor, Mercurius, and Thuisco. In succeeding

Digitized by Google

ages different nations enlarged or modified the theories which had been handed down, adapting them to their own superstitions, or the peculiar temperament of individuals. The ferocious and austere, the depraved and abandoned of every country, suited their gods to their perverse, or their polluted imaginations. The latter practised scandalous and revolting rites, while the former wrought up their horrid mysteries with cruel ingenuity, immolating human victims upon their altars.

The mythology of the Greeks partook of their genius and politeness. In place of the dark and gloomy mysteries of the Druids, or the bloody and frightful rites of the Asiatics, or the brutalizing ceremonies of Egypt and Ethiopia, they poured out libations to the gods—invoked their clemency and protection with music, poetry, and eloquence, consecrating the choicest gifts, and the most costly productions of the arts to Apollo, at Delphi, and Jupiter Olympias, at Elis.

But in the idol-worship of every age and country, while some touches of gratitude are apparent towards that supernatural power which the worshippers contemplate; whether under the Arkite stupidity of Boodha; the hideous Oophite, Ob-El-Ha; the more elevated form of Osiris; the elegant and sublime images of Jupiter and Apollo, or the beautiful representations of Venus and Ceres, all felt a dread and terror of the unknown deity which they ignorantly worshipped, and varied their rites according to their impulses of hope or fear.

Through all tradition and history, families and countries retain traces to the latest posterity, of the tempers, habits, and language of their founders; hence the polished, poetical, and philosophical race of Hellenes, among the Greeks, while the contemporary Pelasgii, another tribe of those people, inherit the gloomy, ferocious, and brutal traits of their father, Pelasgus.

The history of Rome testifies, through all its changes, (until the subversion of the empire) to the haughty and warlike character of Romulus, and the arbitrary selfishness, and disregard of justice, which marked his robber followers. Scarcely a country of antiquity, or of modern times, can be named, but some of the peculiarities of its earliest progenitors may be perceived in its character, to ts latest period. So, in paying divine honors, the sanctions of tradition preserved the outlines of the original deity; yet religious rites became cruel and sanguinary, where the votaries deprecated the judgments of gods, whom they deemed barbarous, like themselves: while with more amiable and polished people, a naiad in every rill was an object of adoration—the trees concealed dryads and wood-nymphs, emanations from the deity—the stars, and the hosts of heaven were invoked to overrule the condition of men and prosper their concerns.

The endless catalogue of idols, and the confused and mingled rites discovered in distant countries, and in successive ages, partake, in different degrees, of all the original objects and modes of Pagan worship. The ceremonies which primarily appertained to distinct deities, are blended in the wildest disorder; and to them are superadded unnatural and shocking observances, the offspring of the most perverse and horrible imaginations. These prove the worthlessness of heathen worship, and attest the verity of that revelation, which declares the being of one, holy, omniscient God, whose immutable character and attributes are power, wisdom, justice, truth, benevolence, and mercy, which having brought "life and immortality to light," dispels the darkness which shrouded the heathen, and points to the glorious and joyful elevation of immortality—Eternity and Heaven.

Digitized by Google

## REASONS WHY THE ASPECT OF SOCIETY IN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES MUST BE RADICALLY AND PERMANENTLY DIFFERENT.

We must unavoidably form an incorrect judgment upon the general aspect of English and American society, unless we know the reasons which cause a difference in their respective customs, habits, and manners. A transient observer, no matter how great his genius, how classic his pen, how brilliant his imagination, hastening through a foreign country, with no standard on his mind but that of his own nation, lays hold of things at random, as they are presented to his view, and without any clear conception of their fitness, and without tracing the effect to the cause, is apt to condemn and ridicule what he does not comprehend. I shall endeavor to place the subject in such a clear point of view, that every Englishman may feel that he is right in believing, that there is no government in the world so wisely adapted to promote *his* interests and secure *his* happiness as his own; and every American that there is no government so well calculated to guard *his* liberty, secure *his* rights, and consolidate *his* happiness as the one of his choice; and that consequently the manners, habits, and customs of each are just such as naturally flow from the respective systems of government, and although diverging in contrary directions from a common centre, show, nevertheless, an equal justness and fitness. There is no solid ground for condemnation, still less for ridicule; and, therefore, he who sets himself up as judge and arbiter, and shapes his decrees by the exclusive standard of his own country, places himself in a false position, and deserves the humiliation of seeing his judgment overruled. These two fundamental principles being settled, all the differences of national character will be recognized as exactly appropriate to the system to which they belong, and cannot be removed or taken down without destroying the frame-work of society and dissolving its elementary principles.

If we consider, in the first place, the general state of society in England, and then advert to that of our own country, perhaps we shall best compass the end at which we aim, illustrate our views by facts and the light of contrast, and bring out the characteristic features of both.

In England the feudal system, that tremendous military power, which, with a rod of iron, reduced the British nation to a vast army, and held the population in the most inexorable bondage, is abolished. But the *spirit* of that system in all its most essential proportions as they bear upon modern society, still remains in full vigor. Indeed, the various classes of the community are more distinctly marked off, and each assigned to its specific rank, now, than they were under the feudal system itself.

In those remote ages the mass of the people of England were absolute slaves captured in war, sold as bondsmen, incapable of holding any property, subject to the entire control of the barons in peace or war, and transferable with the soil, precisely in the same manner that Africans, or any other slaves, are at the present day. But interesting as this subject is, and bearing directly upon the point in hand, it is not my intention to trace it through its successive meliorations, from its introduction into England by William the Conqueror to its final abrogation at Runnymede. A reference to it only, as constituting the basis on which the whole structure of English society rests, and as affording a clue for the development of many traits of character and habits of life which would otherwise appear to an American singularly absurd and incongruous, will be sufficient. But our attention may well be directed to the consideration of the *spirit* of the feudal system, entwining itself around every branch of society, and holding in one compact body the component parts of a mighty nation.

The hereditary claims of birth, the

Digitized by Google

deference paid by every subject to his superior in rank, and the promptitude with which he takes and occupies his appropriate station in the general system, all flow from the spirit of feudalism, and are perfectly agreeable to the mind, and congenial with the feelings of an Englishman. It will be perceived that rank is not confined to the nobility. Every individual in the empire holds rank—is a peer in his own circle—and just as tenacious to maintain it as if he sat upon the throne.

The crown, as head of the monarchy, and conservator of the Church, the centre of power, the source of emolument, and the arbiter of honorable distinction, necessarily claims the first and only rank without a peer.—To be alienated from the crown is to be an outlaw. In the eyes of an Englishman, everything that is great and glorious, and venerable, clusters around the name of majesty.

The hereditary nobility of the country, the great landed proprietors of the kingdom, sharing in the administration of government, and consequently the most prominent defenders of the throne, stand next in rank.

The legal profession, whence recruits are most usually drawn to strengthen and invigorate the power of the nobility, and to supply the defects of time and imbecility, may be considered, in conjunction with the Church establishment, as holding the third rank in the state.

The army, navy, and literary classes the fourth.

The merchants and bankers the fifth.

The manufacturers the sixth.

The warehousemen and wholesale dealers the seventh.

The shopkeepers, retail dealers, and brokers the eighth.

The mechanics and master tradesmen the ninth.

The laborers, (agricultural, manufacturing, and all other descriptions,) the tenth.

These are the general divisions of English society, with shades of difference and occasional intermingling of contiguous classes, as they exist at the present time in Great Britain, and, with some local distinctions, over the face of Europe.

All these distinctive grades of society, walled off, the one from the other, by common consent, are recognized in daily intercourse, and are more fully and more mechanically organized than they were when the feudal system bore its intolerably oppressive hand upon the population of the country. Those accustomed to this aristocratical state of society feel it neither grievous nor degrading to yield submission to those above, seeing they receive the same homage from all below them.

Having pointed out this general classification as nearly as practicable without pretending to perfect accuracy, but sufficiently near for our purpose, we may direct our attention to its consequences.

It is true, no class is confined to its appropriate orbit by any physical force, but there is a moral influence, ten thousand times stronger, that never ceases to act, which binds the system in one compact indissoluble union.

Born, educated, and marshalled under such an influence, Americans cannot be surprised that Britons regard king, lords, and commons as the perfection of government, and that they proudly sustain it, individually and collectively, as the only form worthy of their support. Of course they must look upon every other form as weak and defective, incapable of upholding and defending the rights and privileges of the subject, and the legitimate object of their ridicule and contempt.

Under the active influence of such a system, without the practical means of judging of the effects of the supreme power of the state lodged in the hands of the people, and incapable of appreciating the advantages of a delegated authority, is it not just and reasonable to conclude that the government of England is better adapted to the taste, humor, and affections of Englishmen than any other? A free representative government, like our own, cannot exist in England, and never did exist, nor in any part of Europe to any considerable extent. The middle and subordinate classes of society have precisely the same feelings of attachment to their government and to the respective ranks in which they move, as their superiors. The face of society, under the rule of such a system, must, in the nature of things, take its general features from the higher ranks of the community, and not at all from the humbler walks of life. The compari-

Digitized by Google

son, therefore, when made in reference to our own country utterly fails. There are no points of similarity. The same standard of measurement cannot apply to monarchial and republican manners, and the error lies in attempting to combine principles which have no affinity. I do not make these remarks with a view of derogating in the slightest degree from that reciprocal homage due from one British subject to another, but to show the inconsistency of that acrimonious spirit too often manifested upon both sides of the water, the working of a system fundamentally different from our own, and the influence which that system must have upon the mind and character of individuals, and of consequence upon the aspect of society.

No person in England, below the rank of a peer, presumes to hold familiar intercourse with a peer; it would be to carry war into the entrenched camp of the most privileged order, and to break down the barriers of aristocratic society. I remember a case in point which occurred a few years ago in the neighborhood of London. A friend of mine, a mercantile gentleman, and a bank director, invited a co-director, who happened to be a baron, to dine with him. He accepted the invitation. When dinner was announced, my friend reserved for the baron the honor of handing his own lady to the dining room. To his signal mortification, the honor was declined, upon the ground that she was not a *titled lady*, and the baron had the honor of walking into the dining room by himself.

The baron acted agreeably to the etiquette of *court*. But as he accepted an invitation to dine with a commoner, it may well be doubted whether he acted agreeably to the etiquette of a gentleman. At all events the incident serves to illustrate my views of the distinction of rank, and to show the pertinacity with which that distinction is maintained. My friend, himself, would not accept an invitation to dine with a tradesman, nor would he, under any circumstances, invite a tradesman to dine with him. In fact, he dare not. The customs of the country will not admit of it. Were he to make such an assault upon the spirit of feudalism and the etiquette of his rank, all his friends, of equal standing, would forsake him. They would consider themselves insulted, and would decline a future invitation.

The same principle of exclusion runs through all the various ranks I have specified. I do not mean with an undeviating uniformity never to be departed from, but as a general rule by which English society is governed.

Upon national festivals, as Christmas, or any other gala day, it is common for the lords of the soil to invite their tenants, the wealthy merchants, bankers, and manufacturers, their clerks and servants, to their festive balls; but they dine in the kitchen or some other equally appropriate apartment—seldom with their host.

There is not a man in England who is not aristocratical in feelings towards all below him. It is an impossibility that it should be otherwise, and any pretence to the contrary is sheer deception. Hence, you will perceive, that the scattered fragments of the feudal system still float upon the current of society, and carry with them the most ample testimony of the original wreck. It is upon this principle that one can easily account for the fire of indignation which blazed in the bosom of the author of "American Notes," whose name it is well enough to forget, and made him ashamed to acknowledge his own countrymen whom he happened to meet in his journey from Philadelphia to Washington. He speaks of their having settled in America—of their gross and barbarous familiarity of daring to address him by way of question and answer, and of demeaning themselves as if they were his equals. Here one sees the feudal spirit developed in all the brilliancy of its native hues, emanating, it must be admitted, from a very subordinate cast, but, nevertheless, just as strong and unbending as if he were born to command. All that rampant self-estimation, engraved upon the bone and nursed in the flesh, broke from its moorings the moment he met with those from whom he expected reverence and submission, and which from the same family feeling would undoubtedly have been rendered in their own country. But they had resided in America a sufficient length of time to neutralize their national sympathies.—They were not themselves aware of the

Digitized by Google

slightest rudeness. They may have been landed proprietors, cultivating their own farms, independent in their circumstances, judging of mankind by their moral worth and personal excellence, and in no respect inferior to the author, nay, perhaps, of two, the better man. In them the spirit of feudalism had evaporated. In the author it still held sovereign sway. He brought his monarchial pack with him, and had not discernment enough to discover that he had strayed from the market.

Lady Montague, writing from Vienna to her friends in England, notices the fastidious manner in which points of rank were maintained at the Austrian court. In the narrow streets of that capital, where it was impossible to pass each other, two coaches driving in opposite directions met; each of the ladies in the two coaches claimed the prerogative of rank, and consequently each refused to back out and give place to the other. There they sat until two o'clock in the morning, and resolved to continue sitting rather than give up the point of precedence, until death should step in and settle the controversy.

In order to clear the street, encumbered with two such loads of dignity, the emperor sent his guards to part them. The ladies, however, refused to move an inch, until the ingenious expedient was hit upon of taking them both out of their carriages at the same time, and in the same manner, and conveying them away in chairs. Thus the honor and rank of both were most signally vindicated. The passion for order is so omnipotent, especially among the ladies, that they mourn upon the death of their husbands, and are ready to break their hearts out of pure grief, because that fatal event puts an end to their rank.

The moral influence of the various co-existing and yet mutually independent ranks of the social condition of England is inconceivably great and powerful. The idea of reverence for rank, irrespective of personal merit, descends from the crown to the lowest stratum of society. Wealth in all countries carries a modified influence, but is no ground for the distinction of order.—One of the most remarkable features in this arbitrary system—arbitrary in our republican view of the subject, is the fact, that the custom of ages has made subserviency as much a universal law as if it were sanctioned by legislative acts. I am quite aware that it is a common and a fashionable thing for my countrymen to attribute the thoughtfulness and reserve and distance observable in the English character to pride and haughtiness. Nothing can be more erroneous. It is a part of the system. The manners of the people are the natural and necessary result of the form of government under which they live. From the remarks already suggested, it must be evident that the very existence of the ruling principle of aristocracy depends upon the exclusiveness of rank and class; and the strict maintenance of that principle resolves itself into a moral and civil duty, and is no evidence of pride or haughtiness, notwithstanding it has all the appearance of being both, in the view of one who has not been taught to see the reason why it is necessary.

Undoubtedly that kind of demeanor in a republican would justly be considered as undeniable evidence of the highest arrogance and supercilious bearing, for just the same reason in its inverse application, that he has no exclusive rank to sustain by the requirements of the society in which he moves, and no inferior artificial ranks against whose encroachments he is bound to guard.

Whether or no such a system is desirable in the abstract is not the question we are considering, but whether it be consistent with the civil rights, habits, and enjoyments of those who choose to live under its sway, and believe it to be the only one suited to their social wants and national happiness.

Surely there need be no more pride and arrogance in an aristocrat maintaining aristocracy than there is in a republican maintaining republicanism. The thing is the same, working through different channels, and combining with different elements. I do not suppose there is one whit of difference in reference to the nature of pride in the whole human family; but the forms of society, the course of education, and the moral discipline of all kinds of religion, give different directions to its current, as it sweeps along within more contracted or more extended embankments.

The moral discipline of aristocracy is an every-day affair, and plies itself

Digitized by Google

upon every individual in the state; so that the strangest of all things would be that of being jostled out of his rank and brought to a level of equality with one beneath him. That would be a degradation—an exilement from everything held most dear, a stripping off and wrenching away the golden ligatures that bind him to the social compact.

We may therefore conclude that the service and voluntary discipline of aristocracy are regarded by Englishmen as such extraordinary privileges, that no charms of popular allurement, no promise of equalized greatness, and no hopes of public plunder, will ever induce them to relinquish. The government is exactly suited to the people, and the people to the government.—The wheels move with singular harmony, without forcing the will of the subject, impairing his liberty, or endangering the public security. No marvel then that a nation, thus charmed with royalty, and attached to all its details, always rises instinctively as one man at the thrilling melody of "God save the King."

Every sensible man condemns a malignant and acrimonious spririt, because it betrays a want of benevolence and of that delicate sensibility of Christian principles which ought to lead the mind to make another's woes or another's wrongs, whether real or imaginary, its own. We justly complain of the taunting, vituperative and contemptuous spirit which breathes in European publications, and which comes to our shores floating upon every breeze. "The Model Republic" is the target of ridicule;—the manners of the people, the peculiarities of our institutions, and even universal religious toleration, are fruitful topics for untempered wit and sarcastic declamation. But whilst we see and feel all this, it may be well to consider whether we, ourselves, are entirely exempt from the indulgence of the same censorious spirit which we so promptly condemn in others.

We choose a republican form of government, and demand what right have other nations to interfere with that choice?—to launch, with an unscrupulous hand, their envenomed arrows from the quiver of wit and ridicule against institutions of which they have at best but a theoretic knowledge?

England chooses a monarchy, and what occasion have we to object to that choice, and to storm the fortress of her aristocracy with congressional artillery, because incompatible with our notions of a wise and popular government?—So long as we are satisfied with our choice of system, ought we not to allow other nations to be satisfied with theirs? The mutual asperity which pervades the public mind, and disturbs the tranquillity of society, on the ground of a difference in the form of government and its consequences, discovers a diseased intellect, and must result in reciprocal alienation and the blotting out of every particle of Christian benevolence and amiable sentiment. The only good point of humanity which survives "the loss of Paradise," and the richest fragment of that blissful state, is sacrificed.

In my next communication I purpose to take a short view of the aspect of society in the United States, and to show why the manners of the people are and ought to be essentially different from those of a monarchy.

Digitized by Google

# MARGINALIA.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

*"Génes dans ce temps achetait tout le blé de l'Europe."*

For an hour I have been endeavoring, without success, to make out the meaning of this passage—which I find in a French translation of Lady Morgan's "Letters on Italy." I could not conceive how or why all the corn of Europe should have been bought, or what corn, in any shape, had to do with the matter at issue. Procuring the original work, after some trouble, I read that "the Genoese, at this period, bought the *scorn* of all Europe by," etc., etc. Now, here the translator is by no means so much in fault as Lady Morgan, who is too prone to commit sin with the *verbum insolens*. I can see no force, here, in the unusuality of "*bought*," as applied to scorn—(although there are cases in which the expression would be very appropriate)—and cannot condemn the Frenchman for supposing the *s* a superfluity and a misprint.

There is a *double entendre* in the old adage about Truth in a Well; but, taking the *profundity* of Truth as at least one of the meanings—understanding it to be implied that correct ideas on any topic are to be fished up only from great depths, and that to have common sense it is necessary to be abysmal—this being taken as the moral of the adage, I have my objections on the spot. The profundity of which so much is said, lies more frequently in the places where we seek Truth than in those where we find her. Just as the moderately-sized shop-signs are better adapted to their object than those which are Brobdignagian, so, in at least three cases out of seven, is a fact (but especially a reason) overlooked solely on account of being excessively obvious. It is almost impossible, too, to see a thing that lies immediately beneath one's nose.

I may be wrong—and no doubt I am—still it is a fancy of mine that much of what people call profundity has been fairly thrown away on that ever-recurring topic, the decline of the drama.

Were the question demanded of me—"Why has the drama declined?" my answer should be—"It has not; it has only been left out of sight by every thing else." The dramatic art, more than any other, is essentially imitative, and thus engenders and keeps alive in its votaries the imitative propensity, as well as the imitative power. Hence one drama is apt to be fashioned too nearly after another—the dramatist of to-day is prone to step too closely in the foot-prints of the dramatist of yesterday. In a word there is less originality—less independence—less thought—less reference to principles—less effort to keep up with the general movement of the time—more supineness—more bullet-headedness—more rank and arrant conventionality in the drama than in any other single thing in existence which aspires to the dignity of Art. This spirit of imitation, developed in adherence to old, and *therefore* to uncouth models, has not, indeed, caused the drama to "decline," but has overthrown it by not permitting it to soar. While every other art* has kept pace with the thinking and improving spirit of the age, it alone has remained stationary, prating about Æschylus and the Chorus, or mouthing Euphuism because "the Old English masters" have thought proper to mouth it before. Let us imagine Bulwer to-day presenting us a novel after the model of the old novelists, or as nearly on their plan as "The Hunchback" is on the plan of "Ferrex and Porrex:"—let him write us a "Grand Cyrus," and what should we do with it, and what should we think of its inditer? And yet this "Grand Cyrus" was a very admirable work *in its day*.

The fact is, the drama is not now

* Sculpture, perhaps, excepted.

Digitized by Google

supported, for the simple reason that it does not deserve support. We must burn or bury the old models. We need *Art*, as Art is now beginning to be understood:—that is to say, in place of absurd conventionalities we demand *principles* founded in Nature and in common sense. The common sense even of the mob, can no longer be affronted, night after night, with impunity. If, for example, a play-wright *will* persist in making a hero deliver on the stage a soliloquy such as was soliloquized by no human being in ordinary life—ranting transcendentalism at the audience as nothing conceivable ever before ranted, short of a Piankitank candidate for Congress—splitting the ears of the house and endangering the lives of the orchestra, the while that a confidential friend who holds him by the shoulder is supposed not to hear a syllable of all that is said:—if the play-wright, I say, *will* persist in perpetrating these atrocities, and a hundred worse, for no better reason than that there were people simple enough to perpetrate them five hundred years ago—if he *will* do this, and will *not* do anything else to the end of time—what right has he, I demand, to look any honest man in the face, and talk to him about what he calls "the decline of the drama?"

—

"*The Alphadelphia Tocsin!*"*—(Phœbus, what a name to fill the sounding trump of future fame!) and "devoted to the interest of the laboring classes!"—by which, I presume, are intended the classes who have to pronounce, every morning, the great appellation of the paper itself. Such a work should not want editors, and accordingly we are informed that it has *eight*. What on earth is the meaning of Alphadelphia? Is the "Alphadelphia Tocsin" the tocsin of the city of the double A's?—if so, the idea is too easily slipped into that of the A double S.

—

I fully agree with Simms (W. Gilmore) that the Provençal troubadour had, in his melodious vocabulary, no title more appropriate than the Cuban "Areytos" for a collection of tender or passionate songs—such as we have here.†

Passages such as this are worthy of the author of "Martin Faber:"—

Soft, O how softly sleeping,
  Shadowed by beauty, she lies—
*Dreams as of rapture creeping,*
  *Smile by smile,* over her eyes.

And this, in reference to a ship becalmed, is natural and forcible:

A world, from all the world apart,
  Chained idly on the sea!
How droops the eye—how sinks the heart,
  Vain wishing to be free!
How dread the fear that fills the thought,
  *That winds may never rise*
*To waft us from this weary spot*
  *Beneath these burning skies!*

This again is exceedingly spirited:—

Now are the winds about us in their glee,
  Tossing the slender tree;
Whirling the sands about his furious car
  March cometh from afar,
Breaks the sealed magic of old Winter's dreams
  And rends his glassy streams.

By the way, how happens it, in the melodious stanza which follows, (taken from an "Indian Serenade") that the sonorous *Samana* has been set aside for the far less musical and less effective *Bonita?*

'Tis the wail for life they waken
  By *Bonita's silver* shore—
With the tempest it is shaken:—
The wide ocean is in motion,
  And the song is heard no more.

When in the mouth of Vasco Nunez, in "The Damsel of Darien" (its author's least meritorious novel, by the bye) the like originally ran,

By Samana's yielding shore.

*Sounding shore* would have been still better. Altogether I prefer this "Indian Serenade" to any of Mr. Simms' poems.

These and other imitations, however, are but the inevitable sins of the youth of genius—which invariably begins its career by imitation—an imitation, nevertheless, interspersed with vivid originality. I think I have before observed

* Title of a new journal published at Alphadelphia, Michigan.
† "Ayretos, or Songs of the South."

Digitized by Google

that, in letters, a copyist is, as a general rule, by no means necessarily unoriginal, except at the exact points of the copy. Mr. Simms is, beyond doubt, one of our most original writers.

—

It is really difficult to conceive what must have been the morbidity of the German intellect, or taste, when it not only tolerated but truly admired and enthusiastically applauded such an affair as "The Sorrows of Werter." The German approbation was, clearly, in good faith:—as for our own, or that of the English, it was the quintessence of affectation. Yet we did our best, as in duty bound, to work ourselves up into the fitting mood. The title, by the way, is mistranslated:—*Lieden* does not mean *Sorrows* but *Sufferings*.

—

The works of Christopher Pease Cranch are slightly tinged with the spirit of mixed Puritanism, utilitarianism, and transcendentalism, which seems to form the poetical atmosphere of Massachusetts—but, dismissing this one sin, are among the *truest* of American poetry. I know nothing finer of its kind (and that kind is a most comprehensive one) than one of his shorter pieces entitled,

MY THOUGHTS.

Many are the thoughts that come to me
  In my lonely musing;
And they drift so strange and swift
  There's no time for choosing
Which to follow—for to leave
  Any seems a losing.

When they come, they come in flocks,
  As, on glancing feather,
Startled birds rise, one by one,
  In autumnal weather,
Waking one another up
  From the sheltering heather.

Some so merry that I laugh;
  Some are grave and serious;
Some so trite, their last approach
  Is enough to weary us:
Others flit like midnight ghosts,
  Shrouded and mysterious.

There are thoughts that o'er me steal,
  Like the day when dawning;
Great thoughts winged with melody,
  Common utterance scorning;
Moving in an inward tune
  And an inward morning.

Some have dark and drooping wings,
  Children all of sorrow;
Some are as gay, as if to day
  Could see no cloudy morrow—
And yet, like light and shade, they each
  Must from the other borrow.

One by one they come to me
  On their destined mission;
One by one I see them fade
  With no hopeless vision—
For they've led me on a step
  To their home Elysian.

There is, here, a great deal of natural fancy—I mean to say that the images are such as would naturally arise in the mind of an imaginative and educated man, seeking to describe his "*thoughts*." But the main charm of the poem is the *nice*, and at the same time, *bold* art of its rhythm. Here is no merely negative merit, but much of originality—or, if not precisely that, at least much of freshness and spirit. The opening line, barring an error to be presently mentioned, is very skilful—and, to me, the result is not less novel than happy. The general idea is merely a succession of trochees (for the long syllable, or cæsura proper, at the end of each *odd* line, is a trochee's equivalent) but, in lieu of a trochee, at the commencement of the opening verse, we have a trochee and a pyrrhic (forming the compound foot called, in Latin, *Pæon primus*, and in Greek, αστρολογος.) Here is a very bold excess of *two* short syllables—and the result would be highly pleasurable if the reader were prepared for it—if he were prepared, my monotone, to expect variation. As it is, he is at fault in a first attempt at perusal, and it is only on a second or third trial, that he appreciates the effect. To be sure, he then wonders why he did not at first catch the intention:—but the mischief has been committed. The fact is that the line, which would have been singularly beautiful in the body of the poem, is in its present position, a blemish. Mr. Cranch has violated a vital law of rhythmical art, in not permitting his rhythm to determine itself, instantaneously, by his opening foot. A trochaic rhythm, for example, should invariably commence with a trochee. I speak thus at length on this apparently trival point, because I have been much interested in the phenomenon of a marked common-place-ness of defect, involving as marked an originality of merit.

Digitized by Google

# BRAZIL.*

(Concluded.)

But Don Pedro VII., although proclaimed with the highest enthusiasm, never fixed himself firmly in the affections of his people. He continued to reign about ten years, during which time the country was prosperous, and advanced rapidly in the path of improvement. His war against Montevideo was, however, unsuccessful; and, while it checked the prosperity of Brazil, resulted in the loss of a province to the empire. There were also several insurrectionary movements in the distant provinces during his reign. But it was, probably, his continual interference in the affairs of Portugal, and his partiality to native Portuguese in the distribution of his public favors, that most excited against him the prejudices of a people, whose success in rebellion had made them at once bold and restive.

A variety of popular agitations succeeded each other, widening the breach between the emperor and the *patriots*, till the latter, in a tumultuous assembly, demanded the dismissal of the ministry. This demand brought the affairs of the empire to a crisis. The Emperor, after a variety of subterfuges, finally declared that he would suffer death rather than consent to the *dictates of a mob*, and gave utterance to the offensive remark, that "he was willing to do everything *for* the people, but nothing *by* the people." As soon as this answer was made known at the Campo where the multitude had assembled, the most seditious cries were raised, and the troops of the Emperor deserted his cause and went over to the populace. Pedro, at length, finding that all was lost, and that he must either yield to the people or abandon the crown, chose the latter alternative, and abdicated in favor of his son, Don Pedro II., then a lad of six years old; and immediately took his departure for Portugal.

These events took place in April, 1831, and the next nine years were signalized by violent party contests, having their origin in the disposition of the regal power during the minority of the heir to the throne. Several changes were made in the regency, and dispositions to cast off the imperial yoke were manifested in different parts of the empire. One party succeeded another in the administration with great rapidity, but none of them had the good fortune long to satisfy the expectations of the people.

The constitution provided that the minority of the Emperor should terminate when he had attained the age of eighteen. He was now fifteen, but a motion was made by the opposition in the House of Deputies, in favor of abolishing the regency, and vesting him at once with the imperial sovereignty of Brazil. This movement was highly satisfactory to the populace; and the constitutional objections to it, though urged with great power and eloquence, were urged in vain. The people were seized with the idea—the popular excitement became intense—the deputies yielded to the clamor of the multitude—the regency was declared to be at an end, and young Pedro, in defiance of the fundamental law of the empire, was brought before the deputies, took the oath of office, and acceded to the full exercise of his prerogatives as Emperor. He was crowned on the 18th of July, 1841, with great ceremony, parade and splendor.

Since this event, there have been several changes in the ministry, and the affairs of the empire do not appear to have been more stable than before. There have been disturbances in Rio Grand do Sul, San Paulo, Minas Geraes and Ceara; but for some time past the country has been more quiet. In 1842 the Emperor was married to the Princess Donna Theresa, sister to the king of the Two Sicilies. In the following year, 1843, the Emperor's sister, Donna Francesca, was married to the Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe, king of France. In 1844,

* Sketches of Residence and Travels in Brazil; Embracing Historical and Geographical Notices of the Empire and its several Provinces. By Rev. Daniel P. Kidder, A. M. In two volumes, with illustrations. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball. London: Wiley & Putnam. 1845.



Digitized by Google

another sister, Donna Januaria, Imperial Princess and heir to the Brazilian throne, was married to the Count of Aquilla, of Naples, brother to the Empress. These alliances are regarded as giving strength and respectability to the Brazilian throne, and have given much gaiety to the court scenes at Rio, though they have not materially improved the finances, or relieved the treasury.

"No one," says Mr. Kidder, "can reflect upon the history of these children, the descendants of the Braganzas, without emotion. Never was parental solicitude more intense than has been the unwavering anxiety of the Brazilian nation in their behalf. Thrown upon its protection in a state of virtual abandonment and orphanage, they were cherished as the fondest objects of the nation's hopes," and during the eight years of the Emperor's minority, "amid all the political agitations and party intrigues of so long a period, neither individuals nor factions presumed to question the prerogatives of the youthful monarch," but all bore towards him the "warmest affections and the most enthusiastic reverence."

The Palace of Boa Vista, occupied by the young Emperor and his bride at Rio, is a building of considerable size and splendor, located in a suburb about four or five miles from the denser portion of the city. It was originally a private residence, and was presented by its generous owner to Don John VI. It has been gradually enlarged and improved, and rendered very suitable to the purposes to which it is devoted. The Emperor and his sister here received their education, under the direction of a tutor appointed by the government.

There is probably no country in the world where a subsistence is so easily procured as in Brazil. Mr. Kidder observes, "that the stern voice of necessity—*work or die*—never disturbs the day-dreams of the Brazilian as he yawns in his hammock during the bright hours of sunshine. The great mass of the lower classes live as they list. Their wants are few and simple, and to a great degree confined to the spontaneous productions of nature." This circumstance is undoubtedly the chief bar to the advancement of the country. "If the people were only industrious in collecting what nature furnishes so bountifully to their hands, they could not avoid being rich. If enterprising cultivation were added to that degree of industry, there is no limit to the vegetable wealth which might be drawn from this treasury of nature."

Although wheat may be grown in the southern provinces, yet no attention is paid to its cultivation. Large quantities of flour are imported from the United States, and bread is used for food in the cities and towns along the coast; but in the interior there are thousands of people who have never tasted, or even seen, what in this country is regarded as the staff of life. Mr. Kidder relates an anecdote of a Matuto from the far Sartao, who, in one of his visits to the coast, resolved to gratify his curiosity, and test for himself. the qualities of that bread of which he had heard so much. He accordingly went to a baker and purchased a hat-full of rolls. He then seated himself under the shade of an out-spreading tree, and commenced paring them as he would have done an orange or banana. But even at that, the taste did not please him, and he threw them away as unfit to be eaten.

In some parts of Brazil melaneia, or water-melons, grow to a large size, and are produced in such unwonted profusion, as to be sold at 18 or 20 cents per hundred. The inhabitants, especially the Indians and mixed races, use them as a principal article of food.—But a better and more usual substitute for the bread of the north is mandioc, the principal farinaceous substance of Brazil. It is an indigenous plant, and was known to the Indians long before the discovery of the country by Europeans. The Portuguese, on taking possession of the country, soon acquired the habit of using it, and by applying to its cultivation and preparation the arts of a more advanced condition, greatly improved it, and brought it into very general use as food. It is now to be found on every Brazilian table, forming a great variety of healthy and palatable dishes.

The striking peculiarity of this valuable plant is the union, in its fibrous structure, of a deadly poison with a substance highly nutricious and healthful. The root is the part used. It is ground into a pulp, then subjected to high pressure, by which means the

Digitized by Google

greater portion of the poisonous juice is expelled, then placed over a fire or in a heated oven, where it is stirred continually till all the poisonous moisture is evaporated, when its appearance is white and beautiful, though its particles are rather coarse. From the fine substance deposited by the juice of the *mandioc* is made the tapioca of commerce, a substance in general use among us, and which is becoming an article of considerable export from Brazil.

The accounts with which we have long been familiar, respecting the richness of the soil and the luxuriance of the vegetation, have not, according to Mr. Kidder's observations, been exaggerated. On the borders of the Amazon the forests appear in their greatest strength and beauty. Some of the trees are decked from top to bottom with the most splendid flowers, and others are interlaced with innumerable parasites, or creeping vines, which twist around the trunks, and climbing to their tops, drop again to the ground, where they take root, spring up again, and crossing from bough to bough and from tree to tree, spread themselves, till the whole woods are hung with their garlanding. In the great province of Para, along the waters of the Amazon, thousands, and perhaps millions, of acres of the most fertile land in the world lie as wild and almost as useless as the sandy deserts of Africa.

It is in this region that the caoutchouc, or gum-elastic, flourishes. The use of this plant was learned from the Omaguas, a tribe of Brazilian Indians. The improvements in its manufacture have, however, vastly extended its use, and made it essential to the health and comfort of the whole enlightened world. It now enters largely into the commerce of the country.

The tree from which this valuable gum is produced, grows to the height of eighty or a hundred feet, being quite straight, and without branches for half that distance. Its top is spreading, and ornamented with thick and glossy foliage. On the slightest incision the gum exudes, having at first the consistence and appearance of thick, yellow cream. The trees are tapped in the morning, and about a gill of the fluid flows from each incision during the day. It is caught in small cups of clay, moulded for the purpose with the hand, and is immediately ready for use. It is poured over moulds of clay, to which a thin coating adheres, which is exposed to fumes of smoke, rendering it harder and giving it a deeper color. Coatings are thus added until the shoe or bottle has attained the desirable thickness. The export of shoes only amount to some three or four hundred thousand pairs annually.

The mineral region lies deep in the interior, being confined to the provinces of Matto Grosso, Goyaz and Minas Geraes. Goyaz and Matto Grosso abound in gold, diamonds and precious stones; but their distance from the seashore, and the lack of suitable means of communication, are great obstacles to the full development of their resources. The few inhabitants with which they are peopled have been lured thither in their pursuit of gain. The gold was formerly procured with such great facility, that each slave was required to return three or four ounces per day; and so greedy were the adventurers in their eagerness to secure the golden harvest, that they braved the dangers of a desolating pestilence, and even neglected the ordinary provisions of comfort and subsistence. They soon found, however, that food was more precious than gold, and that mountains of this precious metal could not purchase exemption from disease or death. A pound of gold was often given in exchange for a bushel of corn, and an ounce and a half was at one time the price for a pound of meat. The discoverer of all this vast wealth fell a prey to his avarice, and with many others, laid his bones in the wilderness, cut off prematurely by privation and disease.

Villa Bella, one of the principal towns of Matto Grosso, is in a direct line from the city of Para, at the mouth of the Amazon, about one thousand miles. But so difficult is it of access, that not less than two thousand five hundred miles must be traversed in making the usual passage by water.—The Amazon and Madeira are navigable in this direction for 1500 miles, to the Falls of St. Anthony, above which there is a succession of falls and rapids for two hundred miles, around which the canoes and their burthens must be carried with immense labor by gangs of Indians or slaves. This portion of the route is seldom passed in less than

Digitized by Google

four months. For the remainder of the distance (700 miles) the navigation along the Mamora and Guapore is uninterrupted. But the ascent through the whole distance is slow and toilsome on account of the strong flowing current.

The trade is carried on by companies, and vast numbers of Indians and negroes are required as oarsmen and bearers of burdens.

The first printing-press in this province was established in 1838 by the government. The state of education, both in Goyaz and Matto Grosso, may be inferred from the fact, that in the latter country there are only eight primary schools, and in the former eighteen, two of which are for girls.

But these are the most neglected portions of the empire. The other mining province, Minas Geraes, is much nearer the coast, and much more cultivated. Its name signifies the general or universal mines, which very well designates its inexhaustible mineral wealth. Gold, silver, copper and iron are all found within its borders, besides a great variety of precious stones. The most valuable of these mines are wrought by an English company; and the improvements which they have introduced, and the enterprise and intelligence which they have diffused through this portion of the empire, have shed new lustre on the Anglo-Saxon race. This province takes the lead in education as well as in other improvements. There are about one hundred primary schools for boys, fifteen for girls, and twenty-six Latin schools, with enrolled pupils amounting to about eight thousand, independent of those schools which have been established by private enterprise.

Notwithstanding the great extent of Brazil, the temperature of the different portions appears to be pretty uniform. In the city of Para, at the mouth of the Amazon, and nearly under the equator, the thermometer ranges from 75 to 93. At Bahia, 13 degrees south, the changes of temperature are still less, the extremes being 74 and 86. At Rio de Janeiro, which is located near the tropic of Capricorn, the temperature in the course of the year varies from 54 to 108. If we except the far interior, the whole country must be regarded as remarkable for its salubrity. Mr. Kidder observes, that the plague and Asiatic cholera have never desolated Brazil, and that although many causes exist in its cities to favor pestilential diseases, yet the general salubrity of the air and its equable temperature have proved a steady protection.

Brazil is not well advanced in the arts and improvements of modern times. Even in its large cities carriages are but little in vogue, and the roads are not constructed for their use. Maranham, Mr. Kidder thinks, is better built than any other city of Brazil, yet the rise and descent of the streets are very abrupt, and there is but one good carriage road in the place. Ladies in going about the city are usually carried by slaves in a rede or hammoc. Even at Rio a horse and dray are very unusual, most of the drudgery being performed by gangs of negroes. Docks are also wanting, and the loading and unloading of vessels is a work of double labor, performed by the intervention of small boats, which ply between the shore and the ship. Rail-roads, stage-coaches, and all other vehicles for public conveyance, are entirely unknown, and all who do not walk must be conveyed on horses or mules, and have their baggage transported by the same means.

The religious state of Brazil, as presented by Mr. Kidder, is well worthy to be studied by the Christian philanthropist, and demands the attention of the whole Christian world. That the religion of a country has a deep influence on its prosperity and well-being, no intelligent man can doubt. When the mind is fettered by superstition and bound up in the chains of religious bigotry, it is not to be expected that it should act with the directness and energy which it manifests when freed from such embarrassing restraints, and left to the *full swing* of its inherent powers.

The religion of Brazil was introduced contemporaneously with the settlement of the country, several centuries ago. Portugal and Spain, which were then among the most enlightened and enterprising nations on the globe, have since that time fallen into a state of degrading apathy, and have suffered the meanest of their neighbors to outstrip them in the race of improvement. Brazil, bound up in colonial chains, and since her emancipation, shut off as it were from the rest of the world,

Digitized by Google

in consequence of speaking a strange language, has continued to lean on the parent country, imbibing quite too much of the apathy and inertia which has so long governed its destiny.

Since the revolution of 1822 she has, however, made much progress towards casting off her dependence; and her present condition in regard to religion, shows the effect produced on her population by the new position which she has assumed. Having taken an honorable post among the nations, she cherishes a praiseworthy ambition to be their equal; she desires improvement; she directs an inquiring eye towards other nations; she compares their state with her own, and is willing to profit as far as possible by their knowledge and experience.

She has already discovered that a religion ingrafted on the state is exceedingly defective, and that the lives of its chief apostles and teachers but poorly correspond with the sacredness of their profession. In consequence of this state of public feeling, religion is gradually yielding to infidelity; churches are falling into ruin; parishes are deserted by their spiritual guides; ecclesiastics are turning into politicians, and monasticism is wearing out, while there is nothing better to take its place.

In Para nearly all the churches are going to ruin;—out of 96 parishes only 37 are supplied with priests. In Maranham 25 churches had been advertised as open for applications, without securing a single candidate. In the diocese of Cayaba not a single church is provided with a settled curate; and in the rich bishoprick of Rio, embracing four provinces, only five or six priests are ordained annually. President Caelho declares that the clergy are ignorant, depraved in their habits, corrupt in their morals, involved in the concerns of the world, and totally forgetful of their heavenly mission. A distinguished ecclesiastic assured Mr. Kidder that Brazil was in darkness, and altogether behind the age. Feijo, Regent during a portion of the Emperor's minority, himself a priest, asserted that there was scarcely a priest in the province of San Paulo who did his duty as the Church prescribed it.

The constitution of Brazil provides that the Roman Catholic religion shall be the religion of the state, while it allows all modes of worship to be practised, save in "buildings having the exterior form of a temple." This is the more remarkable when it is remembered, that for three centuries the Roman Catholic form of worship has held undisputed sway, and that no other faith has sought admittance to the Brazilian mind; "and yet," says Mr. Kidder, "it is my firm conviction that there is not a Roman Catholic country on the globe where there prevails a greater degree of toleration, or a greater liberality of feeling towards Protestants."

The truth of this proposition was abundantly established by Mr. Kidder's experience. He travelled openly in the character of a Protestant missionary; distributed tracts, Testaments and Bibles in the Portuguese language; made known his errand to statesmen, Church dignitaries and the lower grades of priests; and yet, though he thus openly visited every province, except the three mining provinces of the interior, he is not sure that a *majority* of the priesthood did not manifest towards him and his work both favor and friendship.

Some of the Bibles which he distributed from the mission-house at Rio he afterwards met with at San Paulo, 300 miles distant; and during his visit to that province, he, a Protestant missionary in a Catholic country, was entertained by one of its most distinguished ecclesiastics with marked hospitality, and invited to leave with his host copies of books for distribution, with the view of counteracting the manifest tendency of the people towards infidelity.

Another evidence, equally striking, that the Brazilian mind is becoming loosened from the shackles of that superstition which has so long bound it, may be found in the fact that a proposition to annul the order prohibiting the marriage of the clergy was discussed and received with marked favor in the House of Deputies at Rio.

This last movement was headed by no less a personage than Feijo, at one time Regent of the Empire, and one of the most remarkable men of his time. He was educated to the priesthood, but laid aside his "holy garments" for the more exciting theatre of political life. He had been a member of the Cortez of Lisbon, from which body he withdrew in disgust at the indignities cast on the Brazilian members; and having published a solemn protest

Digitized by Google

against the conduct of Portugal, returned to America. After the establishment of the independent government he became a prominent member of the House of Deputies, where he made his masterly report in favor of clerical marriages. Such a report, coming from an ecclesiastic of high standing, excited a great deal of attention. But that it was not prejudicial to his standing or popularity is evident from the fact, that he was afterwards appointed Minister of State, Regent of the Empire, and Senator for life. He was, moreover, elected by the imperial government Bishop of Moriana, a dignity which he saw fit to decline. He died in 1843.

The government of Brazil is a monarchy, limited in its powers by the provisions of a written constitution. The empire is divided into eighteen provinces, each of which has a separate local government. The governor or president of each province is appointed by the Emperor, and holds his office at his pleasure. Each province has a legislative assembly consisting of one house only, the members of which are elected by the people, and which is authorized to pass such internal local laws and regulations as the wants of the province may require.

The legislative power of the *empire* is vested in a Senate and House of Deputies, which hold their sessions at Rio de Janeiro. The deputies are the representatives of the several provinces, and their number is graduated by the population. They hold their seats for four years unless dissolved by imperial authority. It is not, however, necessary for a deputy to be a resident of the province which he represents, but he may be chosen from his own or any other province. The House of Deputies, as at present constituted, consists of *one hundred and three members*. Its presiding officer is elected from its own body.

The Senate is a more aristocratic body, the members holding their appointment during life. It consists, as at present organized, of *forty-nine* members, distributed according to population as follows:—Rio Grand do Sul sends *one*; Santa Catharina *one*; San Paulo *four*; Rio de Janeiro *four*; Espirito Santo *one*; Bahia *six*; Seregipe *one*; Alagoas *two*; Pernambuco *six*; Parahiba *two*; Rio Grande do Norte *one*; Ceará *four*; Piauhy *one*; Maranham *two*; Para *one*; Minas Geraes *ten*; Goyaz *one*, and Matto Grosso *one*.

These senators are representatives of provinces, but it is not required that they should be residents of the provinces so represented. When a senator is to be made, the people choose a certain number of persons who are styled electors. These electors present to the Emperor three free-holders, either of whom they are willing to accept as their senator, and the Emperor selects one of them, who being regularly installed, holds his office for life. Every citizen having a revenue of $250 is qualified to vote for senatorial electors, deputies and members of the provincial assemblies, and is also qualified to be a senatorial elector.

It is a gratifying circumstance in the recent history of Brazil, that every change which has been made in the government has tended towards a more enlarged liberty. Since the commencement of the present century Brazil has passed from a state of abject colonial dependence to be the centre of Portuguese power and the residence of the royal court. Then, abandoned by her sovereign, she assumed her position as an independent empire, and adopted a constitution which secured to her citizens a liberal share in the conduct of their government. But this constitution, since its first adoption, has also undergone several changes, all of which have been in favor of popular liberty. Formerly the deputies were elected for an indefinite period, and the house continued, as in England, till it was dissolved by the Emperor; but by a recent change the term has been fixed to *four years*, by which means the representative is made responsible to the people, rather than to the sovereign, and is bound by his position to advocate the rights and liberties of his constituents.

We may, perhaps, safely say, that for the last twenty-five years Brazil has made as rapid advances as any nation on the globe. Much, however, still remains to be done; and we trust that she may continue to go on, acquiring additional strength, and light, and vigor, and that her statesmen may seek the glory of the "Empire"—not in giving "*all possible splendor*" to the ceremonies of religion, or the insignia of

Digitized by Google

power—but in diffusing intelligence, enterprise and happiness among the people, and in securing to them the full advantage of a free and unfettered condition. Then will her different provinces be united together by ties stronger than "hooks of steel," and she will take her place among the richest and most powerful nations on the globe.

---

## THE CONFLICT OF THE SPIRITS.

I.

The great Earth swung in air,
  A floating speck in space;
Fierce storms were crowding there,
  And Spirits left their place.

II.

First the chill Death-spirit woke,
And out the curling darkness broke;
Loudly through mad whirls of smoke
In ringing accents it outspoke:—

"I hold the world in my hand,
  And all of stirring breath;
Man, brute, and stream and land,
  Are all the heirs of Death."

Away fast fled earth's bloom
'Neath shadow-clouds of gloom;
Mankind had heard its doom,
The end-all is the tomb!

III.

Then the Life-spirit descends,
And through rainbow sparkles wends;
Softly in mystic love it bends,
And cheerly radiant good hope lends:—

"I hold the world in my hand,
  And all of peace or strife;
Man, brute, and stream and land,
  Are all the heirs of Life."

Pale death loud shrieked and fled,
And through deep storm-glooms sped;
Its last doom had been read,
E'en Death is to be dead!

IV.

There is life in the sablest death,
  Not soulless sleeps the clod—
"The bier is the cradle of heaven,"*
  The grave the bosom of God.

T. S. D.

* Jean Paul.

Digitized by Google

## CORRESPONDENCE OF MR. RALPH IZARD.*

We do not recollect to have seen any notice of this work, which has now been before the public some eighteen months. There may be reasons for this inattention, which have no reference to the merits of the letters. Such a form of literature is not popular. Letters present no story: they have no connected narrative; they certainly have no pretensions of that kind, any more than a conversational remark has to be a set speech. Both have their appropriate place and value. These letters do not profess to give a history of anything; they are merely commentaries on the Revolution. As such, they have much value. We do not speak of their literary execution—that has no part in the estimate we put upon them. Letters of this kind, to be truly valuable, must have all the marks of unpremeditated expression. There must be an assurance on the face of them that they were off-hand, written *currente calamo*. Such characteristics belong to these letters.

We are apt to think that history is all we want of our Revolution. This is a mistaken thought. We want history, as it is generally understood, but not that alone. The histories we have thus far had of our Revolution have been large outlines, which have left much to be filled up. They compass sea and land, and necessarily limit themselves to prominent political and military events; otherwise their bulk would be enormous. Then, if history has her province, we must look beyond her, or outside of her, for other information connected with her main incidents which that province excludes. It is considered that Scott's historical novels fill up many a hiatus in the British histories. His details as much belong to the scene as their more prominent events. And yet, they could not have been introduced into those histories. Historians confine themselves mostly to cabinets and fields. The court and the camp give them sufficient occupation. They step from year to year, as if there were no foot-prints but those which they leave behind. They write, as it were, from balloons, whence they discern only the largest objects. All the rest is dim or lost to view.

What history does not perform, is attempted by other ways. We have alluded to historical novels. They do much, especially in such hands as Walter Scott's. In other hands they have done more harm than good. There are doubtless many minds, even at this late day, which have never corrected the misapprehensions left on them by Miss Porter's Wallace and Thaddeus of Warsaw. But the best of historical novels have too much imagination about them. They lack reality. The fiction spreads a varnish over the whole work, and we know not whether it be an imitation or the true mahogany which wears such a glaze. Letters, actually written during the times they refer to, are without these objections. They bring up the arrearages of history more satisfactorily than any other form of literature. There is no invention about them. We have no doubt concerning them, provided we are assured that they are genuine. Once satisfied of this fact, we read them as we would listen to a conversation. There is no question of veracity as to statements. The statements they contain may be wrong, but, if they are given as the impressions of the moment, nothing more is required.

History is read with a constant distrust of its accuracy. What is unquestioned to-day, may be questioned to-morrow. A fact settled this year, becomes unsettled the next. Even the determinations of one century are often reversed the next. This is unavoidable: no one complains of it, any more than one complains of the imperfection of man's senses, and the limits of his powers. Doubts hang over the details of every battle, until a generation arises that cares not which way they are settled. And well may this be. A street-fight be-

* Correspondence of Mr. Ralph Izard, of South Carolina, from the year 1774 to 1804, with a short Memoir. Vol. 1. New-York: Chas. S. Francis & Co., 252 Broadway. 1844. pp. 390.

Digitized by Google

tween two persons, with half a dozen spectators, has never yet been described by two of those spectators alike. They did not see alike, they did not feel alike, and therefore they do not describe alike. How much less may a battle be described by two persons alike. The eye that pretends to have seen distinctly even that which passed within the sphere of its vision, will hardly be believed; and when it pretends to have seen that which smoke, distance, and interposing obstacles necessarily obscured, or shut out of sight, it will not, of course, be believed at all.

Letters of the kind before us profess no more than to relate events, and sketch characters as they appeared at the moment of writing. There will be indistinctness, there may be error. This we expect, and therefore find no fault with it. When Mr. Izard gives the first rumors of the battle of Bunker-hill, as they were heard in London, we are pleased somewhat in proportion to the blunders into which those rumors lead him. The slowness with which tidings reached Great Britain in those days, when there was no steam,—when there were no packets,—when the Atlantic had been abridged by none of the modern facilities which have reduced it to a broad ferry, shows itself throughout this correspondence. We are not surprised that the first impression should have been, that Quebec had been taken by Montgomery. All these evidences of the state of the times give the letters a peculiar zest. We seem to be taken back to those times. History brings the past down to the days of the historian. Such letters as these take the reader back to the days of the writer. Besides, there is the assurance that they were not written for the public. We do not mean the assurance of the writer: we might not believe that; the letters themselves prove that they were written for no public use. This diminishes the responsibility under which they were written, while it gives them a freedom of expression which no other compositions can have.

We would not undervalue the labors of those who visit the archives of Europe. They doubtless all return, bringing their sheaves with them. There is now collected in this country, in the appropriate state societies, a vast deal of raw material, which, after much hatcheling and carding, will be usefully worked up into the web of history. The collections, of course, embrace much surplus matter. The selectors at the foreign archives are something like the mineralogist at the quarry, who carries home to his laboratory a great deal of refuse stone in connexion with his specimens. He has not the time there to make the separation, nor is he certain that he can make it judiciously. The question is not, whether these collections are valuable, but whether they be, as is too often thought, the only collections that are so. If a portion of the means and time which have been applied to this archive-hunting had been applied to searches after private correspondence, carried on contemporaneously with prominent events—after private letters which were written in the heat of the moment, in the presence of those who were buckling on the armor, or putting it off—the search had not probably been without much fruit. We have the official accounts of the fall of the few men at Lexington, whose blood, shed just at the dawn of the day, so appropriately bedewed the dawn of the Revolution; and of the running fight from Concord which ensued, and in which, as it were by intuition, was shown how an unorganized and hastily raised force,—a sudden gathering from the farm-houses, the anvil, the work-bench, &c.,—could be best and efficiently used. These accounts are gratifying, and belong to the page of history, and can never be effaced from it. But there may be other accounts of the same day, which, though not properly belonging to that page, may well be placed on other pages. The gleanings of Ruth have even a higher interest than the reapings of Boaz. There may have been members of families within the whirl of that day's vortex, who wrote letters while their heads were yet giddy with the scene. Many a warm record of this kind may have been made of the vicissitudes of the morning, the mid-day, and the evening, of this memorable first day of the Revolution. Such records, even if they were hastily made, and having nothing of an historical character, would be highly valued. We well know how the militia assembled, and blocked up the high-way where the

Digitized by Google

British troops would pass, not moving aside until a volley from the troops opened a way through them. We would likewise be pleased to hear how some of them left their homes on this perilous duty; jumped out of their warm beds, and tore themselves away from the still warmer embraces of those who must not venture forth; and how they returned, if they *did* return. One or two such instances would represent the whole. The artist, who has exhibited one of these family groups just as the middle-aged and the manly youth are going forth, grey hairs, womanhood and infancy behind, has done in one way what these letters would do in an other. Such letters have been found and published, and we wish that more could be found and published.

Who has not frequently been led to draw a comparison between Marshall's Life of Washington, and the letters of that great man, which have been published by Mr. Sparks. Judge Marshall was a distinguished jurist,—the most distinguished we have had; but he was not a great historian or biographer. Even if he had the appropriate talent, (which no one questions,) he had not the necessary time for success in that character. His mind was broad, but it had its limits. He failed where failure was unavoidable; and the failure attaches no discredit to his eminent reputation. His judicial duties were an ample burden. To write the Life of Washington was a burden, perhaps, equally ample. If he had laid down the one, he could have taken up the other. Both, neither he nor any other man could hope to carry at the same time. It was natural to look to Judge Marshall for this work, which was to be a national work; and had he put aside all other tasks, and bent his strong intellect to this task alone, we know not whether he would not have done wisely. The Life of Washington might, perhaps, have been written, without writing a history of this country during his age. Judge Marshall judged otherwise. He determined that a Life of Washington must embrace a history of the Colonies, of the Revolution, of the formation of our present government, and of the first administration under it. This determination was, perhaps, unavoidable. We can hardly see how he could have contracted his base. It was, therefore, a magnificent undertaking, and one to which even Judge Marshall might have worthily devoted exclusive attention. It was not an undertaking that could be accomplished "between terms." No history has been written which outlived its author, and which deserved to outlive him, that was not the paramount labor of years. Judge Marshall's history is a huge pile, and has an air of grandeur. But the logs were everywhere rolled up whole: the saw-mill: and the carpenter's tools having had little to do with the structure.

If Judge Marshall had declined the task assigned to him, and undertaken to edit the *Letters* of Washington, the task had, no doubt, been compatible with his leisure, and an earlier day had given to the public a harvest of information which Mr. Sparks subsequently gathered up as an humble follower, after it was supposed the sickle had done its work.

These letters, after all, form the best Life of Washington. They give him in his own words. It is true, that when a man speaks of himself, he is not always the best witness in the case. Still, the letters he writes are his own language, and contain his own sentiments. Like all other witnesses on the stand, we form our own judgment of his credibility. In the present instance, no doubts disturb us. These Letters of Washington exhibit him in a strong light, from the time he began his public career until he was about closing it at Mount Vernon, and they leave scarcely any thing to be wished for that the notes of Mr. Sparks have not supplied. It is a complete portraiture of services that have no parallel. It is not a full-length; but there has seldom been a full-length where some of it might not well have been spared. Too much legs and too much drapery have deformed many a picture. We desire to see Washington from the surveyor to the grave; from the time he crossed the Alleghany to the time he crossed that bourne whence no traveller returns. More than that is not necessary, or is not in keeping. These letters at once place him on that high level, below which he never sunk for one moment during his after life.

Some have expressed a wish that these letters had been compressed, or abbreviated in some way, by Mr. Sparks.

Digitized by Google

From this we infer that such wished the letters shorter, or the volumes fewer, and were indifferent about the process by which the diminution was effected. Fortunately, Mr. Sparks thought differently; that is, he thought as most people of sense and taste would have thought in the like case. He felt it his duty to present transcripts of Gen. Washington; not a *refaciamento* of his editor. Extracts from them would have been like preserving his war-coat and breeches in the shape of patchwork, or his war-sword in the shape of a pruning-hook or a set of knives and forks. We wanted Washington, the whole of Washington, and nothing but Washington.

We would not lead to any comparison between these Letters of Washington and those which are before us. They are not like each other in any respect, excepting in form. Washington almost always wrote as a public man. He had hardly any private character in this respect from the beginning. If Mr. Sparks found many private letters, he has not published them; and we feel sure he would have done so, had he found them. Washington seemed always booted and spurred. If he ever were in slippers, few had then a sight of him. Mr. Izard, throughout his volume, was in private life. His appointment as one of the Commissioners to France is noticed towards the close, but he had not then begun his duties as such. His letters have, therefore, none of the formal character of an official correspondence. This, however, takes nothing from their interest. On the contrary, the want of such a character gives them a peculiar zest. He wrote as an intelligent, acute observer, to intimate friends, and with none of those restraints which limit the freedom of thought and language. He probably wrote, as to manner, much as he would have spoken, had he been face to face with the persons he addressed. The value of this influence upon his letters cannot fail to be appreciated. He was, at first, on the continent; afterwards in England, in and about London; and then in France. In each of these positions he watched the growth of the disturbances among the colonies, and expresses unreservedly his feelings and opinions respecting them; while his correspondents, in France, England, Scotland, and even in the Indies, are equally frank on the same subject. This is precisely the information we are most curious to obtain. We have had enough of documentary opinions, of the language of courts, of the reports of ministers and generals. We desire to hear the talk of the streets, the scandal of the parlors, the rumors of the hour.

These letters show how gradually the operation between the two countries took place. They show, by evidence, incomparably more weighty than any official papers, that the colonies were truly willing "to suffer while evils were sufferable;" that the daughter reluctantly separated herself from the mother; that it was with unaffected regret the familiar and endearing term "Home,"—familiarized and endeared by the use of more than a century and a half,—was given up for that of "foreign land." There is no doubt, such is the force of habit, that even the bonds of dependence, and even when they have been made irksome, are severed with feelings that partake as much of pain as of pleasure. It was with sorrow as well as with anger the breach was made.

These letters, also, show that some of these bonds of dependence were not broken without many fears of severe privation. Great Britain, probably, in the first place, more to benefit the parent land than to increase the dependence of her colonies, had made all those colonies consumers as far as possible, and producers as little as possible. They were permitted to produce their daily bread. She could not forbid man to till the ground, or the earth to bring forth her increase. But she laid her interdict upon raiment. She did not prohibit the domestic loom, which was found in every New-England cottage; the shuttle there was plied, and supplied the frugal family with homespun clothes. It was factories and manufactories she would not tolerate. Hence, all those who did not spin and weave for themselves, that is, all the cities, all the South, and much of the middle colonies, were clothed by the mother country. They looked to her for covering from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. This was a state of dependence that had more and stronger bonds to it than at first strike the view.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Izard frequently alludes to the embarrassment he felt respecting these sumptuary matters. They did not affect, in his mind, the question as to the rights or wrongs of the colonies; their birth-right was at stake, and he did not think it should be forfeited for a mess, or a dress. Still, it was natural for him, in a private correspondence, to state his apprehensions that a rupture would strip his negroes, if not his family. Britain made the negro's blankets, his coarse woollens, and his coarse cottons. She therefore clothed the servile, as well as those who fared sumptuously. These circumstances show the sacrifices the colonies had to make. John Hancock counted his houses and his merchandise as nothing, when these sacrifices were to be made. Others were as patriotic and as ready.

These letters, likewise, help us to solve the historical problem, whether wisdom or folly governed the rulers of Great Britain at the period of our Revolution. Mr. Izard had occasional intercourse with all the distinguished statesmen of that country, at that time. He knew, personally, Lord Chatham, Lord Shelburne, Mr. Burke, &c., and had interviews with Lord George Germaine, Lord North, &c. He well knew their opinions on the great questions of the day, and was frequently consulted by them on the affairs of the colonies. This knowledge and intercourse gave Mr. Izard means of observation that render his remarks highly interesting. He saw the waverings and the obstinacy of the men in power. They paused after the flight from Concord; they rushed on again after the fight on Bunker's Hill. The sword appeared to turn the scale.

The result of the Revolution, undoubtedly, convicted the rulers of Great Britain of having acted unwisely. It does not follow, however, that they were blind when they might have seen. Miscalculations and misapprehensions are inevitably incident to the management of the affairs of nations. The question is, whether any other set of men would probably have acted differently under the same circumstances. The opposition of Lord Chatham, and other antagonists of the dominant party, cannot be considered as evidence that he and they would have done so. Lord Chatham was the most energetic and uncompromising of statesmen. Had he been in the place of Lord North, it is more than probable, it is almost certain, that he would have been equally unyielding towards the colonies. He might have been, and he probably would have been, more prudent or efficient in his measures of enforcement; but we have little reason for supposing that any ministers of the crown would have failed to claim all the power over the colonies that Lord North claimed. Lord Chatham, while minister, had a more pleasurable task in hand than that of contending with the colonies of Great Britain about their rights. The wrongs of the British Empire were to be vindicated, and he joined the trans-Atlantic colonies in the vindication. They were led to cement themselves with the mother country by the strongest of all cements, the cement of shed-blood. They bled together against France in the Canadas and on the Ohio. The colonies shared in the chagrin at defeats on the Canadian frontier; they took the triumph of Louisburg to themselves; and they had some grounds for belief that the shame of Braddock's defeat would have been avoided, had the young councils they furnished been followed. Lord Chatham well knew the influences of this union in the field, and may have subsequently charged his successors, with some degree of plausibility, with having sown the tares of distrust and alienation among his good seed of confidence and fellowship. It was no doubt fortunate for the colonies that Lord Chatham was not in place when the experiment, as to the taxing-power held by Parliament over the colonies, came to be made. His habitual forecast, energy, and fulness of preparation for all emergencies, would have given the incipient blows a decisive character. It is hardly probable that he would have attempted to extend the Stamp-Act across the Atlantic. It was truly a penny-wise and pound-foolish measure. Once determined, however, he would have stamped in the measure with a strong arm. The impression would have been deep and lasting. Lord Chatham, as a minister, would probably have postponed the Revolution, either by not provoking it, or by being prepared to suppress it, in case of such a provocation. There were causes for disagreement which no folly

Digitized by Google

had produced, and which no wisdom could have removed. They were equally beyond the control of both folly and wisdom. Lord Chatham might have delayed, as Lord North undoubtedly accelerated it. The claims of the colonies grew with their growth, and, of course, strengthened with their strength. The most moderate ministry and the most complying Parliament would have soon come to a stand. More would have been claimed than would have been granted, and less would not have contented.

But these letters show that there was, near the outset of the Revolution, a medium behind the throne, which, like a window of stained glass, discolored the light that fell upon it. "John Barleycorn" was the standard of, not only the length of the inch, but of the length and breadth of nearly every royal measure. Lord Bute is the putative father of the Stamp-Act, which, like a little leaven, soon leavened the whole lump; and Col. Grant, another Scotchman, when it became necessary, in consequence of this rising, to send to the colonies a military force, said that one regiment could sweep them from Canada to Georgia. Lord Chatham would have laughed such an assertion to scorn, and Lord North, probably, did not believe it was founded in truth. It is probable, however, that the king did so believe. He had been educated as an Englishman, and no doubt knew something of English history; but his family had come to the throne after the Roundheads had passed away. Any one of the family which had been expelled to make room for his family, would have understood the colonies. Any Stuart would have recollected that there was a large infusion among them of the sturdy spirit which had brought Charles I. to the block, and governed Britain from that Charles to the second Charles, with an outstretched arm that made all Europe tremble. Constant manifestations of this spirit had been given by the colonies. It had showed itself in unnumbered struggles. Hard-fought fields could not have showed it more strongly. Few men, therefore, in England, could have been misled by the gasconade of Col. Grant. George III. must have been among that few, as the military measures which were taken at the opening of the Revolution have no other apology. The force sent to Boston was large enough to provoke, but too small to overawe. The curb applied was strong enough to irritate, but was likely to snap at the first plunge which that irritation would cause. When the experiment came to be made, Gen. Gage found that he could not send Col. Grant's complement of troops over eighteen miles without imminent hazard. In the next experiment, three times that number reached Bunker's Hill, only through an excess of carnage.

Mr. Izard says, in one of his letters, that "the king seems to be struck with horror at the idea of treating with Congress." This was in 1775, about one year before the Declaration of Independence. At that time, proper endeavors at conciliation would probably have succeeded. Lord North, as a man of sense, may have known what endeavors were proper. There was but one way then open, and that way could not be taken, because the king regarded it with horror. This royal repugnance may have saved the independence of the colonies. It was certain to defeat all advances towards conciliation, even if Lord Howe had had the discretion and dignity to address General Washington by his title. Whether the stupid fastidiousness which led him to substitute "*Mr.*" for "General," originated in this repugnance, or in the pride or weakness of the commissioners, the effect was the same. When the first step is an insult, a second step is not often permitted to be taken. The course of the mother country had raised up a Continental Congress. A general revolt necessarily produced such a result. There must be a general head, and that head was the Congress; to that alone any appeal, under the circumstances, could be made. An appeal to any separate state would have been hopeless; to distinguished individuals equally so. Neither states nor individuals could be applied to without an imputation of treachery. There was but one way open, therefore, to open pacification, and that way was the Continental Congress, but the commissioners could not take that way. The king's horror closed it up.

There can be little doubt that much of the wrong that was done in the times

Digitized by Google

we are alluding to, was done by the king, notwithstanding his constitutional incapacity to do any wrong. Mr. Izard says that "Doctor Hunter, a Scotchman, who is continually about the king's family, says publicly, that the four New-England Provinces ought to be extirpated." The king did not say this, and may not have thought it; still, a remark of that kind would not have been made in the royal purlieus, if it had been liable to rebuke. The atmosphere of the court must have been genial to such ill-weeds, or they would not have sprung up there.

Some may be deterred from patronising a continuation of these letters, because the preliminary notice of the editor leads to a probability that the acts or opinions of Franklin will be brought into question. Whether it was judicious in the editor thus to sound the alarm in advance, it is not for us to determine. It was certainly frank and fair. The present volume contains nothing of this bearing. Even if it did, it would not have been the less acceptable to us, though entertaining the highest veneration for the memory of this distinguished patriot and philosopher. If the charges which those letters may contain were a fresh imputation, the case would be different. This is the publication of letters which were written seventy or eighty years ago. They speak the opinion of individuals at that time. Such opinions had their warrant then, and were honestly expressed. That warrant may no longer exist, and the opinions may all have been proved to be unfounded. All this may be true, and still the letters be generally acceptable. The reputation of Franklin is now independent of all imputations of this kind. His public course in France has been viewed and reviewed in all its phases through more than fifty years, and is now well understood. What these letters will develope we do not know. We may, however, conjecture, without much chance of error.

It is known that many prominent men of America believed they saw, in Franklin's course while in France, some cause for censure or disapprobation. This remarkable man was made a pet in Paris. His mind, his discoveries, his country, and even his costume, all contributed to render him an object of general interest. He was almost unique in all these respects in that kingdom where rarities of all kinds found so much favor. His influence at the court was powerful, and it was always exerted in favor of his country. And his exertions there, on the whole, were undoubtedly more beneficial to this country than those of any other man. These services, in her time of need, will never be denied, nor can their reward be taken away. Still, it has been alleged, that when the question of final arrangement came, the lukewarmness or hesitation of that court were not met by Franklin with the same zeal and independence which marked the course of other Americans there, over whom the blandishments of the Parisian saloons had less influence, and who were more fresh from the scene of action, and better knew the sentiments and temper of the American people. It was a season when shades of difference in opinion might well have floated around. Indeed, none probably approached the great questions which then were to be settled with minds made up. Such pre-determinations had excluded all chances of adjustment. Some strings were to be let down, others to be raised; otherwise harmony had never been attained. France had been liberal and kind in her aid, and she naturally, when the time of compensation arrived, looked for a corresponding return. Franklin may have rated her services too high, (though that could hardly have been done) while others, perhaps, rated them too low. Franklin saw only the noble and generous ally of America; others saw only the antagonists of Great Britain. Each saw the true color of the shield as it presented itself to their view, without probably being aware that the two sides had different colors.

We will now bring these desultory remarks to a close. Our object has been to raise, as far as in our power, in the public estimation, the character of letters of the description now before us. We regard them with great respect: they are likely to give us more truths in one page than a dozen pages of other writings. Objections to the correctness of history are innumerable. It is a stream that never receives all its tributaries until it ends; something, in every age, is pouring in on one side or the

Digitized by Google

other, showing that it is not full. Probably the most perfect history that ever was written, so far as the use of all materials applicable to its scope was concerned, is Gibbon's Decline and Fall, &c. He collected these materials around him, until he seemed to sit in the midst of "Seven Hills" of authorities. The unremitting labor of a strong mind and a long life enabled him to reduce these hills into a magnificent slope, that smoothly and majestically descended from the first Cæsar to the last; and yet he settled almost nothing but the fact, that almost nothing could be satisfactorily settled. His decisions, made after a patient investigation which few minds could have made, have been questioned, and will continue to be questioned. His notes, after all, are the spice of his work; they give the sayings of those who lived with the Cæsars. We turn from Gibbon to them, as we would turn from the sound of a modern voice, to voices coming from ages long past. Each page of his text, like a luxuriant modern sofa, seems to stand on these notes, which, like richly-carved antique feet, of all forms, peep out from beneath.

Thus it is with these letters—they are transcripts of the past. In the volume before us, Mr. Izard and his correspondents speak as they spoke in 1774, '75, &c., &c. It is not looking back upon far-removed and indistinct scenes with a spy-glass, which brings them back only in parts, and with changed dimensions; they give views taken at the time, and on the spot. We wish such views were greatly multiplied. Hence, we are pleased to see the volume before us, and will be pleased to see those which are to follow. Such leaves are, doubtless, much scattered, and becoming every year more rare. Those that can be gathered up are hence only the more valuable.

---

## SONNET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," "GUY RIVERS," &C.

### CONSCIOUSNESS AND RESOLVE.

I know that I must struggle, and I know
  That sorrow in that struggle must be mine,
  And with denial I must chafe and pine!—
My nature and the world decree it so!—
But shall I from the progress backward go?
My hand upon the ploughshare, shall my heart
  Shrink from the toil because the toil be great,
And there are those who, striving, cry "Depart!
  Lest you provoke our ridicule and hate?"
  This were to fight with fortune against fate;—
A harder conflict than to struggle on,
  Still falling, and arising but to fall,
  But still to rise and struggle, firm through all,
Growing stronger with each foot of progress won!

Digitized by Google

# WHICH IS THE FORTUNATE MAN?

BY MISS ANNIE MIDDLETON.

"So Robert Hunt has taken himself off?" said Lewis Maynard, joining a group of students assembled on the college-grounds at S——. "I do'nt wonder; what a deuced pretty rage he got into in the class this morning." "Why, I did not notice it—what did he do?" exclaimed a youth who had lately entered. "Do!" echoed the first speaker—"that's the beauty of it, he never does anything. If he would hurl a book at the tutor's head, or knock somebody down in his wrath, it would be finishing the thing in a fine manly way. Instead of that, he turns red, then pale, trembles, clenches his hand, and is completely topsy-turvy for the rest of the day." "What was he angry at this morning?" returned the boy, who had before addressed him. "Why, he's been trying for the valedictory ever since he entered college, and that great bully, George Addington, (is he anywhere near?) has been determined that he shall not succeed; and as he is too lazy and too stupid to oppose him studying, is purposed to do it by teasing; so ridicules, mocks and sneers at Robert, till he is just fit for the lunatic asylum. I'd fight him if I was beat to a jelly for it, or else be cool and indifferent, and take no notice of his batteries, for he'd stop soon enough if he saw it did not tease. But Robert Hunt is too cowardly for the first, and too much of a baby for the last. I wonder, for my part, why his mother did not keep him at home in pin-a-fores. But where has he gone?" "Down to the bridge with Gerald Morton," answered one of his companions. "Yes," continued Lewis Maynard, who had worked himself up into something of a rage: "I suppose Gerald is giving him a sugar-plumb, as usual, and that he'll walk him back again quite cooled down. I cannot imagine how Gerald can take such an interest in the puppy, unless Bob has a rich father, uncle, or something else, and he expects in one way or another to get paid for it." "Robert's father has not as many dollars as Gerald's has thousands," interrupted one of those quiet, yet commanding voices, which make themselves heard—"and Robert Hunt is no coward, as you, and you, and you," and he pointed to one and another of the group, and then paused, with an emphatic *you*, at Lewis Maynard, "can testify, who saw him, at the risk of his own life, last winter pull little Dan Allan out of the river. Robert is no coward, but he considers it vulgar and ungentlemanly to fight, and is unhappily too sensitive to adopt the other alternative, and endure with stoicism the rough-and-tumble of this 'work-a-day world.' But I do not wonder that *you*, Lewis Maynard," and he pointed again at the youth who had been chief orator, "cannot understand *this*, any more than you can imagine how Gerald Morton can have no other motive than self-interest for his kindness to him." The boys, with one involuntary movement, turned and looked at the individual addressed; one near him whispered, "Will you stand that, Lewis?" and after a pause of five minutes, "Coward—coward," was uttered by different voices in the group. Lewis Maynard's face had changed from red to pale, and pale to red, several times during the brief interval, but at the opprobrious term his eye flashed, and glancing around at his companions, he exclaimed, in a firm tone—"I am no coward, and I'll fight the one who dares call me so; but I did wrong, I acknowledge, in accusing Gerald Morton of anything mean, and selfish, and interested. I did very wrong," he repeated, "and I desire all, who heard me make the accusation, hear me retract it. Gerald is as noble a fellow as ever lived, and I only wonder how he can endure that little, snivelling Robert Hunt. Richard Graham," he continued, walking up to the youth who had corrected him, "your reproof was deserved; but I beg that you'll take back what you said, as to my not un-

Digitized by Google

derstanding anything noble and generous, however deficient I may be in these qualities myself. I certainly have the capacity and heart to admire them." "I do take it back," answered the individual addressed, warmly grasping the proffered hand, "I fully and entirely take it back; for much as I may have doubted your nobility and generosity before, you have eloquently proved yourself possessed of both, this morning." "And now, boys," cried Lewis Maynard, after a moment's silence, throwing himself into a pugilistic attitude—"Who's for a fight?" Nobody accepted the challenge; and the bell ringing soon after, each individual hurriedly obeyed the summons, having gained, perhaps, some new ideas as to what true courage, nobility, and generosity were, in the brief interval. Love was the motive of Gerald Morton's kindness to Robert Hunt—disinterested, ardent affection, which fills young hearts, aye, and old hearts too, (to the exclusion of every mean and unworthy feeling,) oftener than some people in this world will allow—Love, in spite of his weaknesses, or rather the more for them, for the deepest pity added strength to his affection. He had, as the boys said, led Robert away, but for some time he did not speak, leaving the soft sweet air and thousand sights of rural summer beauty beneath their eyes, to exert their tranquilizing influence, before he addressed his companion. At length they reached the bridge which spanned the river, where Robert, unable any longer to endure the violence of his suppressed emotions, flung off the affectionate clasp on his shoulders, and resting his head on the railing of the bridge, burst into an uncontrollable fit of tears. "Yes, despise me as you will," he exclaimed, "you cannot despise me more than I do myself; and as I have given way to the most unmanly anger, I may as well yield to these unmanly tears." "Despise you, Robert?" repeated his companion, in a sorrowful tone, "how little you know what is in my heart." The boy was, perhaps, struck by the sincerity and emotion in the speaker's voice, for he raised his head, and gazed long and inquiringly in the other's face. "Gerald," he exclaimed, at length, "Gerald Morton, I believe you, with my whole heart and soul I believe you; love and pity you feel for me, but not contempt. You are all that is fair, and frank, and noble,—but I—what am I?" and the boy, with a gesture of despair, buried his face again in his hands. "Your greatest fault is this undervaluing of yourself, dear Robert," said his companion, kindly. "You exaggerate your faults or rather infirmities, to a most frightful extent, and then start in horror from the phantom you yourself have raised." "No! there is no exaggerating them," returned Robert, sadly. "Have I not again and again vowed to myself, and vowed to you, that I would not let that fool, idiot, that puppy of a fellow," he muttered between his compressed teeth —"George Addington, by his contemptible tricks rouse me to anger, and yet do I not daily yield to the temptation? But oh, Gerald—if you knew the bitter pride that poverty makes, and if you knew the hell upon earth I endure with this suspicious, sensitive temper of mine, you would indeed give me your deepest pity and sympathy." "You have them now—you have them now," said his companion, in a choked and agitated voice. "A child's glance will at times almost madden me," he continued, scarcely regarding the interruption; "every feeling that I have in the world seems to be a curse to me. I never look at my sisters' grace and beauty, but I gnash my teeth at the thought, that they will be sacrificed to some uncouth booby who has money, or waste their lives in the dreary, desolating struggle with poverty, which killed my poor mother. My father's gloom and misanthropy check the tenderness which should fill to the fount a child's nature; but I think how different he might have been, had fortune been kinder; and I have the picture of an old age like his before me, sternness and harshness, a distress to himself, and a terror to everybody else. I shall be just like him, only worse." "Stop! Robert, stop!" exclaimed Gerald Morton—"do not talk any more such wild and desperate, nay, they are wicked words. We have each our destiny in our own hands, to make or mar, as we will. No man, unless he desires, need be the victim of circumstances. We must control fortune, not be governed by it—shape our own way, not follow in gloom and despair that which the veriest trifles have made for us; and, my dear,



Digitized by Google

dear Robert, your father's errors, inasmuch as you feel the germs of them in your own bosom, should be viewed with the greatest leniency and tenderness; at the same time that you resolve with all your strength, and might, and power, not to yield the eightieth part of an inch to these baleful, morbid tendencies." "Yes," said Robert, looking with a despairing admiration at his companion, "you can talk like an angel—and what is more—you can act like one. Ah, Gerald, why must you have everything? wealth, love, genius, and a temper that would make life with a crust of bread happy." "Not quite," answered Gerald Morton, laughingly; "but as you have set me the example in flattery, I'll turn the tables on you. Let lady Fortune go for once, we'll see what Nature has given you: a handsome face, a graceful and goodly outside—you can't deny *that*, Bob; a very wise head for such a young pair of shoulders. President Mason asserts it, the whole college acknowledges it; and a heart full of strong affections, and warm admiration for everything that is lovely and of good repute. The only shadow on the picture you've thrown yourself; for never tell me that a man endowed so liberally, cannot fight the foul fiends, melancholy and despair, even unto the death. I tell you, Robert Hunt, you make your own troubles." "And poverty?" asked his companion, reassured and strengthened by his words. "Poverty!" echoed Gerald Morton, almost scornfully. "What man with a head and hand in this country need fear poverty; a competency is within the reach of all who have ordinary talent and prudence, and what do you want more?" Little did Gerald reck the need he'd soon have of the fortitude and resolution he was so commending. On the afternoon of that same day, as he was alone in his room, he received a message from the President, requesting his immediate presence. "My dear young friend, I have bad news for you," exclaimed the kind-hearted old man, when Gerald appeared (breathless and glowing with his haste) before him. "My father has failed, then?" asked Gerald Morton. "Well, sir, I've thought such a thing very possible; a merchant's is the most precarious life under the sun; but that is not such very bad news, for in my philosophy, sir, poverty is no evil." "Your father has failed," answered the President, hesitatingly—"but, my dear Gerald, it is not that alone: can you bear something worse?" A dim dreadful apprehension slowly seized Gerald Morton, he trembled violently, his face grew deathly pale. "Oh! sir, do not say, do not say he's dead"—he wildly exclaimed; "do not cut off all hope. Tell me that he has but the feeblest breath of life in him, that I'll once more hear him call 'Gerald,' and I'll bless you;' and he awaited in breathless agony the one little word from his companion; but it was not spoken. "No! no!" shrieked Gerald Morton, throwing his arms frantically over his head—"he's dead! he's dead!" and fell senseless on the floor. When Gerald revived, a number of his companions were around him, and Robert Hunt was kneeling on the floor by his side, bathing his face with some strong perfume. He gazed at first from one to the other in amazement, but catching a glance at the President's face, the whole melancholy truth flashed across him. He covered his face with his hands. "How did it happen, sir?" said he at length, in a choked, subdued tone. The President made a sign, and the collegians left the room, all save Robert Hunt, who, with the keenest love and sympathy on his face, still retained his kneeling position by the side of his friend. "Can you bear to hear it yet, Gerald!" asked the President. "Yes, sir," answered the youth. But oh! in how different a tone from the clear, hopeful one of the morning—such a subdued, quiet despair in the voice. "I think you better wait till to-morrow, my son," persisted the kind old man. "Oh! no, sir, tell me now," said Gerald, with a beseeching look. "Your first supposition was correct," began the President—"the firm of Morton, Atkinson & Co. are bankrupt, owing to the embezzlements and villainy of one of the junior partners, who fled as soon as it was discovered. Mr. Atkinson went immediately down to your father's house to consult with him, and take the necessary steps about the matter. They sat up till late that night talking; indeed it was two o'clock before Mr. A. left him, and the servants found him in the morning in the same position, in an arm-chair, before a table covered with papers; but he was dead, quite dead. A disease

Digitized by Google

of the heart—so the physicians say—which he has had for years, and this sudden shock killed him. The last words he said, as he pressed Mr. Atkinson's hand at parting, were, "I can bear this very well; but my poor boy—." "I think I'd better go to my room," said Gerald faintly. He had overrated his own strength; each word was a dagger to his heart. "And now leave me for a short time, Robert," he exclaimed, as his faithful friend assisted him to a seat; "a little time alone, and then I'll see you." And Robert went out and left him with his grief. "Oh! I have had such wicked thoughts," said Gerald Morton, holding out his hand to his friend some two hours after—"such wild, wicked thoughts. To think that that man's villany killed my father; to think he was murdered, absolutely murdered—Robert, it drives me mad. He might have been in prosperity and comparative health now, but for that scoundrel. Ah! Robert, you need not tell me this is wrong—I know it—it is all as it should be; this man was but the instrument of one who doeth all things well." And in spite of his firm, manly heart, Gerald Morton burst into an agony of tears. "We loved each other so dearly," he continued; "I was but a baby, three years old, when my mother died, and he was father, mother, all to me. Ah! what more than feminine gentleness and patience he lavished upon me. He never gave me but a look, Robert—it was sufficient to subdue all my childish petulance, and I kept not my highest thought from him. Father! father!" and with that wild cry Gerald rose up strong and firm; his face was pale, but his voice was once more clear and calm. "I need not ask you, President Mason," he said, going to that gentleman's apartment some hours after, "whether you'll trust me for the payment of my last year's expenses here. I know you will, sir; and now, with many, many thanks for all your kindness—good-bye." The President pressed his hand, but was too much overcome to reply; and when he raised his head, Gerald was gone. With the money in his possession, he paid all his little debts; the only one remaining of any consequence, was for keeping a horse which had died a fortnight before. He described his position briefly to Mr. Jenkins, and said, on going out, that he would send the money as soon as possible. "Aye, aye," muttered the man, "fair words cost little—what business had a beggar's brat to be keeping a horse?" Gerald's blood boiled; his first impulse was to fell the man to the earth. "He's poor, however," was his next thought; "he's goaded to harshness by poverty." And then a vision of this poverty, dark and cheerless, rose before him—abusive words, cold looks, neglect and suffering, with not a ray of love or tenderness to gleam across his path; and it recalled his one master-grief—his father! What were all, if he had but his father! Gerald paused; a comforting, blessed thought rose within his heart. Could his father have endured poverty, with age, and sickness, and increasing infirmities in its train? Could he relinquish the luxuries which habit had rendered necessary; emerge from the intellectual, melancholy seclusion in which for years he had buried himself, and without youth or hope, and their thousand bright words of encouragement, wrestle once more with the world? He could not—he was therefore removed in mercy; and on that wretched night, from his misery and destitution, Gerald thanked God that he had taken away his father. His heart was light that he alone was to suffer. He wept, but it was with happiness, and a strong, bold, resolute spirit as of yore, possessed him. He could do all, he could endure all. His father had borne the pang but for an evening; it was lightened to him therefore, for a life-time.

It was several days after the funeral, a gay, sunny day,

> "When flowers and trees, and birds and bees,
> Most beautiful things,"

were doing their utmost to make earth glad. Human hearts nature, alas! has in her keeping. Gerald's head rested on the garden-gate. He had taken his farewell of his home. The next day there was to be an auction, and the place itself, and every vestige and remnant of the old familiar things, were to pass into the hands of strangers. All that sweet childish reminiscences had endeared; all that made

Digitized by Google

'*home*,' were to vanish. A houseless, forlorn wanderer on the face of the earth—Poor Gerald!—nay, rich Gerald—rich in fortitude and resolution—rich in a pure heart—rich in a high intellect—rich in everything that is noble, good, and exalted!—many a millionaire might have envied the penniless Gerald Morton.

Robert Hunt followed his friend very soon to town, but had a weary search before he could discover him. He had passed from one gloomy, dirty street to another, till he reached, at length, a long, narrow avenue, lined with tall, dingy-looking brick houses, with that peculiarly melancholy expression which no houses but those in a city can possibly have. The very sunshine, as it streamed through, brought not a ray of gladness to the soul, but rendered the filth and misery more apparent. Robert's heart sank as he ascended the steps of one of them. Could Gerald live here? Children's cries met his ear, oaths and imprecations—everything spoke of poverty and distress. The slatternly woman who replied at length to his repeated summons, said that "she did not know whether Mr. Morton was in or not, but his room was in the third story, and he might see for himself." Robert opened the door and entered. Gerald was not there; and he surveyed the premises with a groan. A carpetless room, bare, dirty walls, the windows obscured by smoke and filth, and excepting a miserable cot and rickety chair, the apartment was entirely destitute of furniture. And Gerald lived here—Gerald Morton, whose life had been like a fairy-tale—victories, success, and happiness. Gerald, so luxuriously nurtured, so tenderly cherished; all that the most unbounded love and wealth could bestow, at his command! None of Robert Hunt's own miseries ever gave him the sense of exquisite pain, which he experienced for the first ten minutes in that wretched room. He covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud. When he raised his head his eyes fell upon the pictures of his friend's father and mother, which rested in magnificent frames against the wall—most incongruous looking objects for such a place—the sole link between Gerald's past and present existence. His mother's had been taken in the prime of life, and love, and happiness: a radiant, joyful, beautiful face, fair and dimpling, with laughing eyes, and careless, unstudied, girlish grace, it stood out from the canvass; the head set so faultlessly, on the snowy, swelling throat, and one hand holding back the luxuriant waves of soft brown hair. It might have been Hope, or Eve in her innocence, or a Peri, or fairy, or creature celestial: not a sorrowing, yearning, care-stricken mortal. She died before a hope had withered. The picture diverted Robert even from his sorrowing thoughts; and as he was regarding it his friend entered. A cry of surprise, a warm embrace, tender, hurried, affectionate words, and Robert raised his head from his friend's shoulder, and looked at him. Gerald was weary; his face had grown thin and pale; his clothes were dusty, and looked old and shabby; yet there was something in his face which checked Robert's condolence and pity. It was neither pride nor reserve, but a collected, cheerful, confident look. His eye was bright and calm. No sickness of the soul was there. Poverty had done its work on the body; the cheek had grown pale and haggard; the manly, athletic figure, (even in that short space,) had wasted, but the heart was strong and firm. How could Robert pity him? He evidently did not pity himself. No! more than in his prosperous, successful days, Robert Hunt envied Gerald Morton. As he stood there leaning carelessly against the rough mantel-piece, the very room seemed light, and gay, and bright around him. "Well, Gerald," said his friend.—"Well, Robert," he answered. With the first it was a question, the last was confirmatory. It *was* well with him. "What are your prospects?" continued Robert. "I have none," answered his companion. "Somebody, then, must have lelf you a little legacy, I'm sure," said Robert, "for never a man spoke despairing words in that tone." "No, Robert," answered Gerald, "I have neither prospects nor money, and am in a famous way of trying the experiment of the effect of starvation in brightening the wits." Robert looked aghast. "Where are all your friends, and your father's friends?" "Why," said Gerald, "if I had any idea of being misanthropical, I might say I had none.—The truth is, dear Robert, everybody

Digitized by Google

in this world of ours is very much taken up with his own plans, schemes, and interests, and has, consequently, little time to attend to other people's. I've no doubt I should have the sympathy and assistance of dozens, if they could take breath long enough to understand exactly my position. There are some, I acknowledge, to whom Gerald Morton, dressed *comme il fait*, in his father's handsome carriage, and Gerald Morton, dusty and on foot, are very different objects" "Is it possible you have found any difference?" asked Robert Hunt, hurriedly. "Certainly, my dear fellow, I expected it. I've been cut dead by numbers of my fashionable acquaintances. Mothers and daughters, who have hitherto been radiant and profuse in smiles and civilities, walk now, with most imperturbable faces, past me, or dart into shops, anywhere to avoid speaking. One expects nothing more from them. They belong to the class, who, while you dress well, live well, talk gayly and lightly, and help them to 'fleet the time carelessly,' are the most delightful acquaintances in the world; but they vanish with the sunshine." Robert Hunt's face was eloquent with sympathy, anger, and grief. "Nay," continued Gerald, who saw the effect of his words, "Do not look so unhappy for me, dear Robert, for, indeed, I am not at all so; it is a long lane that knows no turning, and in the mean time I'm rich in hopes."

—

We will pass over, (if you please,) a score or more of years, and bring no longer young Gerald, but getting-old Gerald, (some slight approaches manifest of relentless time,) before you. He was seated in a large arm-chair before a comfortable fire, and children of various sizes and ages were around him. A very pretty girl of seventeen stood leaning against his chair, and his face was turned towards her. "Now, father," she exclaimed, "you have so often promised to tell us everything about yourself—not in snatches, but a nice long story, and you'll never do it; come, tell us to-night. Mr. Merchant said, the other day, that it was as good as a play. Everybody knows all about you but your own children." "Play! indeed," repeated Gerald Morton:—"Some parts of it rather like a tragedy, were they not, Louise?" he said, to Mrs. Gerald Morton, who sat on the other side of the fire-place. "Well, now, father, this is not telling it," exclaimed Louise the Second; "come, do begin; tell us what you did when grandpa died." "I was left without a penny in the world, my dear—scarcely a decent suit of clothes; and for a short time there seemed to be a fair prospect of my starving." "That's contrary to your doctrine, father," exclaimed a roguish, saucy-looking boy; "you say nobody need starve that isn't bed-ridden." "Nor need they," returned his father. "I *didn't* starve, but I labored under a disadvantage, my child, of which you'll never have to complain. I was the son of a rich father, and people set it down as a paradox, that as I had lived daintily, I could never work roughly; and while they were arguing the matter, I came (as I told you) very near starving. At length your mother's uncle, Mr. Rivers, concluded to make the experiment, giving me a mere pittance at first, then (as he saw I was fit for something) a very handsome salary, and even talked of taking me into the firm." "Then you fell in love with mother, didn't you?" interrupted Louise. "Yes," said Mr. Morton, "then your mother fell in love with *me*; and when we both went to ask (with the full expectation of obtaining them too) her uncle's blessings, we were received with a torrent of anathemas: and I favored particularly with the titles of 'beggar,' 'presumptuous,' 'ungrateful,' and nobody knows what, till he cooled down with inquiring, 'how the deuce I expected to maintain his niece?'" "And what *did* you say,—what *did* father say, mother?" "He looked very proud and superb for a moment or two," answered Mrs. Morton, "hurt and surprised, and a little bit angry. And then, with his irresistible way, (you know he has an irresistible way, when he chooses, Louise—." "He *always* has an irresistible way," replied his daughter, and she stooped, and kissed with the tenderest love, the clear, calm forehead turned towards her. "Well, he put on his *most* irresistible way then, and told your uncle, or rather my uncle, that he expected to maintain his wife as he maintained himself, by his own exertions;—that he had no designs on his, (Mr. Rivers')

Digitized by Google

fortune, for he expected no more with me than if I was the niece of the poorest man in the land;—that as to being a 'beggar,' 'presumptuous' and 'ungrateful,' he could not see what possible right he had to any of these remarkable appellations; and to conclude, that he had no idea of the thing meeting with Mr. Rivers' disapprobation, or he never should have offered himself to me, and now, of course, he would prosecute the affair no further; and he bid us both good evening." "What *did* you do, mother?" asked Louise. "Why, I stood admiring him, and thinking how prince-like and noble he was, and all sorts of fond, foolish things, and yet being very much afraid I should have to go after him and declare I wouldn't be given up; but Mr. Rivers saved me the trouble, for he called out—'Do you know you are very impertinent, sir: and do you know you have a confoundedly cool, proud way of saying impudent things; and do you know that I like you all the better for it, you rascal? Take her; I'd rather she'd marry you without a penny, than the wealthiest man in the land.'" "Charming," exclaimed Louise; "now *that* certainly was quite like a play—and you married mother?" "Yes," replied Gerald Morton, "and we lived with Mr. Rivers, and were very happy there, too; and he intended (the kind old man) to leave her most of his fortune, but died suddenly, without making his will, and she had but a most insignificant part, and was obliged to leave the house where she was born—where all her pleasant, childish days had been spent——" "Just as you did, father, before," interrupted little Ben. "Yes—and then we went into a small, inconvenient house, with the plainest furniture in the world; but we were very happy there too—were we not, Louise?" "Happy! father," echoed his daughter, "I wonder where you wouldn't be happy? if you had only a crust of bread, you'd be happy." It was the same speech which Robert Hunt had made so many years before, and recalled his old friend and the scene on the bridge vividly. Poor Robert! his prophecy had worked its own accomplishment. "He should be just like his father, only worse." He had yielded, as it was his destiny, to his morbid tendencies, and was now a miserable, unloved, prematurely-old man. Although singularly successful, without any effort of his own either, in all that is most prized in this world, yet the apparent blessings were changed to curses by the use he made of them. A distant relative died soon after he left college, and left him, by mere chance and caprice, a large fortune. Always generous, his father and sisters were handsomely provided for, and he became very much attached to a lovely girl, and appeared to be in a fair way of being happy at last, himself. But he got the idea that her whole family were violently in favor of the match for mercenary motives, and doing all in their power to bring affairs to a crisis. This produced a coolness and constraint on his part towards his mistress, and he ceased almost entirely in his attentions: she imagining that he had merely entertained himself flirting with her, and she was mistaken in ever supposing he had dreamt of any particular interest, married a man who had no such scruples. Her marriage opened Robert Hunt's eyes too late, and nearly killed him. He married, too, a very fine woman, but as he never had any great amount of love for her, their union was not a happy one. Honors fell thick upon him; he had every gift without solicitation that the sovereign people could bestow, but nothing could yield the peace and contentment which must have its source in the heart. And men, though they admired his genius, and respected his uprightness of character, feared and disliked him. His very children had a sense of awe and oppression in his presence, and it was like a shadow on the hearth when he entered. He saw it all, and it ate into his soul. He saw that the laugh and jest were hushed when he appeared; he saw that their caresses and love were lavished upon their mother, and that they gazed with fear and constraint in his face when he addressed them. And he knew it was all his own work, and he cursed himself for it, too. He did everything but govern himself and change. Did I say nobody loved him? Yes, Gerald Morton loved him yet, for he knew him to his heart of hearts, and loved him with a love passing the love of woman, for the deepest pity still lingered with it; and now was he going out this dark stormy night from his pleasant home to see him.

Digitized by Google

"Oh, don't go, father," exclaimed Louise, "we thought we should have such a pleasant evening." "And to see that cross Mr. Hunt," said little Jeannie, "I shouldn't think you'd want to go, father; his scowl is enough to frighten the heathen." "Charlie Hunt says he wishes his father was half as pleasant as you, father," said Ben; "he told me the children were always so glad when he went away from home." Mr. Morton sighed heavily, but went all the more for the children's speeches. Louise's little fingers tied the muffler around his neck, and she kissed him, and begged him the last thing, "to come home very early." And leaving warmth, and light, and love, he went to face the cold, stormy night. It was a long walk, and his thoughts were of Robert Hunt, from the time he left his own till he reached his friend's house; not on his faults, but the generous, noble traits in his character, his womanly affection and tenderness, at the time of his own great sorrow; his forgetfulness of self when the weal of those he loved was concerned. And Gerald Morton reproached himself that he had ever ceased his warning and encouragements, and let the coolness which seemed to have environed Robert like a crust, ever spring up between him and the friend of his early love. There were lights flashing from every window in Mr. Hunt's house. He rang, but nobody answered; and hearing loud shrieks, he walked in. A group had collected around Mrs. Hunt, who was lying on the stairs in violent convulsions. Mr. Hunt had cut his throat in a sudden fit of insanity, when alone in the room with her, and in a vain cry at the top of the stair-case for assistance, she had fallen in her agony to the bottom. Medical assistance was called in, but life was extinct. He died a victim to an uncontrolled, miserable, morbid temper.

---

## SOME TRANSLATIONS FROM UHLAND.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

### UHLAND.

It is the Poet Uhland from whose wreathings
Of rarest harmony, I here have drawn,
To lower tones and less melodious breathings,
Some simple strains of truth and passion born.

His is the poetry of sweet expression,
Of clear unfaltering tune, serene and strong;
Where gentlest thoughts and words in soft procession,
Move to the even measures of his song.

Delighting ever in his own calm fancies,
He sees much beauty where most men see nought,
Looking at Nature with familiar glances,
And weaving garlands in the groves of Thought.

He sings of Youth, and Hope, and high Endeavor,*
He sings of Love, (oh crown of Poesie!)
Of Fate, and Sorrow, and the Grave, forever
The end of strife, the goal of Destiny.

* Like his own minstrels—
"Sie singen von Lenz und Liebe, von sel'ger goldner Zeit,
Von Freiheit, Männerwürde, von Treu und Heiligkeit."
*Des Sangers Fluch.*

Digitized by Google

He sings of Fatherland, the minstrel's glory,
  High theme of memory and hope divine,
Twining its fame with gems of antique story,
  In Suabian songs and legends of the Rhine;

In Ballads breathing many a dim tradition,
  Nourished in long belief or Minstrel rhymes,
Fruit of the old Romance, whose gentle mission
  Passed from the earth before our wiser times.

Well do they know his name amongst the mountains,
  And plains, and vallies of his native Land;
Part of their nature are the sparkling fountains
  Of his clear thought, with rainbow fancies spanned.

His simple lays oft sings the mother cheerful
  Beside the cradle in the dim twilight;
His plaintive notes low breathes the maiden tearful
  With tender murmurs in the ear of Night.

The hill-side swain, the reaper in the meadows,
  Carol his ditties through the toilsome day;
And the lone hunter in the Alpine shadows,
  Recalls his ballads by some ruin gray.

Oh precious gift! oh wondrous inspiration!
  Of all high deeds, of all harmonious things,
To be the Oracle, while a whole Nation
  Catches the echo from the sounding strings.

Out of the depths of feeling and emotion
  Rises the orb of Song, serenely bright,
As who beholds across the tracts of ocean,
  The golden sunrise bursting into light.

Wide is its magic World,—divided neither
  By continent, nor sea, nor narrow zone;
Who would not wish sometimes to travel thither,
  In fancied fortunes to forget his own?

New-York, April, 1846.

---

THE BEGGAR.

A Beggar through the world so wide
  I wander all alone;
Yet once a brighter fate was mine,
  In days that long have flown.

Within my father's house I grew,
  A happy child and free;
But ah! the heritage of want
  Is all he left to me.

The gardens of the rich I view,
  The fields with bounty spread;
My path is through the fruitless way,
  Where toil and sorrow tread.

Digitized by Google

And yet, amidst the joyous throng,
  The joys of all I share,
With willing heart I wait, and hide
  My secret load of care.

Oh, blessed God! I am not left
  An exile from thy love;
On all the world thy smiles descend
  In mercy from above.

In every valley still I find
  The temples of thy grace,
Where organ notes and choral songs
  With music fill the place.

For me the sun, the moon, the stars,
  Reveal their holy rays,
And when the vespers call to prayer,
  My heart ascends in praise.

Sometime I know the gate of bliss
  Will open to the blest,
And I, in marriage garments clad,
  Shall rise a welcome guest.

---

### THE SHEPHERD.

Beneath the palace of the king
  The gentle shepherd went;
The lady looked with longing eyes
  Down from the battlement.

She threw to him a gentle word—
  "Would I might go to thee,
Where on the plain the snow-white flocks
  And bright red flowers I see."

Thereto the shepherd made reply—
  "Oh would'st thou come to me,
More white would gleam those arms of thine,
  More bright thy cheeks would be."

And now each morn with lingering step,
  Still as he passed the place,
He looked with earnest eyes until
  He saw the lady's face.

"Oh welcome! welcome! princess fair,"
  Then cried he joyfully,
And soft her gentle answer fell—
  "Sweet shepherd, thanks to thee."

The winter fled, the spring appeared,
  The flowers were fresh and fair,
The shepherd by the palace came,
  The lady was not there.

Digitized by Google

Sadly his welcome strove to rise,
  Sadly the echo fell,
And soft a spirit whisper sighed—
  "Sweet shepherd, fare-thee-well."

---

THE MOURNFUL TOURNAMENT.

WITH shield and spear apace they ride,
  Seven knights all true and bold,
For the king's fair daughter
  A tournament to hold.

Hark! the bells are tolling, tolling,
  Over the castle wall;
As they enter, see the tapers
  Burning in the lofty hall.

Sweet Adelheid, the princess fair,
  Lieth in death's cold sleep;
At her head the old king watches,
  Watches but to weep.

Then out spake proud Degenwerth—
  "Loud must I complain,
Vainly have I girt my steed,
  Borne shield and spear in vain."

Answered him young Adelbert—
  "There needs not this lament,
The daughter of the king always
  Deserves a tournament."

Quoth bold Sir Walther—"rather far
  Our steps be homeward led;
Small honor waits to crown their arms
  Who battle for the dead."

Cried Adelbert—"Well is she dead;
  None liveth half so fair
To wear her wreath of roses red,
  Her golden ring to wear."

Forthwith these seven knights so bold
  Rode out upon the plain—
Hard was the strife, until at last
  Six of the seven were slain.

The seventh was young Aldelbert,
  The victor over all,
He lighted pale from off his steed,
  And paced the lofty hall.

He took the wreath of roses red,
  The golden ring as well,
Then quickly by the maiden's side
  As pale as she he fell.

Digitized by Google

Hark! the bells are tolling, tolling,—
  Wrapt in funeral weeds,
To the grave the heroes slain,
  The mourufuf monarch leads;

And with the conquering knight they bear
  The gentle Adelheid,
Beneath one stone, in the cool earth,
  To slumber side by side.

---

THE NUN.

In the silent cloister garden
  Walked a maiden pale and young;
Sadly shone the moon above her,
  On her eye-lash sparkling hung
A tear—'twas for her lover.

"Yet 'twas well, my own beloved,
  Well that thou hast gone above—
Now my heart is thine and purely,
  For an Angel I may love,
And thou art an Angel surely."

Thus with weary steps she wandered,
  Till she reached the sacred place
Where the Virgin, pure and lowly,
  Stood with features full of grace,
In the moonlight, calm and holy.

At her feet the maiden falleth,
  Looking upward to the skies;
In the morning there they found her,
  Closed in death her gentle eyes,
And the black veil wrapped around her.

---

THE SHEPHERD'S SABBATH SONG.

See, the Sabbath of the Lord
Sheds its holy beams abroad;
At the breaking of the day,
In the fields afar I stray,
Through the distance, soft and clear,
Hark! the matin bells I hear.

Silently in prayer I kneel,
Gently o'er my spirit steal
Holy awe and tender grief,
And a sacred, calm relief;
Lord! how many seen by thee,
Are there kneeling now with me?

Lo! the heavens near and far
Full of light and beauty are,
Seeming ready to reveal
All the glories they conceal;
Thus the Sabbath of the Lord
Sheds its holy beams abroad.

Digitized by Google

### THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

THERE rode through the country three gallants so fine,
They came to Frau Wirthin's,* who lived by the Rhine.

"Frau Wirthin, and hast thou good ale and good wine?
And how is that beautiful daughter of thine?"

"My ale and my wine are fresh and clear,
But my dear little daughter lies dead on her bier."

And when they were come to the chamber within,
All cold in her coffin the maiden was seen.

The first, from her face the death-veil he took,
And looked at her long with a sorrowful look;

"Oh would thou wert living, wert living"—he said,
"Henceforth I had loved thee, thou beautiful maid."

But the second, he covers the face once more,
Then turns from the sight and weepeth sore;

"Ah! cold as thou liest there on thy bier,
I have loved thee, fair maiden, for many a year."

But quickly the third, he raises the veil,
And kisses her mouth so pale, so pale;

"I always have loved thee, I love thee to-day,
And I swear I will love thee for ever and aye!"

---

### THE WREATH.

A CHILD through sunny meadows strolled,
  And plucked the blossoms there—
A lady from the forest came,
  A lady wondrous fair.

She wove a garland for the child,
  And twined it on her brow—
"Oh wear it ever, it will bloom,
  Although it blooms not now."

Years fled, and when the maiden walked
  Sadly the moon beneath,
Weeping her earliest tears, there came
  A blossom on the wreath.

And when within her lover's arms
  A happy bride she stood,
How sweet and precious was the flower
  That burst the opening bud.

Soon with a mother's fearful joy,
  She clasped a gentle child,
And through the garland's leafy sheen
  Much golden fruit there smiled.

Alas! her love went sadly down,
  Lost in the cold dark grave;
Now wild in her dishevelled hair
  The leaves of Autumn wave.

* *Frau Wirthin*"—*Anglice*, Landlady.

Digitized by Google

She died—yet still on her pale brow,
The faithful garland wore,
When wonderful to see, behold,
Both fruit and flowers it bore!

---

### THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

In ancient times a castle stood, so proud and loftily,
Across the land its splendor shone, across the deep blue sea;
Fair gardens bloomed around where precious odors slept,
And in the rainbows gleaming the sparkling fountains leapt.

There reigned a fearful monarch for lands and wars renowned,
Pale on his throne he sat, with cruel purpose crowned;
Fierce passion clothed his thoughts and mingled with its breath,
For all his glance was terror, and all his words were death.

Unto this lordly castle two minstrels came one day,
One fair, with golden locks, the other worn and gray,—
The old man with his harp, in all a minstrel's pride,
Rode on his gallant steed, while walked the youth beside.

Out spake the aged Harper—"make ready now, my son,
Call all your powers together, and tune your loftiest tone;
Bid all your songs of joy or grief once more to memory start,
For we perchance this day may move the monarch's stony heart."

Now stand these gentle minstrels the lofty hall within,
Upon his throne the monarch sits, and by his side the Queen,—
He clothed in fearful splendor, as gleams the Northern Night,
She smiling soft and mild, as beams the full moonlight.

The old man strikes the sounding chords, and clear, and still more clear,
The tides of music gush, and break upon the ear,
Like echoes from the grave his mighty song ascends,
While heavenly sweet between, the youth's soft carol blends.

They sang of Spring and Love, the golden time of youth,
Of Freedom, Faith and Hope—of Holiness and Truth,—
Of all sweet things that soothe, and loftiest things that can
Rouse into hero deeds the wond'rous soul of man.

The courtiers stand in circles—they leave the jest unsaid;
The warriors fierce and grim with reverence bow the head;
The queen is roused with rapture, then sinks in dreamy rest,
And to the minstrels throws the rose from off her breast.

The king with fury trembles—in fiercest wrath he cries,
"Seek you to charm my Court and Queen before my very eyes?"
Then at the youth his sword he hurls, swift through his breast it gleams,
Thereout, instead of golden songs, the gushing life-blood streams.

As by a whirlwind driven, the startled hearers fly,
The youth within his Master's arms breathes out his latest sigh;
The old man wraps his mantle around the quivering clay,
Then binds it upright on his steed and sadly goes his way.

Outside the castle gates, before the wall he stands,
And takes once more the wondrous harp within his aged hands,
Then on a marble column dashes the trembling strings,
And cries aloud while far around the solemn echo rings:

Digitized by Google

"Wo to these halls of pride! no more shall they resound
With melody or song, or music's gentle sound;
Here sighs and groans shall echo, and slavish footsteps fall,
Till burst the bolts of Fate, and ruin buries all.

"Wo to these blooming gardens! in the soft light of May,
Behold this pallid face from which the life has passed away;
Ye blossoms wither at the sight, ye streams forsake your flow,
Give place to barren wastes where desert weeds may grow.

"Wo, murderer to thee! Curse of the Minstrel name!
Vain be thy strivings after the bloody wreath of fame;
Breathed like a dying breath into the empty air,
Thy name be lost in silence, the night of death to share."

The old man's voice is silent, the Heavens have heard his cry;
Long since a heap of ruins the lofty turrets lie;
One shattered column stands alone the fatal tide to breast,
Soon tottering to its fall, to moulder with the rest.

Where once the gardens smiled a dreary desert lies,—
No tree with grateful shadows, no sparkling fountains rise,
No Legend tells the monarch's name, his fame no lofty verse,
Forsaken and Forgotten,—this was the Minstrel's Curse!

---

## A LETTER OF A VALETUDINARIAN.

You have not heard from me for some time, my dear Augustus, but if you could only see me now, you would stand in need of no further explanation.

Here am I, volatile, light-hearted, mercurial I, propped up in an easy chair with seven pillows, more or less; my left arm in a sling, my right leg bandaged down to the very toes, both knees swollen beyond the privilege of knees, and altogether such a sad sight, that Mark Tapley would die of envy of such a glorious opportunity of coming out strong.

And yet, Augustus, I can assure you that this is a change for the better! Yes, for months have I been on my back unable to turn without pain; and my hands so weak that they could not hold anything heavier than a newspaper. On such poor mental diet have I fed! Such dilution! Imagine a man in health condemned to whips, syllabubs, and such like nihilities; (as I once heard a "regular" physician style the homœpathic doses;) or to derive his only sustenance from those light relishes, excellent indeed as provocatives to the appetite, but miserable substitutes for strong meat. Now that I can have my books, I find myself unequal to the labor of reading.

My wife,—you remember, do you not? my telling you that I did not wish to marry a rival, nor a fellow-student, but a wife; and the most devoted of wives, and the best of nurses has she proved herself. But sometimes when I feel morbidly anxious to deliver a joke, or quaint conceit, I certainly cannot help wishing she was somewhat more congenial, more fond of a joke, more tolerant of a pun, and a little more charitably disposed towards a *double-entendre*. If her charity, which we know in perfection never faileth, ever gives way, it is when she hears her husband exulting in such "trifles light as air," instead of devoting the powers of his mind, as she is graciously pleased to style my humble abilities, to works which the world will not willingly let die: thus practically forgetting, that there are diversities of gifts; and that it is not given to many to be great;—so I strive to be useful, scorning "low ambition and the pride of kings."—It is one of my consolements to bring to mind all the cases recorded in history, parallel to mine. From no instance do I derive more comfort than from the one of Sir Thomas More, (of "Utopia,") and his spouse,—"More and Less," as they may well be styled.

She, who by right of matrimony, ought

Digitized by Google

to be the chief depository of my "woes unnumbered," is really and truly *non compos*. In such a case one's physician should act as a safety valve. Alas! my Doctor is a matter-of-fact practical man; one who never quibbled in his life; doesn't know a pun when he hears it;—and can't comprehend how any man of sense can take delight in such inutilities.

I was noted at college for my exuberant spirits, which ever seemed to rise as others were depressed. It is even the same now. When I am lain on my back in pain and helplessness, I get perfectly rampant, and rattle away as if my life depended on the number of puns I could make in a given time. 'Tis a propensity that grieves my spouse and astonishes my Doctor. As they do not listen to me, you must. I know you are charitably disposed, for did you not repeat at our school-exhibition, a dozen years ago: "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man?"

The first day I was taken sick was, as ill-luck would have it, white-washing day, and I was obliged to go to bed in the attic, and foolishly and uselessly endeavored to console my wife, by telling her 'twas all right, as I had a rheumatic affection. The Doctor was sent for, and in due time he came. I told him I was uneasy, and, showing him my poor knees, assured him I felt like a Pawnee. He ordered blisters for my knees, leeches for the back of my neck, and perfect quiet and rest. I resisted—not the leeches, nor yet the blisters; (though by keeping my legs doubled up in one position for so many hours, they have given me a crookedness that I shall not soon get over;) but the quietness I could not stand; and if I were not allowed to see all my visitors, I would keep up a tremendous racket; my lungs being, as I assured him, in a fine state of preservation. I have not told you of the salutation I gave him as he entered. "This is a retired situation, Doctor, as the monkey said when he was on the house-top;" not too secluded either, as a brickbat grazed him. He had never read Pickwick, and could only stare.

It was my delight to plague him in every possible way, though I have since found to my horror, he thought I was delirious. More than half the blood taken from me was for the purpose of reducing me to a state of sanity. The best thing, for the joke's sake was, that one day feeling very weak and good for nothing, and too drowsy to think of joking, I begged him to give me something to drink which would be soothing and pleasant "here," said I, putting my hand to my throat, which was very sore, "without doing me any injury here," sliding my hand down over my stomach. He left the room without giving me an answer, and soon afterwards I heard his carriage drive off. In a few minutes my wife came in and informed me the Doctor had ordered seven cups! I submitted, for "sufference is the badge of all our tribe;" but imagine my chagrin when told, the other day, that my most innocent speech about the drink had superinduced the cups! He was sure I was light-headed! Truly, I may be thankful that I have an ounce of blood left in my veins.

One day, after the rest of the family had gone to church, my wife, as was her custom, brought me her books to read to me. It was a very warm day, and the windows being open, I, had been listening to the chiming of the multitude of bells in our good town; and as they gradually died away, one after the other, my attention became feebler and feebler, till at last, when my wife came, I was in a hazy, half-dreaming state. The better way would have been frankly to tell my spouse I felt like taking a nap; but an overstrained consideration kept me quiet. My wife has that excellent thing, a voice "soft, gentle, and low," and before long, her soothing tones lulled me into a balmy sleep. All at once, I burst into a fit of uncontrolled laughter. My spouse, frightened out of her senses, closed the book. And what do you think was the cause of such rudeness? Why, she was reading me a sermon on the duty of keeping a clear conscience; and as I dropped into a dose, I thought I was bargaining with a man for the purchase of his farm, and that he was praising it, by assuring me over and over again that it was void of a fence. A pause my wife made caused me to wake, and the perfect and absurd contrast between my dream and the sermon was too much for me. Never did I regret anything half so much, for I really pained my wife, and it was some time before she could get over it and read to me, as formerly. With compunctious visitings I observed that, after that day she always chose sermons whose texts were not at all susceptible of being punned upon. A quiet rebuke, and one, I must say, entirely undeserved, the above unlucky accident excepted.

My Doctor would have your sympathy, Augustus, in his etymological pursuits. He is an inveterate root-hunter, so I tried my best to worry him.

"Doctor," said I, "you etymologists always put me in mind of one of my friends, who, being troubled with the *asthma*, studied his own case, and finding that *stramonium* was an excellent medicine in such cases made and provided, sent out to England for it, never dreaming that the poor Jamestown weed that grows in every fence-corner, was the invaluable herb. Well, just so you learned folks always go to the Greek, Latin, Sanscrit, or

Digitized by Google

Saxon, when the Greeks are at your door, as John Randolph told the lady who was letting her own children and servants go in rags, while she was providing for the wants of those whom Providence had not placed under her care.

"Ha, ha! I can't but laugh now when I bring to mind what ugly faces he would make; for, when fixing my blistered knees, he couldn't leave the room, as is his wont, when I begin to plague him. Alas, for the infirmity of human nature! I really believe, Augustus, my jokes cost me a hundred ounces of blood. I doubt if I should have survived, had not the Doctor happily sprained his ancle, and was obliged to send a nephew of his to take his place.

A glorious fellow this young Doctor is! He knows everybody, and everything; every joke that was ever made, and every epigram that was ever written. How he came of the same stock as his uncle is to me a mystery. He won my heart by telling me, the first thing after feeling my pulse, that he intended prescribing a blister for the back of my old-fashioned clock, for he was confident it had the tic-doloreaux, and that his carpenter had just consulted him about sending his son to the west, and he advised him to dispatch the youth to the Chippeways. I raised myself in bed, and shook him by the hand most cordially; for I honor a man who has the courage to pun, Dr. Johnson's sarcasms to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Under his care I keep my blood within my veins, and feel myself stronger every day, somewhat to the surprise of my wife, who at first thought the new Doctor more crazy than his patient.

—

So far had I written, when, being tired or interrupted, I laid aside my pen, and now resume it, after the lapse of many months. It happened in this wise:

That day, as the family were at dinner, the smell of beefsteak came up to me; and I was so much better, and felt such a longing to have and to enjoy a piece of steak, assuring myself that it would aid me vastly in my recovery, that I whistled softly on my ivory call, in hopes the sound thereof would reach the waiter's ears, and his only. It did so, and in a few moments my trusty boy was with me! With some difficulty I persuaded him to cut me off a nice rare piece, and bring it up to me clandestinely. He was successful, and my enjoyment was exquisite. But the afterpiece! Such a farce as I had that night! Raging hot the blood coursed through my veins like molten quicksilver. My wife was in despair. As I kept quiet she could not divine the cause; for, most assuredly, she would not have let my accessory stand upon the order of his going, but sent him off at once. When the Doctor came, I revealed all to him, with the injunction that he was to give it an understanding but no tongue. What a relapse I had! And only think, that wicked young Doctor was pleased to say he was not at all surprised at my course, as I must have known that my life was at stake.

How much vinum colchici I swallowed, and quinine, and various other mixtures and commixtures, 'twere vain to tell. And as for solutions! my old Doctor was great in this line. All difficulties he solved by solutions. I had to tell him I supposed he was keeping one great one to end off with, viz.: dissolution. Hew me! as the old oak said to the wood-cutter. Such frictions to get my obstinate joints to the proper degree of genuflection! Such absurd "exhibitions," (physicians often "exhibit" themselves,) of stramonium, and belladonna, and croton-oil, and last of all, for worst of all, was *strychnia*. Oh active principle of *nux vomica*, potent art thou and dreadful! Let me tell you, Augustus, how I took it. Once taken, like the whooping-cough, I can never take it again.

It was made up in pills, one grain in a dozen. I was to take three pills, that is, one-fourth of a grain each day. But my wife, seeing how very small the dose was, felt a little uneasy, and only gave me two pills the first day. Not finding, however, any bad effects from them, she gave me two by dinner-time the second day, intending to give me the third at night. After dinner she went out to pay a visit: I told her not to hurry home, for I was doing very well, and had an interesting book to read.

She had not been gone long before a sense of loneliness,—utter, dreary loneliness, crept over me. Such a feeling I never had before but once, of which, I will tell you by and bye, if you will pardon the digression. My book lost all its interest for me, and I wondered how it was that my wife, usually so considerate, could go out and stay so long when I was all alone. Was it not a breach of her marriage vow? Was I not in sickness? Had she not promised to cleave unto me, forsaking all others?—Unto me, "who had ever treated her so kindly." Perhaps she was gone off, never to return! Shameful! I would apply for a divorce. Yes, I would write instantly to my lawyer, beseeching him to come to me at once on urgent business. The note was written and despatched. I busied myself till the waiter returned, summing up my manifold injuries. Mr. Attorney sent me word he was very busy that afternoon, and would call the next morning. Oh rascally conduct! A verbal answer to my note! What atrocity! Yes, I would dismiss him immediately, and employ some one else, who would pay due

Digitized by Google

respect to my wishes, and proper deference to my feelings.

I now forgot my wife, and dwelt only on the insult my lawyer had given me—the ingrate! But could there be found one of the profession who was honest, learned, and yet gentleman-like? No, I was sure there could not. If one is honest he could not be learned. If he is courteous he intends cheating you.

Just then I wanted a pin. I was seated in my arm-chair, in whose well-stuffed arms I was in the habit of keeping two pins, one on either side. I felt for them, but they were gone. Yes, gone! Some one had robbed me! Had taken my pins from pure love of sin, (for who would steal a pin!) or on purpose to vex and worry me! Not that I was vexed or worried—oh no—not at all—nobody could possibly be cooler; but it was my duty, as I was the head of the family, to find out who it was that would steal pins! Yes, my duty, for until some one was convicted of the theft, all must rest under the foul suspision! I summoned all the household. The cook and chamber-maid appeared, much wonder depicted on their countenances. But where was the waiter? Neither of them knew. He had absconded, that was plain enough. A guilty conscience, to be sure. I asked the women if they had seen my pins? They said they had not, and both of them, with female dexterity, offered me half a dozen. But no—I did not want their pins, or any pins; but some one, that Jack,—it was without doubt he,—had stolen the two pins that was in my chair! The women could not help laughing. I ordered them to leave the room, determining that as soon as my wife returned, I would request her to give them their warning.

All this time not an idea of my absurdity crossed me. After a while Jack entered. "Where have you been?" said I, very sternly. "Been over to the pump, sir, for some water."

This disconcerted me, but I thought I would be very cunning, and catch him.

"Jack, I can't find my pins. They were here in the chair yesterday, but somebody has taken them away."

Jack said he had seen them there in the morning, and coming up to me, he ran his hand over the arms. "Here is one, sir, and here's the other."

Yes, there they were, not exactly on the top, but on the side where I had not felt for them. My indignation was excited against the person, or persons, who, to plague me, had removed the pins from their own proper place.

It was now dusk, and my wife, with a refinement in malice I had not suspected her of, had not yet returned. Soon, however, I heard her well-known footsteps on the pavement, but now they gave me no pleasure. I was sitting in the front drawing-rooms, and the windows being up I could hear her in brisk and lively conversation, on the steps, with a neighbor, about the measles. This was too aggravating; after treating me so shabbily all the afternoon, to add to it by stopping to gossip about measles! She, too, who had never a chick nor a child to catch them! Well, I would show her, when she came in, that I was not to be neglected with impunity. I blew fiercely on my ivory call. Jack obeyed the summons. "Bring me a candle."

"Oh no, dear," said my spouse, entering the room, "hadn't you better wait till tea is ready? Besides, I want to talk with you."

This was the last straw that breaks the camel's back; or rather, the last drop which causes the cup to overflow. I burst into tears—and cried like a child. My wife flew to me, and with admirable decision ordered Jack to send up a bottle of soda that was on the ice, while he ran off for the Doctor. At first I faintly pushed her away from me; but as I wept, my indignation, arising from the sense I had of my unjust and cruel treatment, seemed to melt away. The soda was cool, and pungent and soothing. I was so ashamed of myself that I could scarcely lift up my head, and only desired that I might be put to bed as soon as possible. My wife insisted that the pills had done all the mischief, and when the Doctor came she made him a present of the whole box.

One-third of a grain of strychnia in thirty hours, to have such an effect on one so little inclined to be nervous as I am! "I forgive thee, strychnia—but never more be medicine of mine."

By the bye, I once read through two volumes of Materia-Medica. 'Twas very interesting, I assure you; though very little of it remains with me now, except one thing that gave me much amusement. It was the recital of the circumstance from which *antimony* takes its name. A monk observing that the cattle of a certain pasture improved daily in condition, watched them to find out the cause. They were in the habit of licking pieces of mineral they found on the surface of the ground. Surmising that it must be good also for man, he collected some portions of the mineral and put them into the soup of his brethren. Naturally enough, they did not survive the experiment. Hence you see *anti-moine*. I have often pictured to myself a result so widely different from his reasonable expectations.

*Revenous.* I am fortunate enough to continue under the new regime; the old Doctor entrusting me to his nephew, whom cheerfulness and never-varying good hu-



Digitized by Google

mor contribute a great deal, I cannot doubt, to my well-being. He is never at a loss, and can interest my wife as well as myself, so that she now alleges that he does himself great injustice by his frivolty, as she terms his heart—gayety, for no one, on first acquaintance, would suppose he had so much sense. Ah, my young Doctor understands the weaknesses of human nature.

And how am I now? Judge for yourself. I eat well; sleep well; read well; write well; and walk — on crutches.— Yes, I stump about the streets, the wonder of the children,—a gazing-stock to the servants, and a subject of commiseration to the whole community. You know, Augustus, that I have a good deal of sang-froid, and that I can stand being stared at; and, gracious knows, I have to submit to a plenty of it. That, however, is easy enough, compared to the cross-questioning I undergo from "old women of both sexes," (Boz said that, I think,) always concluding on their part with an infallible remedy, "that can't do you any harm, even if it does you no good!" This is, of course, oftener said with regard to ointments and other outward applications; as if, poor simple souls, the skin had no pores to take into the system substances "exhibited."

It's no use telling them you are not in pain; you have no rheumatism now; or, that *anchylosis* has taken place, the bony parts having usurped the crown of the knee—and your leg can't be straightened. "Just try it, honey; set down before a hot fire, and be well rubbed down with goose-grease, to be sure." Don't laugh, for its a true bill, and the old Irish woman that told me, followed me two squares and a-half, recounting the many cases it had cured, to her certain knowledge. I should have lost my temper had she offered any "goose-grease" for sale. But no—it was pure Howard benevolence, genuine Mrs. Fry philanthropy.

You will smile when I tell you I tried one of these infallible remedies. Submission to the very urgent entreaties of my kind friend was easier than resistance. She had tried the remedy on the contracted leg of one of her boys, and not only, dear Augustus, had it the effect of lengthening the limb, but also of making it longer than the other! There was a cure for you! So a number of innocent worms were forthwith disinterred from their earthly home, placed in a tin-cup and covered with lard. The cup was put before a slow fire, until the worms had entirely disappeared, and then the unguent was ready for use! The philosophy of the thing is evident enough, for you know what wonderful stretchers these worms are. *N'importe*—I was no better.

What would you think of ointments made of the marrow extracted from the bones of a sorrel-horse, or the fat of a black-cat?

The last thing I tried was a medicine suggested by my young Doctor. He has a friend, who, with himself, is a great admirer of the Parisian Louis, and Chomel, and Andral. This friend thinks phosphate of ammonia almost a specific for acute rheumatism, and my physician, Dr. Frank, wished me to give it a trial, without, however, entertaining very sanguine hopes of its having any effect in such a long-standing chronic case as mine.

The medicine I judge to be an expensive one, for whenever the bottle is empty, some such conversation as the following is sure to take place between my wife, who bears the purse, and myself.

"My dear, as for this ammonia"—a moan here—"what do the doctors say it absorbs?"

"The excess of soda in the blood,* I believe," I answered.

"I can't tell how that is; I know that it absorbs not merely the excess of silver in my purse, but all the silver. If it does you no good, this ammonia"—a moan here again, and a deep sigh, "I shall wish Dr. Frank had not mentioned it."

It is high time I should introduce my wife's niece. She is with us on a visit of a few days. An especial favorite of mine is Miss Laura, being clever beyond her years. Her wit-encounters with Dr. Frank amuse me greatly, though her aunt declares we are doing our best to spoil her.

It was but last night my wife was reading something to me, which was rather dull, and I exclaimed, in weariness of soul, when she stopped: "Oh most lame and impotent!"

"Just like yourself," cried Miss Laura, "lame and impudent."

When Dr. Frank came in he proposed to sound her heart, as he was an auscultator.

"Auscultate, a tête-à-tête, a what?" was her answer.

"Ready for either," he replied; "I shall not hesitate."

"Oh, but a tête-à-tête would militate against your professional pretensions."

"I yield, Miss Laura, for I see you have been singing Tate and Brady's Psalms, or reading Tait's Magazine."

She was silent for a short time, and then said: "Do you not think very highly of Louis, Doctor?"

"Indeed I do, Miss Laura."

* This is not expressed accurately enough for medical men. I must refer them to Hays' Medical Journal for January, for an article by Dr. Thomas Buckler, on the use of Phosphate of Ammonia in Acute Rheumatism.

Digitized by Google

"And he has won golden opinions of all the new generation in the world of medicine?"

"He has, indeed."

"Then we may call him a Louis d'or."

"Ha, ha! very good. Yes, we may." She was highly delighted. I saw, by a mischievous twinkle of her eyes, that she was not done with him yet.

"But tell me one thing, doctor; I know you would be a Louis, if you could; then, have you ever asked yourself how many francs it takes to make a Louis?"

He could say not a word, and confessed himself overcome. It was some time before he rallied. My wife was busily engaged in mending an old coat of mine, and averred that it was worn out at the elbow.

"That is," said the Doctor, "the bony parts have driven the nap completely away."

"You are not historic, doctor," said Miss Laura, "you should have likened it to the escape from Elba."

Dr. Frank seized his hat, and took his leave, fairly discomfited.

Are you not tired of all this? and must I think of you as one Sikh of the Punjaub? Well, then, if it be so, I will make the digression I spoke of; for the penmania is strong upon me, and I must write.

In the year 1838, just after my return from college, I was invited to make one of a surveying party that was about to visit the Far West.

There was a Commissioner appointed by the General Government, who, with the Commissioners to be appointed by the State of Missouri and the Territory of Iowa, was to run the boundary line between the said state and territory. It was an old dispute; and, by the bye, I believe has not yet been settled.

Mr. L., who was named by the President, very kindly offered to take me as one of the attachès; and as I intended to be an engineer, I joined the party. Besides, I should have the very best opportunity of seeing the western country.

We engaged the services of several Canadians, who had been employed by the Fur Company, and were supposed to be the best hands that could be procured. Our plan was to go immediately north from St. Louis, with all our "plunder," on pack-horses, until we reached the disputed territory. Mr. L. was our captain, and Mr. S. and myself his assistants. S. and I were both thorough Cockneys, and as much out of place as Dickens was when he crossed the Atlantic.

Our first mishap befel us a mile or two from the town. We stopped to water our horses at a pond, when one hard-headed, one-eyed rascal, calmly and quietly, like a soldier taking his rest, laid himself down in the water, pack and all. Such a time as we had! Our loud shouts and the fierce execrations of the Canadians, had no more effect on the brute than if he had been a drunken man. However, he was induced, at last, by fair means or foul, to get up and walk out. He was a wretched looking horse; Retzsel has drawn him in his illustrations of Faust.

The pack that was on him contained the groceries, and everything was spoiled that water could spoil.

We had not travelled more than a mile or two, when a spirited iron-grey nag took fright at the rattling of tin things that were in his pack, off he started, breaking loose from the man who was holding his halter very carelessly. As he ran at full-speed the pack became undone before he was out of sight, and the contents were strewn about in admirable disorder; the new tin-pans and cups glittering in the sunshine like *spolia optima.*

These were but the beginning of troubles. They seemed to multiply upon us, but I will spare you the recital. We had to pronounce pack-horses a humbug, and in their stead we bought a stout wagon that was somewhat better.

After very many delays and provoking *contre-temps*, we reached the territory. There we were joined by Dr. D., the Commissioner on behalf of Iowa. The Governor of Missouri either took no notice of the commission, or declined having anything to do with it, on the ground of want of authority; so that it was evident our action could not be definite. Dr. D. had received his medical education in the west, and was very liberal of calomel. He was rather uncouth but kindhearted; was anxious for notoriety, and was very much afraid of doing anything that was, or might be, unpopular. He was careless of his grammar, and used expressions that were very coarse, to say the best of them. Mr. S. was in delicate health, and was rather fastidious; so that the Dr. was constantly offending him, not always unintentionally, I suspected. He would often jump up and rush from the tent, the Dr. laughing heartily at him. As for Mr. L. and your servant we were not squeamish.

You were never in the Far West, I believe, and have never seen those beautiful prairies. Those on this side of the Mississippi may be pretty in the spring, but they are level and monotonous; but those of Iowa and Upper Missouri are truly beautiful. I was never tired of them.

As we were riding along it was impossible to keep ourselves from being cheated into the belief that we were approaching a park round some rich man's mansion. We could see the trees arranged tastefully in clumps, entirely free of undergrowth, and the deer disappearing from our view, so

Digitized by Google

that every momen twe thought to come in sight of the house. The scenery reminded me of Gothic architecture, that is so very beautiful, from what is not visible to the eye, but is suggested to the imagination.

It was in the first half of October that we were on those prairies. The delicate flowers that first appear in the spring had left no trace of themselves; and even the more hardy of the gaudy summer-flowers were faded and nipped by the early frosts, The long grass was very tough and wiry. and seemed only fit to be burned. I wished to see the prairies on fire, and my wish was gratified at last. We were encamped on the side of a hill, with a stream of water at the base. The wind was very high, and we expected a storm. I was awakened in the night by a confused but very loud roaring. Springing to my feet, and calling to the others, I rushed from the tent, and beheld—the prairie on fire. It was the grandest sight I ever enjoyed.

The fire was yet at least a fourth of a mile from us; leaping, roaring, running up the trees, licking up the tall meadow-grass with its forked-tongue, crackling, and almost laughing in its wild joy and fierce energy. The high wind brought it nearer and nearer, but as the water was between us, the excitement was purely pleasurable. The grass near the water was much ranker than the rest, more green; and when the fire took hold of it, its fury seemed redoubled; the flames lost their pure color, and were dark and terrible. In less than a quarter of an hour they had passed on their work of destruction, leaving the blackened ground behind them. The trees that were scattered at intervals were still burning, and looked like fiery sentinels over the field of desolation.

A few days afterwards we reached the Chariton river. For some time I had not felt very well. Travelling on horseback, from after an early breakfast, till late in the afternoon, in the hot sun, and then sleeping in the chill air of an October night, was not suited to my way of life. For several days I felt depressed, without any tangible cause; but the day after we crossed the Chariton, (on whose banks, by the by, I shot two beautiful blue-winged teal,) the weather changed, and was very raw and gusty. The wind came sweeping down from the northwest, and for hundreds of miles met no obstruction. I never felt, not even in Boston, such a penetrating wind. It seemed to search out the very marrow of my bones. When we had made some seven or eight miles, L. said that as it was so very cold we had better seek at once a sheltered place to pitch our tents in, as the day's work could be done on horseback. He asked me what was the matter with me, for I was perfectly blue in the face.

I confessed I was not very well. The encampment was made, and our fires lighted. I laid down on my bear-skin with a burning fever. Dr. D. came, with the rest, at night-fall, and declared I had the fever and ague, and prescribed—calomel. It is a medicine I do not like, and I remembered reading in some book of travels where one of the party was anxious to give a white substance, labelled *calomel*, to his sick fellow-traveller; the patient, however, objected, insisting that it was arsenic and not calomel; and in the end it proved to be arsenic. I thought of this, and quietly determined I would not take the Doctor's calomel. Lucky enough, when he examined his pocket-book, all the medicines were found most lovingly fraternizing together.

The next morning, after a very wretched night, I found myself no better. The weather had moderated, but it was snowing. Dr. D. made a set speech to Captain L., the amount of which was, that as there was no use of his staying, he would leave the party, and make his way back to the haunts of civilization. L. and S. advised me to go with him, and under the circumstances, I thought it better both for them and me that I should follow their advice. We were soon prepared, and with heavy hearts we parted.

Our course had hitherto been a directly western one from the Mississippi, but by going in a southeastwardly direction we thought ourselves certain of getting to some of the settlements before nightfall. You are aware that the squatters do not invade the new country broadcast, but settle on the rivers and creeks. We were between the Chariton and some creek, and we were sure of finding shelter before long. We thought that we would come upon settlements by three o'clock in the afternoon.

About noon it stopped snowing, but the clouds were still lowering very gloomily. Not a living creature did we see of any kind after we left the camp. All day we plodded along; very seldom speaking, save that every now and then one would ask the other if that wasn't a house in the distance; or if this, on the other hand, wasn't smoke. But we were disappointed, time and again. All day I had the worst feelings I ever experienced. I do not think I had much physical suffering, but there was a sense of the most utter and dreary loneliness and despondency. I thought that I was dream-like to wander on for ever over those snow-covered prairies, with my companion, who could not help me in any wise. The live-long day, and each hour, increased my misery. At last it was growing dark and still no signs of any settlement. Then it was quite dark, but as the ground was covered with snow, we could distinguish the open prai-

Digitized by Google

rie from the woods. The Doctor proposed that we should make "land," and pass the night as we could. To this I had energy enough to object, and I persisted in going on, that at last we must come upon a settlement; and finally, that I would not get off my horse voluntarily, until I was secure of shelter. As I was very resolute, the Doctor thought it better to give up his plan. We plodded on; the dull footsteps of our horses on the snow were the only sounds to be heard. After a while we found our horses were making their way towards "land," (you know, I presume, that where there are no trees, there is no "land,") very much to our delight. We had confidence in the sagacity of our beasts, and felt sure that they knew what they were about. As we drew near to the timber, we saw an opening between the trees, which proved to be a road, plainly and palpably a road. There was no mistake about it, and doubtless we "grinned for joy." We had at last found a vestige of humanity. We felt no longer as if condemned, for ever, to those pathless wastes of snow. We cheered one another, and spoke kindly to our horses, and jogged on quite merrily. Presently we came to a fence round a small enclosure, and we knew a house must be at hand. The road ran nearly halfway round the fence, and then led off to a log-cabin.

Very much to our surprise we heard no dogs; nor, indeed, was there any sign of life. The Doctor gave a whoop. The wild sound startled the slumbering echoes. We paused in breathless expectancy, but there was no answer save from an owl, a dismal owl, that cried and wailed like an infant. Our hearts died away within us, and I began to fear it was all a dream; or worse, a delusion of the wicked one.

Well, here's a house anyhow, whether there's any one in it or not," said the Doctor. "Come, let's ride up to it."

We knocked at the door, but there was no answer. We lifted the rude latch and the door opened. There was no one within, but the cabin was a large and well-furnished one; I mean, of course, for a squatter. There were two large beds with the bed clothes on them, a Yankee clock, that was not going; (where, on the face of the habitable globe, will you not find a Yankee clock. I dare say the Great Mogul, and Abdel Kader, and Victoria Regina, all pride themselves on their wooden time-pieces;) a few bo ks, among which were a Bible, a hymn-book, and a speech of Senator Benton's; and all kind of garden "truck."

But where was the family? That was the mystery. "The folks" had been there lately, for everything was in good order, but not within four-and-twenty hours, for there was no fire on the hearth. We lost no time in making idle reflections, for it was now after nine o'clock. We tethered our horses, giving them pumpkins and corn, which we found in the field in front of the cabin.

By the aid of our matches we soon had a fire, and roasted some potatoes. I felt like Tam O'Shanter: "O'er a' the ills of life victorious."

This was the pioneer settlement, and we found, the next day, that the whole family had gone out bee-hunting, or honey-collecting rather, for the bee-trees had all been "hunted" and marked, in the summer.

In four or five days we reached the Mississippi, and met a steam-boat that was going down to St. Louis; so that we had no more trouble.

I should like to make an ending here; but I must tell you of my night at Brashaw's.

It was the day after the one, of which I have just been telling you, we had made a long day's journey, and at nightfall we stopped at a small cabin, the first we had seen for some miles, to know if they could "keep" us. The man assured us he was very full, but as the next clearing was nine miles further on, he would do what he could for us. We felt no disposition to go on, though the cabin was not more than half as large as our dwelling the night before—but nine miles! We knew too well what miles were in the prairie country, so we dismounted.

Mr. Brashaw had a large family, and there were several strangers with him. I own I felt much curiosity as to the way in which we were to pass the night. My curiosity was much greater than my anxiety, for Mrs. B., and two daughters almost women, were to be disposed of, and there was but this one room.

We were treated with much kindness, and, I may say, distinction, for the Doctor soon told them that we were on business of state. As we sat before the fire the Doctor watched with much interest the culinary preparations, while the talking was transferred to me. In a large iron skillet there was bacon frying, but this did not give my companion as much pleasure as I thought it would. He touched my elbow and whispered, "What a pity it isn't fried cabbage!" The very mention of it made me feel sick. Fried cabbage!

When supper was ready the Doctor made fierce onslaught upon the bacon; but I found that I could not touch anything that was before me. It was all too coarse; and, as I needed something to tempt my appetite, I could not help it. I blamed myself for not eating, for I saw that my kind host was distressed.

The Doctor, as soon as he had taken off the edge of his appetite, began to discuss the dishes that were on the table, and a

Digitized by Google

last praised fried cabbage as the very best thing man could eat. Mr. Brashaw promised him some for his breakfast the next morning.

After the meal was over, and the things all put away, I thought I would like to go to bed. There were two large beds; the head of one being placed against the foot of the other. I took it for granted that one would be given to us, but where would the rest go?

I heard Mrs. B. say that the children's feet were so dirty that they must be washed before they went to bed. In my civilized simplicity I supposed that, of course, warm water would be used, and I ventured to say that I thought it would be of great service to me to bathe my feet in warm water; but I found that cold water was to be used by the children. I immediately said I would not give them the trouble; but they would not hear of its being "trouble." In a few minutes the skillet that had fried the bacon was put on the fire full of water. When the water was warmed Mr. Brashaw took the skillet off, and put it down at my feet. Looking rather amazed, I asked for some other vessel, but there was none other to be had. There was no help for it; for my host would have been hurt if I had not used it. I bathed my feet, thinking all the while of the frying of the bacon that had been, and the cabbage that was to be. The Doctor was so very earnestly engaged in a dispute with one of the "strangers," a Missourian, about the boundary line, proving, most conclusively, as he thought, the right and title of Iowa to all she claimed, that he paid no attention to my doings. I now thought it was time to go to bed. I looked round the room, and saw, that in the bed whose foot abutted against the head of the other, there were several individuals whose sex was proclaimed by the garments which hung on a hook overhead. These then were the daughters; but Mrs. B. and the "old man," and the strangers, and the boys, and ourselves!

"The "old man" asked me if I did not want to go to bed, and when I said "Yes," he told me he hoped the Doctor and myself could sleep in one bed, as they were so much crowded.

Well, I assure you it was a great comfort to find we were to have a whole bed to ourselves, without any children stuck in, just to fill up. Really how we got to bed I do not know, though I presume it was by a judicious combination of the doctor's independence, with my native modesty. After we were comfortably fixed, I turned my eyes to see how the rest were disposed of. The strangers, rough and hardy backwoodsmen as they were, were stretched on the ground, with their heads against the backs of up-turned chairs. The boys were all on a straw-bed. A little quarrel they indulged in gave me an idea of the *materiel* of their bed furniture. One declared that his brother had stolen his pillow to prop himself up with, to keep him from rolling off on the floor. I was much amused to find the pillow was half a pumpkin that had been divided longitudinally.

The dying embers still cast a dim light; and I could see Mr. Brashaw, who had not yet gone to bed, walking up and down a little unencumbered space between the door and the fireplace. Presently I heard the "old woman" ask him if he were not coming to bed, assuring him that there was room for him. I thought that perhaps well-grounded doubts of this fact might have been the cause of his watchfulness; but no—he said his feet were too dirty. "Well," was her considerate reply, "can't you scrape it off?" How it was settled I do not know, for I fell asleep. There were seventeen of us in that one room.

When breakfast was preparing the next morning the Doctor chuckled at the cabbage that was frying in the skillet. I had enjoyed a delightful rest, and felt much refreshed, and to tell the truth, a little mischievous; so I thought I would not let the Doctor know as to the skillet, with what skill it had been used for such widely different purposes. Besides, I doubt much whether he would have cared a straw about it after all. I have seen many men enjoying their meals, but none ever ate with more gout than did Dr. D. the fried cabbage.

As we were going down the Mississippi we saw its junction with the Missouri. This last is a mighty stream—turbid and terrible—and comes upon the peaceful and clear waters of the Mississippi in the haughtiest and most insulting style, and soon takes possession of the whole channel. Thence forwards, the Mississippi's waters are defiled, nor do all the pure streams that flow into the river make any perceptible difference. Those who are accustomed to this river, maintain that, after filtration, it is the best drinking water in the world. *Credat Indeus.* I can't agree with them. It looks like weak lemonade; and in consequence, no one used to pure spring water can think it perfect.

But of all rivers I ever saw, commend me to the Des Moines, as the most beautiful of streams. The French would not have called the Ohio *La belle rivière*, had they seen the Des Moines. Nothing can surpass the transparency of the water. The river is so winding, that you seldom see more than a quarter of a mile at one view. Its gently-rising banks, bluffs as they are called, are very graceful, and are well-wooded down to the waters-edge.

There is no difficulty in accounting for the prevalence of intermittent fever in a newly-settled country—but why should all

Digitized by Google

the children have white heads? Its a phisiological question to which I should like to hear a satisfactory answer.

My digression is at an end; it is longer than any of Mr. De Quincey's, if that gives you any comfort.

When you answer this do not give me any advice. I do not take it kindly, especially when offered gratuitously. Speak not of the water-cure, it would be a sinecure for me; and so do not tell me to go to the mountains: a valetudinarian is not fit for the mountains. *Vale.*

IOTA DELTA.

*Baltimore.*

---

## FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

DURING the last two years the amount of surplus money in the federal treasury has remained nearly the same. At the close of August, 1844, it was near thirteen millions; and at the close of May last, the returns of the Treasurer presented a similar sum on hand. This indicates the general fact that, in the last two years of peace and considerable prosperity, the revenues and expenditures of the government have been nearly equal to each other. The tariff of 1842 has, in the third year of its operation, under most favorable circumstances, barely sufficed to meet a very moderate expenditure on the part of the government, including the discharge of a small portion of a loan which matured. The sudden out-break of hostilities on the part of Mexico involves a large increase of expenditure, without in any material degree affecting the external commerce, which is the chief source of revenue. An increase of taxation under such circumstances will clearly not meet the exigency, because the rate of duties now levied upon imported goods is as high as they will bear without stopping their importation altogether. Unless direct taxation be resorted to, there is no means of enhancing the revenues but to encourage trade by reducing the duties on imports. The position of the government revenue, as derived from indirect taxes, is very nearly the same as were those of the English government in 1840. There was at that time an annual deficit, which the then Chancellor, Mr. Baring, endeavored to make up by adding five per cent. to all the existing customs. This additional tax failed to afford any increase of means. The new government that came into office in 1842, adopted a plan which was peculiarly bold in the then state of public opinion, viz., to enhance the revenues by *reducing* indirect taxes—thus striking a fatal blow at the protective policy. Since then the government has removed indirect taxes to the amount of £8,200,000, or $41,000,000, a sum equal to *double* the whole customs revenues of the United States. The result of this wise policy has been that the income of 1845 was £52,250,000, being a surplus over expenditure of $2,350,000, — most successfully establishing the soundness of the views which looked upon high taxes as restrictive to trade and oppressive to industry. The external trade of the United States, which is the only alternative for direct taxes in supplying the federal treasury, has been, to an extraordinary extent, restricted by the high tariff of 1842, and as we have seen, in the last two years, it has sufficed only for a moderate peace expenditure. A contingency has now arisen when, to maintain the honor of the country, a large increase in expenditure is necessary. The Secretary of the Treasury, in a special report, has stated the increased expenditure for the year ending June 30th, 1847, at $23,952,984; and that the sum estimated in the annual report, made in December last, to be on hand in July, 1847, was $4,332,441. The increased expenditure, it is now estimated, will absorb this balance, and leave $19,620,463 to be provided for. A proposed

Digitized by Google

modification of the tariff it is supposed will make an addition of $5,534,057 to the revenue, and reduce the deficit to $14,086,406. This deficit, the Secretary remarks, must be provided for either by stock loans, treasury notes, direct taxation, or excises; and he asks for power to contract a debt, payable in a term of years, or to issue treasury notes at par, and the interest not to exceed six per cent. The grant of the authority to issue either stock or treasury notes at the discretion of the department may not, under the circumstances, be amiss; but it is not so clear that any contingency can arise that will make stock payable in a term of years more advantageous to the public interest than treasury notes. The report remarks: "The same power that is now given by law to redeem the loan, even before its maturity, whenever the funds of the government will permit, so as to liquidate any public debt as speedily as possible, should be continued." The fact of the existence of a surplus of 13 millions of dollars to the credit of the treasury for more than two years, and loaned to banks and brokers without interest, contemporaneously with the existence of an outstanding debt of some $17,000,000 on which the government is paying six per cent., is pretty conclusive evidence that the "power" alluded to by the Secretary is not very available. The government has in fact paid $600,000 per annum during the last two years for money to loan to banks; and this instance of a most profligate want of economy in the treasury department was occasioned by the supposed utility of funding $7,000,000 of treasury notes that were doubtless of considerable service to the commercial public, into a five per cent. stock for 20 years. The government took from the mercantile public a useful species of paper, redeemable within the year, and gave in exchange to brokers and bankers a stock not redeemable in 20 years. The great error of this operation was that it was done by the same Congress that imposed the present tariff. They alleged that the high duties levied by that tariff were necessary to increase the revenue, in order to discharge the public debt; and at the same time they took from that debt its feature of redemption within the year, and made it irredeemable within 20 years. The department has, indeed, power to buy it in the market at the market price, which is of course always the value of principal as well as the interest, which the government injudiciously contracted to pay for twenty years. Had the debt as it existed in 1843 remained unchanged in its character, the accumulation of surplus occasioned in 1843–4 by the reaction of the almost embargo on imports created by the tariff in the first year of its action, would gradually have retired the outstanding notes, and neither surplus nor debt would now have existed. A similar juncture now presents itself. The Secretary wants for the coming year an addition of 19 millions to his revenue, to meet what is assumed to be a temporary outlay; at the same time he proposes a permanent modification of the tariff, which, in connexion with the modification of the English corn-laws, cannot in the present state of commercial affairs but have a very salutary effect upon business, and greatly improve the regular revenues of the government. The proposed tariff, aided by the warehousing system, cannot but add largely to the permanent revenues; and when, as it is hoped will speedily be the case, the expenditure returns to the peace establishment, a surplus must rapidly accumulate. In such a case, why should the government be compelled for a series of years to continue paying interest on a stock debt, that the money may be loaned to banks without interest?—a repetition of the profligacy of the enactment of 1843! It is true, that it has occurred that the treasury notes of the government bearing six per cent. have been at a discount in the market, and it is clearly unjust at such a time to require the public creditor to take them at *par:* but when treasury notes were unsaleable at par, United States six per cent. stock was not to be negotiated at *any* price. Mr. Tyler's agent failing to get a loan here, hawked them all over Europe, and still without success. Were such a contingency to arise, it were far better to allow to the creditor of the government the market rate of discount on the notes paid him, than to engage to pay interest for 20 years to third parties. It is not at all probable, scarcely within the range of possibility, that treasury notes can fall to a discount under a modified tariff.

Digitized by Google

When the treasury notes of the federal government were at a discount in 1842, the whole customs revenues of the government for the year were but $18,000,000, and the treasury notes outstanding amounted to $10,093,426. It is pretty evident, notwithstanding that the notes were receivable for customs, that at a time when business was slack and money tight, there was not sufficient demand for the notes to pay government dues to sustain them at par, and the stagnation of internal business diminished the demand for the notes in the operations of exchange. As the matter now stands, the Secretary proposes to raise the revenue from customs to $30,034,057 per annum, by reducing the rates; if, therefore, he should issue in treasury notes the whole amount of his estimated, deficit say, in round numbers, 20 millions, the amount outstanding would be no more disproportionate to the revenues of the country than they were in 1842; and if during the year the war expenditure should cease, the same cause would probably, by stimulating trade, still farther enhance the customs and absorb the notes, thereby extinguishing the debt by its own operation, speedily and with little cost. If, on the other hand, the debt should be contracted, to avoid a temporary inconvenience, on a term of years, the double inconvenience of a surplus on hand and an extensive outstanding debt would be encountered for a long season. The quantity of treasury notes that may be kept afloat will be greatly enhanced by the operation of the Independent Treasury, which will restrain, to a great degree, the swindling banking system that now frequently fills the channels of exchange with a baseless and spurious paper, alike injurious to the operators and the public.

Among the changes proposed in the tariff by the Secretary, is the imposition of taxes on tea and coffee, heretofore free. Those duties are alluded to as "war measures." It is certainly desirable that, if sufficient revenue can be derived from low duties on all other articles, that tea and coffee should be exempt; but we are far from subscribing to the soundness of that policy which taxes sugar 100 per cent., and allows tea and coffee, its accompanyments, to go free, on pretence that a tax is removed from the necessaries of the poorer classes. The absurdity of the plea becomes evident if we turn to the treasury reports, and observe the quantities of each consumed and the amount of duties paid by each. Tea and coffee are imported altogether—none is produced in this country. Of sugar about twice as much is produced as is imported, and the price of the whole mass is raised to the extent of the duty.—The following quantities of the three articles were imported in 1845:

| | Quantity. | Value. | Duty. | Proposed 20 pr. ct. duties. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Tea.....lbs. | 19,630,045 | 5,730,514 | none | 1,146,102 |
| Coffee..... | 107,860,911 | 6,221,271 | none | 1,244,254 |
| Sugar..... ..... | 111,957,404 | 4,556,392 | 2,798,935 | 911,278 |
| Total..... | | $16,508,177 | $2,798,935 | $3,301,634 |

The quantity of sugar raised in this country amounts to 200,000,000 pounds, and the price is advanced $5,000,000 by the duty: hence, laying a duty of 20 per cent. upon all these articles will diminish the actual tax to the consumers $3,000,000; or, differently stated, in average families 7 lbs. of sugar is used, with 2 lbs. coffee and ½ lb. tea per week; the tax on the sugar is now 17½ cents: if the tax upon all three articles were 20 per cent., it would amount on the whole to 14½ cents, or the consumers would pay 3¼ cents per week less than they now pay.

Thus far, although the money and produce markets have been greatly disturbed, and serious calamities have overtaken the large class of dealers in agricultural produce, the war and its consequent expenditures have as yet had but little agency in producing the difficulties. In fact, it may be a question whether the expenditure by the government of the surplus on hand, and its consequent withdrawal from government banks and dispersion in the general markets, will not have a better effect than to allow the money to continue the instrument of alternate oppression and undue speculation, which it has been during the last two years. The first effect of the hostilities at New-Orleans, was to shake credit and paralyse bill

Digitized by Google

operations. Some few failures took place, and the restrictions of the banks produced both inability and disinclination to purchase bills, and they fell rapidly to low points. When they had become considerably depreciated, the banks themselves became buyers, and the rates rose. The course of the operation is seen in the following table of rates of bills:

BILLS AT NEW-ORLEANS.

| | May 1. | May 9. | May 16. | May 20. | May 27. | June 16. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sterling | 8¼ a 9¼ | 7¾ a 8¼ | 6 a 7 | 6 a 7 | 6¾ a 7¼ | 7¼ a 7¾ |
| New-York 60 days | 1¼ a 1¾ dis. | 2 a 3 dis. | 3¼ a 4¼ dis. | 3¼ a 4¼ | 3 a 3¼ dis. | 1¾ a 2¼ |
| " " sight | ¼ a ½ prem. | ½ prem. | ¼ a 2¼ " | 2 a 2½ | 3¼ a 2 " | ¼ a 1 |

The purchases of the banks are mostly 60 days bills, and at one time their northern credits reached $4,000,000 in addition to the government credits drawing money from the deposit banks for expenditure at the south. The banks bought thus largely at the low rates and checked at par, realizing large profits from the difficulties they helped to create. When the institutions again became sellers, the market was eased considerably there. The chief difficulty which has disturbed in the markets has grown out of the great fall in produce, consequent upon the disappointment in relation to the large crops in England, and the enormous supplies which the high speculative prices of last fall sent forward to market. The progress of popular opinion in England in relation to the removal of duties upon corn has been slow but effective; and last fall the failure of the crop of potatoes in Ireland gave an impetus to the movement and agitators produced a strong belief in the deficiency of the English crops of grain. Excitement ran high, being fostered by political agitators until it reached nearly a panic, and drove the first Minister of the Crown into proposing the removal of duties. The fears in relation to the crop seem to have most seriously prevailed from August to November, during and immediately succeeding the harvest. Prices under this influence appear to have reached their highest point in the first week in November. As an indication of the state of affairs, we compile from official returns the following statement of the price of grain on the 5th of each month, the quantity imported and duty paid, the rate of duty as governed by the six weeks average, and the quantity of wheat and of wheat flour remaining in bond on the 5th of each month.

MONTHLY AVERAGE OF WHEAT—QUANTITY IMPORTED—QUANTITY DUTY PAID—AND OF WHEAT AND FLOUR REMAINING IN BOND.

| | Wheat per qr. s. | d. | Wheat Imp. qrs. | Wheat, Duty paid | Duty per qr. | In bond. Wheat qrs. | Flour, cwt. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1844 October | 46 | ..... | 85,212 | 28,903 | 20 | 366,105 | 296,916 |
| 1844 November | 45 | 4 | 26,386 | 18,092 | 20 | 363,372 | 271,228 |
| 1844 December | 45 | 6 | 22,242 | 11,916 | 20 | 364,278 | 265,622 |
| 1845 January | 45 | 8 | 19,679 | 16,330 | 20 | 362 150 | 262,691 |
| 1845 February | 45 | 5 | 3,449 | 18,824 | 20 | 344,668 | 265,967 |
| 1845 March | 45 | 0 | 6,326 | 14,859 | 20 | 331,133 | 257,372 |
| 1845 April | 46 | 5 | 3,721 | 13,038 | 26 | 311,025 | 243,551 |
| 1845 May | 46 | 0 | 2,217 | 6,478 | 20 | 298,327 | 238,825 |
| 1845 June | 47 | 7 | 55,374 | 5,081 | 02 | 320,281 | 233,015 |
| 1845 July | 47 | 11 | 70,210 | 8,.69 | 20 | 365,649 | 226,605 |
| 1845 August | 53 | 3 | 60,465 | 6,269 | 20 | 412,736 | 224,632 |
| 1845 September | 55 | 10 | 48,554 | 5,376 | 17 | 445,082 | 222,292 |
| 1845 October | 56 | 0 | 117,348 | 20,907 | 18 | 524,803 | 240,048 |
| 1845 November | 60 | 1 | 150,382 | 1,631 | 15 | 667,773 | 280,171 |
| 1845 December | 59 | 0 | 153,243 | 17,644 | 14 | 794,253 | 404,106 |
| 1846 February | 54 | 3 | | | 15 | 1,061,781 | 686,813 |
| 1846 May | 55 | 6 | | | 16 | 1,339,955 | 1,119,427 |

From October, 1844, to the first week in July, 1845, the price of grain remained remarkably steady as did the quantities taken out of bond and those remaining in bond. From August to November a rapid rise took place, and the duty fell 6s per quarter from the 5th of August to the 5th of December. At that time the conviction began to spread itself that the harvest was not so short

Digitized by Google

as had been supposed. The potatoe crop of Ireland was indeed short, and a fearful calamity it is, because the cultivators of those blighted crops have not wherewith to purchase other food. The citizens of that impoverished and oppressed land have no reserve property in any shape which they can make available for the purchase of food Their labor is scarcely ever a marketable article, and when they lose its proceeds on their own patch of land their case is indeed deplorable. The excitement which prevailed in England was rapidly imparted to this country, and the most sanguine expectations of inordinant prices for all descriptions of food were entertained here, and their influence upon prices is seen as follows:

PRICES OF PRODUCE IN NEW-YORK.

| | Flour, W. C. | Corn. | Wheat. | Pork, mess. | Beef, mess. | Lard. | Butter, W. D. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| October 1 | $4 62½ | 0 57 | 1 00 | 14 00 | 9 00 | 0 8½ | 16 |
| November 5 | 6 25 | 0 70 | 1 35 | 14 00 | 7 75 | 0 8½ | 17 |
| December 6 | 7 00 | 0 85 | 1 40 | 13 87½ | 8 25 | 0 8½ | 17 |
| January 7 | 5 75 | 0 72 | 1 40 | 13 25 | 8 50 | 0 8½ | 17 |
| March 4 | 5 50 | 0 68 | 1 25 | 11 50 | 8 50 | 0 6½ | 15 |
| April 4 | 5 50 | 0 70 | 1 26 | 11 25 | 8 50 | 0 7 | 14 |
| May 4 | 4 62½ | 0 68 | 1 10 | 10 75 | 8 25 | 0 7 | 11 |
| June 1 | 4 50 | 0 68 | 0 90 | 10 75 | 7 50 | 0 7 | 10 |
| June 12 | 4 00 | 0 57 | 0 87½ | 10 50 | 6 75 | 0 6½ | 10 |

As usual, under the influence of excitement speculations were entered into, and the farmers and producers were relieved of large quantities at high prices. The anticipated demand did not, however, take place, and up to the close of navigation, all the avenues of trade were filled with produce on its way to the seaports. As compared with last year, the exports of flour, corn and wheat from the port of New-York have been as follows:

MONTHLY EXPORTS OF FLOUR AND GRAIN FROM THE PORT OF NEW-YORK.

| | 1845. | | | 1846. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Flour. | Corn. | Wheat. | Flour. | Corn. | Wheat. |
| January | bbls. 13,316 | bush. 13,370 | ..... | bbls. 69,613 | bush. 112,607 | bush. 46,591 |
| February | 6,388 | 7.247 | ..... | 41,153 | 201.220 | 9,276 |
| March | 14,656 | 18,703 | ..... | 37,152 | 10,581 | 25,813 |
| April | 17,122 | 20,084 | bush. 1,600 | 64,497 | 17,444 | 64,339 |
| May | 24.781 | 6.672 | ..... | 70.633 | 92,756 | 51,053 |
| June | 27,351 | 7,190 | ..... | to 16th 58,003 | 74,569 | 85,818 |
| Total, 6 months | 103,614 | 73,266 | 1,600 | 341.051 | 509,177 | 262,890 |
| Increase | | | | 237,437 | 435,911 | 261,290 |

This represents an increase of near $2,000,000 in the value of these three articles exported from the port of New-York, but there have been large losses sustained on it as well as on other produce; and on the 5th of May there was in bond in England five times as much wheat as at the same date in the previous year, and four times as much flour, with every prospect at that early period of the year of a good harvest. The real and prospective abundance of food in England in the face of the vast supplies that reach tide-water in the United States, has made the condition of the buyers and holders any thing but enviable. The quantity of flour weighed at Rochester, New-York, from the opening of navigation to June 15, and that received at New-Orleans from September 1st to June 15th, was as follows:

| | 1845. | 1846. | Increase. |
|---|---|---|---|
| At Rochester | bbls. 392,668 | 592,692 | 200,244 |
| At New-Orleans | 460,068 | 716,171 | 256,103 |

The increase at these two points is nearly 100 per cent., it appears. The receipts at New-York down the river are 600,000 bbls. against 400,000 bbls. at the same period last year. The continual decline in prices has uncovered a large amount of acceptances drawn on city houses against produce

Digitized by Google

generally, and the reclamations on millers, banks and forwarders have been large, involving failures in almost every stage of the transaction. For the general business of the country it is perhaps fortunate that the producers of the crops, who are in general the consumers of goods, obtained fair prices for their produce, and so far the basis of general trade is sound. In looking forward, however, to the fall trade, we observe in all directions a great accumulation of stocks without any very good prospects of such a demand as shall advance prices. It is the case, indeed, that when wheat and wheat-flour falls so low more of it is consumed. The eastern manufacturers use more wheat and less rye and Indian, and it enters more into general consumption abroad.

There is no doubt but that the foreign demand will be fair to good; but the export must be large to relieve the markets and allow the new crops to open at remunerative prices to the farmers; at the present rates for general produce no considerable profits can be realized by the farming interest, and a decline in their profits is certain to be followed by a languid fall and winter trade. The orders for foreign goods are understood to be very limited; and the state of exchanges at this season of the year, when they usually rise and become firm, is an indication that such is the fact. The rate of sterling for the packet of the 1st of July last year was 9¾ a 10, and this year dull, 7½ a 8¼. The scarcity of money may, to some extent, have affected prices this year, but as a general thing the demand has been less than the supply, more so than is usually the case at this season. The state of the markets abroad are such as might promise improvement but for the distrust which hangs over the railway movement.—The desire for railway speculations appears to be still good; in fact, all those who possessed shares when the bubble burst are naturally anxious to become relieved of the burden; as they are a numerous and influential class, the probabilities are they may succeed in again producing a speculation. The number of newly-authorized roads is such as to require an incredible outlay of money, perhaps $300,000,000; a sum too large to transfer from one employment to another in a short space of time without producing great embarrassment.

---

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*Memoirs of the Administration of Washington and John Adams.* Edited from the papers of Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury. By George Gibbs. 2 vols. New-York.

The two volumes before us form a very valuable contribution to the history of the times, when the conflicting elements of resistance having successfully severed this mighty continent from the domination of Europe, were just crystalizing as it were into the pure institutions that have now become consolidated by time. At a time when everything was unadjusted, when theories were to be reduced to practice, when among the multitudinous forms of government of which the world had previously exhibited the working, the monarchy of England had up to that time best stood the test of practice; when the best and wisest men were anxious only to construct a government to hand down to posterity free from the objections that had manifested themselves in others, there was naturally a great indisposition in many quarters to embark in one altogether new. There were also a great number who, from honest conviction, distrusted the ability of the people to absolutely govern themselves; men who supposed that society should be divided into classes, with special privileges to the higher ranks, in order to ensure its well-being and the preservation of that order without which the commonwealth could not prosper. and that a strong federal government with its powerful patronage and splendid machinery could alone effect it. It was but natural that such opinions should be entertained, because the world had given no example of an absolute political equality among

Digitized by Google

citizens of any nation. That these persons violently contended for their opinions, because they supposed that the welfare of the state required their adoption, is not to be wondered at. At this day, when party animosities have subsided, and time has demonstrated in the progress of republican principles the great errors of those who distrusted the virtue of the people or their capacity for self government, and triumphantly sustained those sagacious statesmen who saw and resisted danger in every removal of power from the hands of the people, it is both instructive and interesting to be carried back to a personal acquaintance with those who took an active part in the government of those days. The private letters of men to their confidential friends and adherents are perhaps the best means of becoming acquainted with their motives, and of throwing light upon contemporary events that would else but be imperfectly understood by the student of history. The letters of Mr. Wolcott, as edited by his grandson Mr. Gibbs, are eminently calculated to display the interior workings of the government machinery of those days. Mr. Wolcott was a *working* member of the government, and from the auditorship of Connecticut was transplanted to that of the federal treasury, and finally rose to succeed Mr. Hamilton as head of the department. The general reader will find much of value in these volumes.

---

*Achievements of the Knights of Malta.* by ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, Esq.: Carey & Hart; Philadelphia: Burgess, Stringer & Co.; New-York.

This order of soldier-monks may be said to be the connecting link between the days of chivalry and our own time. They have stood sentinel for Christendom for near nine hundred years, and their battlements of Malta as long frowned over the Mediterranean, and defied the power of the heathen world; originating in the crusades against Jerusalem in the 11th century, it perished in the crusade of Europe in the 19th century. The nine centuries of its existence are fraught with an intense interest, which is ably kept up in the volumes before us.

---

*Pictorial History of England.* Harper and Brothers.

THE numbers of this valuable work, which we noticed in the June number of this Review, appear in regular succession, and we are pleased to learn, are attracting that attention which their importance, as the social history of the most powerful people of modern times, demands. The accounts and illustrations of the Roman relics, given in these three numbers, are interesting in a high degree. The Romans laid the foundation of that greatness, which, taking date with the Norman conquest, steadily progressed, until, in our day, it has apparently reached its culminating point. The vigorous and intelligent race that occupy the islands of the North Sea, have swollen beyond the capacity of those islands to support. Their name has become terrible in all quarters of the world; but the race has now been transplanted to the western continent, where the breadth of land and natural resources are as boundless as the enterprise of the people. Like a plant nourished in a flower-pot, until its vigor is developed, and then placed in the earth, where henceforth it will thrive, uncircumscribed by narrow bounds, the Anglo-Saxon race has even now commenced the era of its greatness. The majority of those now living will see the power of the English islands wane before the greatness of the Union. How interesting, and how important, then, becomes an intimate acquaintance with the social progress of that people, whose destiny is now before our eyes undergoing so great a change.

---

*The American Angler's Guide*, being a compilation from the works of popular English authors, from Walton to the present time, with the opinions and practices of the best American anglers. Burgess, Stringer & Co.: New-York.

This is the season when the city population, relaxing from the constant worry and drive of money getting, relaxes itself, and seeks the cool shades that overhang murmuring brooks; very many of them are expert anglers, and well understand the pure joy of extracting a trout from his element, in a scientific manner. Others again are entirely benighted on the subject, although they may affect to be among the initiated. Let none of them fail to take with them a copy of the beautiful pocket edition, bearing the above title. It will instruct the wisest, while it will amuse all.

---

*Results of Hydropathy; or, Constipation not a Disease of the Bowels, Indigestion not a Disease of the Stomach.* By EDWARD JOHNSON, M.D. Wiley & Putnam, New-York.

This is an interesting work to very many, and the subject is ably treated by the author.

Digitized by Google

*Memoirs of his Own Time, with Reminiscences of the Events of the Revolution.* By ALEXANDER GRAYDON; edited by John Stockton Littell, Member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Lindsay & Blakiston: Philadelphia.

The auto-biography of a violent political partizan, however congenial it may be to those whose strong prejudices and narrow views lead them to look upon the strife of party as the struggle of truth, and the success of party leaders as the triumph of a great principle, is not the source whence to derive correct notions, either of the men or events of what it professes to treat. More particularly when the writer is apparently smarting under the supposed injury of being deprived of an office, which he had long held, for political reasons. The most violent and intemperate abuse of the greatest and best men of the country is indulged in; and the vituperation denominated the "frankness of an honest man." Apart from the political portion of the work, the pages of Mr. Graydon are interesting, and afford an insight into the manners and habits of the men of the Revolution.

---

*Poems of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.* Complete in one volume. Harper & Brothers.

The admirers of Longfellow, both here and in Europe, are presented with his writings in a superbly neat volume of 117 pages 8vo., at the low price of 50 cents. The mere announcement of this desirable fact is for our purpose sufficient, without our entering here into a critique, or even description of the numerous beauties contained in the volume before us.

---

*Illuminated and Illustrated Shakspeare,* Nos. 81, 82, 83, 84—*The Wandering Jew.* By EUGENE SUE. Illustrated—Nos. 13, 14. Harper & Brothers.

The superb manner in which these two works are illustrated and printed, in the hands of the Messrs. Harpers, is a credit to the city, as well as indicative of a new era in the progress of the publishing science, if it may be so expressed. Not only are popular works made more attractive by the beautiful manner in which the illustrations are executed, but the art of engraving on wood receives itself an impulse, from the liberal manner in which it is thus patronised. The magnificent manner in which the Pictorial Bible was got out by the same enterprising firm, met with the warmest support from the public and the success which attended it is reported to have been so great, as to allow some of the engravers engaged in it to retire from business on a moderate competency. Such encouragement cannot but give a spur to the art; and while it adds to the attractions among readers, tends to improve the art.

---

*A Dictionary of Practical Medicine, comprising General Pathology; the nature and treatment of Morbid Diseases, &c. &c.* By JAMES COPLAND, M.D., F.R.S. Harper and Brothers.

A most valuable addition to medical literature, and got up in a well-printed and desirable form. It is published in monthly numbers, of which No. 15 is before us.

---

*Lives of the Kings of England.* By Thos. Roscoe, Esq. Lea & Blanchard: Philadelphia.

In looking back through the dull vista of time, at the long line of men raised above the multitude to direct the course of a great nation, we observe the importance of their movements, and the impress which their conduct makes upon their own and succeeding ages. Public events, however, afford but a slight and uncertain clue to the motives which impelled conduct, sometimes of the most eccentric character, and of the utmost importance in its results. The history of their private lives; the state of society at their courts, and their personal habits, are far surer indications of the circumstances under which they acted, and are, therefore, to the reader and student of history of the greatest importance. These have been depicted, in the volumes before us, with a degree of interest seldom imparted to works of their general character.

---

HARPERS' LIBRARY OF SELECT NOVELS.—
1st, No. 80. *The Female Minister, or a Son's Revenge:* translated from the French. By EUGENE SUE.
2d, No. 82. *The Park Ranger of Van Dieman's Land.* By CHARLES ROWCROFT, Esq.
3d, No. 84. *The Confessions of a Pretty Woman.* By Mrs. PARDOE.

These are of that class of cheap publications that have of late years so inundated the country, and which are the fruits of the improvement in the art of printing, and the diffusion of general knowledge. We are not of those who consider these

Digitized by Google

works an evil, even although they be works of fiction, and many of them not of a high order either of literature or morals. They are, nevertheless, a mark of an advanced state of society, as far as the masses of the people are concerned. They are useful, also, inasmuch as that they fasten the attention of those who are not possessed of a habit of reading, and in whom the taste for better productions grows as their appetite for mere excitements fails. Like the cheap diurnal press, they, from the simplicity and familiarity of the matter they present, in a concise form. draw the attention and excite an interest in the young or indolent, which soon ripens into a habit of reading. and leads to an improvement in the taste. If our neighbors of Mexico could be induced to read, with interest, the cheap publications, in the proportion in which they are devoured here, a speedy reformation in the whole structure of society might be looked for.

---

*Life in Prairie Land*, by ELIZA W. FARNHAM, 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 408. Harper & Brothers.

This volume forms the XIIth number of *Harper's New Miscellany of Sterling Literature;* it will be found a work of unusual interest, and one that addresses itself to almost every class of readers. Its intrinsic value, aside from the high reputation of the authoress, must give it a wide circulation. It is made up of a series of charming and life-like pictures of a personal residence in the Far-West—perfect daguerreotypes of a settler's daily habits, customs, methods of husbandry, &c.; together with graphic sketches of travel in various sections of that far spreading and fertile country. The work is enlivened by a rich vein of irresistible humor, interwoven among passages of great power and eloquent beauty, eminently impressive and suggestive. Mrs. Farnham has already acquired no unenviable degree of reputation for the distinguished ability with which she has sustained the office of Directress of Sing Sing Female Prison, where, by her knowledge of the human mind, her prudence and love in controlling it, she has made a place of profanity and disorder, so far as criminals were concerned, one of order, submission and peace. We speak the more freely, knowing that Mrs. F. is actuated from a high sense of duty and love of her race, rather than the mere love of reputation; and that she has less fear of enemies, if such she has, and is more indifferent to praise, than the majority who come before the public. The author of "*Life in Prairie Land*," has for some years past contributed largely, although anonymously, to many of our leading periodicals. We advise all who would laugh heartily over passages of keen satire, or be charmed with glowing and beautiful descriptions, who would drop a tear over some of the most touching and thrilling incidents they have ever yet perused, to read this volume.

---

*Library of American Biography.* By JARED SPARKS, vol. viii. Boston: Little & Brown. 12mo.

The labors of Mr. Sparks are productive of a fund of information, concentrated from the amplest sources, and almost invaluable to the reader of modern history. The volume before us contains the life of Charles Lee, by Jared Sparks; and also that of Joseph Reed, by his grandson, Henry Reed. These heroes of the Revolution are presented to the reader in a spirit of impartiality and general accuracy which reflect high credit on the authors. Mr. Sparks has sought to extenuate the conduct of Lee on the field of Monmouth, which led to a court-martial, and his suspension, and final retirement from the service. At this distant day it is rather up-hill work to attempt to impeach the decision of a court-martial then sitting, at a time when every motive must have existed to sustain the accused. The rash and disappointed *ci-devant* Russian officer, no doubt, met fully his deserts in being allowed to retire to his estates.

---

*Richelieu*, a Tale of France, By J. P. R. JAMES. Harper & Brothers.

Mr. James' popular and highly readable work, illustrative of the times of the great Minister of France, is a welcome reprint of the Messrs. Harpers. It forms number 16 of the pocket edition of select novels, being two volumes in one, at 25 cents.

---

*Voyages of Discovery and Research in the Arctic Regions, from* 1818 *to the present time.* By SIR JOHN BARROW. Harper & Brothers.

The great efforts made by the British government to effect discoveries in the Arctic regions, have been productive of many interesting and celebrated voyages under Ross, Franklin, Parry, Back, and other distinguished commanders. The narratives of these expeditions embrace incidents of the most thrilling interest.—The author of the present volume, Sir John

Digitized by Google

Barrow, of the British Admiralty, possesses the best qualifications for the task of condensing, in a most readable and elegant form, a history of all the voyages, with the stirring adventure and results of each. The volume forms perhaps one of the most valuable numbers of Harper's new miscellany.

---

*The Life of Martin Luther, gathered from his own writings.* By M. MICHELET, author of "The History of France.—Translated by G. H. Smith, F.R.S.: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

One of the most acceptable of Appleton's Literary Miscellanies is before us in the biography of Martin Luther. Not as expressed in the author's preface to the life of Luther, turned into an historical romance; nor a history of the establishment of Lutheranism, but a biography, consisting of a series of transcripts from Luke's own revelations. The work was written during the year 1828 and '29, although not published until 1835. It is full of interest, and commends itself to the reader of the history of Christian religion.

---

*Twenty-four Years in the Argentine Republic; embracing its Civil and Military History, and an account of its Political condition before and during the administration of Governor Rosas.* By COL. J. ANTHONY KING, an officer in the army of the republic. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway, New-York.

The events in the River Plate during the last few years have drawn the attention of diplomatists and politicians, as well as the public generally, to that portion of the globe with increasing interest. The fact that England and France have undertaken gratuitously and of "their own wrong" to interfere in the affairs of two nations upon this continent, has excited a painful interest, inasmuch as that it points to great future difficulties between the new and old world, should such a precedent gain the sanction of even a portion of the people on this continent. The importance of the movement seems to have created two parties; the one attempts by all means to blacken the public and private character of Rosas, apparently as a palliative for the course pursued by foreign powers in relation to the troubles between Buenos Ayres and the Banda Oriental. Whatever may be the conduct of Rosas in the administration of his own government, or the nature of the difficulties between him and the republic of Uruguay, they can afford no possible ground for two nations, 6,000 miles distant, thrusting themselves between the disputants, and attempting to tyrannize over and dictate to both. The meddling of the English government with the matter is probably the greatest error of the present administration of Great Britain, and will bring with it its own punishment. The duplicity of Mr. Ouseley affords no redress for want of candor on the part of Rosas, whose character has been formed in turbulent times, in a country where rigor is more requisite than perhaps any other. Independent of the political bias of Col. King's work, it is highly interesting, and affords a very good picture of men and things in that quarter of the world, in relation to which little has been heretofore known, because public attention has not, until lately, been particularly directed to it. The style of its publication is exceedingly neat and inviting, and it is well worthy an attentive perusal.

---

*Animal Magnetism; or, Psycodunamy.* By THEODORE LEGER, Doctor of the Medical Faculty of Paris, &c., &c. D. Appleton & Co.

The public have become more familiar with the science of magnetism through its abuses than through its merits. In the present volume Mr. Leger has gone into the history of animal magnetism in a most thorough and interesting manner. He divides the history from the practice of the art, as two distinct heads; under the former is comprehended all the phenomena that consists in the manifestation of some peculiar human faculties that are coeval with the creation of the world. The practical operation of the science, as a satisfactory and rational system, is altogether new, and indeed, by a large portion of the public, its very existence is denied. This latter division is to form the text of another volume to be shortly published. The history, as embraced in the volume before us, comprehends its academical history with the report of the Royal Academy upon the subject in 1825 and 1831; Dr. Berna's experiments and reports in 1837; opinion of Dr. Husson. The second section comprises the history in the ages of antiquity, and the evidences of its existence among the Persians, Egyptians, and other ancient enlightened nations; the progress through the middle ages down to Mesmer; the subsequent discoveries of somnambulism, and the spread of the science in England and the United States. The term "Psycodunamy" the author tells us, is derived from Greek words, signifying the "power of the soul." To those who feel an interest in the science this work is invaluable.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Engraved by [illegible]

D. S. Dickinson

*Engraved for the Democratic Review from a Daguerreotype by Plumbe*

Digitized by Google

THE

# UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

# DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

Vol. XIX. AUGUST, 1846. No. XCVIII.

## LEGISLATIVE EMBODYMENT OF PUBLIC OPINION.

The twenty-ninth Congress has thus far been confirmative of those democratic measures, for the establishment of which the great battle of November, 1844, was fought, and therefore contrasts favorably with that which succeeded the disastrous issue of the campaign of 1840. The great war which commenced in General Jackson's first term, between parties for principles and policies, was decided in the campaign of 1844 against Clayism, with all its false and fatal heresies of doctrine. In this hard-fought contest, three times did the democracy triumph over their federal foes, who, backed by the selfish interests of a wealthy few, and armed with all that looseness of construction in regard to the Constitution which could torture plain provisions for the good of the whole into exclusive allowances for the advantage of the few, sought to change the face of our institutions by perpetuating the distinctions of classes. The first election of General Jackson presented a great and cheering triumph of the popular will over the corrupt intrigues of personal ambition; and it signally punished that great crime of the whig leader — the coalition. The corrupt combinations of individuals to cheat the people of their choice of a President being promptly rebuked, the second election of Jackson was for the preservation of the country against those mammoth monied monopolies and corrupt corporations which were already encircling the liberties of the people, restraining their free action, thwarting their intentions, and cheating them of their hopes. The whole bank interest and monied power—the vast combinations of those who fattened on government bounties and partial legislation, with those who hoped for gain, and those who cowered before the threatening corporate creditor, pressed eagerly into the fight under the banner of that bold and bad man, in whom was embodied, alike in his political and personal character, all that was corrupt, anti-republican and anti-democratic in his party. They rallied in their fierce energies, and fought with all the desperation which the fear of losing their ill-gotten control of popular rights could inspire. Notwithstanding all the power of money, the skill and reckless audacity of the great leader, and the enthusiastic support of unscrupulous followers, an overwhelming defeat was sustained by them from the body of the people. The corruptions which had become so deep-rooted, were not, however, to be at once destroyed; nor was one victory over so determined, sagacious and powerful an enemy as an all-pervading monied monopoly, to be decisive in its results. The election of Mr. Van Buren defeated a renewal of the attempt to carry the Presidency into the House of Representatives for disposal, through corrupt coalition, by running three or four distinct candidates, and thus preventing an election by the people, and collaterally assailing the principles represented by the masses. In the mean time a combination of fortuitous circumstances was

Digitized by Google

slowly preparing the way for a renewed and vigorous campaign on the part of the oft-defeated but still pertinacious party, composed of factions, classes and cliques, each seeking some special benefit at the hands of the people.—The wide-spread meshes of the monied power were producing their effects in ruining those who had been lured into the toils by the false and fatal bait of paper credit. The derangement of the currents of business, produced by the destruction of those dealers who form the channels for the interchange of products, caused by the collapse of the overstrained credits in which they had indulged, was stagnating markets and depressing prices. The masses of delinquent bank-debtors, seeking to be freed from the results of their own incautiousness, formed a powerful auxiliary to those who promised to all parties the fulfilment of their wishes, reckless of right or constitutional means.—The disordered finances and vacillating exchanges were a fruitful theme of complaint to active and industrious men; and a new bank was held out as the only means of restoration. The pains and ills of returning sobriety were to be allayed by renewed intoxication. For each and all of the multiplied evils that by a singular combination affected the commercial world at the same time, the capacious saddle-bags of the whig leaders contained a nostrum. Bankrupt individuals were offered repudiation; bankrupt corporations multiplied credits; bankrupt state governments the land revenues, taken from a deficit federal treasury; and to supply the latter, taxes on consumable articles were to be laid, so high as to prevent the consumption. These were promised as specifics; and if, despite these sagacious laws, wheat still continued to grow and labor to bring forth value, those facts were to be taken as evidence of the wisdom of the enactments. The public mind, wearied with the struggle, and temporarily weakened by the reaction of the monied excitement, consented to employ the quacks. They were to pay the government debt, amounting to about five millions, when they came into power; reduce the expenses to the revenue; create a bank; regulate the exchanges; pass a bankrupt act; distribute the public lands among the states, and establish a high tariff to replenish the exchequer and protect manufactures. This was the task; and all of it that was accomplished was the passage of the tariff. The independent treasury law of the people was, indeed, repealed; but the promised bank was not forthcoming. The distribution of the lands and the bankrupt acts were passed, and speedily repealed by the same parties, with the fearful haste of the necromancer, unexpectedly alarmed by the spectres he had raised. For the promised payment of the debt was substituted the contraction of twenty millions additional. For the bringing the expenses within the revenue was substituted a large deficit; and, to the infinite chagrin of the doctors, the exchanges became, without a national bank, more regular and cheap than ever before. The patient provokingly recovered his health while the quack was making preparations to cure him. The high tariff was indeed passed, and, as if to compensate for failure in other respects, a most severe dose of protection was administered; so severe that, in spite of the vast recuperative energies of the country, the elasticity of its resources, the untiring enterprise of the people, and favorable seasons for the developement of agricultural wealth, the country has tardily progressed in its outward commerce. The product of that tariff to the treasury has been, for the fiscal year 1846, $846,197 less than in the previous year. For the four years of its operation the present tariff has produced an average of 25 millions only at a time of great expansion of the currency; and its production has diminished under the increasing stringency of the money-market during the last year. This anti-industrial, anti-commercial monument of the influence of the money power, with an increased debt, was all that remained to the nation from the results of the combination of 1840. The vigorous attack of a swarming, unscrupulous and desperate enemy had shaken but not overthrown the great principles, to establish which the three preceding victories were, it seems, scarcely sufficient. A disappointed and embittered enemy again rallied to the conflict in 1844. Again was the ghost of a National Bank opposed to the Independent Treasury. Again the distribution of the land revenues was offered as a tempting bribe to tax-payers in embar-

Digitized by Google

rassed states. Again was the protection of capital opposed to freedom of commerce and industry; and also—the progeny of defeated hopes in the last campaign—the abolition of the constitutional veto was declared for. The desperate and reckless gamblers, foiled in their designs, sought, in the madness of their disappointment, to emasculate the Constitution by tearing from its fair proportion that invaluable veto, the exercise of which had endeared it to republicans and democracy as it had embittered their opponents. Most truly had the veto power of the Executive fulfilled the expectations entertained of it by the framers of the Constitution, as expressed by Col. Mason, in 1787, during the debates as reported by Madison:

"He expected great advantage from it. Notwithstanding the precautions taken in the constitution of the legislature, it would still so much resemble that of the individual states, that it must be expected frequently to pass unjust and pernicious laws. This restraining power was therefore essentially necessary. It would have the effect not only of hindering the final passage of such laws, but would discourage demagogues from attempting to get them passed."

One would suppose that the eye of prophecy had penetrated the succeeding 53 years, and that our ancestral legislators had foreseen and applied a check to the intrigues of speculators and demagogues in 1840. Some of the framers of the Constitution considered an absolute negative on the part of the Executive as essential to the preservation of liberty. But hitherto the requirement of a two-thirds majority to overrule it, has sufficed to keep in check the attempts of cliques upon the rights of the people. The demagogues, in their discouragement from attempting to get bad laws passed, boldly attacked the veto power, and sought to remove that obstacle to their ambitious designs. The spell, however, had passed. The hollowness of their quackery had become apparent. The public mind had recovered its tone. The very desperation of the partizans who announced the provisions of the glorious Constitution as obstacles to their designs, aroused public attention and startled the inert. The democracy of the country, which embraces the people, stood by the Constitution, to resist the encroachments of the combined cliques in whose path the constitutional veto was so effective a barrier. They combated for a repeal of the tariff, which operates so unjustly in favor of capital at the expense of labor, and so injuriously on the federal revenues and commerce of the country. They contended for a restoration of the Independent Treasury, and for the removal, by enhancing facilities, of restrictions upon commerce. Faithful to the duties of citizenship, and confident in the soundness of our institutions, they responded promptly to the fraternizing call of their brethren in Oregon and Texas. The selfish fear that the stability of our government was proportioned to the number of acres it covered, did not deter them from adding a new state to the Union, and extending territorial jurisdiction to the shores of the Pacific.—Standing on the broad basis of the Constitution and individual rights—in opposition to innovation and encroachment, they conquered. The victories of '28, '32 and '36 were repeated in 1844. The last crowning triumph was decisive, and perpetuates the principles for which the previous struggles were undertaken. The delusive theories and fatal heresies that were sought to be impressed upon the policy of the country are forever demolished. On the present Congress devolves the great duty of restoring to the federal government that symmetry of form and regularity of movement necessary to the equal distribution of the national wealth, and to the national policy that comprehensiveness of views and impartiality of purpose, which recognises in the most perfect freedom of individual enterprise the most active element in the national advancement; which looks upon the industry of one man in the sphere of action where chance or choice may have placed him, as equally valuable to the community, and equally deserving of protection against oppression at home or abroad, as that of others to which a meretricious importance is attempted to be given through the designs of politicians or the cunning of capitalists.

The task of the American people for the present century, is clearly to take and occupy the northern continent of America. Its plains and valleys, its rivers and mountains, with their great

Digitized by Google

mineral and agricultural wealth, are spread out before them; but, like a scanty garrison in a capacious castle, the numbers are too few, as yet, to man the whole effectively. They are, therefore, distributed at the most favorable points, the most distant and least settled of which, has equal claims and equal relations to the inheritance transmitted from our sires, as the oldest settlements on the borders of the Atlantic. The general policy of the democracy is to favor the settlement of the land, spread the bounds of the future empire, and to favor, by freedom of intercourse and external commerce, the welfare of the settlers, who are, for the most part, men of simple habits and strong hands, looking to mother-earth for their only capital, and to their own labor as the sole means of making it productive. These people, as first-comers, have a perfect right to a first choice of the lands, and their claim on the common government is to throw the protection of the laws over them, and to see that they are not molested in their peaceful pursuits, their energies cramped, their industry restrained, nor the value of their labor diminished by any special privileges, in the shape of monopolies to associated-capital, either in absorbing produce in exchange for their credits, or in supplying necessary goods to the consumers. To effect this object has been the policy of the democratic party, in opposition to a contrary policy of the whig party. The latter have sought to prevent the occupation of territory; to cast without the pale of the Union him whose exigencies or enterprise carried him beyond an imaginary line as a boundary. They have sought to give the monied-class, through the credit-system, and the manufacturing-class, through the protective-system, an undue proportion of the proceeds of the common industry; to confine the swelling population in a limited territory, and to force the industry of the whole into such channels as will throw the greatest profits into the hands of a few. The important acts of the present session of Congress, are peculiarly calculated to crush this latter policy, and give effect and permanency to the democratic view, which is that of the natural tendency of affairs on this continent. The progress of events added the great state of Texas to the Union; and the opening of the present session found her represented in Congress. A few months more perfected our connection with Oregon, over an extent of country 90,000 miles greater than Britain would ever before yield. That is to say, in June, 1846, the English Government accepted the same quantity of land on this continent, as a compromise, which in former negotiations she had declared utterly inadmissible, and the offer of which, on the part of the United States, in August, 1845, her minister declared inconsistent "with fairness and equity." The unhappily distracted state of Mexico, and the want of capacity for the conduct of affairs evinced on the part of those who alternately get possession of the government, as well as the want of principle, which induces one government to disregard the national acts of its predecessors, have been productive of a war, which, in itself, must hasten the occupation of the whole continent by the people of the United States. While vast tracts of new and fertile land are thus being continually added to the jurisdiction of the Union, a change in the land-policy of the government has been imperatively called for. The practicability of retaining the title and control of such extensive domains in the general government, and at the same time admitting the territories embracing them into the federal union, as co-equal with the original states, was seriously doubted by many of our wisest statesmen. All feared that they would be a source of discord; and not a few thought they saw, in that discord, the germ of a future dissolution of the Union. The notions at one time entertained, that the admission of new states into the Union operated as a surrender of the right of soil on the part of the United States, have been abandoned. All now agree, whether in the new or old states, that the lands are the common property of all the states, to be disposed of for their common benefit. The recognition of this principle by the new states, naturally induced a general disposition to sell the lands on the most liberal terms to actual settlers. The leading object has been the early settlement and cultivation of the land sold, and to effect this, price has been less an object than the manner of the sale. The lands have been uniformly held at $1 25 per acre, and prëemption rights

Digitized by Google

have been granted to pioneer settlers. Under this system the choicest lands are culled out and settled, and the population swarms westward, spreading over the surface of the ground, and turning the best lots into gardens;—vast tracts of land become encircled and erected into states; the best lands purchased by the hardy immigrants from Europe and the older states, are promptly brought into cultivation. There remain great quantities of land which are not worth $1 25 per acre—that is, they will not bring that price as long as better land can be obtained for the same money farther on. This land, therefore, remains unproductive in the possession of the federal government, within the limits of a state the settled portions of which only are taxed for its support.—The graduation bill which has passed the House, and which will be found at the close of this number, provides that those lands shall be graduated in prices to a level proportioned to their value, in order that all the lands in all the states may become available and taxable for state purposes. Clayism pursued a counter-policy. It contended for the sale of the lands in large quantities to speculators, regardless of the prëemption-rights of actual settlers; that large tracts of land might accumulate in a few hands, retarding the growth of new states, or entailing upon them a dependent tenantry, with its incalculable evils. The vast tracts that passed into the hands of land-companies a few years since in exchange for bank-credits, and which are yet unsettled, are instances. The graduation of the price of the lands was opposed, because it was alleged it would draw off the population of the older states, and diminish the revenue; or, in other words, because it would aid the poor laborer of the Atlantic cities, dependent upon corporate-factories, in becoming a free landholder, independent on his own piece of land. It would diminish the number of factory-slaves, and, as a consequence, the profits of the owners.

Next in importance to the great measure of extending the jurisdiction of the Union, and providing for the occupation and settlement of the land by the people, is the modification of the customs'-taxes upon the goods consumed by those people; the removal of those baneful restrictions which destroy their markets, paralyze their industry, and retard the growth of the country. The avowed object of the protectionists is to "build up a home-market," which, if the phrase has any meaning, is to prevent the citizen from becoming the free occupant of his own soil; to degrade him from the rank of a landed-proprietor, in the independent exercise of his own rights, and chain him to the steam-engine and the loom; to labor on at the bidding of an overseer for the weekly pittance doled out by lordly proprietors, who put up or put down the price they pay, according to the state of the labor-market, as the usurer regulates the rate of interest, by the condition of the money-market. They would have the American citizen, instead of being the *employer* of factories and the patron of their goods, the slave of their bidding and a mendicant on their favors. They would bind him hand and foot, drag him into their shops, and rifle him at their pleasure, in exchange for such wares as they may choose to force upon him. This system was long practised by the oligarchy of England, until the progress of public opinion enabled the Premier to destroy it for ever. Sir Robert Peel, after achieving that great work, the repeal of the corn-laws, retired from office, June 30, closing a brilliant speech with the following beautiful peroration:

"I shall leave a name execrated by every monopolist, who, from less honorable motives, maintains protection for his own individual benefit; but it may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will in those places which are the abodes of men whose lot it is to labor, and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow—a name remembered with expressions of good-will, when they shall recreate their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with a sense of injustice."

A similar triumph has now been effected here. The laborious cultivators of the soil have the road to market opened before them; the manufactures of the world spread out at their command, that in making their purchases they may avail themselves of the skill of all nations, the advantages of all climates and national resources, including the habits of different people. The purchases they make with the proceeds of their toil, will be the better enjoyed, when they are "no longer leavened by a sense of injustice." This object will be effected

Digitized by Google

by the tariff-bill, which will be found at the close of this number. It abandons the principle of protection, and levies ad valorem duties only, by which means the consumer will have the benefit of those alterations in foreign cost, that arise, from time to time, from various causes. The law, at the same time, guards strictly and effectively against fraudulent under-valuations, by which the federal revenues might be injured. This clause was stricken out in the Senate, on motion of Mr. Webster, when the bill passed, 28 to 27. The vote on the bill in the House, — in favor, 113 democrats, 1 whig; — opposed, 18 democrats, 77 whigs—while it indicates the policy of the two great parties, also evinces the alarming extent to which the direct pecuniary interest of sections influences votes in the national councils. We not only find local interests sending a delegate to Congress to obtain special privileges, but we find delegates salaried and paid by a class of persons to obtain benefits at the expense of the national industry; and we find those efforts of frantic manufacturers and their unscrupulous agents, sufficient to endanger the ultimate passage of the bill in the Senate. If they could not defeat the will of the people, they strove to gain time. A delay of six months in abolishing the present monopoly, is a gain of hundreds of thousands of dollars to individual firms, and to obtain which, a lavish expenditure by the whole can well be afforded. This is a most dangerous feature of the times. With the success of those agents, the means of extending that legislative dependence on private wealth would necessarily increase; and each year that the system was prolonged, the power of the monopolists would strengthen. De Tocqueville has well said, in his chapter on the engendering of aristocracy, by manufacturers, that,

"I am of opinion, upon the whole, that the manufacturing aristocracy which is growing up under our eyes is one of the harshest that ever existed in the world; but at the same time it is one of the most confined and least dangerous. Nevertheless, the friends of democracy should *keep their eyes anxiously fixed in this direction*; for if ever permanent inequality of conditions and aristocracy again penetrate into the world, it may be predicted that this is the channel by which they will enter."

Intimately connected with this necessity of selling surplus productions, and bringing back the proceeds into the country for the use of the owners, through the instrumentality of commerce, is the warehousing bill, by which, while the government is secure in obtaining the full amount of revenues from the goods imported, every obstacle is sought to be removed from the way of trade. By granting every facility for the composition of cargoes destined to all parts of the world, domestic produce and goods are introduced into new markets, new demands for them created, and the sales consequently extended. In commerce it is practically true, notwithstanding all the absurdities of protectionists, that each country of the world can furnish some one article to better advantage than all others, as, for instance, Brazil, coffee; China, tea; United States, cotton or tobacco; France, wine; England, iron, etc., etc. It also happens to be true that it is very seldom the case that an entire cargo of one article is shipped to one port, because a whole cargo of one article arriving at a port of minor magnitude is too much to dispose of at once. It produces a glut, and the sales are at a loss. If the cargo is made up of a variety of articles, each of which is suited to the market, and the quantity of neither is too large, the whole will sell to advantage. To make up such a cargo it is obvious at once that each article must be obtained to the best advantage; that is, the peculiar product of each country must be obtained by the vessel at a price as near the first cost as possible. The vessel, belong to what nation she may, that can obtain the greatest number of articles necessary to an assorted cargo, on the best terms, commands the trade to the exclusion of all the others. The eminently practical merchants of London early saw the importance of this, and the desideratum was, by some means to collect at one point the goods of all nations at low rates. The warehousing system fulfilled that object. Under its operation the merchantmen of England coming from all quarters of the known world, deposited their diversified freights in the London Docks, free of taxation. A London merchant, in fitting out his ship, finds almost at his door the most ample assortment of all descriptions of goods. He enjoys every possible facility for making up a most desirable cargo for any point of the

Digitized by Google

world, and, as a necessary consequence, there is no port in the world where British manufactures cannot be favorably introduced at *better* prices than the goods of other nations; because the favorable terms on which his *whole* cargo is made up, allows him to pay more for British goods to complete the assortment. A New-York merchant in making up an assortment for perhaps a South American market, has no advantage. He finds in the public stores no general goods, except such as have paid exorbitant cash duties. If he finds a few entitled to debenture they are not in packages or lots that will suit, or if he finds such, they have been charged with interest on the cash duties paid, and must pay 2½ per cent. out of the drawback, and all American goods are sustained at a level above those of other nations by an absurd tariff. He cannot therefore compete with the Englishman in the bulk of the cargo, and United States domestic goods and produce will not pay to be sent *alone*. The trade therefore passes entirely into the hands of Englishmen. In illustration of this, we may quote from official sources the results of the United States trade with the nations of the American continent. Thus, in 1834 the United States exported to the southern nations a value of $6,078.032 of foreign goods. In 1845 this amount had diminished to $1,677,-984. Of United States produce the export in 1834 was to the same quarters $5,063,037, and in 1845, $5,873,941. The aggregate decline of the whole trade was near three millions of dollars. When we consider that the United States are the only commercial nation on these continents, and that all these American nations have, in the 11 years elapsed since 1834, greatly advanced in prosperity, we become struck with the utter loss of our position as the leading nation on this continent. In order to show how completely England has profited by our criminal anti-commercial policy, we may state that the value of plain and dyed cottons exported from the United States to the above mentioned countries in 1834. was $1,406,899, and in 1845 it was $970,267 only. In the same time the consumption of cotton goods by those countries has wonderfully increased, and Great Britain has had the business. In 1834 she sent to those countries 127,285,018 yards of cotton cloths, and in 1845, 164,376,714 yards; an increase of 37,000,000 yards, or 30 per cent., in the same time that the United States exports thither declined 30 per cent., notwithstanding that it is alleged by manufacturers that they *can* undersell England with their goods in India. This indicates the manner in which our trade perishes through the insane policy of crushing commerce, for fear the import of goods will interfere with private monopolies.

The great measures embodying the principles contended for by the people at the last general election have passed the popular branch of the Legislature, and have, with a few individual exceptions, received the support of the democratic party in the Senate. The scenes at Washington are, however, of a most demoralizing and sickening nature. The location of the seat of government at a distance from great cities, lest the action of Congress might be overawed by force, was possibly a wise measure; but the experience of the present session shows that a desperate and unscrupulous monied faction may, through the action of the machinery they so well know how to put in motion, produce the strangest results on the final action of the Senate. Of those members of the latter body who are less senators of the United States than manufacturing delegates; less statesmen than factory operatives; less Americans than bondsmen; nothing is to be expected but the most reckless disregard of the popular sentiment and rights of the people, as well as the interests of the country, and the cause of human liberty. The progress of liberal principles throughout the world is steady and irresistible, and they will prevail; to doubt it is treason to the spirit of our institutions. The tenacity with which the privileged classes cling to their monopolies, will only arouse a more radical resistance on the part of the people. The severe struggle that the monopolists sustained for the preservation of their privileges, and the danger which the final success of the tariff bill encounters, afford the most serious lessons to the people, and call loudly for untiring vigilance in preventing classes from gathering too much strength through the aid of partial laws. In conclusion, we have to congratulate our readers on the modification of that monstrous tariff, which was the sole remaining monument of the defeat of 1840.

Digitized by Google

## AN ESSAY ON THE GROUND AND REASON OF PUNISHMENT.*

THE authors of this joint production have acquired no little reputation, by writings which display a richness of words and images, rather than of solid and substantial thought. In the work now before us, they have discussed a subject which demands the nicest discrimination and the most profound analysis. If we may judge from this specimen, we may safely predict, that neither law, nor theology, nor philosophy, is the province in which they are destined to shine. They are evidently better writers than thinkers; and if they would preserve the laurels they have won, it would be well for them, perhaps, not to venture too far into the deep things of philosophy. We say this from no unfriendly feeling to the cause they have undertaken to advocate; for we are believers in both the right and the duty of society to inflict capital punishment in cases of murder. But we most strenuously object to the tone and spirit in which they have advocated this cause, as well as to some of the grounds on which they have placed it; we feel that they have, in some respects, rendered an essential dis-service to the cause they have so zealously espoused.

The subject of penal jurisprudence, in all its branches, is so intimately interwoven with the great moral interests of society, that it is well worthy of the most profound attention of the statesman and philosopher. But of all the questions it presents for our consideration, that of capital punishment is by far the most important. This is a question, then, which demands the most searching analysis of principles, the most cautious and unwearied circumspection, that nothing may be overlooked and nothing misapplied; in short, it demands the most reverential consideration, the entire devotion of all our powers. It is to be approached in no light or frivolous mood, in no angry or denunciatory spirit. It should be treated in a spirit of the utmost calmness and moderation. Most deeply do we regret the aspect which the whole controversy, in relation to capital punishment, has been made to assume. Harsh epithets, and dark insinuations, by which motives have been impugned and characters called in question, are the weapons which have been too freely used. The advocates, on the one side, have spoken, and declaimed and denounced, as if they felt themselves specially called to plead the cause of divine mercy against a barbarous and bloody generation; while those on the other, have assumed the threatening port and mien of prosecuting attorneys of divine vengeance.

In the latter class, and high in the class, we must place our authors. The tone and spirit of their book is decidedly bad. It is unworthy of the subject and of the men. Indeed, the book which shall take up this great theme, and discuss it as it deserves to be discussed, is yet to be written. We shall not stop here, however, to justify this judgment of the work of our authors; its justice will sufficiently appear as we proceed with the argument. In the prosecution of this argument, we do not intend to notice the various points they have raised; on the contrary, we shall confine our attention, exclusively, to one great radical error into which they have fallen, or rather into which they have violently rushed, and which they have most intemperately defended.

The error to which we allude is this: That human government should punish "a man simply because he deserves to be punished."—p. 183. The idea that human justice is retributive, everywhere pervades the Essay of Dr. Lewis, as well as the more elaborate Defence of Dr. Cheever. Now, this is the position which we deny; and we

* AN ESSAY ON THE GROUND AND REASON OF PUNISHMENT; WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PENALTY OF DEATH. By Taylor Lewis, Esq. And A DEFENCE OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT By Rev. George Cheever, D. D. With an Appendix, containing a Review of Burleigh on the Death Penalty.—New-York; Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway. pp. 365.

Digitized by Google

intend to show, that in human laws punishment is not inflicted on account of "the intrinsic demerit of crime."

Dr. Lewis is so perfectly clear, in his own mind, that government should punish crime *as crime*, that he feels authorized to sit in judgment on the motives of those by whom this doctrine is opposed. "The apparent remoteness of the corner from which the attack is made," says he, "cannot disguise the motive, or conceal that virulence, so much beyond what would seem to be called forth by an ordinary question of political philosophy. They have sagacity to perceive, that if it can be made out that there is nothing strictly penal or retributive, nothing capital in human law,—neither is there in the Divine"—p. 15. This is only one passage out of many to the same purpose, which are to be found in the work under consideration. Indeed, if all the appeals to the *odium theologicum* which Dr. Lewis has thrown into his Essay were expunged, it would be amazingly reduced in bulk. If his arguments were as strong as many of his passionate appeals of this kind, they would indeed be formidable.

Before we proceed to examine his arguments we would remind Dr. Lewis of a few things which, in the heat and violence of his rhetoric, seem to have escaped his memory. It is a plain matter of fact, then, that many of the most enlightened advocates of capital punishment, have entirely discarded from their views of human government the idea of retributive justice. They have repudiated this notion, not because they entertained the design to exclude the same principle from the divine government, but just because they believed that retributive justice belongs to God alone. If Dr. Lewis had borne this in mind, it might, perhaps, have moderated his judgments of men and motives, and given a milder tone to his invectives. If so, it would have spoiled much of his fine rhetoric, it is true; but we doubt whether it would have rendered his essay any the less worthy of a doctor of laws. Nearly all the great jurists, (we do not remember a single exception,) from Sir Matthew Hale down to Sir Samuel Romily, have taken a different view of this subject from Dr. Lewis. They have held it to be the great aim and object of penal law to prevent crime and to protect society; and they have excluded the principle of retributive justice from their views of human government. The principle for which Dr. Lewis contends, he certainly did not derive from a study of the common law; for to the common law such a principle is utterly unknown. And in defending the law, as it now stands, against the attacks of its adversaries, Dr. Lewis and Dr. Cheever have done anything but wisely, in pouring contempt upon one of its most universally and most dearly recognised principles. We would submit to their consideration a single passage from Blackstone, which very clearly expresses the doctrine of the common law on this subject, as well as the sentiment of its greatest and most enlightened expounders. "As to the end, or final cause of human punishment," says Blackstone, "this is not by way of atonement or expiation for crime committed; for that must be left to the just determination of the Supreme Being: but as a precaution against future offences of the same kind."

We shall now proceed to examine the reasoning of our authors. In order to show that human punishment is retributive, or is inflicted on the criminal on account of the intrinsic demerit of crime, great stress is laid on the etymology of the term *punishment*. Thus, says Dr. Lewis, "we frankly admit that we attach more value to this universal etymological argument, even when its proof is found in some barbarous Chippewayan dialect, than to all the definitions of a Grotius or a Puffendorf. Pain, (*poena*, ποινὴ, πονος,) suffering for crime *as crime*, is the radical idea."—p. 12. This is the "inherent and inseparable idea belonging to the terms, *punishment*, *penal*, *penalty*, or to their counterparts in every human speech."—*Ibid.* "When these ideas, (the ideas of 'sin and suffering, crime and pain') 'are sundered, we may, if we choose, call it compact, political expediency, or political economy; but the terms government, law, penalty, are no longer applicable. Those who still retain the words in such connections do most grossly abuse language,—an offence so frequent in the present day, and so mischievous in its tendencies, that it would almost seem to deserve a

Digitized by Google

place in the list of statutable misdemeanors."

We believe that Dr. Lewis is a professor of languages in the University of New-York; and therefore it may be presumed, that he has had something to do with the study of language; and if so, how he could have laid so much stress upon the etymology of a word, as throwing light on a philosophical question, it is not easy for us to conceive. How he could have given the most superficial attention to the laws of language, and yet speak of any idea as being inseparably attached to a word, is entirely beyond our comprehension. We had supposed that it was known to everytody, that the connection between words and ideas is not only conventional, but that nothing is more common than for words to acquire entirely new meanings; and, in many cases, to drop and lose their primary signification altogether. The question is not about the strict literal meaning of the term *punishment*, as it stands in relation to moral evil; but it refers to the idea, which should be attached to it, when applied to human laws. And the attempt of the Essay to settle the meaning of a word, as it is used at the present day in reference to a particular subject, or as it stands in a particular connection, by an appeal to its etymology, and thereby to illustrate a grave question in philosophy, is a kind of pedantry which we had hoped was obsolete among philosophers. Is modern science to be dug up out of the roots of Greek, or Latin, or Hebrew words? Or is the meaning of a word, through all the changes of its form and of centuries, immutable?

The mode of reasoning adopted by Professor Lewis, if pursued to its legitimate results, would quite demolish all his lofty sentiments about "the absolute." It is well-known, that Mr. Tooke defined the nature of *law* and *just*, by a reference to the etymology of the words. His reasoning is so edifying and so conclusive, that we shall present our readers with a specimen of it, from his Diversions of Purley; which, as the learned reader well-knows, is in the form of a dialogue between the author and Sir Francis Burdett.

"Burdett. What, then, is law?

"Tooke. It is merely the past participle *lag*, of the Gothic and Anglo-Saxon verb *legan ponere;* and it means something or anything *laid down* as a rule of conduct. Thus, when a man demands his *right*, he only asks that which it is *ordered* he shall have. A *right* conduct is that which is ordered. A *right* line is that which is ordered or directed; not a random extension, but the shortest between two points. A *right* and *just* action is such a one as is ordered and commanded. The right-hand is that which custom, and those who have brought us up, have ordered or directed us to use in preference, when one hand only is employed, and the left-hand is that which is *lieved* or left.

"Burdett. Surely the word *right* is sometimes used in some other sense? And see, in this newspaper before us, M. Portalis, contending for the *concordat*, says:—'The multitude are much more impressed with what they are *commanded* to obey, than with what is proved to them to be *right* and *just*.' This will be complete nonsense, if *right* and *just* mean *ordered* and *commanded*.

"Tooke. I will not undertake to make sense of the argument of M. Portalis. The whole of his speech is a piece of wretched mummery of pope and popery. Writers on such subjects are not very anxious about the meaning of their words. Ambiguity and equivocation are their strongholds. Explanation would undo them.

"Burdett. Well, but Mr. Locke uses the word in a manner hardly to be reconciled with your account of it. He says:—'God has a right to do it, we are his creatures.'

"Tooke. It appears to me highly improper to say, that God has a right, as it is also to say that God is just. For nothing is ordered, directed, or commanded concerning God. The expressions are inapplicable to the Deity: though they are common, and those who use them have the best intentions. They are applicable only to men, to whom alone language belongs, and of whose sensations only words are the representations; to men, who are by nature the subjects of orders and commands, and whose merit is obedience.

"Burdett. Everything, then, that is ordered and commanded, is right and just?

"Tooke. Surely; for that is only affirming, that what is ordered and commanded, is—ordered and commanded."

It is thus that Mr. Locke, by wielding the favorite weapon of Prof. Lewis; by appealing to the etymology of words, and holding the ideas thus denied to be inseparable from the words themselves, demolishes the essential difference be-

Digitized by Google

tween *right* and *wrong*. If such reasoning is to be tolerated, Dr. Lewis must give up all his high-sounding phrases about "the absolute," as unintelligible jargon. He must consent to suffer the fate of M. Portalis and Mr. Locke. He must believe that the words *right* and *just* have no meaning when applied to God.

This is not all. Mr. Locke informs us, that "like other words, *true* is also a past participle of the Saxon verb *treowian*, *confidere*, to think, to believe firmly, to be thoroughly persuaded of, to trow. *True*, as we now write it, or *trew*, as it was formerly written, means simply and merely that which is trowed, and instead of its being a rare commodity upon earth, except only in words, there is nothing but truth in the world." It was in this learned manner that Mr. Tooke demonstrated that whatever one troweth is true, and exploded the notion of immutable truth as transcendental nonsense. If Prof. Lewis has a mind to be consistent, we would commend to his imitation the example of his illustrious predecessor.

Again. As the term *spirit*, as well as all other words relating to the mind and its operations, were in the first instance employed to denote material objects and phenomena; so their etymology has been used in order to show, that there is no such thing in all the Universe as mind or spirit, any contra-distinguished from matter. If a refusal to follow such a guide, such a principle of interpretation, were indeed made "a statutable misdemeanor," we should not hesitate for a moment in our choice: we would prefer all the pains and penalties the statute could inflict, rather than adopt such a course of philosophizing. We had infinitely rather suffer, for holding the doctrine of the great lights of jurisprudence, in spite of etymology, than to be crowned with honor and glory for subscribing to the philosophy of Horne Tooke.

But, in all seriousness, we do not really suppose, we have not the least idea, that Dr. Lewis is instigated by malice when he talks about "statutable misdemeanors:" we take this to be a mere rhetorical flourish. We are sure he would not hang, or in the least degree injure such men as Blackstone and Paley, even if he had them in his power; nor would he invoke the power of the law to enlighten them on the subject of etymology. It is not from malice that he seems willing to brandish such weapons; he simply knows not what he does. We dare say, that he is a little angry with a certain class of his opponents at times, and that, while the fit is on him, he would have no great objection to seeing them suffer a slight twinge of pain, or *pœna*, just sufficient to shake their obstinacy or to arouse their stupidity, in order that they might be enlightened by his "universal etymological argument." He would not wish to punish, we are sure he would not wish to punish very severely, those who agree with him on the great subject of capital punishment, because they cannot exactly assent to all his "grounds and reasons" in favor of it.

But, after all, what does this term *pœna* really signify? Does it signify "suffering for crime *as crime?*" If such be its meaning, and Prof. Lewis has discovered it, we must confess that he has dug deeper into this root, and extracted more light from it, than we have been able to do. It may signify pain and suffering, and, if you please, "suffering for crime:" but how it can convey to any mind the positive and distinct intelligence, that he who bears the thing signified, really suffers for crime?—*crime*, is more than we, with our best optics, are able to perceive. Indeed, for our part, we regard this as a mere arbitrary assumption of the learned Professor, on which he hastens to erect an equally arbitrary inference of law. But we may easily waive all this, inasmuch as no respect is due to such etymological arguments, when applied to philosophy. For all philosophies founded on etymology, or dug up out of the roots of words, rather than derived from the light of things, we have long entertained no other opinion than that Mr. Hazlitt has expressed for the unutterably wretched philosophy of Horne Tooke: "I would class the merits of Mr. Tooke's work," says he, "under three heads: the etymological, the grammatical and the philosophical. The etymological part is excellent, the grammatical part indifferent, *and the philosophical part to the last degree despicable; i. is down-right unqualified, unredeemed nonsense.*"

Digitized by Google

Dr. Cheever, no less than his learned co-adjutor, lays great stress upon the primary meaning of the words *justice*, *desert*, and *punishment*. "The words desert, justice, punishment," says he, "convey ideas over and above the idea of utility. We do not punish because it is useful, but because *it is deserved and just*; and *being deserved and just*, (we italicize his words,) *it cannot but be useful*."—p. 193. Now, we are perfectly free to admit, that there is such a thing as ill-desert; that there is an intrinsic hideousness and deformity in all crime, and that the criminal really deserves punishment. We do most heartily subscribe to all that our authors have said, with respect to the existence of conscience, and the immutable distinction between right and wrong: we all feel that moral evil in every form and shape deserves to be punished. We utterly loathe and repudiate the shallow philosophy of a Hobbes and a Bentham, by which man is stripped of his high moral powers, and made like unto "four footed beasts and creeping things." But what does all this signify? Does it follow, that because crime, that because all sin deserves to be punished *as crime* and *as sin*, that it is therefore the prerogative of man to punish them *as such?* To the eye that has even looked into the spirit of human law, it is not possible to present a more glaring *non-sequiter*; nor a mode of reasoning fraught with more terrible consequences.

Let us look into this principle, which is more than once distinctly announced by our authors, and which is interwoven into the whole substance and structure of their argument. Punishment "being deserved and just, it cannot but be useful." If it be only deserved, then, it is expedient and proper for human government to inflict it. But does not the rich man, who is clothed in purple and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day, and yet spurns the poor man from his feet, deserve to be punished? Does not the rich man whose heart, by self-indulgence, has been rendered as hard as the nether millstone, so that no scene of wretchedness or wo can touch it with pity—does not such a man, we say, deserve to be punished? In the pure eye of God, is he not as guilty—nay, few more guilty—than the poor wretch who, desperately urged by hunger, saves both himself and family from starvation, by the theft of a loaf of bread? If so, then according to the principle of our authors, "it cannot but be useful" to punish him, and the strong arm of the law should be invoked, not only to punish him as he deserves, but to compel him to give of his substance to the poor. Precious philosophy this, for the agrarians of the day; who, no doubt, will roll it as a sweet morsel under their tongues. Will our authors reply, as we conceive all sensible men should reply, that although there are many things which deserve to be punished, yet such is the necessary imperfection of human law, that it is not proper for human government to take cognizance of them, but to leave them to the all-perfect ruler of the world? If they should make this reply, (which all great jurists, both of the civil and of common law, have made in such cases,) we have nothing more to say, except that they have most sadly shrunk from all their lofty declamations about the morally right, and the absolute; and, after all, settle down, in matters of human government, upon the low and vulgar ground of expediency.

Let any man study the great jurists of France, or of England, or of America, and he cannot fail to discover that many things are right in themselves, and yet that human government should not intermeddle with them. Let him study Pothier, or Blackstone, or Kent, and he will find that because a thing is right in itself, it does not follow that human government should do it, or cause it to be done. Let him look into the foundation, the reason, and the spirit of human laws, ever so superficially, and he cannot fail to perceive, that although crime may deserve to be punished *as crime*, it does not follow that it is the prerogative of human law to punish it *as such*. He cannot fail to see, that if civil society should undertake to punish crime *as crime*, or to fix upon the intrinsic demerit of guilt as the final cause of punishment, it would enter upon a work for which it was never designed, and for which it is utterly incompetent.

If crime is to be punished on account of its intrinsic demerit, the punishment should be proportioned to the demerit of the individual on whom it is to fall.

Digitized by Google

But how is that guilt to be estimated, or who is competent to ascertain its amount? Who can look into the ten thousand times ten thousand circumstances, both external and internal, which have conduced to mould the character, either for good or for evil? Who can calculate the force of all the temptations which have tended to corrupt, and all the good influences that have tended to improve, the heart, and then tell us how much guilt each and every violator of the law has incurred? Who can pretend to such omniscience? And if we cannot estimate the intrinsic demerit of crime, or rather of the individual by whom it is committed, how preposterous is it in us to make that intrinsic demerit the ground of punishment?

If human laws are to inflict suffering upon all who deserve to suffer, it follows that every species of ascertained guilt is the proper object of penal infliction. The want of active benevolence, as well as a hundred other violations of the moral law, which are now punished by no Christian community under heaven, would be made to feel the sharp edge of the penal code. Such are some of the consequences which naturally and necessarily flow from the principle of our authors; and they are sufficient to show that the principle itself is unsound. They are sufficient to show, though although crime deserves to be punished *as crime*, yet it is neither the duty nor the right of human government to wield the power of retributive justice. That awful power can be rightfully wielded only by the all-perfect and absolute Sovereign of the world. Those who, like our authors, would confer such a power on human governments, are seeking, however unconsciously, to establish an insufferable despotism; they would confer upon society the power, without either the wisdom or goodness of God. We intend to resist all such despotism, whether it springs from the low, sensual philosophy of Hobbes, or descends from the lofty heights of the opposite system.

We would not press the *argumentum ad hominem* too closely upon our authors, but we think this is the very case in which their political creed should be brought into contact with some of "the doctrines of the common Christian theology." They have declared that it is a great theological interest which attaches them so warmly to their political creed; and hence we wish to restore the balance of Reason to a perfect equilibrium, by throwing as equal weight, of the same kind, into the opposite scale. Let us see if this cannot be done. It is urged that the murderer deserves to die, and therefore he should be put to death. Granted. But is he the only person who deserves to die? By no means. All men deserve, not only to die a natural, but also the second death. Hence, if human government is to inflict punishment on men "simply because they deserve it," why should not every man be put to death? Such is the inevitable consequence of their doctrines. From which will they recede—from their political, or from their theological creed?

It is very evident that our authors do not exactly understand the relation in which the expedient and the absolute stand to each other. In addition to the proof we have already furnished on this point, we might adduce much more, but we shall content ourselves with what is contained in a single passage from the Defence of Dr. Cheever:

The reasoning of many persons on this subject," says he, "would conduct us to the conclusion that, in fact, there is no such thing *as desert* to be considered in human society; that a man is not punished, or ought not to be punished, because he is guilty, but SOLELY because the punishment is useful; and therefore that no man ought to be punished from respect to what is past, but solely from regard to the future. This is the argument pursued by Hume, but Godwin carries it out more fully. It is the result to which all must come who deny the propriety of punishing a man simply because he deserves to be punished. Godwin argues that, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as *desert;* it is a chimerical idea; and therefore the common idea of punishment is altogether inconsistent with right reasoning. The infliction should bear no reference to innocence or guilt. An innocent person is the proper subject of the infliction of suffering if it tend to good. A guilty person is the proper subject of it under no other view.

"Now, it is not requisite to hold this writer's system of Necessity in order to come to this absurd conclusion; for if the utility of punishment be absolutely the SOLE ground of its infliction, the only reason why it is just and proper to inflict it,

Digitized by Google

then this conclusion is perfectly correct. And if our courts could take perfect cognizance of future results, so as to be sure that in any given case this method would, on the whole, be productive of the greatest good, they *ought* to punish the innocent as much as the guilty. This monstrous proposition is just a fair result of shutting out the idea of simple justice in view of desert as *one* of the ends of penal infliction. . . . . The moral sense of the human mind intuitively demands and regards justice as one of the objects of such infliction; a truth which we think every reflecting mind must acknowledge, if it be not blinded by a system of philosophy founded solely in expediency."—p. 187–9.

We have made a long extract; but if we had made it shorter we could not have done justice to the author's peculiar mode of handling this great subject. We could not have shown with what facility he can darken a difficult question by words without meaning, and by images without application. We intend to take this whole passage to pieces and show of what materials it is composed.

In the first place, what have "courts of justice" to do with the question in controversy? It is not affirmed by Hume, nor by Godwin, nor by any body else, that courts have any thing to do with the question of expediency, or with the policy of the law. This is placed entirely beyond their reach, both by conscience and by expediency. It is universally conceded that judges have nothing to do with the question of expediency; that they are sworn to decide according to the law as *it is*. It would be a great outrage on every principle of expediency as well as of conscience, for a court of justice, from its views of policy, even if those views were perfectly correct, to condemn the innocent or to acquit the guilty. The bare thought of such a thing is sufficient to arouse a feeling of indignation; and hence the illustration of Mr. Cheever is well calculated to awaken such a feeling in the breast of the unreflecting, who do not see its total irrelevancy, and blindly direct it against the principle of his opponents. This is a great blunder in Dr. Cheever, but it is an exceedingly slight one when compared with some of those which still remain to be noticed.

Let us suppose, then, that Dr. Cheever did not mean to say, that if expediency be the sole ground of punishment, then, not courts of justice, but the law-making power may, if it is seen to be useful, punish "the innocent as much as the guilty." Such a position would not, at least, betray a gross misconception of the point in dispute; but still it would involve it in no little obscurity. For what is meant by "the innocent" in such an assertion? If they are those who have never transgressed any law, either human or divine, we admit that it would be monstrous, on every scheme of political justice, to punish them. It would be at war with the principle of utility no less than with that of "simple justice in view of desert." It is very true, that if utility is the sole ground of punishment, and *if* it were useful to punish the innocent, and *if* there were no higher principle in the universe, then it would be right to punish the innocent. But what does all this signify, when it is admitted that it can never be useful to punish the innocent? Dr. Cheever forgets that human government is a great practical affair, not built up out of abstractions, but out of such materials as are not condemned by the moral law, and admit of being so adapted to the actual nature and state of things in the world as to subserve the purposes of wisdom and goodness; and that, in the view of the true statesman, it is no objection to political principles, that they furnish no solution of imaginary problems; that they provide no remedies for impossible cases.

If he refers to those who have transgressed the moral law, but not the law of the land, we ourselves contend, and ask him to admit that no law should be made to punish them; because moral guilt is not the ground of punishment, and it is not expedient for men to punish except by means of law. Though they may have violated the law of God, yet if a law were made to punish them, it would be an *ex post facto* law, condemned alike by our constitution of government and every principle of a sound expediency. If the act is already passed, whether it were tainted with moral guilt, or were as pure as the moral law itself, it should not be punished by subsequent legislation. We admit this is a fair consequence of our principles; and that, in this respect,

Digitized by Google

guilt and innocence are equal in the eye of human law and of expediency. That is to say, that neither should be punished by the law of the land until there is a law of the land to punish them, and that all penal legislation shall refer to the future and not to the past.

But if he intends to say, that if expediency be the sole ground of human punishment, then, in case the public good require it, a law may be enacted, by which an act, perfectly innocent in every point of view, prior to its enactment, is rendered penal;—if this be his meaning, we say, the inference is freely and fully acknowledged. This principle is sanctioned by the legislation of the whole Christian world. Penal offences are divided, in all our elementary treatises on that branch of law, into two classes, namely: the *mala in se*, and the *mala in prohibita*. In no point of view, then, can this remarkable passage be made to serve the doctor's purpose: it is a mere confused jumble of words and ideas, possessing a far greater capacity to general heat than light.

We are utterly amazed at the assertion, that "if the utility of punishment be absolutely the SOLE ground of its infliction," then we cannot escape the absurd conclusion of Godwin, that "there is no such thing as *desert*." This is one of Dr. Cheever's inferences from our doctrine, as we have seen; but we should deem it one of the greatest calamities of life, were we compelled to allow Dr. Cheever to draw conclusions for us. Who, beside himself, would infer, that because it is not the prerogative of human governments to punish crime *as crime*, therefore, there is no such thing as crime in the world? Who else would infer, that because society punishes crime, not on account of its intrinsic demerit, but to prevent its recurrence, therefore, it never did, and never can, occur? that because society punishes crime, not because it deserves punishment, but to protect itself against the consequences of crime, leaving its intrinsic desert to God; therefore, all desert, all guilt, is quite banished out of the universe? Shall we believe, for the sake of Dr. Cheever's learned argument, that if crime were to cease to be punished, it would cease to be crime? that guilt can neither be seen nor felt, except by means of the pains and penalties it is made to bear? It is amazing, that any man should undertake to show that expediency is not the sole foundation of penal law; and yet argue from a principle which inevitably plunges him into the lowest depths of the lowest form of expediency; making pain and suffering essential to the very existence of moral distinctions. Dr. Cheever should revise his logic.

We have one more criticism to make on the passage under review. Dr. Cheever is quite sure, that "the punishment of death for murder" has justice, retributive justice, "simple justice in view of desert," is one of the ends of its infliction. We have seen his arguments in favor of this position; they are wound up with the assertion, that this is truth which "every reflecting mind must acknowledge, if it be not blinded by a system of philosophy founded solely in expediency." Now, we presume that Dr. Cheever is acquainted with the writings of Samuel Taylor Coleridge; he has, in the work before us, made several quotations from The Friend. If so, he must be aware that Coleridge held expediency to be the sole ground of human laws. Dr. Cheever has quoted from the fourth and fifth essays of The Friend; we commend to his notice the following extract from the third essay of the same volume: "Every institution of government," says Coleridge, "needs no other justification than a proof, that under the particular circumstances it is EXPEDIENT. Having, in my former numbers, expressed myself (so at least I am conscious I shall have appeared to do to many persons) with comparative slight of the understanding considered as the sole guide of human conduct, and even with something like contempt and reprobation of the maxims of expediency, when represented as the only steady light of the conscience, and the absolute foundation of all morality; I shall perhaps seem guilty of an inconsistency, in declaring myself a zealous advocate for deriving the origin of all government from human *prudence*, and of deeming that to be just which experience has proved to be expedient." Now, if the assertion of Dr. Cheever be true, it follows that the mind of Coleridge was "blinded by a



Digitized by Google

system of philosophy founded solely in expediency;" by a system of philosophy which he utterly repudiated. Never was there a more strenuous advocate of the absolute,—in its proper place,—than Mr. Coleridge.

It is remarkable, that in opposing the doctrine of his adversaries, that expediency is the sole ground of human punishment, Dr. Cheever is careful to represent such writers as Hume and Godwin as its chief supporters. He seems determined not to lose the powerful influence of the *odium theologicum.* Of the fact, that Coleridge held the same doctrine, and was a zealous advocate of it, he says nothing; and he is equally silent with respect to the fact, that it has only been maintained by the great lights of jurisprudence, both in England and America. On both sides of the Atlantic it has been advocated and upheld by Christian philosophers and profound statesmen. It has received the sanction of the wisdom and experience of ages; it has been emphatically the doctrine of great thinkers; and it ill-becomes those who oppose it, to speak of the shallow philosophy of the present day. It is not to be sneered out of existence, nor suddenly demolished by snatching great principles from their appropriate spheres, and wielding them as mere cant phrases.

Our authors have shown no little solicitude, as they certainly should have done, to prove that their views of human government do not impart to it a revengeful, harsh and forbidding aspect. But a closer view of this subject will, we think, show that they are mistaken, and that their attempts in this way have been unsuccessful. Let us consider, for example, the following passage from Professor Lewis:

"If penalty, then, has reference primarily, if not solely, to the intrinsic demerit of crime; if the principle pervades all moral law, divine or human, just in proportion as it is a law—then we see the propriety of that much abused and misunderstood term, retributive or vindictive justice. It is that which the law, as the highest (although it may be imperfect) earthly representative of Divine authority, *vindicates*, claims, or challenges to itself, as its peculiar prerogative, and thus *abstracts* it from that *private* exercise, in which it would be no longer *vengeance*, but *revenge*. It is in this sense, that the Deity, as the sole fountain of all law, declares in the Old Testament Scriptures, and repeats in the New—"Vengeance is mine." How often do we find this text perverted to a sense the very opposite of that which was intended,—a sense which, if carried out, would sweep all law from the Universe, except that which was exercised by the direct, miraculous, personal act of the Deity, without the intervention, in any case, of any intermediate agents. Vengeance belongs to God, says some modern theologues, therefore, human laws should not exercise it. So also justice, which is a word nearly synonymous, is claimed as his peculiar attribute, and therefore, too, must form no ingredient in human legislation."—pp. 28, 29.

In regard to the terms *vengeance* and *revenge*, the author says, in a note, that "although these words are from the same radical, yet the difference is so striking, that it seems strange they should ever have been confounded." What has become of the learned author's etymology? He wonders, as we have seen, that any one should be so stupid as not to derive the present meaning of the terms punishment, penalty, and so forth, from their roots; and he seems inclined to think, that a departure from the meaning thus derived, is so gross an abuse of language, it ought to be made a "statutable misdemeanor." But now the wonder is all turned the other way; and although the term *revenge* comes from the same radical with *vengeance*, it is passing strange that it should be thought to have the same meaning! *We* do not wonder, however, that the learned author finds it so much easier to wonder, in the present case, than to render a reason, or to preserve his consistency; for no mortal man can defend such a cause without contradicting himself.

It seems, then, that if a private individual inflicts such punishment on another as he deserves, it will be revenge; but if society inflicts it, it will be simply vengeance. Now, we are free to confess, that this distinction is rather too fine for our optics. If we had a mind to deal in such arbitrary distinctions, we do not see why we might not just as well say, that if men in their social capacity, and law, punish criminals on account of their moral guilt, it is revenge; and that when God punishes

Digitized by Google

them therefor, it is simply vengeance. For our part, it seems to us, that whether an individual, or society, or the Supreme Being, punishes a man simply because he deserves it, and he actually does deserve it, the punishment is just; it is not vengeance in the one case and revenge in the other; and the only reason why men should not undertake to punish crime *as such*, is because they have not been authorized to wield the awful power of retributive justice; for the proper exercise of which they are, both in their social and in their individual capacity, wholly incompetent.

If any "modern theologue" has supposed, that God challenges all justice to himself, both retributive and administrative, or public justice, leaving no kind of justice to human society, then we admit that their doctrine does directly and irresistibly dissolve all human government. It is not necessary that their interpretation of Scripture should even be "carried out," in order to sweep all human law from the earth; for it carries itself out. We confess, however, that we have met with no such modern theologues; but we admit that wherever they may be found, or whoever they are, they should be rebuked. But let us see how Professor Lewis carries out their views, and demolishes them by a *reductio ad absurdum:*

"Vengeance belongs to God, say some modern theologues, therefore, human laws should not exercise it. So also justice, which is a word nearly synonymous, is claimed as his peculiar attribute; and therefore it, too, must form no ingredient in human legislation." Now, in our view, there is not the least possible degree of angry perturbation in the bosom of God; and that the words *vengeance* and *justice*, when applied to Him, are not only nearly, but perfectly synonymous. We are sure that Professor Lewis did not intentionally mean to deny this position, when his argument was coined and sent forth to the world.

Let us look at it again, for it deserves attention. This argument is in the form of a *reductio ad absurdum;* being designed to expose the folly of those who deny vengeance to human government, because God challenges it to Himself, by showing that the same argument would deny justice to human government. Now, what does this mean? Does the learned author seriously intend to maintain the thesis, that vengeance, as contradistinguished from retributive justice, belongs to human government? Surely, this cannot be his intention; he has merely committed an inadvertency.

Let us suppose, then, as in all charity we are bound to suppose, that when God says, "Vengeance is mine," Professor Lewis understands Him to challenge nothing more than simple justice to Himself. His argument will then stand thus: "*Justice* belongs to God, say some modern theologues, therefore, human laws should not exercise it. So also *justice*—." Truly, we may as well say that justice belongs to God; for in saying this, we merely say the same thing over again; and so the *reductio ad absurdum* whirls around in a circle, and returns upon itself. It ends in the proposition with which it begins—and what is that monstrous proposition? What is that frightful conclusion which should drive us from the doctrine from which it is deduced? Why, this frightful conclusion is the doctrine itself; the very thing it is intended to overthrow, namely, that retributive justice belongs to God, and therefore, "forms no ingredient in human legislation." Would he say, that he does not ascribe retributive justice to God in the last clause, but justice in a lawyer sense,—in that sense in which it sees to the enactment and execution of laws for the good of society; and therefore he does not go around in a circle? If so, we reply, that it is not true that justice, in any such sense, belongs to God alone; this is believed, neither by Professor Lewis nor by his adversaries. This is evidently one of the confused ideas in his mind, because he supposes that his argument, his *reductio ad absurdum*, leads to the overthrow of all social law; but, in this sense, justice is ascribed to God, exclusively, only by imaginary antagonists. If Professor Lewis had wound up this argument with three points of admiration instead of one, we think they would have been admirably well placed.

Thus, Professor Lewis goes round in a circle, being led captive by the ambiguity of words, and rejoicing in his

Digitized by Google

strength, demolishes a great doctrine by a *reductio ad absurdum*, which terminates in the very doctrine demolished, leaps from thought to thought with the most delightful activity and freedom of motion, knocks down his man of straw, scatters him to the four winds, claps his hands with admiration over the thing he has done, and carries all odds over the embattled ranks of the puny "modern theologies." We should not have dwelt thus minutely on a single passage, if there had not been more such in the essay from which it is taken; but as it is, we have deemed it proper to give a searching analysis of at least one passage of the kind, in order to show the importance and the necessity of greater care, of greater patience and accuracy of thought, when such momentous questions are to be discussed, or the word of God is to be interpreted.

For our part, we have never dwelt on those simple words, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," without a feeling of solemn awe. They were intended to restrain every feeling of resentment within its proper limits; and to every believing and considerate mind, they are amply sufficient for that purpose. The moral government of God is perfect; the moral guilt, the intrinsic demerit of no man will go unpunished, unless it be right that it should be so. It is sufficient for us, that he to whom all things are known, and who can weigh all things in the most exact balances of justice, will one day call all men to account for the deeds done in the body. In view of this great and solemn truth, we would not, for worlds, advocate the doctrine that man has, in any capacity, the right to punish his fellow man for the intrinsic demerit of crime, or on account of his moral guilt. We do not stop to consider your nice verbal criticisms about *vengeance* and *revenge*; it is sufficient that we see and feel the great truth, that God is the judge of the quick and the dead. It is sufficient, that we are authorized both by the law of nature and the law of God, to protect ourselves against private aggression, by self-defence if needs be, and against public wrong by penal law; we feel no desire to anticipate the great day when all must stand in trembling expectation before the throne of God. If God doth inflict retributive justice, it is right; if he doth not, it is merciful. We are perfectly willing to leave the whole moral government of the universe in his hands.

"If you see a wagoner in the streets needlessly beating his horse," says Dr. Cheever, "*you will wish to beat the wagoner.*" This may be true; but *ought* you to beat him? The question is not whether he deserves to be beaten, but *who* should beat him, and *why* he should be beaten. Dr. Cheever says, he *wishes* to beat him; but surely he would not do so. And if this "deep, spontaneous feeling, that the wagoner deserves punishment," is no reason why the doctor himself should punish him, no more is it why society should do so. In so far as the intrinsic demerit of the man is concerned, both may safely leave it to a higher and a holier tribunal.

We condemn not the spontaneous feeling, for all good must experience it; but we cannot exactly approve the *wish* to gratify it. The emotion, the spontaneous excitation of the moral sensibility, is well; it may burn to the centre of the soul, provided it do not arouse and inflame (as it is, alas! too apt to do) the malignant passions of our nature. It may do all this without just censure or condemnation; but let it never be mentioned while we are speaking of the rules of private conduct or the maxims of public justice. It is the overflowing source of all lynch-law; it has stained the penal codes of past ages with barbarities too shocking to be mentioned; and its abominable pollutions have not yet been swept from the laws of the Christian world. It is a fire to be restrained by all the powers within us and above us, and not indulged. We have witnessed its manifestations even in our own age and country; and we have shuddered with indescribable horror at the exhibitions of its terrific power. In one of the most enlightened cities of our Union have we seen learned men, and intelligent men,—aye, and godly professors too—all congregated together, and burning with the desire to gratify this feeling of vindictive wrath. We have seen them, with clenched teeth, and pale lips, and flaming eyes, seize their victim, reeking with the blood of his fellow man, and drag him to the stake,

Digitized by Google

and there burn him to ashes. Let our authors tell us now, was this fire called down from heaven? Will they derive a lesson of political wisdom from such a scene as this? from such a manifestation of *man's* indignation against crime? If not, let them take heed how they reason from the same indignation in their own hearts. If they would not reap the whirlwind, let them take heed how they sow the wind.

The judge who decided upon the merits of the burning above referred to, held it to be a case of justifiable homicide! Public opinion, said he, is the source and fountain of all human law; and the act in question was a clear expression of public opinion. Now, if men are to be punished for the intrinsic demerit of their conduct, a query might be raised, whether the judge who delivered such an opinion should not be punished capitally, as well as the negro who had been so barbarously put to death by the mob. And yet, on the principles of Dr. Cheever's philosophy, the judge might have given a sound opinion, in releasing the murderers of the black man. He might have delivered the following learned opinion:

"An outrageous murder has been committed. This is the greatest of all possible crimes. The moral sentiments of the community have been outraged; the criminal has been seized and put to death by the prisoners at the bar. These facts are clearly in evidence. There can be no doubt with respect to the principles of law applicable to them. The great end of the law is the administration of "simple justice in view of desert." [See Cheever's Defence of Capital Punishment—p. 188.] This being the end of the law, the question arises, has any injustice been done? It is an established principle, that the murderer deserves to die; [see Cheever's Defence;] and hence, in putting him to death, the prisoners at the bar have done nothing more than a simple act of justice. Now, it would be a monstrous thing to condemn them to an ignominious death for doing a simple act of justice; instead of upholding the great end of the law, it would subvert it from its very foundation.

"It may be said that they have taken the law into their own hands; and for this they should be punished. This is plausible, but superficial. It springs from low and narrow views of expediency. That the murderer deserves to be put to death, is the "law of God written on the heart." [See Cheever's Defence—p. 178.] This is the Supreme law; expediency is merely a subordinate rule, and should always give place to the simple and awful dictates of justice. In putting the murderer to death, therefore, they have acted in obedience to the law and voice of God; and merely anticipated the sentence of the law of the land.

"It has been urged, by learned counsel, that the good of society requires all mob-violence to be punished; but this principle can apply only where injustice has been done. If mobs trample under foot the great principles of justice, they ought to be punished; but not when they do justice. And besides, the punishment was deserved in this case; and when "punishment is deserved, it cannot but be useful." [See Cheever's Defence.] And even if it were not useful, who would allow the dictates of justice to be sacrificed to utility, or the glory of conscience to the low rule of expediency?

"It has been contended that the court is bound to decide this case according to the law *as it is*, without reference to its end; but this is a grave mistake. Many authorities have been produced to this effect, and we cannot deny that they are great authorities; but yet we conceive that the doctrine is obsolete. It is now settled, by a modern authority which is not to be questioned, that the court is to be guided by the end of the law. If expediency is the determining rule in the enactment of laws, then, if the court clearly sees a thing to be expedient, it must act accordingly. [See Cheever's Defence—p. 188.] Hence, if simple "justice in view of desert," is the ground and reason of the law, then courts of justice are to be governed by what they clearly see to be just. The court, in the present case, very clearly sees that the negro deserved to die, and his death was therefore just. No court of justice will ever condemn a simple act of justice. It will obey the law of God written on the heart. The world has been darkened and confounded long enough by systems of expediency. The age of pure reason has dawned. Let the prisoners be discharged."

The learned opinion we have just heard, clearly establishes the position that Dr. Cheever does not exactly understand the relation between the absolute and the expedient. The expedient should never violate the absolute. No law of man should ever contravene the dictates of conscience, should ever conflict with the law of nature or the law of God. And when human laws, founded in expediency, have been enacted, obedience to them is binding on

Digitized by Google

the conscience; they are clothed with the sanction of the divine law. There is one distinction, and a most important distinction, which both of our authors uniformly disregard; and without which, we will venture to affirm, there can be no clear and comprehensive views on the subject under consideration. They do not distinguish between crime as the pre-requisite to punishment, and the intrinsic demerit of crime as the ground and reason of punishment: between crime, as that without which the *good of society* does not require, but forbids, the infliction of suffering and crime as that which in its own nature deserves to be punished. Hence, they continually argue, as if the doctrine of expediency, as the sole foundation of human laws, betrays an indifference to crime and moral distinctions. They might as well condemn the common law itself, because, in the words of a great judge, it says to the criminal, "you are not put to death because you have stolen a horse, but in order that horses may not be stolen."

In reasoning about government, whether parental, or civil, or divine, we should be careful to notice their differences, as well as their points of resemblance. Interminable confusion has arisen from the neglect of this precaution. By passing from one kind of government to another, as if principles and ideas, which have only names in common, were really the same, and overlooking important differences, reasoners have involved the subject of government, both human and divine, in no little perplexity and darkness. Professor Lewis has grievously sinned in this way; he has spared himself much laborious thought, and shut himself out from much important light with respect to laws, by continually repeating the assertion, that the "fundamental ideas of law and justice are *every where the same*." But to explore this fruitful source of error, and trace out its results in the works of learned authors, would carry us far beyond our present limits. Indeed, it might well occupy a volume.

We shall, by the way, notice only one or two mistakes into which this source of error has betrayed philosophers, as well as those who are no philosophers. The chief end of parental government is reformation and improvement. Now, this idea has been carried up into the sphere of civil government by many reasoners, who have contended that it is the great end of penal law to reform the offender This error is usually followed and supported by another, namely, the error of erecting the rules of private conduct into maxims of public justice. They often apply these principles and precepts—those, for example, which enjoin brotherly-love and the forgiveness of injuries, in such a manner that, if carried, they would dissolve all government, and leave the weak and harmless exposed to the tender mercies and brotherly-love of the strong and evil. Dymond is full of this error; it constitutes the great blemish of his Essays. It may be styled the sophistry of benevolent feeling, of which Dymond had sufficient to blind his excellent judgment; it is frequently adopted, however, and paraded about as a great evidence of superior humanity, by persons who have but little benevolence, and still less judgment.

There is an error precisely the opposite of this. It prevailed among the Jews: many of whom converted the maxims of public law into rules for private conduct. Thus, by pleading in justification of their private conduct the public law, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," they sought to cover up, under the semblance of justice, their own unhallowed spirit of resentment. This may be defined the sophistry of a vindictive temper. It presents a striking analogy to the error of those, who would grasp the awful power of retributive justice, and drag it down from the high and holy sphere to which it belongs, into the lower region of human polity; thereby giving to earthly rulers, under the notion of a divine right, full power and authority, not only to protect society against aggression and wrong, but also to punish whatever they, in their wisdom or in their folly, in their goodness or in their malice, may view as moral guilt.

We regret that the zeal of our authors for divine truth has not been according to knowledge; because we believe it has led them to inflict a serious injury upon that truth as well as upon the cause they have undertaken to support. It is no wonder that the human mind should shrink from the

Digitized by Google

cause of capital punishment, when it is found to be dependent upon such a principle as that to which our attention has been directed. The best way to cause a truth to be rejected, is to bind it up with insufferable errors. We regret, therefore, that the cause of capital punishment has been defended on a principle, which cannot fail, in many cases, to call up the sternest powers of resistance in the human soul. The law which condemns a human being to death, should be perfectly free from the least appearance of revenge or vengeance.

The majesty of human law consists in this, that it is perfectly *passionless;* seeking, with a calm, stern, and inflexible purpose the good of all—a purpose which no resistance can shake, and which no pity can subdue. Which no pity can subdue, because it is pity itself, enlightened by the universal intelligence, and loving the whole better than any of its parts. It is an awful power; it is the severity of goodness itself. The passions of the wicked are prone to misconceive it; let not the passions of the wise misrepresent it. It is not *retributive;* it is purely *remedial.* If it could only be seen by all the world as it is in itself—as it is in its own naked and severe majesty—stripped of all the disguises of human passion and infirmity, and arrayed in the beams of a universal goodness, we are persuaded it would exercise a power and a control which it has not been accustomed to exert.

We shall now take leave of our authors. We have no doubt that they have been perfectly conscientious in their labors; but, being deeply impressed with the conviction that they had, in a philosophical point of view, committed a grave offence, by placing the right and duty of government to punish on the wrong ground, we have felt called upon to make a decided protest. In so far as that ground is false, we have endeavored to expose its fallacy, as well as the fallacy of the assumptions in support of it. We have done this in all good faith, and with all earnestness, but without impugning any man's motives; because we had rather suffer capital punishment ourselves, than to see the principle against which we have contended introduced into the penal jurisprudence of the country. But, as we have dwelt upon only one feature of the book, and that by far the most obnoxious one, so we feel bound to say, in conclusion, that the book is well worthy of a perusal. Both of our authors frequently write with great force and beauty. Though they have continued to instil some deadly poison into their philosophy, yet we rejoice to believe it contains much wholesome nutriment. Let it be read, therefore, especially by those who have first digested this our antidote to its poison, and by those who are raised above its influence. For though we believe they have committed a grievous offence, we would by no means punish them capitally, but only in so far as we have deemed it expedient, in order to promote their reformation and the public good.

---

## NO REMEDY AND REMEDY.

By D. P. Barhydt.

Evil collects in pools and stagnates, and America is offended in its nostrils by rank odors of Mormonism, Abolitionism, Unnativism, and all varieties of social and political *isms.*

Mark a scene. These Mormons—shoot, hang, no quarter! drive, drive,—over snow-fields and ice-fields, over prairies and through forests—away with them! covered or naked, warm from soft beds and bright firesides, barefooted or shodden. What though the blood, fresh, warm blood is fast lapped by absorbent snows, and freezes in thick clots on hard ice, as it spirts and falls from the lacerated and swollen limbs and feet of tender women and children!—drive them out!—away, over rivers bridged with ice, over prairies, now a snow desert, waste and

Digitized by Google

wild, drear and chill!—Away with them forth from our communities, for they are given to all evil, in thousands, in great strength given to all evil. Crimes have been committed among us; they are the evil-doers. We know it, because—they have a new religion and worship to a strange doctrine, and believe in things strange to us, that are not ours, nor our belief, and cannot be true; and all believing therein must be wicked.

Drive again!—but hold, here are sick—bring them forth, lay them tenderly on their beds here on the earth, while the warmth of their burning houses dries up the deadly night-dews standing on their clammy faces. Bring them forth, but treat them tenderly, the poor sick.

Another evil. Shall these, but yesterday, strangers to our soil, united by the strong bond of their religion—which is not our religion—shall these aliens and citizens of a day, take root, and grow and thrive and become strong, and take much power into their hands, and enjoy what we enjoy, not being of us, not native with us, nor of our creed?

Equality of freedom and rights to all! Liberality! an asylum for the oppressed of all nations—open to all, to come and taste herein of the sweets of liberty! Men, freedom-loving, freedom-worthy souls, like ourselves! No! not worthy as we, the chosen, the smiled-upon by liberty, the from birth sons of freedom. These rights-political are ours exclusively, the heritage of we, the native-born.

Away! ring the bells! burn the churches! music and bonfires! rejoicings over the destruction of the property of the worshippers by an evil politico-religious creed. A great city, an orderly city must not harbor such an evil. The laws will not cure it—down with it, fellow-citizens!—wash it out in the blood of the false-worshippers, freedom-grasping aliens—smother it in their ashes!

Again—what is this? A press! a seditious press vomiting forth volumes of *opinion*—of free-state opinion against slave-state opinion. We shall be brought to discord, disunion, destruction.

This must not be. It will not take itself off, away from us—this press, this publisher, this disseminator of evil, of ruinous doctrines. It professes to be strong in its sense of its own right—is fierce in opposition—bold in promulgation. Fool-hardy press! the laws menace it not, and we must destroy it.

He, the master spirit, the arch demon—down with him! Ah, ha! his blood cleanses our soil of the stain of his pernicious, his seditious doctrines.

In truth he was a fool, that Lovejoy; but wherefore kill a fool? The laws menaced him not. No, those laws would not trammel opinion, and do permit free discussion on all points of political and religious policy and opinion. And wise laws they are for so doing; and they were framed by wise spirits and good—such as times and times again rise up out of the depths of the eternal.

Reprobate, and let every good man, as every wise man will, set his face firmly, and let his tongue speak reasonably on all proper occasions, that so it may be disseminated among his fellow men, against all attempts by violence to put down what many, or the majority, may consider a growing evil in a community. If it be said, that thing is fast gaining strength, multitudes are joining themselves to it, soon or late it will be the strongest, and then all our present good will be swallowed up therein; our present institutions will be overturned if we do not put this thing down by force, for the laws will not yet take it in hand.

Do not so. You have laws for your protection, made sufficient by the good sense and judgment of men, men preceding you, and men contemporaneous. When these fanatics of religious belief, or these monomaniacs of political or social regeneration shall have overstepped the limits of the laws, let justice be dealt out unto them, and punishment wrought upon their delinquent heads.

But again it is said, they will get the ascendancy and will remodel the law, and if they choose they may exceed the law and defy all law; they will pull down all, and then we will be in chaos, or in a state of subjection to evil governance.

Know ye first that ye are right, and these are wrong? Yes, what they

Digitized by Google

would subvert are based upon fixed principles which cannot be questioned as facts. Well then, fear not. Let them on, in God's name let them on. Let all others on, and let all discuss and each bruit its own. Let all the elements war and clash, and rage and storm. Out of the depths of all this commotion, and out of this chaos will arise good. Truth will be developed; for is not justice eternal, and is it not lying there under all, and will it not rise and put forth its strength when these elements shall have frothed and worked? Leave the bung out of the new wine cask, it after becomes clear, fine.

Sense, common sense, good sense, is it not alive in mankind, and will it not vindicate the right and conquer what you dread? It will be the agent with which justice, yes justice, eternal and powerful, will work. Then all settles upon justice, all rests upon the eternal truth, and what we only want is faith, yes, faith in the eternal existence, the ever ready to act presence of justice.

But must we then sit idle, and consider all as but opinion whilst the evil progresses?

Yes; sit idle, idle with your hands, idle from cutting each others throats, and consider opinion, and discuss opinion, and wield the weapon of sense, common sense; but at the bottom of all have faith, *faith*. Faith in justice, faith in its acting, faith in *truth*.

One thing it is for Frenchmen, for Englishmen to achieve their rights. Ours is another thing. Justice the eternal, the strong, the ever good, has for us already achieved the first step, *le premier pas, ce qui conte*. Already are our institutions formed on the basis of sense. Right. This has already the dominion,—this right, this good, and this people are its subjects. What though the evil here and there in filth stagnates and is fœted, and in rank odors diseases? The clouds gather, the drenching comes on in pure clear water, clear as truth—Good is cleanly washing away evil, wrong, mistakes, prejudice.

We will not do so good a thing, so pure; our muddy nature yields no clear spring of truth, goodness—we are not man-loving.

No, not as God loves, but more man-loving than those Frenchmen, those Englishmen. We have gained the first step. Justice has dominion, and if we have faith we shall be man-loving and God-loving more and more.

Faith in what? Faith in good over evil, in right over wrong. In the eternal life and unslumbering power of justice. These souls, replete with the sense which wrought this first step of ours,—they falter not, they will never succumb to the dominion of wrong, and they die not, but live on in bright souls of those who inherit their wisdom. There are many of these bright souls among us, and having done so much can do more.

And this is not strictly the first step of all, for many steps had been worked out, some silently, some noisily, from time and through time long gone and now in oblivion. This is rather the first round visible to dimmed vision of unconquering despairers in the ladder of works, whose base rests far, far back, all enveloped in the mists of eternity, on the outstretched hand of the naked Adam just awaking to conscious life in a paradisean bower.

Looking back upon all this to which we here have already attained, or which has been achieved for us in this step and its concomitants, this well-spring from which flow forth in thousand little clear streams so many advantages, all so many goods, so many triumphant fighters of evil—can we look upon all these and not feel sure of more to come? Here in their works is evidence abundant of what strong and good spirits have lived to do great things for other men, and what like spirits do live and will live on to do more of the like. Justice can use them yet again and again for eternal purposes, for justice has dominion.

Digitized by Google

# GLUCK IN PARIS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

On a beautiful evening in the autumn of the year 1779, two young officers might have been seen standing in the *Rue St. Honoré*, engaged in animated conversation. In the midst of this, one of them started back; and the next instant their swords flew from their sheaths, and crossed each other, flashing in the light of a lantern.

"*Mort de ma vie!*" was the exclamation of a third person, and his weapon struck the swords of the combatants to the pavement. "A duel in the streets—and without any seconds! Put up your swords, gentlemen, till to-morrow; then I will be your second. My name is St. Val, captain of the regiment of Hussars."

"St. Val!" repeated both the young men; and St. Val, recognizing them, cried laughing, "How—Arnault! Montespan! Orestes and Pylades fighting! By Jupiter—that is a wonder. What could you be quarreling about?

"Oh," replied young Arnault, "My friend and I were only arranging a little difference concerning our opinion of the two composers of the opera *Iphigenia at Tauris*. My friend votes for the chevalier Gluck; I for the admirable Piccini." So saying, the two young men were about again to commence the combat.

"Away with your swords!" exclaimed St. Val, interfering again between them, and adding, "Is that the only reason for your duel?"

"Does it seem too little to you?" asked M. de Montespan.

"Not at all," returned the peacemaker. "I know that at present the inhabitants of Paris are divided into *Gluckists* and *Piccinists!* But, M. de Arnault, if you will quarrel with the Gluckists, begin with your own uncle, and your idol Jean Jacques! Follow my advice, gentlemen, put up your swords and come with me to the *Palais Royal*, to the *Café du Feu*, where you can cool your blood with orange ices. It is the first time I ever tried to prevent a duel, but this time it is no folly to do so."

The ardour for fighting had abated in the breasts of the young men while the captain spoke. They shook hands, put up their swords, and followed St. Val.

—

The brilliantly illuminated saloons of the *Café du Feu* were at that time the place of meeting for the fashionable *beaux esprits* of Paris. Every evening they met there, and besides, a number of young gentlemen of the higher classes, with many friends and protectors of the arts, and artists who came to Paris to admire and be admired. Our friends therefore found a very numerous assemblage, including nearly all the celebrities of which Paris could boast. The company was disposed around several tables in the rooms; everywhere there was vehement talking, arguing and disputing; the confusion was great, and the watchword ever "*Gluck*" and "*Piccini.*" Although our friends were used to the noisy conversation of the Parisian Café Saloons, they now anxiously sought a quiet place. One of the waiters was stopped and questioned, and soon the three young men were seated in a comfortable side room.

Only three persons occupied this room with them. One, an elderly man, was seated opposite the entrance, at a small table, in the shadow of a pillar. His features were in shadow; he reclined comfortably in an arm-chair, beating time with the fingers of his right hand on the table; his head leaning back, his eyes lifted towards the ceiling, without taking, as it appeared, any notice of what was going on. Near to the opposite door, at the table by which our friends were placed, were the two other gentlemen. The younger one seemed about twenty, a handsome sprightly looking Frenchman, not tall but elegantly shaped; his dark blue eyes, shaded by black brows, threw free and careless glances around him; his profile was marked and fine; his mouth and chin might have been models for the sculptor; his complexion was

Digitized by Google

of that beautiful brown so much admired among the *Provençals;* his voice was agreeable, his motions easy and lively; his dress not rich, but perfectly neat. The most singular contrast to this fascinating stranger was offered by the figure of his neighbor. He looked not older than thirty, and was very much like the description which Diderot gave of Rameau's nephew, except that he was not as tall and slender. In all his movements there was something sinister, and his features expressed discontent and malignity. His head was covered with a wig of a faded brown color. His pronunciation of French was bad, and showed that he was a Saxon.

"Excuse me, sir," said the young gentleman in a courteous and gentle tone, "Excuse me, for troubling you with so many questions; but you are a German, and it must be of importance to you that we French should appreciate your noble countryman,—him, who shows us new roads to the temple of fame, to immortality in the heavenly art! You are yourself a musician—a composer—you feel what we owe to that glorious master. Speak—tell me what you know of him. Think you he would condescend to give friendly advice to a youth whose whole soul longs for improvement?"

The other passed his hand a moment over his face, squinted from one side at the enthusiastic speaker, distorted his mouth to a lamentable smile, and answered maliciously, "You want me to tell you something of M. Gluck?—indeed, I will do so with pleasure; although I cannot comprehend how a nation of such elegant and refined taste as the French, can see any thing superior in that man."

"How, sir? you speak of the author of Armide, of Iphigenia, of Orpheus?"

"Of the same. To say truth, we think not much of him in Germany, as we know that he understands nothing of true art,—I mean by that, the higher knowledge of it. The learned M. Forkel at Gottingen, and several other scientific men, have proved it."

The handsome youth looked a moment in surprise at the speaker, and replied in a modest tone, "I myself know not enough of the rules of art, to judge if this severe reproach which the countrymen of the Chevalier Gluck cast upon him, be well founded.—"But," he continued, with increasing animation, "I am convinced that Gluck has a noble and powerful mind. All I have heard of his works elevates my feelings. No common or vulgar thought could take possession of me while I listen to his music; and if I feel sometimes cast down and subdued by the troubles of life, all sorrow disappears in the sublime pleasure with which his creations fill my soul."

"And believe you, Sir German," said the young Arnault, "believe you that the celebrated Piccini would condescend to compete with one whom he thought unworthy his rivalry?"

The German seemed embarrassed by this question, and answered in short, broken sentences—"Oh no! how could I dare believe such a thing! I respect M. Gluck very highly, although I cannot boast of his kindness to me. But that is not saying he has such high superiority. Oh, we have other men, as the learned M. Forkel has shown—and certainly M. Gluck in a style of sacred music—"

"But, *ma foi!*" interrupted the handsome youth, earnestly; "we are not talking of sacred music, but of a grand opera style. Do your German critics pretend that Gluck's Armida should sing a convent hymn, or that his wild Taurier may be introduced in sacred choirs?"

"Nay," returned the cross-eyed Saxon, "as the learned Forkel has proved, Gluck understands nothing about singing."

"Nothing about singing!" exclaimed all present, except the gentleman in the corner.

"Exactly," continued the squinter; "Chevalier Gluck understands nothing about singing. He is not able to lead a melody in the prescribed rules. His singing is nothing but an exaggerated declamation."

The young man sprang from his seat; his face flushed with indignation. "Sir!" he cried, "you are not worthy to be a German, if you *think* as you speak, about your great countryman. That Gluck is a great artist, every one knows in Paris; the dispute only is, which is superior, he or Piccini. We all know, also, that Gluck, if he departs from ordinary rules, gives the true expression of human feeling and

Digitized by Google

passion; and that is the only true aim for the composer of an opera. The church—the concert, is quite a different thing; if Gluck is able to reach this—if he wishes it—neither you, nor I, nor the public, can tell. But this I know, that all disputes would cease, could we understand Gluck's object, which he follows with all the strength and energy that always accompany true genius."

"What is your name, young man?" suddenly asked a clear, musical voice. All looked around; the man who had been sitting in the corner was standing between them, the light of the lamps shining full on his face.

"M. Gluck!" was the general exclamation.

"The same," said Gluck, smiling; and repeated his question to the young man, who bowed, trembling with joy, to the great master, and answered:

"My name is Etienne Mehul, and I am a musician."

"That I perceive," replied Gluck. "Come to see me; here is my address." After handing it to him, he turned round to the squinter, who grew pale and red by turns, not daring to raise his eyes. Gluck enjoyed his embarrassment for a few minutes, and then said, contemptuously:

"My dear M. Hegrin, I am truly glad to meet you so unexpectedly in Paris—to repeat to you, that you are a pitiful miscreant. So, sir, I understand nothing of singing and music; and yet you followed me in Vienna, took lessons from me, had your works corrected by me, and accepted without any reluctance what I offered you out of my pocket, and what I induced my friends to give you. To be sure, your vanity was mortified when I said, candidly, 'You can compass only the dead form, but not the soul of music; you want to force what is not to be forced, not for the love of art but for the sake of gain; and would do better as an honest tailor or shoemaker, than a bad musician.' This you could not forgive; and you betrayed me for thirty pieces of silver, to your Caiphas in Gottingen! I forgive you, man; I pity you; go in peace, and try to reform, if you can. God bless you, gentlemen!" Saying this, Gluck left the room, bowing once more to young Mehul.

—

In the apartments of the young and beautiful Queen Marie Antoinette, a lively scene was passing. The Count d'Artois, the favorite of the Parisian ladies, had just returned from his sporting-palace in the country, and came with his brother, the Count de Provence, to present his respects to his charming sister-in-law.

The queen received the sprightly youth very graciously. The count inquired, playfully, "What is the news of Paris? how many balls had you during my absence? how many court-intrigues have been commenced and finished? who played the *accoucheur* to the Count de Provence, at the birth of any new piece of wit? what is the latest spectacle? and what are the Parisians quarrelling about?"

"Many questions at once," replied Marie Antoinette; "but I answer only the last—because it is an interesting subject to us all. The newest spectacle is the rivalry between Gluck and Piccini. Both have composed a work on the same subject; and their respective merits are to be decided in the representation."

"I am for Gluck!" exclaimed Count d'Artois. "He is a great man, this countryman of yours, madam! He hunted with me, and made five capital shots, one after the other. The Italian does not know how to manage a gun."

"With all that," said the Count de Provence, "I prefer the music of the Italian to that of the German, by which one can neither dance nor sing, as Noverre remarked the other day, very justly."

"Oh, Noverre has been *obliged* to dance," interrupted the queen; and related, in the most lively manner, how the Chevalier Noverre came one morning early to the Chevalier Gluck, and declared to him that his music was good for nothing, and that no opera-dancer would be able to dance to his Dance of the Scythians; and how Gluck took hold of the little man, and danced and jumped with him through the whole house, singing all the time the Dance of the Scythians. At last he asked—'Well, sir, do you now think it possible to dance to my music?' And Noverre answered, groaning and exhausted: 'Oh yes, sir; the corps de ballet *shall* dance to it!'"

All laughed, and were of opinion that

Digitized by Google

such a man was just the right one to manage the gentlemen and ladies of the opera, who were getting every day more presumptuous and arrogant.

A page announced Chevalier Gluck, who came to give the music lesson to her majesty. "We were speaking of you," said the Princess Elizabeth to the great artist, as he made his appearance,—"The queen praised you as a good dancing-master."

"And my brother praised you as a good sportsman," said the Count de Provence.

"Oh, let him alone," said the queen, "and do not put him out of humor with your talking; he is like enough, without that, to lose his patience with me."

"Because thou playest, as queen, not half as well as in former times, as arch-duchess," replied Gluck, very gravely, in German.

"Nay, Christophl," said the queen, in the same language, "thy ears shall have a treat to day. Silence, gentlemen and ladies," added she, in French; and went to the piano to open it. But with all the turning of the key she could not succeed, and called, at last, impatiently to Gluck to help her.—Gluck tried his best in vain; the piano remained fast.

"This is provoking," said the queen. And Gluck exclaimed, "What fool made that lock?"

"Hush, chevalier," whispered the Count de Provence, "the lock was made by the king. It is one of a new fashion."

"The deuce take the new fashion," was Gluck's muttered reply.

Artois had left the room, and returned accompanied by the king himself.

Louis XVI. in a short jacket, his head covered with a cap of leather, heated, with soiled face and hands, a bunch of keys and pick-locks hanging to his belt, looked indeed more like an honest blacksmith than a king of France. He made himself busy at the piano, tried the lock with the serious air of a connoisseur, with one key after the other, till at last he found the right one. The lock yielded, and with the triumph of a victor who has gained a battle, he said to the queen, "See, it is open! Now, madam, you can play."

But the hour fixed for the lesson was gone by. The queen felt no longer disposed to play; and Gluck was waiting for permission to withdraw, when the Princess Elizabeth asked him to play something from Iphigenia. The old master, who admired the lovely sister of the king as devotedly as if he had been less than sixty-five years of age, seated himself at the instrument, and played the scene of Orestes' madness.

All listened with attention—Louis XVI. particularly; and when the piece was finished, he approached Gluck, and said, with downcast eyes, "Excellent—chevalier, excellent—I am moved, rejoiced—and I will have your opera represented with care—with splendor—exactly as you wish. I hope the result will be to your advantage."

The Chevalier Noverre, intendant of the royal theatres, and Signor Piccini, were just then announced and admitted. Noverre seemed surprised to see Gluck, and somewhat embarrassed at his presence, but his vanity suffered him not long to appear so. Piccini was polite and easy in his manner, and greeted his rival with dignity and kindness, to which Gluck responded.

"What news, gentlemen?" asked the queen. Noverre said, solemnly, "Your majesty condescended to permit Signor Piccini to play the newest parts of his opera of Iphigenia—"

"Certainly," interrupted the queen; and then turning to Piccini she said graciously, "What choice have you made, signor?"

Piccini bowed, and answered, "The Chevalier Noverre wishes that your majesty may allow me to play the Dance of the Scythians, number one."

Count d' Artois burst into a loud laugh. The other high personages, except the king, who appeared embarassed, could hardly refrain from joining in his mirth.

"I will hear it with pleasure," said the queen.

Piccini took his seat at the piano, and commenced his Dance of the Scythians. The Count de Provence and Noverre beat time by movements of their heads, and the others thought Piccini's dancing music more agreeable than Gluck's.

But Artois whispered to the king, "The dance by itself was excellent, but better suited for the dancing saloons and the masquerade, than for the Greeks at Tauris."

Digitized by Google

Louis remained silent. Gluck listened attentively and gravely, and his features expressed keen appreciation of what was good in his rival's music. Only now and then a light smile played around his mouth at Piccini's pretty flourishes; while Noverre's feet were moving, as by instinct, to try the *pas de danse.*

When Piccini had done playing, every one spoke in his praise; and Noverre began to explain how such music alone could inspire the graceful dance, and give a soul even to *pas* and *entrechats.*

"It is well," interrupted the king, "I am of your opinion, that M. Piccini's music is excellent, but I hope that you will also do justice to that of the Chevalier Gluck."

"Sire," lisped Noverre, "we, Chevalier Gluck and I, understand each other." A deep sigh followed these words, which intimated that something was wanting between them; but the king noticed it not, and the artists received permission to retire.

At the gate of the Tuilleries Gluck and Piccini politely took leave of each other, and Gluck said archly to Noverre, "Forget not, chevalier, what the king recommended to you. Concerning your complaints to his majesty about the little dancing exercise which I forced on you the other day, I will let you know there is no reason to be ashamed of it. Although I am not a great dancing master, I am, as well as yourself, chevalier of the order of *Saint Esprit*, in which character I commend myself to your mercy." Saying this, he stepped into his carriage; Piccini smiled—Noverre looked peevishly after him.

—

The rehearses and preparations for the double representation of Iphigenia were nearly finished, and the day fixed when Gluck's masterpiece should be submitted to the judgment of the public. To him, as the oldest, it was permitted to have his opera represented first. He was sitting on the morning before the representation in his room, and just about going to the last rehearsal when his servant announced young Mehul.

"Come in, young friend," exclaimed Gluck, cheerfully, going to the door to meet him. "I am glad you have come. I expected you before."

"I did not dare to disturb you," replied Mehul, "but to day—"

"Well, and what to-day?"

"Anxiety brings me here."

"Anxiety! and for what?"

"To-morrow your new opera will be represented. You have many enemies. If, now, the result should not be such as your creation deserves—"

"Well, we cannot help it," said Gluck, smiling.

"And you are able to say that so calmly?"

"Why not? Do you intend to devote yourself to composition for the stage?"

"I wish with all my heart to do so—and should be very unhappy if I fail."

"Prove it, young man. Go fresh to the work. Waste not time in deliberation. Begin what suits you with ardent impulse, and complete it with care. Then you will soon discover what you can do, now and in future; and, if I judge you rightly, I think you cannot fail. But it is hard to remain steadfast, and men and the world make it harder to the artist. Many have failed of whom better things were to be expected."

"You are victor."

"As you will. Nothing is perfect in this world; and although I have been neither a fool nor a knave, I am not without faults. Every man must taste the fruit of knowledge before he can appreciate the better part. To the majority it is given by the heavenly Father, but few know it till they have wasted, or are in danger of losing it. Happy he who apprehends it in time and holds it fast! What will you say, when I tell you that a perception of the highest, the only good, came late, very *late*, to me. I feel strange when I look back on early days. Music was all to me when a boy in my fatherland, the beautiful Bohemia. I listened to its enchanting voice. I heard it as the voice of God in all that surrounded me. In the dark pine-wood, the romantic valley, on the high rocks, in the roaring stream—it sounded in my heart like a sweet and wondrous prophecy. In after years—in youth—it became distinct; love commanded, and there was light! Oh, beautiful and happy time! I imagined nothing so high and divine that man could not

Digitized by Google

attain to it! But the man learned what the boy dreamed not of. The royal eagle soars towards the sun—but never can he reach it! Then come doubts, false pride, love of gain, envy, wounded vanity, often *cares*—those hateful gnomes of earth, that draw you back when you would rise like the eagle. Thus it is with the boy, the youth, the man, the old man. From the last, folly keeps aloof; he discerns what is right; but with folly, youth and strength depart; and all that is left to him is enthusiasm, vain longing, and—a grave."

"Oh no, no!" exclaimed Mehul, deeply moved, "to thee is left much more."

"You think so?" said Gluck, and added, after a pause, "It may be, perhaps, something better. When I freed myself from all that is base or impure, there came to me a clear and beautiful dream of the glorious Grecian age. But, believe me, though the vision remained with me, the work of shaping it in the external world is my last! Is it not sad that a whole life could not be spent in such a task alone! But I am resigned; and I shall bear it, whether those Parisian bawlers adjudge me for my work honor and riches—or hiss me away in condemnation."

The hour for the rehearsal struck. Gluck ended the conversation, and went, accompanied by his young friend, to the *salon* of the academy.

At the same hour, Nicolo Piccini was walking his room dispirited, and ever and anon reading over, dissatisfied, the manuscript of his opera, which was lying open on the desk. Several times it seemed as if a new thought inspired him, and he was about to add something; but then the pen dropped from his hand, he shook his head discouraged, and began again to pace the room.

There was a knock at the door; Piccini noticed it not. It was repeated a second and a third time.

Piccini heard nothing. The door opened, and Elias Hegrin came in. Piccini started up, and when he saw him, asked, somewhat impatiently—

"What do you want? Why are you here?"

Elias replied, with his peculiar fretful smile, "The Chevalier Noverre sends me—He said Signor Piccini wished to see me."

Piccini preserved for some moments a gloomy silence, as if struggling with himself. Then he said, sighing, "It is true; I desired to see you."

"And how can I serve my honored patron?"

"By speaking truth!" replied Piccini, looking sternly at him.

"Confess, Hegrin, that you spoke falsely, when you told me that Gluck was stirring up all his friends and acquaintances to make me enemies."

Hegrin changed color, but soon recovered from his embarrassment, and answered: "I spoke the truth."

"You lie, Elias! you lie! and did so, when you told me you had seen my rival's work, and that it was a very indifferent affair."

"I did not lie, Signor Piccini; and I can only repeat my judgment respecting the opera of Chevalier Gluck."

"Well! then your opinion about art is utterly worthless. I have heard five rehearsals; I am obliged to declare, and I *will* declare to the whole world, that Gluck's Iphigenia is the greatest of all operas I have known; and that its composer is by far my superior."

Elias was thunder-struck.

"I thought I had done something great in my opera," said Piccini, speaking to himself; "and truly my will was pure, and my work has some merit; but, oh heaven! how empty, how dead, how mean, it appears to me, compared with Gluck's gigantic creation! Yes—*creation!* mine is only a *work!*—A human work, and will soon be forgotten—while Gluck's Iphigenia will exist as long as there exists feeling for the beautiful, the elevated, the noble."

"But, Signor Piccini—" stammered Elias.

"Silence!" interrupted Piccini, indignantly. "Why did you strive to degrade his character and his works to the dust, to yourself? Do you not feel the pitiful baseness of your conduct? I never trusted you entirely, notwithstanding Noverre's recommendation, for I know too well that Noverre hates him because he would not flatter his vanity; but I thought you not as mean as I find you."

"There; look at those letters—Gluck's own handwriting—written to Arnault, Rollet, Maurepas, in which he criticises my opera in detail—endeavors to make prominent the best parts,

Digitized by Google

and entreats them to listen to it impartially, as to his own, and thus decide between us. Through my patron, the Count de Provence, I received those letters from the persons to whom they were written. It was to convince me of the injustice of my suspicions. What shame do I feel now! I have degraded myself by association with you. I have been deceived; but you?—tell me, man, what could induce you to act so treacherous, so dishonorable a part towards your benefactor?"

Elias was more and more perplexed. In a humble and lachrymose tone, he replied—"Ah, dear patron, you mistake me. Yes, I confess; I spoke falsely; I have acted unworthily, basely. But, for all that, I am not what you take me for—If you knew all! I am a miserable man, and deserve your pity rather than your anger. When a child, my parents and relations assured me I had an extraordinary talent for music; that I should be a great composer. In this expectation I devoted myself eagerly to the art, although it was hard for me. My first work was admired as something extraordinary, in the town where I lived; this gave me more confidence in my powers; and I thought in a great city I could gain directly, fame and wealth. I went to Vienna; but obtained neither one nor the other."

"But then Gluck assisted you; gave you lessons and corrected your compositions?"

"He did so—but he told me at the same time that I had no genius, and would never be a composer."

"And said he not the truth? Can you hate him for that, and slander him for his candor, and because he advised you to confine yourself to the lower sphere of art, or to be rather an honest shoemaker or tailor?"

"Yes, I hate him," muttered Elias; "and will ever hate him. He has embittered my whole life, and I will be revenged."

"Out of my sight, then, villain!" exclaimed Piccini, with disgust; "the god of a true man is honor, but your idols are egotism, vanity, envy and malice. Away!"

And muttering with rage, Elias left Piccini's house.

—

Piccini's opera received much applause, but that of his rival's obtained a complete victory. Never was such enthusiasm witnessed in Paris. Followed by the bravoes of the crowd, Gluck left the opera-house after the third representation, and drove to his quiet home. He had invited only his favorite Mehul to celebrate with him the brilliant result.

As they entered the room where the supper-table was already awaiting them, they started at the sight of a man in a dark cloak, standing at the window and looking at the bright stars. Hearing the footsteps, he turned round.

"Piccini!" exclaimed Gluck.

"I hope not unwelcome?" said Piccini, smiling.

"By my soul, most welcome!" replied Gluck, grasping his hand; "so noble an adversary is an honor to me."

"Say no more of adversaries," said Piccini, gravely. "Our rivalship is ended; I acknowledge you for my master, and will call you my friend with joy and pride. Let the Gluckists and Piccinists quarrel and dispute as they will, Gluck and Piccini understand each other."

"And love each other!" exclaimed Gluck, in ecstacy; "Piccini! by the soul of Art! so it shall be!"

M. H.

Digitized by Google

# TRAVELS IN NORTH AMERICA.*

We took up Mr. Lyell's book, expecting to be both instructed and amused, and in neither expectation have we been disappointed. Indeed, the well-known and well-earned reputation of Mr. Lyell, as the very head of the geological *savans* of the world, not only entitles him to the careful attention of the scientific world whenever he makes his appearance, but guarantee, even to the general reader, reflections and considerations which the comprehensiveness of his observations, and correctness of his deductions, must render interesting.

Mr. Lyell, accompanied by his wife, who was the companion of all his wanderings, left England in July, 1841, and returned in August, 1842. Nearly all of the entire interim was spent in travelling over the United States, sixteen of which he visited, travelling in all, in the United States, probably not much less than 4,000 miles. His opportunities for judging of the character of the people whom he saw, were in the highest degree favorable, since his scientific investigations led him away from the main travelled roads, and into close proximity with every class—the humblest as well as the highest—of American citizens.

Mr. Lyell came among us, we suspect, a high English tory; his mind was tainted with his national prejudices against our institutions, but yet he looked on us and ours in a spirit of candor, which does him credit; and through his report of which, we shall take pleasure in conducting those of our readers who may not be fortunate enough to meet with his book.

The reader will smile at the very first impressions which his mind received on landing at Boston.

"Recollecting the contrast of everything French, when I first crossed the Straits of Dover, I am astonished, after having traversed the wide ocean, at the resemblance of everything I see and hear to things familiar at home. It has often happened to me in our own island, without travelling into those parts of Wales, Scotland, or Ireland, where they talk a perfectly distinct language, to encounter provincial dialects which it is difficult to comprehend, that I wonder at finding the people here so very English. If the metropolis of New England be a type of a large part of the United States, the industry of Sam Slick, and other writers, in collecting together so many diverting Americanisms, and so much original slang, is truly great, or their inventive powers still greater."

To let the American reader understand what we are sure no American can fail to be inquisitive about, we will particularize some of those striking differences of climate, soil, productions, &c., which distinguish even New-England from Great Britain. Mr. Lyell has taken pains to point them out. Even the weeds of our fields possess a distinctiveness of character which surprised the observing Englishman. The entire absence of the *heath*, a plant which has even given its name to those wild portions of England which it has monopolized, and of the *daisy*, (the "*day's-eye*" of Spenser,) and not, dear reader, the vile pest to our meadows which we call by the same name, and the presence of those other wild flowers, such as the *lobelia cardinalis*, the wild rose, and the *golden rod*, which here supply their places, afforded a charm to our traveller, which some day we hope to be able to appreciate in the beholding of English meadows. Our elm—the drooping elm of our cities—our maple, our sumach, our oaks, our grasshoppers, our humming-birds, our fire-flies, and our so-called robin, our maize, and our squirrels, afford the same species of wonderment and pleasure to the English observer even of ordinary nature, as would the *agavu*, and *cacti*, and pine-apples, and parrots of Cuba to a son of New-York. Mr. Lyell represents himself as being ac-

* Travels in North America. By Charles Lyell, Esq., F. R. S. Third Edition. New-York: Wiley & Putnam.



Digitized by Google

tually surprised, well-informed naturalist as he is, at the clearness of the atmosphere, and brightness of the sky, and dryness of the climate of the New World, so very different is it from that which he had left. In the same connection, we cannot help noticing one flagrant mistake of which Mr. L. is guilty. Sometime in September, by the date of his journal, he mentions the sugar maple, *Acer Americana*, and says:

"The sap, from which sugar is made, was everywhere trickling down into wooden troughs from gashes made in the bark."

Now, Mr. Lyell never saw any such thing in September at all, since at that season of the year the sap does not run, and if it did, it possesses no saccharine properties.

Soon after Mr. L. landed in America he made a hurried tour through New-York, a note or two of which is all we can spare room to notice.

He had, for the first time, entered an American stage-coach, somewhere in Tioga county, and after being rather uncomfortably jolted, complained, upon his arrival at his destination, that his driver seemed to have taken pains to drive fastest over the worst parts of the road, when he was cheered with the intelligence that his driver had been, until that trip, guiltless of any previous attempts to drive, Mr. L. says, "any vehicle, whether two or four-wheeled." He thereupon takes occasion to remark as follows:

"The coolness and confidence with which every one here is ready to try his hand at any craft, is truly amusing."

And he enforces his remark with an anecdote of another driver, who represented to our traveller, in answer to some inquiry, that he, although not twenty years of age, had been *editor* of the "Tioga Democrat," from which he had retired, after having purchased from the profits of his office a farm, which he pointed out.

Now, in the first place, these two stories speak for themselves, and carry the certain conviction to the reader that, in both instances, Mr. Lyell was "*humbugged*" by rogues, who took advantage of his credulity; but, in the second place, we are willing and proud to admit the general truth, which forms the moral to his stories, and which we have just quoted. But, Mr. Lyell, let us assure you that, however much this "confidence and coolness" may amuse you or your countrymen, therein lies the secret of that success which has characterized American efforts in every branch of business, to which American "confidence and coolness" have been directed. American farmers turned law-makers, American carpenters turned shipwrights, American printers turned philosophers, are all familiar illustrations of the principle in question. Speaking of our nomenclature of places, we find a remark, which we beg leave to quote. After ridiculing the truly ridiculous array of classicality of which Western New-York boasts, he goes on to say, concerning the multiplication of the same names:

"An Englishman, it is true, cannot complain, for we follow the same system in our colonies; and it is high time that the postmaster-general brought in a bill for prohibiting new streets in London from receiving names already appropriated, and repeated *fifty* times in the same city, to the infinite confusion of the inhabitants and their letter-carriers."

But time would fail us to follow Mr. Lyell through several other remarks of interest. His summing up of the matter is as follows:

"Whatever of good-breeding exists here in the middle classes, is certainly not of foreign importation; and John Bull in particular, when out of humor with the manners of the Americans, is often unconsciously beholding his own image in the mirror, or comparing one class of society in the United States with another at home, which ought, from superior affluence and leisure, to exhibit a higher standard of refinement and intelligence.

"We have now seen the two largest cities, many towns and villages, besides some of the back settlements of New-York and the New-England states, an exemplification, I am told, of five millions of souls; we have met with no beggars, witnessed no signs of want, but everywhere the most unequivocal proofs of prosperity and rapid progress in agriculture, commerce, and great public works. As these states are some of them entirely free from debt, and the rest have punctually paid

Digitized by Google

the interest of government-loans, it would be unjust to apply to them the disparaging comment, 'that it is easy to go ahead with borrowed money.' In spite of the constant influx of uneducated and pennyless adventurers from Europe, I believe it would be impossible to find five millions in any other region of the globe, whose average moral, social, and intellectual condition stands so high."

One evidence he points out of the same truth, in the difficulty of obtaining young American men and women in domestic service, although by no means degrading, and highly paid.

"Had Spain colonized this region, how different would have been her career of civilization! Had the Puritan fathers landed on the banks of Plata, how many hundreds of steamers would, ere this, have been plying the Parana and Uruguay—how many railway-trains flying over the Pampas—how many large schools and universities flourishing in Paraguay!" —pp. 59, 60, vol. i.

Mr. Lyell had been invited to lecture in Boston, even before he left England; and, in accordance with his engagement, he returns to Boston in the fall of 1841, and delivers a course of lectures on Geology to a class of from 3,000 to 4,500, in the Lowell Institution.

The occasion affords Mr. L. an opportunity of discussing the system of public lecturing in general, and of comparing the system as it exists here, with its condition in England. Let us examine his opinions and the facts set forth. Says he, page 87, vol. 1:

"If the selection of teachers be in good hands, institutions of this kind cannot fail to exert a powerful influence in improving the taste and intellectual condition of the people, especially where college is quitted at an early age for the business of active life, and where there is always danger in a commercial community, that the desire of money-making should be carried to excess. It is, moreover, peculiarly desirable in a democratic state, where the public mind is apt to be exclusively absorbed in politics, and in a country where the free competition of sects has a tendency to produce, not indifferentism, as some at home may be disposed to think, but too much excitement in religious matters.

"The rich, who have had a liberal education—who know how to select the best books, and can afford to purchase them, and if they please may obtain the assistance of private tutors—may doubt the utility of public lectures on the fine arts, history, and the physical sciences."

But, goes on our author to reason, the experience of the whole body of the clergy of every sect, and in every country, and in popular governments of the leading politicians, proves, that,

"If the leading patrons and cultivators of literature and physical science neglect this ready and efficacious means of interesting the multitude in their pursuits, they are wanting to themselves, and have no right to complain of the apathy or indifference of the public."

We are willing to let this argument speak for itself. The history of this Lowell Institution is briefly this: In 1833, Mr. James Lowell, a citizen of Boston, left America for a European and Asiatic tour. In 1835 he had reached Egypt, where, amid the ruins of Thebes, he drew up his last will, leaving for the foundation of the institution referred to, about $300,000.

One of the provisions of the bequest deserves particular notice. Mr. Lowell provided that not one cent of his munificent donation should be applied to the purchase of brick and mortar; accordingly his executors at once hired a suitable room, and entered upon the execution of the will.

How differently have other fortunes, devoted by their dying possessors for the benefit of their race, suffered! Somewhere near fifteen years have elapsed since a Philadelphia merchant, by his last will and testament, created the most munificent endowment for a college, that was to bear his name, that, with but few exceptions, the world ever beheld. He even expressly provided that but an unimportant portion of the gift should be expended in buildings. Three or four unfinished, and illy-adapted marble temples have been erected, the legacy nearly, if not quite expended, while Girard College appears farther from real and useful existence, than at any time since the death of its founder. It may not be the fault of Philadelphians; we are afraid it is the fault of human nature;

Digitized by Google

but whosoever the fault may be, the sorrowful and shameful fact stands unaffected.

But sins like this, we are sorry to say, are by no means confined to this side of the water. Half a million of dollars have already been expended upon the purchase of grounds and erection of the exterior of University College, London; and one-third of this vast sum was spent upon the portico and dome, portions of the work purely ornamental, while the rooms under the dome have remained for fifteen years not fitted up, and wholly useless. When the professor of chemistry inquired for the chimney to his laboratory, he was told there was none; and one had to be carried up which encroached upon a handsome stair-case, and thus destroyed the harmony of the artist's design. Still greater was the dismay of Sir Charles Bell, upon discovering the anatomical room fitted up like a Greek theatre, adapted to the recitation of plays. The builders were informed that an anatomical theatre ought, in construction and form, to resemble a well, so that every student could look down and see distinctly the subject under demonstration. The room was accordingly altered at considerable cost.

The liberal sums contributed for the erection of another college, King's College, of London, were more flagrantly squandered, and that, too, like Girard, long before the academical body came into existence.

These remarks cannot be confined to the high quarters to which they have been applied. Those of our readers accustomed to travel through the state of New-York, need not to be told, that in almost every village of the interior, huge, cold, and ungainly, but expensive buildings have been created for the accommodation of academies, now, in a majority of cases, extinct; while, if the money appropriated to their erection, had been placed by its trustees in a situation to have yielded an income, and more moderate buildings erected, it is not too much to say, that the present literature fund of the state would have been a less *indispensable* assistance to the very existence of three-fourths of the academies, than it now is. We could write a chapter on a subject to which our limits can afford but a paragraph.

Not exactly in connection with this subject, Mr. Lyell discusses the comparative merits of the American and English university systems, through which, although he does not draw any particular conclusion with regard to their comparative excellences, we will endeavor to follow him. We are aware that scarcely any subject connected with English institutions, is less perfectly understood by the American public than this same one, and hence we approach it the more willingly, from the hope that what we say may, at least, possess the charm of novelty.

We are inclined to believe that education, in its widest and highest sense, is about as well attended to in the eastern and middle states as in any part of Great Britain. We do not, of course, allude here to that elementary education taught in our common schools, and so universally diffused among our people—here at least, England cannot offer a parallel. Nor do we mean to be understood as saying, that England and Scotland cannot afford some better specimens of scholarship than our wealth, and our society, and our political institutions have as yet been able to produce. We know that the remark will startle many of our readers, who have been accustomed to look upon those old and time-honored institutions, which so many of the Newtons and Porsons and Addisons of England have honored with years of their toil. But we repeat our assertion, that we believe that a larger number of well-educated young men are sent forth into the world from our own Yales and Harvards and Unions, than in the same period are graduated at Oxford and Cambridge. That we have not come to our conclusions unadvisedly we shall be at some pains to show. Our readers are too well acquainted with the American collegiate system, to require any particular description of it from us. Our young men are received into them after a preparatory academic course, and are then during the four years appropriated to each class, instructed in those branches of classical, mathematical, and scientific education which are best designed to lay the broad foundation for future learning, or best adapted to secure that discipline of mind, and that enlarged and comprehensive view of human learning, which always distin-

Digitized by Google

guishes the true scholar from the mere pedagogue. The English system differs from this in a good many essential particulars.

There is less difference in the age at which American and English youth enter college and leave it than is commonly supposed. Mr. Lyell represents the average age of graduation in the English universities at twenty-two, and an investigation would show that the average age of graduation in this country would hardly vary from the same mark.

As with us, English youths enter the university after a preparatory course, spend a much less fraction of four years within its walls than is customary here, and at the end of the probation receive their degrees. But here the analogy stops. In the first place, Oxford University consists of nineteen distinct colleges and five halls, while Cambridge is made up of sixteen colleges and halls, the residents in each varying in number from 10 to 140, and the whole business of educating these separate sections of youth is restricted to the tutors of the respective colleges; consequently,

"Two or three individuals, and occasionally a single instructor, may be called upon to give lectures in all the departments of human knowledge embraced in the academical course of four years. If the college be small there is only occupation and salary sufficient to support one tutor; any attempt, therefore, to subdivide the different branches of learning and science among distinct teachers is abandoned. There is no opportunity for one man to concentrate the powers of his mind on a single department of learning, to endeavor to enlarge its bounds, and carefully to form and direct the opinions of his pupil. In a few of the larger colleges, indeed, some rude approach to such partition is made, so far as to sever the mathematical from the classical studies; but even then, the tutors in each division are often called upon, in the public examinations, to play their part in both departments. Thus, a single instructor gives lectures, or examines (hears recitations we suppose) in the writings of the Greek and Roman historians, philosophers, and poets, together with logic, the elements of mathematics, and theology. * * * * * *

"In the next place I may state, that the choice of teachers to whom so arduous and ambitious a task is allotted, is by no means left open to free competition, like professorships in most ancient and modern universities, but on the contrary, is confined within very narrow bounds. The college tutors are selected from graduates who are on the foundation of their respective colleges, and who may have obtained their appointment originally, some, because they happened to be founders, kin, or were educated at a particular school; others, because they were born in a particular town, county, or diocese; a few only being selected from merit, or as having distinguished themselves in examinations open to all candidates. This latter class has, however, it is true, increased of late years. Most of these teachers forfeit their fellowships, and most probably with it their office of tutor, if they should marry, or, if after a certain number of years they do not embrace the clerical profession. They also look to preferment in the Church, from their position in the college, so that they have every inducement to regard the business of teaching as a temporary calling, subordinate, and subsidiary to another of a different, and to them, more advantageous and important kind."

Mr. Lyell goes into a pretty full account of the manner in which the entire constitution of these universities has been, since a short time anterior to the reformation, changed; but our limits will not allow us to follow him. It is sufficient for our purpose to say, that formerly great crowds of students were attracted by the fame of the *public teachers* of these universities, numbering at Oxford, sometimes, we are told by ancient chroniclers, whom we may refuse to credit, as many as ten, twenty, and even thirty thousand. Halls or inns were provided for the accommodation of these students, and tutors were appointed to each of these halls, to overlook the morals and manners of their inmates, and to see that they regularly attended the lectures of the public professors. Circumstances finally ruined the poorer of these halls, and transferred the power of the universities into the hands of the few which remained and grew fat on the ruin of the others. At length the universities became so organized, that no measure of improvement could pass until sanctioned by the tutors to whom allusion has been made. Students were therefore no longer required to attend public lectures regularly; and they frequently allowed some of the professors to desist from lecturing altogether, which many of them, from indolence,

Digitized by Google

and from finding their audience fall off, were disposed to do, especially as their instructions were given gratis. Thus in process of time, the influence and power, and official duties of the public professors, were annihilated, and absorbed by tutors to whom originally no scholastic duties had appertained, and such is their condition now.

The public professors do yet indeed exist; but when we say,

"That chemistry and botany attracted, between the years 1840 and 1844, at Oxford University, from three to seven students; geometry, astronomy, and experimental philosophy scarcely more; mineralogy and geology still taught by the same professor, who, fifteen years before, had attracted crowded audiences, from ten to twelve; political economy still fewer; even ancient history and poetry scarcely command an audience; and, strange to say, in a country with whose destinies those of India are so closely bound up, the first of Asiatic scholars gave lectures to one or two pupils, and these might have been absent, had not the cherished hope of a Boden scholarship for Sanscrit induced them to attend."

But when we say all this is true of Oxford, and that at Cambridge

"The professors of chemistry and anatomy, who had formerly considerable classes, have only mustered six or seven pupils; and that the chairs of modern history and of the application of machinery to the arts, are in like manner deserted—"

We are compelled to look the fact in the face, that Oxford, with the weight of a thousand years resting upon her, with her Bodleian and her 400,000 books; that Oxford, whose Isis Addison sung—that Cambridge, whose name the possession of a Newton has rendered immortal—that two universities, which have given a longer list of truly great men to the world than any other hundred that ever existed, have dwindled down into a couple of paltry sectarian schools, each useful, to any great degree, only, as helping to maintain a great and overgrown hierarchy.

The practical working of the system as it now exists, may be briefly summed up as follows: The universities are neither of them allowed to give degrees to, and but one of them to receive students from, any class not belonging to the established Church; and degrees are only conferred upon such of those as are able to pass a thorough and critical examination upon a confined and narrow list of classical and elementary mathematical studies. The progressive sciences being omitted in the list selected for the trial of strength, are virtually blotted out from the college course; for the honors being no empty bubbles, but direct paths to emolument and distinction in the university and Church,—to degrees, and often to fellowships, livings, prebendal stalls, and bishoprics—no student can afford to neglect the substance for what false enactments have in effect made the shadow.

The rector of Lincoln College called it a "system of cramming and partial teaching, after which the student would go out into the world with a narrow mind and darker understanding." Indeed, the system has itself effected a change within itself.

"As the business of education had previously passed from the public readers and professors to the college tutors, so the latter are now in no small degree superseded by the private tutors or 'crammers.' There are graduates chosen by the young men themselves, at an expense of $250 to $300 per year, to read with them both in term-time and vacation, and prepare them for examination. An Oxford tutor informed me, that in the years 1840 and 1841, no less than 250, or one-fifth of the resident students, procured this kind of assistance; the aggregate sum paid by them amounting to more than £10,000 ($50,000) per year! These young teachers watch the examinations, are acquainted with the style of the questions, whether *viva voce* or on paper, and often with the peculiar views of the examiner. It is their business to prevent their pupil from wasting his strength on topics not likely to be adverted to, and often to enable him to get by rote answers to certain interrogatories."

One more fact with regard to the practical working of the system, and we have done.

"Nevertheless," says Mr. L., "the majority of the body of public examiners is often under the age of thirty, and some of them only twenty-five years old! They go out of office in succession—consisting of college tutors—after serving two years. On this fluctuating body of young men, responsible to no one for their decisions,

Digitized by Google

whether in passing students for degrees or in awarding honors,—a body having the power of modifying at their caprice the whole style and tenor of the public examinations,—the direction of academical education in this great country has practically devolved!"

We have been thus particular in tracing out the leading characteristics of the English university system as compared with our own, both to make good the premise with which we set out, and to set in its true light a matter which has been but imperfectly and partially understood by the public. We might say more to the same purpose, but time and space forbid.

We next follow Mr. Lyell to the south, where he passed the winter of 1841. His evidence upon the subject of slavery is as follows. We let it pass without note or comment.

"The owner of the property—[a certain piece of ground]—lent me his servant as a guide, and I found him provided with a passport, without which no slave can go out after dusk. The exact streets through which he was to pass in his way to me were prescribed, and had he strayed from this route he might have been committed to the guard-house. These and other precautionary measures, equally irksome to the slaves and their masters, are said to have become necessary after an insurrection brought on by abolitionist missionaries, who are spoken of here in precisely the same tone as incendiaries, or beasts of prey, whom it would be meritorious to shoot or hang. * * * * Many proprietors live with their wives and children quite isolated in the midst of the slaves, so that the danger of any popular movement is truly appalling.

"The negroes, as far as I have yet seen them, whether in domestic service or on the farms, appear very cheerful and free from care; better fed than a large part of the laboring classes of Europe, and though meanly dressed, and often in patched garments, were never scantily clothed for the climate. We asked a woman in Georgia whether she was the slave of a family of our acquaintance. She replied, merrily, 'Yes, I belong to them, and they belong to me.' She was in fact born and brought up on the estate.

"On another occasion, we were proceeding in a well-appointed carriage with a planter, when we came unexpectedly to a dead halt. Inquiring the cause, the black coachman said he had dropped one of his white gloves on the road, and must drive back and find it. He could not recollect within a mile where he had last seen it;—we remonstrated, but in vain. As time passed, the master in despair took off his own gloves, and saying he had a second pair, gave them to him. When our charioteer had deliberately put them on, we started again."—pp. 134-5.

"After the accounts I had read of the sufferings of slaves, I was agreeably surprised to find them in general so remarkably cheerful and light-hearted. It is true, I saw no gangs working under overseers on sugar plantations; but out of two millions and a half of slaves in the United States, the larger portion are engaged in such farming occupations and domestic service as I witnessed in Georgia and South Carolina. I was often for days together with negroes who served me as guides, and found them as talkative and chatty as children, usually boasting of their master's wealth and their own peculiar merits. * * * * * *

"I am aware that we may reflect and philosophise on this peculiar and amusing form of vanity, until we perceive in it the evidence of extreme social degradation; but the first impression it made on my mind was very consolatory, as I found it impossible to feel a painful degree of commiseration for persons so exceedingly well satisfied with themselves.

"On the same farm I talked with several slaves who had been set to fell timber by task work, and had finished by the middle of the day. They never appeared to be overworked; and the rapidity with which they increase beyond the whites in the United States, shows that they are not in a state of discomfort, oppression and misery. The effect of the institution upon the progress of the whites is most injurious; and, after travelling in the northern states, and admiring their rapid advance, is most depressing to the spirits. There appears to be no place in society for poor whites. If they are rich their slaves multiply, and from motives of kindly feeling towards retainers, and often from false pride, they are very unwilling to sell them, hence they often become involved in their circumstances, and finally bankrupt. The prudence, temper, and decision of character required to manage a plantation successfully are very great. It is notorious that the hardest task-masters to the slave are those who come from northern free states.

"I often asked myself, when in the midst of a large plantation, what steps I would take if I had inherited such a property from British ancestors. I thought first, of immediately emancipating all the slaves; but I was reminded that the law humanely provides, in that case, that I should still support them, so that I might ruin myself and family; and it would still

Digitized by Google

be a question whether those whom I had released from bondage would be happier, or would be prepared for freedom. I then proposed to begin with education, as a preliminary step. Here I was met with the objection that, since the abolition movement, and the fanatical exertions of missionaries, severe statutes had been enacted, making it penal to teach slaves to read and write.

"The more I reflected on the condition of the slave, and endeavored to think on a practicable plan for hastening the period of their liberation, the more difficult the subject appeared to me, and the more I felt astonished at the confidence displayed by so many anti-slavery speakers and writers, on both sides of the Atlantic. The course pursued by these agitators shows that, next to the positively wicked, the class who are usually called 'well-meaning persons,' are the most mischievous in society."—pp. 147, 8, 9, vol. i.

We make one more quotation from the evidence of this enlightened and liberal witness, and then conclude our extracts upon this subject. After speaking of the charges of cruelty laid at the doors of the slave-holders, and of the necessity which the ease of escape forces upon the owner of slaves to be not over severe with his servants, he says:

"It has made me desire to see a fair statement of the comparative statistics of crimes and punishments in slave states and free countries. If we could fairly estimate the misery of all offenders in the prisons, penitentiaries, and penal settlements of some large European province, and then deduct the same from the sufferings of the slaves in a large southern state of the Union, the excess alone ought, in fairness, to be laid at the charge of the slave-owners. While pointing out the evil unreservedly, we should do the owner the justice to remember, that the system of things which we deprecate, has been inherited by him from his British ancestors; and that it is rarely possible or safe to bring about a great social reform in a few years."—p. 151, vol. i.

Mr. Lyell's observations about churches, and preaching, and the voluntary system, are as follows: The preaching in most of the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Unitarian churches which he entered in the United States, he thought good, and he admired the handsome style of building, and fitting up of pews, and says of the voluntary system—

"There seemed to me to be two great advantages, at least, in the voluntary principle: first, that the ministers are in no danger of going to sleep; and secondly, that they concern themselves much less with politics than with us. To be without a body of dissenters, dissatisfied with their exclusion from ecclesiastical endowments, is a national blessing, which not only every statesman, but every churchman will admit."

He tells us, however, that he is by no means sure that there may not be a balance of evil sufficient to outweigh all this, though he does not take the trouble to point out any of these evils. That they cannot be pointed out is a principle which the experience of seventeen millions of people, who constitute about the only portion of the world who ever gave the matter a fair trial, would bear an ample and unanimous witness.

Our author adverts to the universal prejudice against color existing in the United States, and certifies from his own experience, that the prejudice is not a natural one; but still he admits that he has no doubt that a few years' residence in America would tinge his own mind with the same repugnance. But whether the antipathy be a natural or an acquired one it most certainly exists, and doubtless always will; and analogies to it are not differently found. In Lower Canada are two races, the conquered and the conquerors, still preserving a strong, and apparently not decreasing prejudice against each other. The Irish and their conquerors illustrate the same principle. Suppose the *villeins* of Europe had, like our slaves, some indelible mark of bondage, is it probable that the mutual feeling of inequality of which even English writers admit the existence, would have been softened down to its present state?

One idea which he advances upon this subject is particularly interesting in this state at the present time; it is this: That where colored men are admitted to the elective franchise only upon a property qualification, the tendency must be to increase the respect for that portion of them who secure the privilege, both from their own and from the dominant race. It is at least a question which we have a right to discuss, whether or not the throwing

Digitized by Google

open of the ballot-box to the whole mass of negroes would not rather disgrace the *thing* than elevate the *race*.

Two other important and interesting subjects, ably discussed by our author, are, Repudiation and Universal Suffrage. These topics have been so ably and so often discussed in this journal that we pass them by.

One just observation we find, on p. 193. v. i., and we quote it, not so much for its novelty, or because not already well understood, but to show that the traveller, whose observations we are discussing, is capable of seeing and thinking more than some of his countrymen who have run through our country. The remark in the author's own words is this:

"The territorial extent and political independence of the different states of the Union, remind the traveller rather of the distinct nations of Europe, than of the different counties of a single kingdom like England; but the population has spread so fast from certain centres, especially from New-England, and the facilities of communication by railway and steamboat are so great, and are always improving so rapidly, that the twenty-six republics of 1842, having a population of seventeen millions, are more united, and belong more thoroughly to one nation, than did the thirteen states of 1776, when their numbers were only three millions. In spite of the continued decline of federal authority, and the occasional conflict of commercial interests between the north and south, and the violent passions excited by the anti-slavery movement, the old colonial prejudices have been softening down from year to year; the English language, laws, and literature, have pervaded more and more the Dutch, German, and French settlements; and the danger of the dismemberment of the confederacy appears, to all reflecting politicians, less imminent now than formerly."

We have followed Mr. Lyell through his first volume. His second is mainly occupied with his Canadian tour, and principally filled with geological records. They are occasionally relieved, to the reader, by such incidents as calling at cottages, where neither English, French, nor German could make any impression; and such amusing notices as of the chagrin which good loyal Canadians feel upon "going home," as they call going to England, upon arriving there, and then being complimented upon the excellence of their English—they being Americans—or rated about the sins of repudiation, until they are compelled to explain to their admiring countrymen, one after another, that Nova Scotia, or Canada East, is a British province, and not one of the American states. "All this, too, after having prayed loyally every Sunday for Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales—after having been ready to go to war about the Canadian borderers, the New-York sympathizers, the detention of McLeod, and any other feud!"

We have purposely omitted all notice of the very interesting researches of our distinguished observer, in his own peculiar department of learning, because we intend, at no distant day, to take up the subject of the geology of New-York, as developed by her own surveyors, and illustrated by foreign investigations.

---

## WEST POINT.

By H. T. Tuckerman.

Wild umbrage far around me clings
  To breezy knoll and hushed ravine,
And o'er each rocky headland flings
  Its mantle of refreshing green.

The echoes that so boldly rung
  When cannon flashed from steep to steep,
And Freedom's airy challenge flung—
  In each romantic valley sleep.

Digitized by Google

His counsels here our Chieftain breathed,
  Here roved his mild, undaunted eye,
Where yon lone fort with thickets wreathed
  Held captive Britain's gallant spy.

Fit home to rear a nation's youth
  By self-control to nerve the will,
Through knowledge gain expansive truth,
  And with high aims life's circle fill.

How grateful is the sudden change
  From arid pavements to the grass,
From narrow streets that thousands range,
  To meadows where June's zephyrs pass!

Beneath the cliffs the river steals
  In darksome eddies to the shore,
But midway every sail reveals
  Reflected on its crystal floor.

In tranquil mood the cattle walk
  Along the verdant marge to feed,
While poised upon the mullein stalk
  The chirping red-bird picks the seed.

Low murmurs in the foliage bred,
  The clear horizon's azure line,
Fresh turf elastic to the tread,
  And leafy canopies are mine.

White fleecy clouds move slowly by,
  How cool their shadows fall to-day!
A moment on the hills they lie,
  And then like spirits glide away.

Amid the herbage, yesternight,
  His web the cunning spider threw,
And now, as sparkling diamonds bright,
  It glistens with the pendant dew.

Gay butterflies dart on and sink
  O'er the sweet blossoms of the pea,
And from the clover's globe of pink
  Contented hums the downy bee.

In all this varied beauty glows
  Deep meaning for the thoughtful heart,
As it were fain to teach repose,
  And lofty confidence impart.

How vivid to my fancy now
  Uprise the forms that life redeem!
The ardent eye—the open brow,
  And tender smile beside me seem.

For Nature's presence gathers back
  The deeds that grace, the loves that cheer,
And as her holy steps we track,
  Hope's rainbow breaks through sorrow's tear.

Digitized by Google

# THE WRITINGS OF CHARLES LAMB.

## AN ESSAY.

By J. W. Shelton.

Antagonism is the strange charm which endears Lamb's writings. Not that he carried this to perverseness or violence, yet beyond the bounds of mere originality. He was unlike: but more than this he repelled. Hence he is a contradiction, for his humanity is a proverb. The tenderness of a boy's heart went with him to the tomb. In his opposition he never wrote a line which merited a malignant return. He was an enemy to be loved; a fault-finder whose poutings were agreeable; in short, an enigma which needs to be unravelled. It is hard to analyze. We know if we are charmed; if the landscape pleases us; if the picture has prevailed with our untutored fancy; if the beauty we gaze on has inspired us with her love; but it is altogether by a something, we know not what. Blessed be our kindly natures, we are pleased first, and inquire the reasons afterwards. Let us see if we can reconcile Lamb with himself; if we can interpret the religion of his nature by those writings wherein his heart is embalmed. The circle of his admirers has ever been rather choice than large. It is certain that he selected few friends, chosen for individuality, strong antagonizers. Such as they were, they were not easily found, or soon parted with. (Death alone broke up the little company. He set out with Coleridge. Torn away, in course of time, from this good man, he lost the half of his soul. He had disabilities without and within which forbad to throw himself into the bold, arduous struggle of life. The very intercourse of men would have been the rude, sweeping demolition of much that was fine in his character. He was not in contact with the general world—was opposed to their systems,—courted not the favor of their "good people." They made no concessions to him, why should he to them? He passed with one faction for a free-thinker, with another for a bigot; but most did not understand him.

It was the same with his friends, the books. Few and rare were his "midnight darlings," his folios. Milton or Shakspeare he loved. They had grand names, but those which sounded sweetest to him, and carried a perfume in the mention, were "Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley." The art of reviewing, so verbose and so nugatory, had as little to do in governing his preconceived affection, as with the final destiny of the books. It mattered not from what royal presses they came, *cum privi legio*. They had their own *Imprimatur*, (those which charmed him most) a something unseen or disregarded by the common eye. What he says on book-borrowers, discloses his taste. "That slight vacuum in the left-hand case, scarcely distinguishable but by the quick eye of a loser, was whilom the commodious resting-place of *Brown* on *Urn Burial*. Here stood the *Anatomy of Melancholy* in sober state. There loitered the *Complete Angler*, quiet as life, by some stream-side. In yonder nook, *John Buncle*, a widower volume, with 'eyes closed,' mourns his ravished mate." The current literature which pleased the million quite well, passed him by almost unheeded. The volumes of the greatest novelist of the age were to him wearisome in the extreme. Let them sway others with a dictator's mastery—he was not so constituted. He would rather have been found with that party of simple folks who are said to have read Sir Charles Grandison, by slow stages, with a "realizing sense," (as a boy Crusoe) following him through with overwrought anxiety, and at the conclusion of the history had the village bells rung for joy. The delicacies which he affected would be quite imperceptible to a rough palate. They were called from some ultimate realm, where they grew up from among the dust of forgetfulness, and after he had served them up in a style incomparably gracious, they were to the liking only of

Digitized by Google

the most judicious epicure. He was, moreover, repugnant to the spirit of the present age. It was bitter, cold, and stony-hearted,—rushed on in the breathless race, and cast back no parting looks. To him the whole past was as a well-stored churchyard, where he rambled reverentially with the dead, and deprecated violence with the pathetic words of Shakspeare over his sepulchre. The past, indeed, was a part of his present, brought near to him by many chords, and laid hold of by his fine sympathy. While others would bury that which had been, without any tearfulness, he could not see the time-honored relic pass away and be consoled with any hope of better; he drew near to the grave of departed custom and wept—*quàm familiariter!*

In his conversation he opposed even his beloved friends, so curiously that it might seem merriment. It was in accord with his character. Those who were allied to him could penetrate his meaning: why he should rejoin to the obvious, why parry that which resembled a truism? why set up a beautiful true standard to cast it down by a single breath of sarcasm? As to the opinions of most men, the mere actors on the theatre of common life, he did not agree with them. He closed his ears with the desperation of the "enraged musician." He did not modulate his temper to any of their "soft recorders;" their best agreements sounded harsh and wrangling; chorus, strophe, and antistrophe were alike displeasing; and the full, consentient voices of men, on many subjects, struck his peculiar nerves like the first preparement of an orchestra. He understood them no better than he did the music of the day, the operatic flourishes, the long prolusions of our best masters, to which rebellion amounted to rank treason; his guilt was equal to stratagem and spoils. Yes, he was positively averse to professed music; and this antipathy was remarkable for one whose tastes were so delicate—who so loved to "gild refined gold, to paint the lily, to adorn the rose." He made "MELODY in his heart." As to his writings, which are a true transcript of his nature, they consist almost entirely of a parcel of ingenious paradoxes, the idea of which might provoke a smile with some, meet with the contempt of others, if not with the stubborn, sturdy rejection of most. Some consider him as thrusting merely in a graceful sword exercise with shadows of his own conjuring, with fancies which have no substance, and in which himself reposes no implicit faith. His assertions or negatives persuade those who think they understand him, that he is not in earnest, that after all he feels like other men, and has a mere tact at writing. His essays might bear them out in such a supposition. What do we find there but queer assimilations, balanced with the strongest antipathies. His idiosyncracy meets you at every step. It is not enough for him to fly off with a swift attraction to the weakest side of weak argument; he puts his negative against the whole world, by jocularly upsetting maxims which claim a prescriptive right to be held true. In one whole essay he is found combatting what he calls "popular fallacies." These are truths which, no doubt, have been sometimes thrust forward with unbecoming positiveness. They are, for the most part, *argumenta ad homines*, to shut the mouths of people suddenly; and he turns round with gentle fierceness on the "pains-taking preachers." He denies that a "bully is always a coward." Some people's share of spirits is low and defective. These love to be told that huffing is no part of valor. But confront one of these silent heroes with the swaggerer of real life, and his confidence in the theory quickly vanishes. "A man must not laugh at his own jest." What!—expect a gentleman to give a treat without partaking of it! To sit esurient at his own table, and his company so weak as to be stirred by an image or fancy, that shall stir *him* not at all! "Enough is as good as a feast." Who believes it? It is a vile, cold,-scrag-of-mutton sophism. A lie palmed on the palate which knows better things. If nothing else could be said for a feast, this is sufficient, that from the superflux there is something left for the next day. "We should rise with the lark." It is not well to be ambitious of being the sun's courtiers, to attend at his morning levees. The good hours of the dawn are too sacred to waste them upon such observances, which have in them something Pagan and Persic. It is the very time to linger a-bed and digest our dreams; to recombine the wandering images, which night, in a confused mass, presented;

Digitized by Google

to snatch them from forgetfulness; to shape and mould them. Some people have no good of their dreams. Like fast-feeders, they gulp them too grossly to taste them curiously. We live to chew the cud of a "far-gone vision." Such is the humorous example of the real contradiction of his tastes. So were his true feelings opposed to the vulgar. So would he run counter to self-complacent philosophers, who felt impregnable in the safety of their strong-holds. There is, indeed, an amusing element of selfishness in the application of most of their wise laws; a want of natural love beneath a face of supernatural wisdom. Let us go on with this antagonism; follow it through all the titles of Elia's Essays, which do not prevail with matter-of-fact-men—which rather repulse them on the threshold, and do not afterward court their esteem. The praise of chimney-sweepers! A complaint of the decay of beggars in the metropolis! what inverted ideas! Arguments turned upside down! contrary conclusions enough to make a cold man shut up the *recherché* essay-like Greek. What, says he, "on All-Fools-Day?" "I love a *fool!*—as naturally as if I were of kith and kin to him. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding; the more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth you that he will not betray or overreach you. He who hath not a drachm of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition. Reader, if you wrest my words beyond their fair construction, it is you, and not I, that are the *April fool.*" What says he on whist, agreeing precisely with the opinions of Mrs. Battle: "Cards were cards! She would not have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business; *she unbent her mind afterward over a book.*" He deprecates "grace before meat," in a manner which might be considered "positively shocking." On this point we must say, that a proper scrutiny of his words would not place the writer of this at sword's points with him. It is the *want of grace* which he is aiming at; it is the *absence* of thankfulness. It is the inappropriateness which halts on the very verge of a raging appetite, and abolishes a religious cook, to plunge profanely into the midst of dishes. He would have the general interfusion of a religious gratitude not so distinctly marked by the professed occasion. He would have a thank-offering for books—for friends—for music—for delight experienced through art. These nourish the more imperious necessities of the soul, and enliven in a better way. And we must say, though we adhere religiously to "grace before meat," and would return a glad thanksgiving for *that too*, that the inconsistency lies with most of the company who sit down to the table, not with Charles Lamb. For religion should be like the general *light* of Heaven, which is not so much known by its proper name or quality. Variegated scenery, green trees and grasses show it forth rather in its *effects*. The rose makes no allusion to it, yet we know what imparted to it the ineffable lustre of its cheek; and the most gorgeous plant on the globe cannot proclaim it, for the same principle has distinguished the simplest flower of the vale.

With respect to the manner, as well as matter of Elia's Essays, we must also view it in the light of opposition. His biographer has said, that never were works written in a higher defiance to the conventional pomp of style. They are, indeed, symbols of the contrariety of the man. The one who approached nearest to him, with whom he always lived on terms of affection, he has made mention of under the name of Bridget. And this person never doubted him except on one occasion, when he spoke in a *kinder tone than usual.* Regarding his character throughout, we are prepared to assert, that there is a vein of affection running through him, the dearest, the tenderest which ever coursed, like pure gold, beneath the surface of humanity; in the light of which his inconsistencies appear constant—his difference is agreement—his repugnance the largest sympathy which the human heart is capable of—his non-accordance is love.

"Oh! he was good, if e'er a good man lived."

The truth is, he wanted sympathy for others, only as they were destitute of the kindly feelings which actuated his own heart. He required not only that they should be men, but *human*, and to the largest quality he clung most. What wonder that he excluded the mass from his peculiar interviews! For how many breathe, at

best, but a vegetable life; and how many regard the mere animal with its lusts, and of the rest how few rise above a species of indifferentism. He followed a representative system. If he elected few, they represented *all;* for they possessed the most of humane quality. He then discarded what was adventitious, and loved them not in spite of faults, but (pardonable frailty!) the very faults themselves. Upon this broad principle he included every species of skeptic and philosopher. He has a deal of that angel's charity which flew to heaven's chancery with an oath. A lover, like himself, is a contradiction. He is exclusive, even to a suspicion of contempt for all mankind. But, does he hate anything for the time being which is good. He *must* love human perfection, for he thinks that he sees in one the embodiment of all its charms, and he looks at all things in a shining light. His dislike is a mere negative; his repugnance is only for the bad. This apparent narrowness made the very religion of Lamb appear to others like the want of it, and the finite seemed to be regarded above the infinite. But if he clung where his affections first took root, with a parasitic fondness; if, by a peculiarity of his nature, he shrunk from the idea of the infinite, as one prefers his own snug chamber to the outside, wintry-moor, it may be referred to the principle already stated. It was the fault of his fondness, not his fondness for a fault. Was it the want of a living faith which caused him to look as he did upon death? He did not fear death: *he loved his friends.* But admit that he did. The best may entertain such dread, albeit this world express it otherwise. The great and good Johnson would not have the theme named. We know that his capacious mind, in regard to external habits, was restricted to a narrow compass. He loved the streets of the city better than the high hills. We know with what awfulness he awaited his latter end. How he kept shrinking back, as if he held the samphire-gatherer's place on the cliff. Thinking, instantly to be gone, he would say with wondrous expectancy, that he was here still. At last he exclaimed, in the pomp of Latin, "*I am moriturus sum.*" It was with a like feeling that the dying Hoffman spoke of "this sweet habitude of being." Well has the poet Virgil called it, in the *Æneiad*, *Dulcis Vita.* Pathetically has Horace alluded to it in his Ode to Postumas. "Pleasing, anxious being!" as Gray calls it. Oh! the cup of life, with all its bitter, bitter ingredients, to him who has looked on a few revolutions of the glorious sun, is beyond all price; and though it be stirred up sometime from its deepest dregs, when we come to part with it, it has a flashing surface, and is crowned with flowers at the brim. For this, the starveling, the poor coward, who has responded never to one joyful throb, (like him who fell a victim to Rob Roy MacGregor's wife) implores, though it must be passed in the lowest dungeons of the hills. But for the gentle, the intellectual, the heart of hearts, mortal life subserves already for a sweet communion of souls! There is, indeed, a worldliness which is the death of the soul. It turns away its face from heaven. Rooted in earth, it strikes in again with its returning branches. Elia loved the world, but not with a worldly love. If he seemed to make the less triumph, it was not in fact to substitute the carnal for the spiritual: it was the spiritualization of the carnal. We *must* love these clay-temples. Like the ivy, we rise above them only by clinging to them. The objects of a just affection, though they abide on earth, are high and towering; they are not collateral, or in a wrong direction, but rather in the path-way to Heaven. There are always tendrils above the other verdure, without a hold on earth, which cannot choose but clasp higher. Elia's affection for the old is resolved into the one peculiarity of his nature, which made the past near and dear to him. He could say with Horace, *non sum en iis qui miror antiquos*, that is, in any vain sense, merely because they were ancient, for some charm which he understood not, (as many a wise-faced virtuoso will cram his house with his grandmother's arm-chairs, though they had long been with his grandmother's picture, in the lumber of the garret) but he admired them for humanity's sake, with a distinct love. He could not bear that anything which had been, of a good heart, should be forgotten, or coldly remembered, or put aside, for other. Who shared with him on these times of reno-

Digitized by Google

vation, when the old serpent of sin is perpetually coming out with a sleek skin, but with his old nature? Who of this generation possessed a title of his true veneration? "He passed by the walls of Balclutha, and they were desolate." If any one, in this day of abstinence and negative works, has never yet perused his "Old Benchers of the Inner Temple," there is gratification in store for them, allowing them to possess the right spirit. Having first quoted Spencer, where he speaks of the spot in which the Templar Knights were wont to tarry,

"Till they decayed through pride."

He reviews the present aspect of the place—not without tears, with a swift glance at the changing metropolis. "Where is the simple, altar-like structure, and silent heart-language of the old dial! It stood as the garden-god of Christian gardens. If its business be superseded by more elaborate inventions, its moral uses, its beauty, might have pleaded for its continuance. It spoke of moderate labors, of pleasures not protracted after sun-set, of temperance and good hours. It was the primitive clock, the horologe of the first world. It was the measure appropriate for sweet plants and flowers to spring by, for birds to apportion their silver warblings by, for flocks to pasture, and be led to fold by. The shepherd 'carved it out quaintly in the sun,' and turning philosopher by the very occupation, provided it with mottoes more touching than tomb-stones. The artificial fountains of the metropolis are in like manner fast vanishing. Most of them are dried up, or bricked over. The fashion, they tell me, is gone by, and these things are esteemed childish. *Why not, then, gratify children by letting them stand?* Lawyers, I suppose, were children once. They are awakening images to them, at least. Why must everything smack of man and mannish? Is the world all grown up? Is childhood dead? Or is there not in the bosoms of the wisest and best some of the child's heart left, to respond to its earliest enchantments?" We cannot quote these humane sentiments and not pause to admire them. We envy not the man's heart who can resist such unpretending eloquence. Indeed, what boots the philosopher's great stores, if he has unlearned the simplicity which he had when a child? His progress is inverse; his learning can but end in ignorance. If it is to demean or narrow one's self to come down to things childish, then the course and spirit of true learning is arrested, which is to grow young by growing old. The old English writers whom Elia affected, whether in prose or poem, had this undisguised simplicity and freshness, and this formed the season of his attachment, which was rather just than fanciful. Centuries resemble individuals in their progressive character. There is an age of childhood when language is heartfelt, and a later period, of artfulness and deceit; and a case may exist where one must go back for sympathy beyond the age in which he lives. Charles Lamb's feelings are, moreover, throughout with that party which needs succor, and which is most liable to be forgotten. As he was interested with the poor child looking wistfully, its cheek pressed against the cold pane, into the pastryshop, rather than the sumptuous-fed, and the scholar who longed for the rare volumes in the book-stall, which he was unable to procure, rather than with the great literary lion, so he turned from the present age, which was valiant to trumpet its own praise, to the merit of old days which was in danger of perishing; and even there his associations were not always with the greatest, but with the tenderest; not with the bold excellence which was most discernible, but with the elusive beauty which is almost doomed to die unseen. From the grand, bold chaunt of Milton, he would descend to pick out some quaint charm in Cowley; and from the ample enclosures of Shakspeare, hasten to the unknown garden of the modest. The *viri fortes ante Agamemnona* pleased him, as already hinted at, because he was obliged to draw no distinction between the writer and the man. Though he admired the beautiful, it was the *poet* that he knew rather than the *poem*, Spencer rather than the Faery Queen. The symbols might be exquisite in themselves, but they were only the tokens of a genuine, sincere heart. There is a difference in this day, when writing has become a venal art; when the artificial is made to bear so exact resemblance to the real. Books are as great hypocrites as men. The architect of periods learns to adapt his pieces nicely; but it is by no means certain that the

Digitized by Google

author of the polished sentence feels rightly. Nay, his artificial adjustment is a very part of villainy, opposed to the rough magnanimity of the elder school. It aims to make him either worse or better than he is; to make his shame a glory, or his glory a shame; and if these turn ambitious, which inherits the palm? Books, now-a-days, do not make you acquainted with the "things of a man," any more than Johnson's Dictionary lets you into his real benevolence of heart. Lamb reckoned *biblia-a-biblia:* such as court calendars, directories, pocket-books, draught-boards, bound and lettered on the back, scientific treatises, almanacks, statutes at large: he might have made the list longer. Great as Scott was, a just thinker, and with a general tendency to good, his books were not books to him, because they must have lacked, in some measure, this perfect harmony. He wrote the history of Jeannie Deans, and it moved all hearts to tears; yet lifted as he was above the allurements of flattery, if he had a fault it was said to be an attachment to the circumstance of rank. So the works of Byron did not affect Lamb. Between him and them there was a wide gulf fixed. This may appear strange; for the poet's melancholy characters have been considered identical with himself. This invested all which he wrote with a marvellous interest. It would have linked him with Elia, if the pictures presented had been pleasant as well as true; if they had portrayed him somewhat less than human, instead of exaggerating his inhumanity, as pitying instead of striving to be pitied. As it was, their over-true revealments produced a lack of sympathy. But how does our author forget himself in his enthusiasm! how does his cheek glow like a coal, and his eye kindle, when he accosts both *the poet and the man!* "Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope, like a fiery column, before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge! Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!"

We believe that we have now spoken truly of Lamb, not desiring to represent him without faults, for then he would *not* have been human. His affinities were for a genial goodness; and if he erred, it was on the side of forgiveness, where mortal errors appear with a better grace. Between himself and his writings, if there be an antagonistic attitude, there is the most perfect reconciliation. He has exposed his heart and unveiled his motives, and pictured in all its various phases the life of his affections, wherein consisted his little world; and that with such a curious minuteness, that we are almost better acquainted with him than if we had sat at his table, and partaken of his daily bread. His essays are his autobiography: his thoughts are his history. And as actions are but the external accomplishment of what has already been performed within, it is questionable whether any feeling could be detected which would have led to a selfish course, or whether any antipathy has been shadowed forth, which was not almost implied in the title of a truly benevolent man. Few men have ever brought themselves to so honest a confessional. With those who shine distinguished on the roll of British essayists he has little or nothing in common. He is without the great pomp of the Johnsonian period. He is not didactic, serious, laboring to impress the mind; he plays round the heart and indulges genius. Sometimes he discharges the arrows of a polished wit, at others rises to an eloquence not so stately as that which thoughts of Iona and Marathon inspired, but kindled by associations of a dearer kind. Addison retains his place as a model, but he is coldly elegant, as if he thought, in every period, of being the founder of style; and as if he wrote merely to illustrate the graces of composition. The eye wanders over his sentences, and sees the balance admirable; the ear listens, and finds the melody perfect. He is the store-house of the rules of rhetoric which Elia breaks, yet so as to have more grace in the breach than in the observance. As we pass through the essay of Addison, we are reminded by its nicety of the drawing-room of the old school. In fact, Addison wrote for the polite courtier; but the only courtier that Charles Lamb ever dedicated a thought to, was the gentle, loyal heart of a *man*. Here he stands apart in a deserved triumph. Of all the essayists, it may be said of him that he was entirely original; and originality is GENIUS.

*New-York, May,* 1845.

Digitized by Google

# PRISON DISCIPLINE.*

There is something in the coarser forms of vice so hideous, that persons in a happier condition of life instinctively shrink from all intercourse with it. There are few who stop to analyze the circumstances or individualize the cases to find any extenuating peculiarities which may have led to such shocking and calamitous results, or to inquire how far even the most virtuously disposed might have fallen before them. The subject is too painful to contemplate, and hence, convicted criminals are generally proscribed as the common enemies of society, whose evil deeds are alone imputable to their depraved tastes and vicious propensities; they are deemed to have forfeited all claims on the sympathies of the kind and good, and towards whom society has exercised a sufficiently generous leniency and enlightened humanity in providing jails and penitentiaries, instead of at once consigning them to the pillory, the lash, the branding-iron, or the gallows, as formerly. As in this country especially, intemperance and squalid poverty are often associated with habits of crime, these also are regarded as among the characteristics of the whole class, whose moral obliquity, inherent and hopeless, is supposed to be palpably indicated by their physical appearance, they carrying, as it were, the mark of Cain stamped upon their foreheads. Nor does personal intercourse and a knowledge of the extenuating circumstances always tend to excite sympathy and pity; on the contrary, especially in vulgar minds, they too often induce contempt and harshness.

There is, perhaps, no stronger proof of purity of intention and vigor and elevation of character, than for one in a high station, who may have become acquainted with all the mean, base and repulsive phases in which this class is constantly presenting itself, instead of joining in the common feeling of disgust and hatred, can rise above it, and accord to them the claims and rights of a common humanity; who, making allowances for the infirmities of our nature, and aware of the many trying situations and strong temptations to which these unfortunate persons have in many instances been exposed, cannot only bear with their waywardness and coarsenesses, but become their protectors and active advocates. It demands no small degree of independence, intellectual vigor, and love of our kind, to stand up in the face of the prejudices of society, and protest against its injustice in cherishing such feelings, and including all the inmates of our prisons and penitentiaries in one undistinguished mass, equally unworthy of its consideration; and to point out the policy, as well as humanity of examining and doing justice to their claims.

Among the beneficent influences of Christianity, and the most honorable indications of progress in modern civilization, there is nothing more striking than the attention now paid to the health, comfort, and moral wants of the inmates of prisons, as contrasted with their condition formerly, and the salutary effects that have arisen in consequence, not only to the prisoners but society. Notwithstanding the humane maxim of the law, that the prisoner was to be regarded as innocent until proved guilty, yet he was formerly punished with almost as much severity when accused as if convicted. They were shut up in dungeons, without regard to cleanliness or ventilation, and exposed to all the inclemency of the seasons, without suitable raiment or food. The consequence was, the frequent occurrence of those terrific epidemics called jail-fevers, which not only swept before them the unfortunate prisoners, but all connected with them. These scourges of the inhumanity of

* First Report of the Prison Association of New-York. December, 1844. pp. 64. Jared W. Bell, Printer. 1845.

Second Report of the Prison Association of New-York; including the Constitution and By-Laws, and a List of Officers and Members. pp. 138. Printed by W. Newell.



Digitized by Google

the times were not always confined within the prison walls, but not unfrequently extended to the courts of justice and the public. These events were familiarly known in the earlier history of England by the name of the Black Assizes, several of which, particularly those of Oxford and Exeter, are graphically described in the Chronicles of Hollinshed and Antony a Wood. The last of these epidemics, though by no means the most fatal, was the Black Assize of the Old Bailey, of which an interesting description was given by Sir John Pringle, and occurred as late as 1750. On that occasion the prisoners brought into court, though not diseased themselves, carried in their clothes and about their persons the poisonous air of the prison, which was so mephitic, as we are informed by Sir John Pringle, that "many of the persons present were seized with a malignant and fatal fever, attributable to the state of the prison. There were six persons present on the bench on that occasion, the lord mayor, three judges, an alderman, and the recorder; of these, four died, viz.: the lord mayor and three judges; besides these, several of the Middlesex jury, three of the council, one of the under sheriffs, making forty persons known to have been present, without taking into account those of a lower rank, whose cases were unknown." This appears for the first time to have effectively aroused public attention in England to the importance of the subject, and the necessity of improving the construction of prisons, and attending to the health and comfort of the prisoners. A committee of the court of aldermen, assisted by Sir J. Pringle, one of the most eminent medical men of the day, were directed to investigate the circumstances. This may be considered the first effective step in that country toward the present improvements of prisons and prison discipline. Since that time essential reformation has gradually taken place in most civilized communities, so that as is remarked by Judge Edwards, (see Report First, p. 20,)

"The time has passed when prisons were regarded as places of torment; when, in order to make them a "terror to evil-doers," it was the province of their officers to inflict suffering, and the business of prisoners to endure it; when the only appeal that was made was to the passion of fear, the vilest propensity of our nature; and when men were expected to be reformed by arming against their oppressors every generous impulse, and awakening their very best and most active faculties to purposes of resistance.

"In many countries the old system still obtains, though not indeed to the awful extent which once prevailed, when the world seemed to be one vast scaffold surrounded by executioners and crowded with victims—when seventy thousand people perished by the halter and the axe in one king's reign,—but still to a degree which sets at defiance every hope of reformation, save that which is founded on the fear of physical suffering.

"Still, in the prisons of Great Britain, reform has had a much slower progress than with us, and the old abominations are still to be found; while in our country, a new era has, within this century, dawned upon our penitentiary system, and new forms of prison government have been adopted, in which moral means are more regarded than physical force.

"A comparison of the state of crime in these countries where this difference in prison discipline exists, not only shows us the good that has already been done, but opens to us a field in which indeed the harvest of humanity is great, and where we may reap an abundant reward in saving those who are lost.

"In the British empire, where the old systems of prison government have prevailed, with all the accompaniments of the scaffold and penal colonies, loathsome dungeons, and personal suffering, crime has increased with fearful rapidity in comparison with the increase of her population.

"Let us now turn to another picture. In the following states of our Union, the modern systems of our country have fully obtained, and we shall find in the comparison, not merely congratulation for the past, but abiding encouragement for the future.

"In *Maine*, the average number of convicts for 13 years, prior to 1837, has diminished one quarter, while her population has increased 25 per cent.

"In *Vermont*, the average diminution of one-third, while population increased 20 per cent. in ten years.

"In *New Hampshire*, the average for 10 years, prior to 1837, was an increase of one-fifth, or about equal to the increase of population.

"In *Massachusetts*, the average for 10 years, prior to 1827, was a scarcely perceptible increase; while the population increased 18 per cent. in ten years.

"In *Connecticut*, the increase was about commensurate with the growth of population.

Digitized by Google

"In *New-Jersey*, where the population has doubled in 40 years, the progress of crime has been as follows: In 1838, 163; in 1839, 160; in 1840, 152; in 1841, 151; in 1842, 137; in 1843, 155.

In *Pennsylvania*, (and he was able to speak of her Eastern Penitentiary only,) the average number of convicts from 1836 to 1842 was 387; for the last three years it was 345, and her population has increased one-third in ten years.

"In *Maryland*, the average for five years, prior to 1838, was 381; for the last four years 297, and population has increased one-eighth in ten years. A part of this diminution was doubtless owing to a recent law which allowed a certain class of convicts to be sold into slavery!

"In *Virginia*, the average for the last 43 years has been 55; for ten years, prior to 1823, it was 72; for the last year 52. Population increased 20 per cent. in ten years.

"And in *New-York*, the average for six years, prior to 1837, was only two per cent. during a period when the population increased 25 per cent.

"In England, from 1836, during seven years, there was a regular increase equal to 40 per cent., and extending to the awful degree of almost one in every 100 of the population. And of the large number that were arrested in 1842, there were convicted, exclusive of violations of the game-laws, 87,299, or nearly one in every 160 inhabitants.

"We have no means of making this comparison complete, for we have not yet adopted in this state a perfect system of prison statistics; but we have progressed so far that we can approximate to a right conclusion; thus, in England, the convictions in 1842 for serious crimes—such, for instance, as in our state are punished by confinement in the state prisons—amounted to 31,309, or one in every 450 of her people; while in New-York the convictions for similar offences, in 1842, were 1291, or one in 1808 of the population. In 1830 the convictions were one in every 1811 of the population, and during the 10 years, from 1830 to 1840, our population had increased 510,313!

"And of the number thus convicted in 1842, in this state, 350, or more than one-fourth, were of foreign birth.

"Without yielding to the temptation to stop and congratulate ourselves and our country upon this auspicious state of things, we may be allowed to pause a moment and ask, as pertinent to the matter in hand, what has produced this extraordinary difference?

"Making all due allowance for the improved state of the English police, for the peculiarly penal character of her game, excise, and revenue laws, we shall find that it is in a great degree to be ascribed to temperance, education, and our penitentiary systems.

"This is not the place to discuss the progress of temperance reform; but no man can deny that it has in this country been indeed efficacious in arresting the progress of crime.

"And as to education, one fact tells the whole story. Of the 139,888 arrested in England in 1842, 39,566, or nearly one-third, could not read; while of all prisoners at Sing-Sing, one-eighth only cannot read, and of the whole number of convictions in this state in 1841, one-sixth could not.

"But beyond all doubt, the great agent which has been at work to produce these results has been the mild, the humane, and the just spirit which has been infused into the penitentiary systems of this country."

But notwithstanding what has been said, the progress of reform has been very slow. As might have been anticipated, the incarcerated felon has been the last to feel the beneficent influences of a higher civilization. Considered as the enemy of the laws and of the more virtuous portion of the community, it was not unnatural to have recourse to brute force as the most appropriate means of controlling and reclaiming him. It was a great step in humanity not only to deny the general truth of this proposition, but to undertake practically to disprove it. When we consider the then almost universal opinion of society upon this subject, it is difficult to imagine a more discouraging, hopeless enterprise, than that of Beccaria, Howard, Romilly, and other pioneers in the work of prison reform. It is not surprising that they should have been ridiculed by their cotemporaries as visionary enthusiasts. It is gratifying to know that our country, one of the youngest in the catalogue of nations, has been the first to realize the importance of the subject, and to endeavor practically to bring about reform. It will also be flattering to the feelings of many of our readers to reflect that this has been obviously in no small degree attributable to the development of those liberal principles which are the results of enlightened self-government. Professor Tellcampf observes—

"All history proves that a cruel administration of the criminal laws has never been able to exist for a great length of time, among a people whose course was onward, and whose aim was the establish-

Digitized by Google

ment of a just and reasonable government. For instance: the criminal laws in England became milder upon granting of Magna Charta, and continued so up to the time of the Tudors. From that period they increased in severity to the more equal representation in Parliament effected by the Reform Act, when their execution again assumed a milder form. Under the Plantagenets they punished with death four kinds of crime; under the Tudors, twenty-seven; under the Stuarts, ninety-six; under the Guelphs, one hundred and fifty-six.

"The criminal laws have been ameliorated with great rapidity in this country since the Declaration of Independence."—(First Report, p. 41.)

The attempt to ameliorate the condition of prisoners, which commenced with a few philanthropic individuals, was afterwards taken up much more extensively and effectually by associations of humane and intelligent persons, who systematically exerted their individual and collective influence in bringing about a more enlightened public opinion, by collecting and publishing statistical and other facts bearing upon the subject. The Philadelphia and Boston Prison Discipline Societies were the first of these combinations in the United States, and still continue to press on their investigations with praiseworthy zeal. The latter, during the past year, published their 19th annual report, replete with valuable information on this subject. The city of New-York, from its great population, commercial importance, and especially, as the principal depot of emigrants from all ports of Europe, peculiarly needed a similar association. But although the labor of prison reform has been long commenced, and much practically accomplished by the state, assisted by philanthropic individuals, yet a more complete system was imperatively demanded.

In the early part of December, 1844, a movement for this purpose was commenced by the Hon. J. W. Edmonds, Judge of the Circuit Court and President of the Board of Inspectors of the State Prison at Sing-Sing, by *a notice* published in the newspapers, inviting "the attention of the benevolent to the destitute condition of discharged convicts;"—to this was attached the signatures of more than 60 of our most enlightened and influential citizens, calling a public meeting for the purpose of forming a "Prison Association." The "First Report, &c." at the head of this article, consists chiefly of an account of that meeting, and the subsequent organization of the society; its constitution and by-laws; a clear and forcible speech by Judge Edmonds; a well written address by Professor Tellcampf; and some striking sketches (for we can hardly call it a speech,) by Isaac T. Hopper. They all abound in humane and liberal views, and interesting statistical facts, which indicate the minds of their authors to be thoroughly imbued with at least a theoretical knowledge of the subject, and of its great importance.

The following are briefly stated to be the objects of the "Prison Association:"

1. The amelioration of the condition of prisoners, whether detained for trial, or finally convicted, or as witnesses.
2. The improvement of Prison Discipline and the Government of Prisons, whether for Cities, Counties or States.
3. The support and encouragement of reformed convicts after their discharge, by affording them the means of obtaining an honest livelihood, and sustaining them in their efforts at reform.

The first meeting closed with two resolutions, offered by Isaac T. Hopper, in support of Article 3, in favor of reformed convicts; this also closes the First Report. This gentleman belongs to the Society of Friends. All were prepared for the expression of kind and benevolent sentiments, but scarcely for his impressive and merciful appeal in favor of this unfortunate class of persons. But though we were ignorant of it, Mr. Hopper's character seems to have been well understood by many of his audience, who greeted him with warm and repeated cheers; after apologetically stating his motives for addressing the meeting, he related the following "anecdotes," the results of his personal experience while Inspector of the Prison in Philadelphia, illustrative of the good effects of kindness to criminals. We shall make no apology for presenting our readers with several of these "anecdotes"—and expressing our admiration of the spirit which prompted them, and the naiveté and unpretending eloquence with which they are related. Such "anecdotes" cherish by example those generous impulses which lead us to put a more charitable construction on

Digitized by Google

the actions and characters even of the fallen and guilty;—they show how much virtue may be controlled by accident;—they teach us the value of kindness, and the beneficent tendencies of these humane associations, and the power which all possess of promoting the welfare of their fellow-men.

Mr. Hopper said:

"He trusted the apparent egotism would be excused, because his motive in speaking in his own name was merely to give authenticity to the anecdotes, and to aid a good cause by the testimony of his own experience.

"Mary Norris, a middle-aged woman, who had been frequently re-committed to prison, on one occasion begged me to intercede for her, that she might go out. 'I am afraid thou wouldst come back again soon,' said I.

"'Very likely; I *expect* to be brought back soon,' she answered.

"'Then where will be the use of letting thee out?'

"'I should like to go out,' said she. 'It would seem good to feel free a little while, in the open air and the sunshine.'

"'But if thou enjoyest liberty so much, why dost thou allow thyself to be brought back again?'

"'How can I help it? When I go out of prison, nobody will employ me. No respectable people will let me come into their houses. I must go to such friends as I have. If they steal, or commit other offences, I shall be taken up with them. Whether I am guilty or not, is of no consequence; nobody will believe me innocent. They will all say, 'she is an old convict—send her back to prison—that is the best place for *her*.' O yes, I expect to come back soon. There is no use in my trying to do better.'

"It touched my feelings to hear her speak thus; and I said, 'But if I could obtain steady employment for thee, where thou wouldst be treated kindly, and be paid for thy services, wouldst thou really try to behave well?'

"Her countenance brightened, and she eagerly replied, 'Indeed I would.'.

"I used my influence to procure her dismissal, and succeeded in obtaining a good place for her, as head nurse in a hospital for the poor. She remained there more than seventeen years, and discharged the duties of her situation so faithfully, that she gained the respect and confidence of all who knew her.

"James Gilman lived in the neighborhood of Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He was a revengeful character; and having a grudge against one of his neighbors, he induced his two sons, one about fifteen, and the other about seventeen years of age, to accuse him of an infamous crime. The two lads testified before the Grand Jury; but the crime alledged was of so gross a nature, and was so at variance with the fair character of the individual, that the witnesses were subjected to a very shrewd and careful examination. They became embarrassed, and flaws were discovered in their evidence; in consequence of which, they were indicted for conspiracy; and being taken by suprise, were thrown into confusion, pleaded guilty, and declined the offer of a trial.

"Before the Court adjourned, they were sentenced to two years imprisonment, at hard labor in the Penitentiary of Philadelphia.—I was at that time one of the inspectors of that Institution, and happened to be there when they arrived at dusk, handcuffed and chained together, in custody of the Sheriff.

"Their youth, and desolate appearance affected my feelings. I tried to speak to them as a kind father would speak to erring sons. 'Be of good heart, my poor lads,' said I; 'you can retrieve this one false step, if you will but make the effort. It is still in your power to become respectable and useful men. I will help you all I can.'

"I gave particular directions that they should be placed in a room by themselves, apart from the contagion of those more hardened in vice; and to prevent unprofitable conversation, they were employed in the noisy business of heading nails.

"From time to time I spoke encouraging words to them, and commended their good behavior. When the Board of Inspectors met, I proposed that the lads should be recommended to the Governor for pardon. Not succeeding in my efforts, I wrote an article on the impropriety of confining juvenile offenders with old convicts, and published it in the daily papers. This had the desired effect. When the Board again met, Thomas Dobson and myself were appointed to wait on the Governor, to obtain a pardon for the lads, if possible. After considerable hesitation, the request was granted; on condition that worthy men could be found who would take them as apprentices.

I took the responsibility of providing suitable places, and succeeded in binding one to a respectable turner, and the other to a carpenter. I told them they were now going among strangers, and their happiness and success must depend mainly on their own conduct. They might perhaps, at times, be exposed to unprofitable company; but if they should at any time get into difficulty, I begged them to come to me, as they would to a considerate

Digitized by Google

father. I invited them to spend all their leisure evenings at my house; and for a long time it was their constant practice to take tea with us on First Day Evening, and join the family in reading the Scriptures, and other instructive books.

"At the end of a year they expressed a strong desire to visit their father. Some fears were entertained, lest his influence upon them should prove injurious; and that, when once freed from restraint, they would not willingly return to constant industry and regular habits. They, however, promised faithfully that they would; and I gave bonds for them, merely for the sake of strengthening their good resolutions. They returned punctually, at the day and the hour they had promised; and their exemplary conduct continued to give entire satisfaction to their employers.

"A short time after the oldest lad became free, the turner with whom he worked purchased a farm, and sold his stock and tools to his former apprentice. Dressed in his new suit of freedom-clothes, I took him to the Governor's house, and introduced him as one of the lads whom he had pardoned several years before; testifying that he had been a faithful apprentice, and much respected by his master. The Governor was much pleased to see him, shook him by the hand very cordially, and told him that he who was resolute to turn back from vicious ways, into the paths of virtue and usefulness, deserved even more respect than he who had never been tempted.

"He afterwards married a worthy young woman, with a small property, which enabled him to build a neat two story brick house. They lived in great comfort and respectability; he always retaining the character of a sober, industrious man.

"The other brother passed through his apprenticeship very creditably; and at twenty-one years of age, I likewise introduced him to the Governor, with testimonials of his good conduct. He was united to a very respectable young woman; but died six or seven years after his marriage.

"I have aided and encouraged, I should think, as many as fifty young culprits, by means similar to those I have mentioned; and it is a great satisfaction to me to be able to state to you, that only two of these turned out badly.

"Patrick McKever was a poor Irishman, who lived in Philadelphia many years ago. He was arrested on a charge of burglary, convicted, and sentenced to be hung. I am ignorant of the details of his crime, or the causes that led to it. But there were, probably, some palliating circumstances; for when brought, seated on his coffin, in the death-cart, to the foot of the gallows, in company with another criminal, he was reprieved, and the other was hung. His sentence was changed to ten years' imprisonment; and this was eventually shortened one year.

"During the last three years of his term, I was one of the inspectors of the prison, and I frequently talked with him in a friendly, fatherly manner. He was a man of few words, and his hope seemed to have all died out; but I soon saw that his feelings were touched by kindness.

"After his release, he immediately went to work at his trade, which was that of a tanner, and conducted himself in the most sober and exemplary manner. Being remarkable for capability, and the amount of work he could perform, he soon had plenty of employment. He passed my house every day, as he went to his work, and I often spoke to him in a friendly and cheering manner.

"Things were going on thus satisfactorily, when I heard that constables were out after Patrick, on account of a robbery committed the night before. I went straightway to the Mayor, and inquired why orders had been given to arrest Patrick McKever. 'Because there has been a robbery committed in his neighborhood,' replied the Mayor. 'What proof is there that he was concerned in it?' 'None at all; but he is an old convict; and that is enough to condemn him.' 'It is not enough, by any means,' replied I. 'Thou hast no right to arrest a citizen without a shadow of proof against him; and in this case I advise thee, by all means, to proceed with humane caution. This man has atoned severely for the crime he did commit; and since he w shes to reform, the fact ought never to be mentioned against him. He has been perfectly upright, sober, and industrious, ever since he came out of prison. I think I know his state of mind; and I am willing to take the responsibility of saying that I believe him guiltless in this matter.'

"The Mayor commended my benevolence, but was by no means convinced. To all arguments, he replied, 'He is an old convict; and that is enough.'

"I watched for Patrick, as he passed to his daily labors, and told him that the constables were after him for the robbery that had been committed. The poor fellow hung his head, and the light vanished from his countenance. 'Well,' said he, with a deep sigh, 'I must make up my mind to spend the rest of my days in prison.' I looked earnestly in his face, and said, 'Thou wert not concerned in this robbery, wert thou?'

"'No, indeed, I was not. God be my witness, I want to lead an honest life, and live in peace with all men. But what good will *that* do me? Everybody will

Digitized by Google

say, he has been in the State Prison, and that's enough.'

"I did not ask him twice; for I felt assured that the poor man had spoken the truth. I advised him to go directly to the Mayor, deliver himself up, and declare his innocence. This advice was received with deep despondency. He had no faith in his fellow-men. 'I know what will come of it,' says he. 'They will put me into prison, whether there is any proof against me or not; they will not let me out without somebody will be security for me; and nobody will be security for an old convict.'

"'Don't be discouraged,' said I. 'Go to the Mayor, and speak as I have advised. If they talk of putting thee in prison, send for me. I will stand by thee.'

"Patrick did accordingly. In the absence of anything like a shadow of proof, his being an 'old convict' was deemed sufficient reason for sending him to jail.

"I appeared in his behalf. 'I am ready to affirm,' said I, 'that I believe this man is innocent. It will be a very serious injury to him to be taken from his business, until such time as this can be proved; and moreover, the effects upon his mind may be most discouraging. I will be security for his appearance when called; and I know very well that he will not give me the slip.'

"The gratitude of the poor fellow was overwhelming. He sobbed until his strong frame shook.

"The real culprits were soon after discovered. Patrick, until the day of his death, continued to lead a virtuous and useful life.

"A young man, whom I will call B., was comely in his person, witty and gay, and very fond of company. His means were too limited to enable him to appear as well as his companions, and he had not resolution enough to deny himself the indulgences which they could command. Tempted by vanity and extravagance, and hoping to avoid discovery, he opened the desk of a person with whom he resided, and stole from it one hundred and thirty-five dollars. The sum was soon missed, and though his character had stood fair for integrity, circumstances were so much against him, that he became an object of suspicion. He was closely watched, and was frequently observed to be confused and embarrassed in his appearance. At last, his employer openly charged him with the robbery. He denied it at first, but being brought before a magistrate, he confessed his guilt, and told where the money could be found. His parents were in humble life, but much esteemed by their neighbors. Some of their friends visited the unhappy young man in prison, and found him exceedingly humble and penitent. He promised most faithfully to atone for his fault by an upright life, if he could only be forgiven for this one offence. These representations were made so earnestly to the prosecutor, that he finally united his influence with theirs to procure a discharge. The young man left the neighborhood, and ever after deported himself with the utmost correctness. I knew him in the latter part of his life. He was a truly excellent man, and taught one of the most respectable schools in Philadelphia. When the yellow fever raged in that city, he sympathized deeply with the sufferings of the poor. He ministered to their wants, and watched with them day and night; until at last he took the malady himself, and thus ended his earthly pilgrimage.

"In connection with these anecdotes, Friend Hopper said he could not help mentioning a subject, which often gave him great pain. He often saw in the papers, accounts of young people committed to prison for small offences; in this way, their characters were blasted, and they often became reckless and desperate. If those who prosecuted on such occasions, would only make use of fatherly reproof and friendly advice, and encouragement, he was confident that a very large portion of those delinquents might become useful and honored members of society."

The "Second Report" was published about the middle of February, 1846, and makes us acquainted with the doings of the Association during the first year. It is full in its details and satisfactory in the results.

The Executive Committee, aware of the importance of beginning rightly, commenced their labors by a sort of educational process, seeking a knowledge of details by intercourse with the kindred societies in Boston and Philadelphia, "so as to profit by their experience, and become wiser by their suggestions." For this purpose a delegation from the Association, consisting of the chairman of the executive committee, Judge Edmonds, and the corresponding secretary, R. N. Havens, Esq., were present at the anniversary of the Boston Prison Discipline Society, in May, 1845. To facilitate business, the executive committee resolved itself into the following sub-committees, viz: of finance, on detentions, prison discipline, discharged convicts, and female department, to each of which certain

Digitized by Google

determinate duties were assigned, and they were required to make regular reports at the monthly meetings of the executive committee. At the end of the year each of these sub-committees made full detailed reports of their proceedings, which, with the general report of the executive committee based upon them, and an admirable speech of John Duer, Esq., the chairman of the committee on prison discipline, constitute the materials of the "Second Report."

We regret that our time and space will not permit us to go into a full analysis of these Reports; but we must rest contented with culling a few of the more striking facts and circumstances, happy if we should excite the curiosity of our readers to a perusal of the Reports themselves.

During the first year little more could reasonably have been expected than an exploration of the vast field, and of the nature of the obstacles to be overcome in their difficult undertaking. We are not surprised to find that at the very commencement of their labors they discovered some facts which, while they pointed out the necessity of their enterprise, yet, from their nature and extent, would have proved most discouraging to men less persevering and resolved. The sub-committee on detentions state as follows:

"At the outset of our investigations, we are startled by the consideration of the increase of crime in this city within a few years: a consideration the more interesting, because so much marked contrast with the rest of the state and the Union.

"The business of this committee was necessarily confined to the prisons in this city and in Brooklyn; embracing constantly the cases of at least 1,000 prisoners.

"The repeated visits of the members of the committee to those prisons, have made them familiarly acquainted with the condition and government of them. Their material construction and arrangement, are particularly described in the report of that committee; but their moral condition and influence deserve a more extended notice in this place.

"We have been inexpressibly shocked at the view of the grievous wrong which these institutions are daily inflicting upon the community. And while on one hand we feel the want of language adequately to express our disapprobation, we are, on the other hand, apprehensive, so revolting is the truth, that our statements may be regarded as exaggerations, or as prompted by some personal feeling of ill-will.

"It appears that there are from seventeen to twenty prisons in this city—including station-houses and police-offices—at which at least 30,000 of our people are confined each year, at an annual expense to the honest portion of the community of over $150,000.

"The first consideration that would strike any one, attempting to investigate the subject, is the entire want of order, system, and organization, which pervades the whole department. It is nominally under the control and supervision of the Commissioner of the Alms House; but his other duties are so onerous, that it is impossible for him to do more than to give casual and occasional glances only at the prisons.

"Hence, there is no attempt to introduce any thing like a system of prison discipline; no efforts at economy, unless occasional feeble and spasmodic attempts at curtailment may be so dignified: no common head to control; no one to inspect or supervise; no one to detect and remove abuses.

"It is not, therefore, matter of surprise that evils should exist, or that they should be of an alarming and serious character. The enumeration of some of the most glaring among them will aid the object we have in view, namely, that of giving a general idea only of the state and condition of our city prisons.

"The average number of persons continually in the two principal prisons during the past year, is about 1,200. And the expense of keeping, governing, and controlling them, which was last year drawn from the city treasury, was $84,959 03.

"During the same period, the average number of persons in our state prisons at Auburn and Sing-Sing, was 1,700, and the amount drawn from the state treasury for the same purposes, was $24,803 80.

"So that the state prisoners have cost $14 50 each, the year; while our city prisoners have cost $70 79 each, or about five times as much.

"But the moral influences of our prisons are of much greater importance.

"It is of frequent occurrence, that persons are arrested and detained in some of our houses of detention—sometimes for two or three days, of whom no account is rendered anywhere. And it is manifest, from the present defective organization in this respect, that the liberty of the friendless and unprotected portion of our population, must be very much at the mercy of our police officers; and that without a more perfect system of inspection and returns, there is great room for bad men to abuse the power with which they may be trusted.

Digitized by Google

"Persons are frequently detained in prison after the expiration of their terms of imprisonment; sometimes because they are forgotten, sometimes because the prisoners desire to remain, and sometimes because the officers think it for the interest of the corporation that they should be detained. It is indeed a general practice at the penitentiary, never to let a prisoner out until he asks to be discharged; so that, if he chooses to remain and be supported at the public expense, his object can be easily attained.

"Hence it is, that there are persons at that prison who make that their home, and who have spent there the most part of their time for years.

"Very many are confined at the penitentiary, not because they have committed any crime or offence, but avowedly only because they are destitute or diseased. This includes a class of persons who go to the police office and 'give themselves up,' as they term it, because they want a place of refuge; a large number of diseased prostitutes, who go there as to a hospital; and many strangers and foreigners, who, in their ignorance of our institutions, apply for relief to the police office, and are *relieved* by being sent to the penitentiary.

"The crowning evil, however, arises out of the manner in which the prisoners are confined together. So unrestrained is the intercourse among them, especially at the penitentiary, that we are presented with all the revolting features of the very worst prisons of the Old World."

The sub-committee on prison discipline were enjoined to inspect the prisons, both state and county, and report as to their actual condition, and the causes of their defects. Notwithstanding the multiplicity and urgency of their private affairs, they visited, during the year, the prisons in eight of the counties of the state, and in their report have pointed out their most glaring defects. The most essential is the want of a system of effective inspection; though the statutes have made some provision for this purpose, yet it appears that in some of the counties this duty was never performed, and in others very imperfectly, and that great evil has arisen in consequence. The superintendents should consist of enlightened and benevolent persons, who should possess the power of making and enforcing reasonable and judicious regulations for the government of the prisoners. No more suitable persons could be found, in whose hands to entrust this power, than the members of the New-York Prison Association. An application was made for this purpose to the Legislature, during the session 1844–5, which failed, doubtless, from the true character of the association not being then well understood; but we are convinced that this ought, and that at no very remote period will be, accomplished. A want of efficient superintendence has actually led, within a few years, to retrogradation in the prison discipline of the state. Many evils have arisen from the mode of appointment of the officers of prisons, which has become an affair of *party* politics; hence their selection is more dependent on their dexterity as partizans, than their fitness for the office. Yet, as the committee justly remark,

"There is no business where so much depends upon the peculiar qualifications of the persons charged with it. It is a duty not to be learned in a day, and its faithful performance involves a union of rare qualities:—firmness, benevolence, knowledge of human nature, and experience.

"The course pursued in Pennsylvania is different, and has been attended with the happiest results. The governors of her state prisons are appointed by the judiciary, and thus has been secured a permanency and uniformity which has made her penitentiary system a just cause of state pride, and enabled her citizens to mature and perfect their plan. And while, under such a course, her progress has been steadily onward, ours, in this state, has been at least stationary; and the prisons of other states are appealed to as the models of the plan which originated with us, but which we have failed to mature and perfect."

There is no question connected with this subject of such vital importance as the personal government of prisoners, especially convicts in our penitentiaries. At the present time philanthropists are divided between the two general methods, well known as the *separate* and *silent* systems. Each possesses advantages, while each is obnoxious to very grave objections. The *separate* system, or isolation, with many things to recommend it, is repugnant to one of the strongest instincts of our nature. Man is eminently a social being; it is not therefore surprising that absolute seclusion not only causes present wretchedness, but not unfrequently

Digitized by Google

leads to mental alienation and imbecility, perhaps the greatest of human calamities. On the other hand, it has been supposed that the *silent sys.em* can only be carried on effectively by placing in the hands of perhaps an uneducated and violent keeper the discretionary power of inflicting the most degrading corporal punishment; the effects of which, from the wider extent of its malign influence, is even still more penicious. There is no degradation like the lash;—crowded prisons, mephitic air, damp dungeons, and improper food, may soon blot out an unhappy existence, and end with the sufferings of the prisoner the power of injuring others. The degradation arising from the consciousness of crime may, by time and kindness, be raised into something like self-respect. But when to this self-abasement is added constant exposure to, and habitual suffering of, the greatest indignity, the grossest outrage that one human being can inflict upon another, it must sweep away the last hope, and will be likely to convert the felon into a fiend. We do not propose to discuss this deeply interesting and much vexed question, but merely to express our unqualified abhorrence of this part of our prison discipline. We confess that if we believed it to be indispensable, we should be prepared to abandon and proscribe the whole system. The revolting scenes described in both "Reports," of the horrible extent to which this practice has been, and is, carried, (as recently illustrated in the case now before the civil authorities,) causes the blood to curdle in reading them, and peremptorily demands instant reform. The other improvements in our prison discipline are overshadowed, and sink into comparative insignificance, before this towering atrocity.

But there is a reasonable ground of hope that the most objectionable features of both the separate and silent systems may be avoided, and the most humane and desirable characteristics of both be retained and blended. The facts stated in the "Second Report" go far to prove that under the government of humane and intelligent keepers, and efficient superintendence, isolation and corporal punishment may be superseded by judicious classification, and a firm but humane and temperate management. In the Second Report, (page 35,) we find the following remarks on this subject:

"Fortunately, experience demonstrates that this evil (corporal punishment) is not inherent in the system—is not the fault of the plan, but of the persons who are selected to carry it out. Some of the prisons of that denomination, in this country, have been conducted on more wise and humane principles, and with the happiest results.

"The house of correction, at Boston, has been under the government of one man since January 19, 1833. For the twelve years that have elapsed since his appointment, and up to May, 1845, 7,686 persons have been received into the prison. During that whole time, and amid that large number of vicious and depraved criminals, not a blow has been struck! The cat-and-nine-tails does not hang there upon their walls, as the disgusting badge of authority; no swords, or guns, or instruments of death are paraded there to the spectator's eye. The prison has the appearance of a large and well-ordered workshop, and is in fact one of the best governed in the nation, reflecting equal honor upon its principal, and upon the local authorities who have selected, and thus long sustained him."

The annual report of Mrs. Farnham, the matron of Mount Pleasant State Prison for Females, made in 1844, furnishes, also, strong corroborative proof of the justness of these views. Under the administration of this intelligent and philanthropic lady, assisted by Miss Robbins, and other volunteers impelled by similar humane motives, we find the most encouraging confirmation of these opinions. Our space will only permit us to make a brief extract; we refer the reader to the whole report of Mrs. Farnham, and of the inspectors of the Sing-Sing prison, 1845, (Second Report, p. 36, and seq.) for further information:

"To the Board of Inspectors:

"It is known to you, gentlemen, that at the time I assumed the duties of matron, the prison was in a deplorable condition. Scenes of violence between the convicts, or attempts on their part against their officers, seem to have been of frequent occurrence. Misrule and disorder were the prevailing characteristics of the institution. Your last report set forth a painful and forbidding state of affairs, which was amply confirmed by the statements of the officers then in charge.

"The duties to which I was appointed, were undertaken with the hope and intention of reforming this condition of things, and reducing the convicts to a sound state of discipline—obviously the first necessity in all in-

Digitized by Google

stitutions of the kind. I believed not only that this could be done, but that it could be effected by means which had not hitherto been tried viz.: by substituting kindness for force, and other restraints, imposed through the mental constitutions of the prisoners, for those founded on fear and suffering, or growing out of physical inability to be disobedient and refractory.

"The proposed reformation was entered upon immediately after the 1st of April. The first step taken in it, viz. the systematizing of details, in which there was great tact, together with the dread entertained by some of the more powerful among the refractory convicts, that their reign would terminate with the introduction of order and discipline, led to an early and frightful outbreak against the new state of things.

"This was promptly quelled, and followed by the infliction on the offenders of our longest terms of solitary confinement. Order was thus restored, and no approach to any thing of a like kind has ever been witnessed since. Firmness and kindness were the agents principally used thereafter, in advancing and perfecting the discipline."

She further adds—

"The demeanour of the most violent and refractory, among the old convicts, has become subdued and gentle. Imperatives are very rarely issued, the mere expression of a wish, being sufficient to produce ready and cheerful obedience. Not a single instance of personal violence between the prisoners, or towards their officers, has occurred during the six months. And all this change has been effected by the mildest form of government, consistent with the preservation of authority.

"Except in quelling the first outbreak before alluded to, and in the case of two other convicts, who for some time exhibited the most incorrigible tendency to disobedience, no severe punishments have ever been inflicted, and even these last have now, after solitary confinement for several weeks, subsided into a quiet and well-ordered deportment, which there is hope to believe, may be maintained by careful and judicious management on the part of those who have them in charge."

These statements are sustained by the Inspectors.

The report of the sub-committee on discharged convicts is very full and satisfactory; it affords the strongest encouragement to perseverance in this generous enterprise. The committee state—p. 44, and seq.

"The great object was to prevent, as far as practicable, discharged prisoners from relapsing into crime, by securing them from the temptations of want, and affording them the means of obtaining an honest livelihood.

"In the male department, an office was obtained, in December last, at No. 13 Pine street, in order that a place might be provided where discharged prisoners could apply for aid, for succour, and for advice; and where they might be assured of receiving that assistance and cheering encouragement which is so essential to their permanent reformation. To that end an agent was selected, whose business it was constantly to attend there, represent the society in its beneficent purposes, and execute its intentions of affording discharged convicts the means of obtaining employment.

"In June last, a place of resort for liberated female prisoners was established, denominated "The Home;" two matrons selected to take care of, and manage it, and a committee of benevolent ladies organized to superintend and control its operations.

"In these two establishments, 229 discharged prisoners have been relieved:—Males, 122, Females, 107.

"Many of those who have come to us for aid, have been sustained by us for a while, until by their own efforts, encouraged by the kindly sympathy of our agent, they have been able to procure employment for themselves. For others, employment has been obtained through our instrumentality, and by the aid of tools which we have provided.

"So far as it is practicable, we make it our duty to keep run of these persons, and obtain from them and their employers accounts of their progress in the work of regeneration. We have thus certain and reliable reports of the continued good conduct of seventy of that number; a proportion beyond our expectations, and exceedingly encouraging to future efforts.

"Aside from the temptations to which these poor creatures are subjected, by the evil associations into which they are frequently compelled, and the dangers they often incur from necessity and want; they suffer, beyond conception, the blighting effects of a feeling of despair, and the destroying influences of a conviction, in their own minds, that no man trusts them.

"No one, unless he has witnessed the operation of this feeling, can form an adequate idea of its force and its influence; nor can any one, except from actual experience, justly conceive the extent of the benefits resulting from a display, on the part of our officers, of a generous confidence in the sincerity of their repentance, and a cordial encouragement of their efforts at reformation."

There is also an able "Report of the Female Department of Discharged Convicts," signed by the first directress and corresponding secretary, Mrs. Eaton and Mrs. Kirkland. It furnishes conclusive internal evidence that these pious and benevolent ladies are not inferior to their brethren in zeal and intelligence. We will not mutilate this document, but urge the reader to examine it; he will find all the important transactions of this department ably detailed.

We are admonished that it is time to bring our remarks to a close. All the actors in this noble enterprise are entitled to the highest commendation and

Digitized by Google

the gratitude of the public. We are struck with the persevering zeal and genuine humanity of all—especially of its originator and animating spirit, who has devoted the influence of his high official station, the energies of his clear and vigorous intellect, and his indefatigable personal services in maturing and carrying into practical operation this humane undertaking. But though we think no one can peruse these interesting "Reports" without admiration at the course pursued by this distinguished individual, yet we feel that this allusion may be regarded as in some degree invidious and unjust, where all have done so much and so well. It reconciles us to our kind, and gives us higher and better views of our own nature, to witness the holy competition thus displayed by some of the most eminent of our citizens, in endeavoring to vindicate and assist back to society and themselves this unfortunate and degraded class from the infamy into which they had fallen. One could scarcely have expected to find such a number of gifted individuals, persons occupying the highest rank in society; professional men, whose services are eagerly sought at any price; our most active and successful men of business; and the most delicate and accomplished ladies, accustomed only to the society of the pure and refined; all voluntarily relinquishing their private occupations, and zealously devoting so much money, time, thought, and personal exertion to the offensive details of this most humane, but in many instances revolting undertaking. There is one other feature in these "Reports" to which we think it just to allude: it is the good taste that pervades them. Though originating from so many different sources, there is no pretension or mawkishness about them; on the contrary, the style of all is marked by directness, simplicity, good sense, and an earnest but enlightened apprehension of the proper objects of the association. R.

---

## SONNET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," "GUY RIVERS," &C.

### DARK HOURS OF AMBITION.

Alas! and this is all! and thus we toil
  In spirit, while the sweet repose of night
Gives respite to the happier crowds who moil
  While day yields labor its twelve hours of light—
Sweet rest to us denied—through worlds remote,
  Still piercing ever with the dreamer's flight,
  In nature's mockery oft, in reason's spite,
Wooing the vague creations of our thought—
Shaping out shrines for worship,—realms of dream,
  That glitter on our wreck,—receive our prayer
  To fling it back in echoes on our ear,
Such as the friends grown wild in hellish scheme,
  Delight to mingle with our songs of cheer,
  Startling the soul's best raptures with a sneer!

Digitized by Google

# PAPERS OF AN OLD DARTMOOR PRISONER.

EDITED BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### CAPTAIN SHORTLAND.—EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.

THE British agent for prisoners of war, at Dartmoor, and commander of the depot, was Thomas George Shortland, a captain in the royal navy.

I acknowledge, that in common with all the prisoners, I looked on Capt. Shortland, after the massacre, as an incarnate fiend; I thought, if there was one villain on the earth, prominent over all others in malice and cruelty, that one was Thomas George Shortland. It was with such feelings that all, or nearly all the prisoners returned to the United States, and with such feelings the account of the committee of the prisoners, which will follow in the next chapter, was drawn up and published. But now, when so much time has passed away, and that time has in some little measure matured my judgment and blunted my feelings of resentment; when, in my intercourse with the world around me, I have found no one perfectly good, and none bad without mitigation, but have perceived that amid an almost infinite diversity of characters, some shade-spot resting on the otherwise unalloyed brightness of some, and some, however faint, gleams of goodness lighting up the darkness of others; I have doubted, in reference to Capt. Shortland, and have inquired of myself, was the fault always and entirely on one side? And I now *think* not. My intercourse with this person was limited to the general intercourse he had with the prisoners, except in one interview, and that after the 6th of April; and though I met him with captious and irritated feelings, which I took no pains to conceal from him—though I should have hesitated little, had I possessed the power, to rid the earth of one whom I considered to be a monster of cruelty—yet he displayed so much urbanity, which even my rudeness did not provoke—expressed so much regret for the late disastrous occurrence, that I left him with the impression, that to the most diabolical malignity, he added the most consummate hypocrisy.

The first complaint against Capt. Shortland, with us who came from the West Indies, began with our arrival at the depot. We were enervated by a residence in a tropical country—we were suffering from the privations and confinement endured on board the Sybille, and we were weary and jaded with our long and harassing march to the depot; and we exclaimed with one voice against the gratuitous cruelty, as we thought it to be, of putting us into a cold stone prison, with nothing to rest upon but the damp stone floor. But we afterwards learned, that the baggage carts had not come up in season, and that it was necessary to put us by ourselves, as we had come up without any descriptive list.

It was usual to confine men for some offences in the cachot, which is a small house detached from the prisons, with only one hole to let the light in. This cachot, or black-hole, as it was called, was situated near the yard which contained prisons Nos. 1, 2 and 3. I never could look at it without horror, for it was understood among the prisoners that the sufferings of those confined there were of the most terrible character. It was reported that they were allowed no food but bread, with some water to drink; that they were denied the use of a light, and had nothing to rest upon but a little straw. Gloomy—gloomy indeed must have been the solitary reflections of the wretched inmates of this black-hole, within sound of the voices of their former shipmates, and yet denied all intercourse with them—

Digitized by Google

shut out from the light of the sun, kept in ignorance of all the news from home which the rest of us were frequently obtaining, and some of them given to understand that this wretched fate was to have no termination but with the termination of the war! And for what were these poor fellows made the victims of such atrocious cruelty? Cruelty which ought to stamp with indelible infamy the admiralty board who ordered it, rather than the more humble agents of its execution. It was simply for obeying an instinct of our common natures—attempting to escape. They had violated no law; they had broken no parole; they had not forfeited their plighted words; and while the British authorities employed, without scruple and without censure, its officers who had forfeited their paroles of honor and escaped from France, they took this cruelly atrocious method of wreaking their vengeance on those who, being unparoled, are always held by the usages of war among all civilized nations to be justified in escaping if they can. I will do the turnkeys the justice to say, that they were apparently kind-hearted men, and treated us as well as they were able to do. They had their duty to perform, and they performed it as kindly as they could. The one attached to No. 7 prison, who I knew only by the name of Sam, was rather a favorite with us. He was a slow-moulded, thick-headed, short-legged, bluff, John Bull sort of a fellow, and bore with imperturbable gravity and good-nature the rough jokes of the prisoners. I was one day very much amused by the manner of a Frenchman, who had been captured a few days before in a privateer under American colors, but which sailed from Cherburg, the crew being principally Frenchmen. Johnny Crapeau had seen the Yankees poking fun at Sam, and how well Sam endured it, and he thought he must play his part in the drama. So going up to him, he put his arms a-kimbo, looked him in the face, and shrugging up his shoulders, he began: "Jean Bull, Jean Bull, rote beef, rote beef, beef-teak, pomme de terre—God tam." This was too much for Sammy;—he could take a joke from a Yankee, because, as he said, they were "cousins loik;" but he could not endure it in a frog-eating Frenchman. "Now, now, dang it," said Sam, "this is too much;"—and he up fist and knocked Johnny down very coolly; and all the Yankees set up a shout of approbation, and he slunk off like a whipped spaniel.

The embargos, as we termed them, or stoppages of the market, preventing the market-people from visiting the market-yard with their commodities adapted to the wants and the tastes of the prisoners, were one of the modes adopted to punish the whole community for the faults or follies of a few. It was a great privation to the prisoners to have the market stopped for any length of time, and these embargos formed the most frequent cause of complaint against Captain Shortland prior to the massacre. He was aware of the reluctance of the prisoners to have him exercise this power, and it was therefore his usual mode of punishing us. A man with more policy or equanimity of temper would have perceived how odious it made him in our eyes—how much it lessened the possibility of his governing with ease to himself, and would have been very cautious how he exercised the power.

The counting out was sometimes repeated once or twice in the course of the day. Whether the intention was to worry and annoy us, I do not know, but it certainly had that effect. One very rainy day in the latter part of October, when the weather was such as to strike a chill upon any one who ventured outside, being what turnkey Sam used to denominate as a *sour* day, we were turned out in the morning and counted. The prisoners submitted to it very quietly, if not cheerfully, for we were then new to the prison and its ways. At 11 o'clock the same morning the word was passed through our prison—"All hands, ahoy! turn out! turn out!" We were again counted out as we had been an hour or two before. This would occupy from a half to three quarters of an hour in the process, for there were always more or less laggards who would skulk back, and who were obliged to be forced out at the point of the bayonet.—After we were all in the yard, in about fifteen minutes Capt. Shortland, Dr. McGrath, Mr. Mitchell the clerk, and the commanding military officer, passed down the yard and went into the prisons, and remained about half an hour,

Digitized by Google

for what purpose I never knew, although I inquired of every one who I thought might possibly know, but all were as much in the dark on the subject as I was. The weather, which had been drizzly when we first went out, (I messing on the first floor, not far from the door, was among the first) had begun to pour down copious torrents of rain before the ceremony was completed; so that when the word was given to "turn in," we were completely drenched to the skin. It was now about the dinner hour, and over our mess of "soup maigre" we wondered what could be the reason of this second turn out. We had but just cleared away the remnants of our dinner, cleaned our tin pots and kids, and cleaned up our mess-place, and were enjoying the flavor of our well-burned pipes and hap'orth of tobacco, when, at 2 o'clock, we heard the crier's sharp whistle resounding through the aisles, and anon his hoarse, rough voice—"All hands, ahoy! turn out again."

On the occasion of the signature of the treaty of Ghent, the American colors were displayed on all the prisons. A white flag was hoisted on No. 3, bearing the motto of "Free Trade and Sailor's Rights," under a salute of 18 guns. Capt. Shortland took offence at this, and sent word in that he would permit no flag to be hoisted but the national colors, and the motto flag was hauled down.

The guns were fabricated for the occasion. They were rather squibs, or as the boys call them, "crackers," of a large size, made with paper, many folds of which were wound closely together in the form of a tube, which was filled with gunpowder, and the explosion of them passed off well enough as a salute. Capt. Shortland was very unwisely sensitive as to the motto flag. The prohibition of it was very highly resented by the prisoners; and as it could do no injury to have this or any other flag displayed on the top of this moor, where there was not a soul to see it except the prisoners and those connected with the depot, save now and then a solitary passenger over this barren and bleak expanse, it was bad policy in Capt. S. to exasperate them for so small a matter. It was a large number of these petty causes of irritation on both sides, which produced that highly excited state of angry feelings which led to the catastrophe of the 6th of April.

One morning Capt. Shortland ordered the gates of communication between the several yards to be shut, and he threatened to keep them shut and the market stopped, until the prisoners should deliver to him a man who had escaped from the cachot. The prisoners became exasperated, and resolved that such prisoners as had been employed by Capt. S. in lighting the lamps, in driving the carts, or in any other employment about the prisons, should be stopped, until his restrictive measures should be discontinued. Accordingly, when the lamp-lighters came in to light the lamps they were stopped, and their ladders put out in the market-square and delivered to the turnkeys. The carters, likewise, were stopped, and their carts put out.

At 3 P. M. a detachment of about forty soldiers came into our yard to turn in the prisoners, and to lock the doors. At that time there were about fifty prisoners in the yard, but the alarm quickly spreading, they rushed out of the prisons tumultuously into the yard. The commanding officer finding it impossible to execute his orders with so small a force, sent for a reinforcement, which came to his aid, consisting of 150 soldiers with fixed bayonets.

The soldiers were displayed in a semi-circular manner, and the officer gave the order to load with ball, which was done in our sight. Mr. Mitchell, the head clerk of the depot, and Assistant Surgeon McFarland, accompanied the troops. The commander gave orders to charge bayonets and advance; they obeyed, and penned us up in the semi-circle; we, however, made a rush and broke through the ranks, pushing the bayonets away, and gained the rear of the soldiers, who immediately faced to the right about, when we again broke their ranks. The soldiers then retired to another position. Capt. Shortland, Dr. McGrath, the Major of the regiment, and a number of military officers, then appeared on the walls, between the market-square and the prisons. Capt. S. addressed the prisoners, and demanded the delivery of the man who had escaped from the cachot, or otherwise he would give orders to

Digitized by Google

fire upon us. It was answered on behalf of the prisoners, that we would not act as constables or informers for him, and of course would not deliver the man, nor inform where he was, but that he might send in his turnkeys or other officers, to search for him, and they would not be molested in the search. Capt. S. then said, "I wished to turn you in, because it is time to light the lamps, and I was fearful you would assault the men whom I should send in, and prevent them from doing it." We told him that we had no such intention, we only meant to prevent our own men from doing it; but if you attempt to lock us up at this unseasonable hour, we will make all the resistance we can. Capt. S. then withdrew, and soon after the soldiers marched out of the yard. Soon after, the master slater, carpenter and blacksmith, with their journeymen, came in to light the lamps. Shortly after, at night, while the prisoners were being turned in, a man was bayoneted in four places, by a soldier of the Somerset militia. He was a very civil and inoffensive man, and was quietly going into No. 7 prison, where he resided.

The Somerset militia had that day come up to the depot, but they had been on guard there once before. The guard duty was performed, while I was there, by the 12th and 78th regular regiments and by the Derby and Somerset militia. We were on very friendly terms with the soldiers of the regular regiments, and we had no difficulty with the Derby militia. But the case was otherwise with those of Somerset. These men, for they cannot with any propriety be called soldiers, were uncivil and boorish, and were continually quarreling with the prisoners, who were by no means slow in returning their incivilities.

Complaint was made to Capt. Shortland of the conduct of the soldier. He accordingly sent the crier round to give notice that the soldier should be punished, and that for the future, a horn should be sounded as a signal for the prisoners to turn in, and that the soldiers should not be permitted to come within the yards to be drove in as heretofore.

This arrangement was very satisfactory to us, and I never knew an instance after its adoption, when the prisoners did not go very quietly and peaceably in when the horn was sounded, except on the 4th of April, the occurrences of which day I shall hereafter relate. But while the practice prevailed of sending the soldiers into the yard to drive us in at the bayonet's point, there was much dodging and skulking to avoid them, not from any unwillingness to go in, but solely to perplex and bother the soldiers, as we felt it to be an indignity to have a bayonet poked against us, and to be driven in like cattle into a pen.

The occurrences of the 4th of April have always appeared to me to have an intimate and important connexion with the massacre of the 6th.

On the morning of the 4th, the committee to receive the provisions received biscuits instead of soft bread, which was our usual allowance. The prisoners refused to take them, conceiving themselves entitled to soft bread, and they were sent back. At 5 P. M. the prisoners, grown desperate by hunger, and by their long confinement since the peace, broke open the gates and rushed into the market-square, and evinced a disposition to break open the storehouses where the provisions are usually kept. The bells rang, the drums beat to arms, and the soldiers paraded in front of the prisoners, and threatened to fire on them. The prisoners did not disperse, and many cried out, "Fire away, fire away, we may as well die this way as with hunger." The Major assured them that if they would retire they should have the bread; but they knowing that he had no authority over the provisions, would not retire. Upon Mr. Mitchell, the head clerk's (Captain Shortland being absent) assurance that they should not be locked up until soft bread was issued to them, they retired. The bread arrived about 9 o'clock, and was issued out, and it was nearly midnight before all the prisoners were locked up.

The regulations for victualing the prisoners, an abstract from which was posted up for our information, specified that we should have 1½ pounds of good soft bread, but that in case of any emergency, when soft bread could not be procured, one pound of hard bread or biscuits should be issued instead. In this case there was no pretence of any emergency, such as was contemplated in the regulations; and the facility and dispatch with which the soft bread was

Digitized by Google

at last procured, proves that there was none. We understood and believed at the time, and it is the only probable solution of the transaction, that to be provided for any such emergency, that is, a failure of a supply of flour at any particular time, the contractor had baked up a quantity of biscuits, which he wanted to get off his hands at this time. This was the reason why we refused to take the hard bread, and not from any objection to its quality. Had we been told that there was no flour in the depot to make the bread with, we should probably have been satisfied with the reason assigned, and contented ourselves with the biscuits. If force had been resorted to on this day, to reduce the prisoners to obedience, I think the British government could have shown a much more plausible pretext for its necessity than they have ever been able to do for the employment of it on the 6th. The prisoners, on the 4th, had forced the gates and gained the market-square, and repeatedly threatened to break open the storehouses. Many insults and annoyances were offered to the soldiers and officers of the depot; and the darkness of the night afforded facilities for escape, which many embraced. Capt. Shortland was on that day absent from the depot, having gone to Plymouth. Had he been at home, in all probability the tragedy of the 6th would have been anticipated. He arrived at the depot the next day, and we understood that he was highly indignant at the conduct of the prisoners, and at the compliance of his officers with their demands. The evening of the 4th was a very pleasant one; it was the first time since my residence at the depot that I had seen the moon or a star. I wandered about the yard, enjoying the mild radiance of the moon, and gazing upwards with a child's fondness on each well-known star. I was reminded forcibly of my own far-off home, where I had often gazed upon these same stars; and having this day received intelligence that several cartels were fitting out in the Thames to take us home, I looked forward with a confidence which I had never before felt at Dartmoor, of again revisiting my own native land.

The contractor's plan of putting the Dartmoor boys to bed supperless did not work so well as the expedient of a neighbor of mine, with a large family of boys, who, having himself "an unco' strong grip on the gear," gives his boys a cent to go to bed without supper, and in the morning says, "Come, boys, let's put in a cent all round and buy a warm loaf, and we'll have a good breakfast."

---

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE MASSACRE.

I can say but little from my own knowledge of the affair of the 6th April; for I saw but little of that part of it which goes to fix the kind and degree of blame which in truth attaches to the conduct of Capt. Shortland in that affair. And I think it is exceedingly difficult for any one to estimate properly his motives, and the precise conduct which the occasion called for on his part. He may have been actuated by resentment, or he may, while regretting the supposed necessity, have done nothing more than what he conceived to be his duty under the circumstances. That there was an appearance of an attempt to escape, by a general rush, every prisoner must allow; that there was no such intention every prisoner knows, and we took it for granted at the time, that Capt. Shortland knew it likewise. But could he have known it? There was not the least occasion to use force, because most of the prisoners were ignorant of the cause of the disturbance, and had it been explained to them, they would have retired, and condemned the conduct of those who were the promoters of it. But the whole thing was done so suddenly—after the alarm-bell rang the prisoners rushed out of the prison so rapidly, to see what was the matter, (the market-square was the centre of attraction,) and those behind pressing those on who were before them;—the giving way of



Digitized by Google

the fastenings of the gate from the pressure, and the consequent bearing forward of those near the gate into the market-square; all this was done so suddenly, so tumultuously, that perhaps in the mind of Capt. Shortland the time for prompt action had come, and admitted of no delay. I must confess, there are after-thoughts—that I thought at the time, without the shadow of a doubt, that he was a cool-blooded murderer; and with such feelings, for they were general, the following report, as I have before remarked, was drawn up; and the accompanying depositions taken. Most of the committee, and many of the deponents, I knew, and they were worthy and respectable men, who, under ordinary circumstances, would be entitled to the most implicit credit; and the reader will judge what allowance to make for the excitement of the occasion.

The whole of that part of the scene which I witnessed is as vivid in my recollection as though it happened only yesterday, and I wrote an account of it the next morning, which I have before me; but it was written under such strong feelings of excited indignation, that I dare not trust to it now as a correct representation. But what I *saw* I faithfully noted.

It was late in the afternoon, I think somewhat after 5 o'clock, the prisoners were mostly in the prisons, when I took a walk in the yard, in which was situated No. 7 prison. I saw a small collection, probably about twenty, standing about the wall separating the yard from the guard-barracks. One man with a stick was picking a hole in the wall, the others were some of them hallooing to, and blackguarding the soldiers in the barrack-yard, as they said, because the soldiers would not toss a ball back which had been knocked over the wall. While I was looking on, a stone gave way and fell into the barrack-yard, which made a hole in the wall about as big as a man's head. One man stooped down to look in, when a sword was thrust through the hole at him, and the man with the stick struck at the sword, and I think broke it. I then turned away and went towards the palings at the end of the prison, and on my way I saw the turnkey locking the doors of No. 7 prison, and it did not strike me that it was unusually early. When I got to the palings, I found about twenty or thirty prisoners over the palings, between them and the inner walls, pelting each other with pieces of turf. While standing near the palings I saw a considerable number of soldiers pass on to the walls, and I heard an officer who was with them, advise those around to go into the prison, for they would soon be forced in. Very soon I heard the alarm-bell ring, a bugle sounding and drums beating, and I noticed the prisoners rushing out of the doors of the prisons, and making towards the market-square. I passed slowly towards the square and stood in the rear of the multitude, where I could just see the heads of the soldiers in the market-yard. Immediately one or two muskets were discharged, and I turned to go into the prison. The multitude were crying out. "Do not run, they are only blank cartridges;" I thought so too, but from the disposition I saw manifested by the crowd, in hooting and insulting the soldiers, I thought something more serious would follow. I accordingly walked fast to gain the prison, and had proceeded but a little way when a man passed me with the blood streaming down his face. Before I got under cover the discharge was general, from the market-square and from the walls, as the door by which we usually went into the prison was shut, and I had to pass to the other end. The prisoners were then giving way in every direction, and seeking the covert of the prison walls. After I got into prison I saw no more of the transaction.

On the 22d, Mr. Larpent, on the part of the British government, and Mr. King, of New-York, on the part of the American government, came down to investigate the occurrence. Their report immediately follows the report of the committee of the prisoners.

While writing this account, I requested a person who was a neighbor of mine at Dartmoor, and on whose powers of observation and strong memory I place great reliance, to favor me with his recollections of this affair. This he complied with, and I give it in his own words:

"A few days previous to the 6th of April, 1815, we received the news of Jackson's glorious victory at New-Orleans, which caused great joy and enthusiasm throughout the prisons, and the more respectable part of the prison-

ers celebrated it by displaying the American flag on the top of the prisons; while the rough allies, to vent their patriotic feelings, abused the soldiers on guard, and made use of insulting language in the hearing of the officers.

It being peace, and we expecting the cartels every day to take us home, felt no doubt full as independent as we ought to have done under the circumstances, and the British soldiers and officers were treated very cavalierly by all the prisoners, almost without distinction.

On the morning of the 6th, about 8 o'clock, I was standing by the wall which separated the yard of prisons Nos. 5, 6 and 7 from the barrack-yard, when a young man well known to me, took out his jack-knife and began cutting a soft kind of sand-stone which happened to be in the wall. Others on passing, during the forenoon, attracted by seeing the wall cut with a common pocket-knife, would stop and cut likewise, so that by noon, the stone which was about the size of a man's hand, was entirely abstracted from the wall.

After dinner more came to view what had been done, and finding no more stone that could be so easily cut, they began to break out the mortar and the small stones which had become loose, until there were no more that could be got out by hand. It was then about 4 o'clock, P. M., and some lads who were playing ball threw it on the other side of the barrack-yard, when they called to the soldiers to throw it back again, but the latter took no notice of them.

A number at this time standing near, and glad of an excuse to make mischief, immediately proposed to make a hole through the wall into the barrack-yard, to get their ball, and they began in good earnest, for they took some loose bars of iron from the windows of No. 5, about four feet in length, and using them as levers, they were enabled to displace large stones.

When the sentinels on the walls saw them tearing down the wall in good earnest, they begged them to desist, and reported to their officers what was going on. Several of the officers came on to the wall and bade them disperse, and told them they hoped they would be quiet, as it was now peace, and they would be sent home in a few days.—They received some insulting answers, and finding it useless to argue they disappeared.

If, at this period of the affair, they had marched into the yard with a few troops, they might have prevented all further mischief; and the reason that Colonel Ayres gave for not doing so was, that Captain Shortland, the civil governor, was absent, and the military could not act except under a civil magistrate, and that he immediately sent off an express to Plymouth, where Capt. Shortland had gone.

It was now near half past six o'clock, P. M., and a hole large enough to crawl through had been made, when they found a guard on the other side of the wall to prevent their coming through. The officer in command looked through and begged of them to desist, and the turnkeys were sent into the yard to turn us into the prisons, as it was about the usual time to lock us up. The officer before mentioned received nothing but abusive language, and he ordered one of his men to run his bayonet through the hole. He did so, and some one standing alongside, close to the wall, caught hold of it and tried to wrench it off. The officer then stooped down to bring his head level with the opening, and was again in the act of entreating them to retire, and telling them what would be the consequence of their disobedience, when a large piece of turf was thrown over the wall, and descending on the side where the soldiers were, it struck the officer (who was still in a stooping posture) on the back of his neck, and plunged him head-first into the hole.

Capt. Shortland had by this time arrived at the depot: and Col. Ayres had long before posted all the troops around the walls, but they were concealed from the view of the prisoners. A double line of soldiers were likewise drawn across the market-square. About a minute after the officer had been knocked down by the turf, the great bell at the outer gate sounded the alarm, and the bugles joined chorus.—Immediately, as if by magic, the soldiers appeared around the entire inner wall of the prisons, ready to fire at a moment's warning. I then retreated towards the prison No. 7, and found all the doors but one shut; and just as I entered that, I heard a heavy discharge of musketry in the mar-

Digitized by Google

ket-square. As I entered the door, I heard some persons crying out as loud as they could bawl—"Huzza! rush out; they fire nothing but blank cartridges"—and I was borne into the yard again much against my will. I had got but a little way out of the door when the firing commenced from the wall, and the balls were flying in every direction, but mostly over our heads.—The glass lamp over the door was smashed to atoms, and the pieces fell down amongst us. The current immediately set in towards the door, and I was carried into the prison again.

The troops, with Captain Shortland, marched round the yard, and then went out. Double sentries were placed round the depot, and men were sent in to carry out the dead, and to convey the wounded into the hospital, which they did by laying them on a short ladder, and making a hand-barrow of it.—The next morning we were kept in until the hole in the wall was mended, which was about 9 o'clock, A. M., and then every thing went on as usual; but during the night a large body of marines arrived at the depot from Plymouth barracks, and part of a regiment of artillery.

There were from seven to eight hundred men firing on us for more than ten minutes, and the pattering of the balls against the buildings seemed like a hail-storm.

---

## FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

The general state of affairs in the commercial countries of Europe, is one of high prices for food and low prices for the products of industry. This position of the elements of commerce has grown out of the failure, partial in some places and general in others, of the corn-crops last year. As a great whole, probably, the production of food throughout Europe was equal to the consumption; it nevertheless happened, however, that, from various causes, the impression became general, that there was a scarcity. That impression, in its practical results, was identical with an actual deficit in food. Whenever bread-stuffs were really scarce the price was high, as a matter of course, and where there was no deficit in supply stocks were held up in anticipation of a demand; and in many parts of Europe, in France in particular, an artificial dearth was created, by a disposition to hoard bread in large districts. This disposition evidently grew out of popular but unfounded fears, but the unusual purchases which they occasioned, by raising prices, afforded a seeming corroboration of the reality of the grounds assigned for the fears. Such a state of affairs could not but be unfavorable to trade, by diminishing the consumption of the products of manufacturing industry, and causing stocks to accumulate in first hands, and thereby promoting a demand for money. England was supposed to be the point where the most food would be required, and thither proceeded the largest quantities of bread-stuffs. The result has been that the stock in hand has accumulated to a value of near six millions of pounds sterling, or $30,000,000, locked up in the two articles of wheat and flour; and, with this large stock on hand, prices are rapidly falling. The quantity of money in raw cotton is near $4,000,000, and in rail-road deposites $50,000,000, and these latter again on the increase. There is nearly $100,000,000 of capital locked up in the three items mentioned. Such an immense and unusual absorption of ready-money could not but produce a scarcity of money. The rail-road speculation of last year, which was checked at one time, appears again to be gathering strength; and whether all the schemes before Parliament are carried out or not, the demand for capital from those now in progress must be sufficient to affect the value of money. It is also true, the amount of outstanding private obligations, in England as well as in the United States, has increased to a very great extent in the last two years. This is indicated in the amount of private securities held by the Bank of England. These have been steadily and rapidly increasing since the policy of the government in relation to the banks became settled, and that institution became rather a competitor in the discount market with other banks than a controlling power. As a matter of valuable reference, as well as illustrative of the course of affairs since the bank received its new charter, we append the leading features from each of its weekly statements down to the present time.

Digitized by Google

BANK OF ENGLAND.

| | | Securities. Public. | Securities. Private. | Deposites. Public. | Deposites. Private. | Net circulation. | Notes on hand. | Bullion. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sept. | 14 | 14,554,834 | 8,146,689 | 4,417,067 | 8,475,101 | 19,880,660 | 8,620,220 | 15,197,771 |
| | 21 | 14,554,834 | 8,802,714 | 5,293,615 | 8,511,771 | 19,618,160 | 8,964,545 | 15,058,964 |
| | 28 | 14,554,834 | 9,795,840 | 6,010,235 | 8,286,772 | 19,902,125 | 8,460,705 | 15,022,256 |
| Oct. | 5 | 14,554,834 | 10,510,120 | 6,202,322 | 8,225,082 | 21,152,895 | 7,930,010 | 14,702,307 |
| | 12 | 16,352,834 | 10,528,785 | 8,147,290 | 8,230,673 | 20,228,060 | 7,610,025 | 14,445,034 |
| | 19 | 15,676,037 | 8,418,826 | 3,965,196 | 8,506,798 | 21,083,245 | 6,648,665 | 14,190,082 |
| | 26 | 15 408,775 | 8,387,508 | 3,556,646 | 8,291,481 | 21,320,885 | 6,224,845 | 14,096,828 |
| Nov. | 2 | 15,070,775 | 8,675,659 | 3,471,119 | 8,757,379 | 20,819,765 | 6,678,715 | 14,038,751 |
| | 9 | 14,409,775 | 8,731,567 | 3,653,893 | 8,340,444 | 20,556,725 | 6,844,275 | 14,115,629 |
| | 16 | 13,539,775 | 9,398,630 | 3,879,458 | 8,029,934 | 20,580,750 | 6,927,045 | 14,231,252 |
| | 23 | 13,539,775 | 9,547,462 | 4,812,191 | 7,864,144 | 20,118,475 | 7,410,400 | 14,365,590 |
| Dec. | 7 | 13,540,619 | 10,193,713 | 5,795,572 | 8,422,809 | 19,531,400 | 8,286,105 | 14,644,973 |
| | 14 | 13,540,619 | 10,293,154 | 6,385,654 | 8,381,188 | 19,258,165 | 8,745,540 | 14,844,294 |
| | 28 | 13,540,619 | 11,031,821 | 7,411,605 | 8,265,029 | 19,123,365 | 9,076,800 | 14,828,416 |
| 1845. | | | | | | | | |
| Jan. | 4 | 13,539,720 | 11,426,996 | 7,366,643 | 8,037,320 | 19,666,930 | 8,418,125 | 14,801,621 |
| | 11 | 14,386,839 | 9,002,544 | 4,128,966 | 8,877,905 | 20,490,200 | 7,772.930 | 14,775,839 |
| | 25 | 13,651,692 | 8,561,399 | 2,787,253 | 8,714,052 | 20,710,235 | 7,418,075 | 14,819,872 |
| Feb. | 1 | 13,541,692 | 8,652,751 | 2,852,124 | 8,713,690 | 20,590,232 | 7,642,253 | 14,898,630 |
| | 22 | 13,522,379 | 10,784.494 | 5,237,999 | 9,941,556 | 19,790.305 | 8,889,215 | 15,453,303 |
| Mar. | 15 | 13,474,379 | 11.836,377 | 6,451,283 | 9,994,572 | 19,696,675 | 9,451,385 | 15,944.311 |
| | 22 | 13,474,379 | 12,535.169 | 6,890,121 | 10,452,425 | 19,540,350 | 9,673,205 | 16,000,424 |
| | 29 | 13,589,379 | 13,126 469 | 7,321,855 | 10,713,052 | 19,724,130 | 9.747,280 | 16,204,220 |
| April | 5 | 13,474,379 | 13,123,678 | 6,924,106 | 10,445,950 | 20,099,795 | 9,252,350 | 16,064,202 |
| | 12 | 15,174,495 | 11,069,829 | 4,355,166 | 11,753,022 | 21,215,516 | 8,001,434 | 15,892,927 |
| | 26 | 13,921,966 | 9,680,272 | 2,643,448 | 10,781,637 | 21,152,175 | 8,101,770 | 15,886,058 |
| May | 10 | 13,416,966 | 10,104,644 | 3,391,477 | 10,065,486 | 21,082,885 | 8,140,050 | 15,861,686 |
| | 24 | 13,384,898 | 10,644,537 | 5,051,007 | 10,087,531 | 20,397,700 | 9,014,845 | 16,272,751 |
| June | 21 | 13,384,898 | 11,984,420 | 6,951,773 | 10,147,586 | 20,214,435 | 9,837,175 | 16,639,315 |
| July | 12 | 13,800,344 | 11,282,221 | 3,456,089 | 11,356,519 | 21,613,030 | 8,068,970 | 16,196,286 |
| | 19 | 13,456,776 | 10,815,121 | 2,824,528 | 10,934,390 | 21,503,090 | 7,890,610 | 15,870,332 |
| Aug. | 2 | 13,321,844 | 11,463,603 | 3,215,363 | 10,960,214 | 21,346,975 | 7,849,785 | 15,709,614 |
| | 9 | 13,321,844 | 11,634,159 | 4,034,767 | 10,187,780 | 21,459,140 | 7,682,465 | 15,669,651 |
| | 23 | 13,321,844 | 11,353,577 | 5,393,936 | 8,408,837 | 21,189,355 | 7,832,955 | 15,602,605 |
| Sept. | 6 | 13,468,643 | 11,967,081 | 6,474,705 | 8,507,213 | 20,697,795 | 8,255,505 | 14,742,858 |
| | 20 | 13,348,643 | 13,297,048 | 8,222,109 | 8,110,787 | 20,470,335 | 8,327,895 | 15,347,639 |
| | 27 | 13,348,643 | 14,149,003 | 8,802,110 | 8,070,212 | 20,640,995 | 7,916,995 | 15,160,693 |
| Oct. | 4 | 13,348,663 | 15,188,965 | 8,703,497 | 8,167,961 | 21,260,055 | 7,095,615 | 14,865,043 |
| | 18 | 13,348,643 | 13,949,527 | 4,488,419 | 9,835,609 | 22,251,145 | 5,939,120 | 14,190,265 |
| Nov. | 1 | 13,203,138 | 13,429,813 | 4,487,058 | 9,099,737 | 22,047,340 | 5,219,775 | 13 885,042 |
| | 8 | 13,203,138 | 14,234,438 | 5,340,731 | 9,134,243 | 21,764,635 | 5,437,730 | 13,822,948 |
| | 22 | 13,201,863 | 15,454,390 | 7,363,168 | 9,024,223 | 20,959,565 | 6,076,985 | 13,514,501 |
| | 29 | 13,201,863 | 15,871,054 | 7,670,581 | 8,992,719 | 20,801,465 | 5,932,345 | 13,233,848 |
| Dec. | 6 | 13,201,863 | 16,224,712 | 8,110,401 | 9,022,019 | 20,594,640 | 5,945,840 | 13,067,350 |
| | 13 | 13,201,863 | 16,135,637 | 8,648,374 | 9,089,705 | 20,120,005 | 6,506,345 | 13,268,771 |
| | 20 | 13,201,863 | 16,329,285 | 9,408,044 | 8,715,667 | 20,051,050 | 6,768,340 | 13,378,343 |
| | 27 | 13,201,863 | 16,252,051 | 9,898,409 | 8,482,239 | 19,856,850 | 6,914,660 | 13,325,886 |
| 1846. | | | | | | | | |
| Jan. | 3 | 13,201,072 | 16,262,593 | 9,369,630 | 8,350,465 | 20,257,415 | 6.418,510 | 13,281,472 |
| | 10 | 13,137,047 | 15,273,096 | 5,191,017 | 10,656,207 | 20,868,345 | 5,672,855 | 13,193,383 |
| | 17 | 13,137,047 | 15,773,124 | 4,710,957 | 11,254,618 | 24,180,165 | 5,393,745 | 13,139,376 |
| | 24 | 13,137,047 | 18,381,010 | 4,464,806 | 14,208,608 | 21,108,645 | 5,416,380 | 13,202,080 |
| | 31 | 13,137,047 | 21,466,997 | 4,839,810 | 17,036,830 | 21,474,495 | 5,112,860 | 13,288,344 |
| Feb. | 7 | 13,137,047 | 22.908,661 | 5,054,438 | 18,912,445 | 20,434,995 | 6,263,625 | 13,335,645 |
| | 14 | 13,137,047 | 22,251,906 | 5,738,873 | 18,018,523 | 20,126,250 | 6,674,075 | 13,467,602 |
| | 21 | 13,137,047 | 22,539,192 | 6,202,903 | 18,091,320 | 20,085,445 | 6,887,810 | 13,651,727 |
| | 28 | 13,136,440 | 23,242,035 | 6,296,535 | 18,647,068 | 20,021,810 | 6,994.485 | 13,775,801 |
| March | 7 | 13,136,440 | 22,118,987 | 6,502,355 | 17,828,778 | 19,502,645 | 7,576.625 | 13,787,205 |
| | 14 | 13,136,440 | 21,923,787 | 6,804,524 | 17,476,998 | 19,405,685 | 7,712,120 | 13,835,090 |
| | 21 | 13,136,440 | 21,806,194 | 7,065,422 | 17,356,203 | 19,230,810 | 8,033,665 | 13,965,697 |
| | 28 | 13,136,731 | 22,181,392 | 7,319,625 | 17,103,928 | 19,565,555 | 7,683,690 | 13,987,335 |
| April | 4 | 13,136,440 | 22,058,613 | 7,047,026 | 16,763,047 | 19,865,565 | 7,316,415 | 13,825,521 |
| | 11 | 14,437·065 | 19,438,782 | 4,210,976 | 18,069,993 | 20,302,135 | 6,728,120 | 13,572,027 |
| | 18 | 13,957,865 | 18,736.602 | 3,197,029 | 17,710,987 | 20,515,520 | 6,515,990 | 13,627,170 |
| | 25 | 13,528,065 | 17,884,532 | 2,698,953 | 16,978,110 | 20,561,370 | 6,488,140 | 13,705,827 |
| May | 2 | 13,303,065 | 17,901,148 | 2,578,451 | 16,780,380 | 20,663,825 | 6,408,470 | 13,454,713 |
| | 9 | 13,023,065 | 17,734,025 | 3,031,375 | 16,256,526 | 20,408,590 | 6,836,405 | 13,880,102 |
| | 16 | 12,988,065 | 18,222,548 | 4,084,117 | 16,354,017 | 19,022,755 | 7,497,460 | 14,184,666 |
| | 23 | 12,988,065 | 18,236,480 | 4,809,183 | 15,947,268 | 19,931,940 | 7,774,925 | 13,413,343 |
| | 30 | 13,008,065 | 18,460,493 | 5,228,640 | 16,165,620 | 19,950,320 | 8,043,560 | 14,698,091 |
| June | 6 | 12,988,065 | 18,321,641 | 5,753,512 | 15,927,013 | 19,856,820 | 8,468,180 | 15,011,692 |

Digitized by Google

In our article for November, 1844, we indicated the nature of the change which had taken place in the functions of the bank under its new charter, as becoming a discounter of paper rather than a furnisher of currency. Under the old system the bank usually kept the rate of its interest somewhat in advance of the market-rate, thereby discouraging direct applications for its discounts; it simply assumed to furnish the currency with which the business of the surrounding bankers was conducted. By separating this quality of furnishing currency from the discount department, the latter became more free to loan, and the consequence has been the large increase in the private securities held by the institution. The index afforded by these figures would show that the outstanding credits in the business-circles of England have more than doubled in two years, and that consequently the demand for money has enhanced in the same ratio. The increase of the private deposites is mostly on rail-way account. Another remarkable feature in the returns, is the large amount of coin retained by the bank in all that time, and the great increase it underwent in the six weeks, ending the first week in June, notwithstanding the large imports of corn. During the four months, ending with May 5th, the import of bread-stuffs into England was as follows:

| | 1844. | 1845. | 1846. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat, qrs. | 158,574 | 15,283 | 450,971 |
| Oats, " | 8,772 | 48,752 | 87,673 |
| Indian Corn, " | 1,624 | 19,096 | 128,284 |
| Flour, cwt., | 108,640 | 15,621 | 695,366 |

This is equal to an increase of £2,000,000 in the value of bread-stuffs imported, while the exports of British manufacture in the same period decreased £1,000,000, being mostly of cotton, linen, and woollen goods. This latter was the natural consequence of the advance of bread in the countries of Europe, as well as of the overstocked state of the Indian and Chinese markets. Under those circumstances, however, as we have said, the import of the precious metals has increased. This increase is mainly of the products of the Russian mines, the gold of which is continually flowing into London from St. Petersburgh direct, and through Hamburgh and Holland. This extraordinary feature of the commercial world is beginning to attract attention. In our article for Sept., 1844, we entered into some details in relation to the product of the Russian mines, and pointed out some of those results that are now being realized. The flow of gold into the Bank of England is thus indicated in the returns:

| | Feb. 14. | June 6. | Increase. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gold Coin and Bullion, | £11,177,282 | £12,192,710 | £1,015,428 |
| Silver Bullion, | 1,623,043 | 2,132,290 | 509,247 |
| Gold and Silver Coin, | 667,277 | 686,691 | 19,414 |
| Total, | £13,467,602 | £15,011,691 | £1,544,089 |

This has been the progress of the coin-import up to this time; and with the present aspect of affairs it is probable that a larger import will be effected, more particularly that the quantity of bread-stuffs in England is now greater than its wants until the new harvest, which promises well; but the prospect for a more abundant supply in Europe is also good, which will lead to a more extensive consumption of British goods, while the demand for corn must nearly cease. In fact, the price of grain in England fell 4s. per quarter during the six weeks, ending with June 6. Under the circumstances, it would appear that the release of large sums of money from corn, stocks of goods and raw materials, would greatly promote an abundance of money, by causing its freer circulation, at the same time that the passage of the corn bill through Parliament will tend to promote confidence in capitalists.

The table of the bank movement, embracing as it does nearly all the returns made since the re-modelling of the charter in 1844, shows how little the outstanding net circulation of the institution has afforded a true index to the state of the markets. On the 14th September, 1844, the circulation of the institution was less than 20 millions, and the private securities, or commercial paper discounted by the bank, amounted to about 8 millions only—and the deposites of individuals were near the same amount. At the close of February, 1846, the circulation of the bank exceeded that of September, 1844, only 140,000*l.*; yet the private discounts were over 23 millions, near three times the amount in September, 1844; and the private deposites were more than double. The amount of "notes

Digitized by Google

on hand," indicates more nearly the real vacillations of the currency, as administered by the bank. These have fluctuated from near ten to five millions, and from two causes, viz.: the amount of bullion and the public deposites on hand. These latter appear to form an important feature in the bank movement. The public revenues are constantly coming in, and accumulate in the bank until the quarterly dividends are due, when bank notes are paid out to return in the collection of the public dues. The greatest amount of public deposites was at the close of December, 1845, when they were near ten millions, and were diminished by five millions at the close of January. The bank notes on hand were diminished in the same time, by the operation of paying out the deposites for dividends on the national debt, about two millions, by which sum the outstanding circulation apparently increased. That appears to have been entirely a government operation; yet in the same time the private deposites more than doubled; and the discount of private securities increased near five millions. That is to say, without any apparent change in the volume of the currency, as administered by the bank, nine millions of rail-road deposites were made in the bank, in the month of January; and the bank discounted five millions of securities to facilitate the operation. Those private deposites, in the partial settlement which has taken place, of the rail-road schemes, have been diminished three millions of pounds; and of the securities discounted, five millions have been withdrawn by payment, or otherwise. The number of bills now before Parliament, has given rise to renewed uneasiness in relation to the effect that the rail-way demand may have upon the money-market. On the continent, particularly in Paris, considerable uneasiness is prevalent on the same subject. The minister declared to the Chambers, that the calls of the rail-ways would amount to 140,000,000 francs, or $26,250,000 per annum, for seven years—a monthly instalment of 10,000,000 francs, or $1,875,000, is fixed for August. The rail-roads in operation produced, last year, 25 millions francs, and in consequence of the new lines opened, will, this year, produce 50 millions. Whatever effect upon the money markets of Europe, directly, may be produced by this demand for capital, it must eventuate in a greatly extended business throughout Europe, by developing and making available resources, and promoting the consumption of the products of industry. The collection of capital, that formerly was invested almost exclusively in government loans, and appropriated to government purposes, and dispersing it throughout the land in paying for the construction of rapid and cheap means of communication, is a most effectual mode of distributing wealth, and consequently, of revivifying all branches of industry, and stimulating trade. The fall of breadstuffs, which have been so high throughout Europe, must lead to the absorption of the stocks of goods accumulated through the diminished consumption superinduced by the rise, and a renewed demand for raw materials again stimulate foreign trade.

The change in the tariff of the United States must ultimately produce an extended intercourse between this country and Europe. We do not anticipate, however, from the tariff, as passed, any immediate important results. It is not, in its general features, by any means of a liberal character. It is only a little less prohibitive than before. The principal reductions which it effects, are in the articles of iron, Pongee silks, cottons, and woollens. The amount of cotton cloths imported last year, plain and dyed, was over 10 millions of dollars, and these paid an average duty of 46 per cent. The same goods will now pay 25 per cent., which is an enormous charge. Great Britain never charged 10 per cent. on the same goods. It is, however, the case, that a great variety of desirable cotton goods, for general consumption, which are not made in this country at all, have been entirely excluded heretofore, and can now be imported at the 25 per cent. duty. It is a work of time, however, to introduce them into general consumption. The tariff will come into operation at a time unfavorable to a large consumption of goods, whether of domestic or foreign growth, inasmuch as that the low prices of produce of all descriptions is likely to command, for the next crops, will cripple the means of the great mass of the consumers, to buy goods. Notwithstanding the small crop of cotton for the present year, and the prospect thus far, that that about coming to market will be no larger, the stringency of the English money market, from causes above hinted at, is likely to keep prices low for the present. The large production of agricultural products of all kinds, stimulated by the good prices generally obtained by the producers, for the last crops, may have a similar effect in the face of the large stocks existing, to ruin the sales of the crops about to be harvested. Under such circumstances the consumption of manufactured goods, even at low prices, cannot be very large; and consequently the effect of the modification of the tariff will be measurably counteracted by the results of past prohibitions. This is a state of affairs, however, that requires great caution on the part of those institutions which sometimes offer an undue stimulus to mercantile enterprise. The great reductions that are to take place

Digitized by Google

after November, on two or three leading articles of import from Great Britain, would naturally prevent their importation, until that modification should take place; and consequently the exchanges, now usually low at this season of the year, say 6¾ *a* 7 per cent., may become so far affected as to allow of a renewed import of specie. The 6th section of the law, however, allows all goods imported prior to December 2d, to remain in warehouse until that time, and then pay the low duty; a privilege that may distribute the importation over the fall months, and equalize the demand for exchange.

The tendency, both in Europe and the United States, is to extend intercourse by removing restrictions upon trade. England, the great centre of the commercial world, has given the most eminent example; and even the autocrat of Russia, as well as the lesser states of Europe, are giving indications of a relaxation of their external commercial policy, while the products of industry, and means of internal transportation, are rapidly extending themselves throughout the interior of all the states of Europe. The death of the Pontiff of Rome has given rise to hopes of a more liberal commercial policy in the states of the church; an event likely to give effect to the designs of Austria, in placing herself at the head of a great Customs Union for the south of Europe, to off-set the great increase of influence acquired by Prussia in a similar movement in the north of Europe. The old time-honored notions of mutual commercial injuries inflicted upon each, by rival states, in the hopes of themselves benefiting by the ruin of their customers, are fast dying out, and the march of free trade would, doubtless, be more rapid, but for the apprehensions that are entertained of the events that may succeed the demise of the Prince Metternich and the king of the French. The former is the head of the *statu quo* policy for the south of Europe, in an age of rapid universal advancement; the representative of those old divine rights of rulers, now undergoing a mortal struggle with public opinion. The latter is the miserable occupant of a precarious throne, tottering over the rising energies of Republican France on one hand, and the object of suspicion to the allied despots, who, with difficulty, were persuaded in 1830 to allow him to reign, on condition that he should betray the liberties of France. The small states of Europe, by laying aside mutual jealousies, have consolidated their material interests. The people are brought nearer to each, and in their increasing strength despotism finds its most formidable enemy. The throwing down of the commercial barriers between England and the United States, and the removal of causes of complaint between the two countries, are wisely preparatory steps, on the part of England, in view of the aspect of political affairs in Europe.

---

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Poems of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.* 1 vol. Harper & Brothers, New-York.

We have perused several of the poems contained in this volume, which may be regarded as the fairest specimens of the author's peculiar taste and abilities, and we trust that a reference to these will be sufficient to justify the opinion we have formed upon a subject requiring some leniency and a just and happy discrimination.

In one great requisite of the true poet, Mr. Longfellow is somewhat deficient—we mean originality; but this objection does not by any means apply to all his poems; some few of them are exceedingly novel and attractive, and bear an under current of deep feeling and piety, which cannot fail to contribute greatly to their popularity. "The Psalm of Life," which expresses the views of a practical mind in answer to the worn-out axiom, that "life is but an empty dream," is a spirit-stirring effusion, and well calculated to inspire us with new faith, hope, and energy, in our moments of despondency. The "Footsteps of Angels" is natural and pleasing. It represents the passing, in our sweeter moments of reflection, and amidst the fitful shadows of the night, of the loved forms of the departed, and its effect upon the mind. The next and only original poem we can notice in the brief space allowed us, is the "Beleaguered City," which is a beautiful illustration of the attacks of those phantoms of the imagination, from which no fancy is at all times safe, but to which the morbid and the melancholy are particularly subject. This volume will be read with pleasure. The original poetry, though not striking, is nowhere below mediocrity, and occasionally rises far above it. This however forms but a small portion of the work. There is a tragedy (also by Mr. Longfellow) and a great number of miscellaneous poems, translated with much taste

Digitized by Google

and fidelity by that gentleman from the German, Danish, Anglo-Saxon, and French. The versification is betimes rugged and disagreeable, but the poems are interesting, as giving some knowledge of the poetical genius of the respective countries to which they properly belong.

---

*Memory and Intellectual Improvement.* 3 vols. By O. S. FOWLER, New-York.

The last volume of a new and improved edition of this work has been laid on our table. The application of phrenology to self-education and improvement has occurred to almost every intelligent mind as being not only practicable, but likely to be attended with the happiest and most satisfactory results; but it was reserved for Mr. Fowler, in this country at least, to carry out this idea to its fullest extent, and successfully to urge its importance by the sound and wholesome deductions of long experience. The present volume contains portraits of several distinguished men, which serve to illustrate in the most striking manner the craniological statements of the author. We are much pleased to find that Mr. Fowler has not overlooked the close connection and reciprocal influence of the mind and body, and the great advantage accruing to the former by the increase of physical energy. The very intensity of study, when it interferes with the necessary conditions for the preservation of health, impairs the strongest powers of the mind, a fact to which it is of the utmost importance that the attention of parents, students, and schoolmasters should be directed.

---

*Thoughts on the Poets.* By HENRY F. TUCKERMAN. C. S. Francis & Co., New-York.

This volume is one of the best illustrations we have seen of the truth of the assertion that but few subjects are entirely exhausted.

Thoughts on the Poets and their Poetry are more numerous than stars in the firmament, and have engaged the pens of the most profound and elegant writers in the language; but the reflections of a highly cultivated mind, which fears not to express its honest convictions, are always tinged with some novel and attractive hues, which will give it at least strong claims to originality. There are some passages, however, in these interesting essays, which will give Mr. Tuckerman no unenviable position amongst American authors. The sentiments he has so beautifully expressed on the subject of pure, exalted, and disinterested love, which arise so naturally from the contemplation of Petrarch's enduring passion for Laura, would do honor to the most refined sensibility, whilst the various tributes he pays to the different poets of whom he treats, are so appropriate, and in some instances so glowing and impassioned, that we cannot but feel that he has drank deep of the fount of their inspiration. Goldsmith, Gray, Collins, Pope, Alfieri, Crabbe, Byron, Moore, Burns, Thompson, and sixteen other poets are treated of in this volume. We feel assured that all who read these reflections will rise from the perusal with an improved taste and wid[illegible]f, sphere of knowledge. [illegible]d

---

*Kühner's Elementary Greek Gramme[illegible]*

This work is ably translated by Sam[illegible]t-H. Taylor, of Andover, Mass., from the Ge[illegible]s man of Raphael Kühner, an experienced and learned teacher, who for more than 20 years was professor of Greek, at the Lyceum, Hanover.

Independent of all consideration as to the great advantages undoubtedly possessed by the author in acquiring a profound knowledge of the language; and judging by the intrinsic merits of this book, we should say that it is one of the best and most comprehensive grammars that have yet appeared, and we have no hesitation in recommending it for the use of students, schools, and colleges.

---

*Shores of the Mediterranean, with sketches of travels.* By FRANCIS SCHROEDER. In two volumes. Harper & Brothers.

The shores of the Mediterranean are everywhere fraught with interest to all classes of readers. Every spot on the borders of that sea which was once the centre of the Roman world in its grandeur, furnishes matter of intense interest. In every bosom there is a longing to visit scenes associated historically with our earliest years; and next to an actual visit, the lively and graphic narrative of our intelligent and enthusiastic countryman supplies the want. Mr. Schroeder, as secretary to the Commodore of the United States squadron in those seas, in the year 1843, had rare and admirable opportunities of visiting the most attractive places, and he has improved his opportunities to the best advantage in imparting his enjoyment to his readers through his most lively and instructive pages, embellished with several handsome engravings, from drawings by the author.

---

*The Bible, the Koran and the Talmud; or Biblical Legends of the Mussulmans; compiled from Arabic sources, and compared with Jewish traditions.* By DR. G. WEIL. Harper & Brothers.

In this work, Dr. Weil has extracted from original Arabic records the leading ideas of the Mohammedan legends, which seemingly embodied the germ of that faith, subsequently developed in the Koran. The work is of high interest when we consider that, at an estimate, one hundred and twenty human beings have staked their immortal welfare on the truth of the doctrines they contain. The book forms a valuable epitome of Mohammedan theology and morals.

Digitized by Google

*The Statesman's Manual. The Addresses and Messages of the Presidents of the United States, from* 1787 *to* 1846, *inclusive; with a Memoir of each of the Presidents, and a History of their Administrations; also, the Constitution of the United States, and a Selection of Important Documents and Statistical Information, compiled from official sources.* By EDWIN WILLIAMS. 2 vols. 8 vo. Edward Walker, 114 Fulton-street, New-York.

The 30th of April last completed 57 years since the inaugural of George Washington as the first President of these United States. A population of some 3,500,000 souls then occupied 13 states on the Atlantic coast, covering an area of some 473,000 square miles. These states were heavily in debt—scarcely visible above the horizon of national existence, and commanded no other attention in the European world than as successfully revolted colonists, about to commence a very doubtful experiment in self-government. Many of the small states of Europe had never heard of their existence, and the larger powers seemed to consider them as but a future prey when circumstances afforded them time to take possession; perhaps much in the same light that Constantinople is now regarded by the eagerly watchful eyes of surrounding despots. Since then the face of the world has become changed. The population of these United States has swelled to 20,000,000. They have added 814,810 square miles to their represented territory. They have risen to the first rank as a commercial nation, and have successfully disputed with England the dominion of the seas. They have become an object of dread to the despots of Europe, and of admiration and hope to the people of the world. Their flag is respected in all quarters of the world, and their friendship courted by all nations. They have successfully pushed their claims to the Pacific Ocean, and in doing so have been declared in Europe as the first nation "that obtained from the fears of England what her sense of justice would not yield." These wonderful results have, doubtless, mainly to be attributed to the virtue, energy and freedom of the people; but the successful working of our institutions under eleven chief magistrates, from Washington to Polk, has been the necessary attendant upon those elements. The whole development of this "experiment," under the action of the executives; the successive steps by which every important event in our progress has been met and overcome; the annual growth of our importation abroad; the purchase and annexation of empires at home; the application of our elastic institutions to a people and territory doubling every few years; the changing interests of the masses, and the working of internal politics, are all spread out in one splendid *coup d'œil* in the two volumes before us under the above title. The messages and addresses of the presidents, following each other in chronological order, keep the reader informed of every important event as it occurred, accompanied by an impartial statement of the leading events of each administration. A complete index at the close of the 2d volume adds great value to the whole, as a work of prompt reference; a chronological table of events, with tables of commerce, population and revenue, are also added. The whole forms a most complete library in itself, of all that concerns the politics of the country. No individual should be without these two volumes at hand for prompt reference. How many hours of idle discussions and senseless debates might be spared to heated partizans, were these books at hand for appeal. We shall have frequent occasion to refer to them.

*Pictorial History of England.* Harper & Brothers.

No. 5 of this estimable republication, to which we have previously called attention, brings the history down to Henry I. (Beauclerc) in 1100. The detail of the manners and customs, and profusion of illustrations, keeps up the interest of the narrative in an extraordinary degree.

---

## POLITICAL STATISTICS.

### OREGON TREATY.

THE following is a copy of the Treaty for the division of the Oregon Territory between the United States and Great Britain. It will be observed, that the navigation of the Columbia River is free to the Hudson's Bay Company and all British subjects trading with them. That is a matter of small importance in a practical point of view:

*Convention between the United States of America and her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, concluded at Washington the* 15*th of June,* 1846.

June 16, 1846—Read a first time.

June 17, 1846—Read a second time, and ordered to be printed in confidence for the use of the Senate.

The United States of America and her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, deeming it to be desirable for the future welfare of both countries, that the state of doubt and uncertainty which has hitherto prevailed respecting the sovereignty and government of the territory on the north-west coast of America, lying westward of the Rocky or Stony Mountains, should be finally terminated by an amicable compromise of the rights mutually asserted by the two parties over said territory, have respectfully named Plenipotentiaries to treat and agree concerning the terms of such

Digitized by Google

settlement; that is to say, the President of the United States of America has, on his part, furnished with full powers James Buchanan, Secretary of State of the United States, and Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, has on her part appointed the Right Honorable Richard Pakenham, a member of her Majesty's most honorable Privy Council, and of her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, who, after having communicated with each other their respective full powers, formed in good and due form, have agreed upon and concluded the following articles:—

Art. 1. From the point on the 49th parallel of north latitude where the boundary laid down in existing treaties and conventions between Great Britain and the United States terminates, the line of boundary between the territories of her Britannic Majesty and those of the United States shall be continued westward along the 49th parallel of north latitude to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island, and thence southerly through the middle of the said channel and of Fuca's Straits to the Pacific Ocean; provided, however, that the navigation of the said channel and straits south of the 49th parallel of north latitude remains free and open to both parties.

Art. 2. From the point at which the 49th parallel of north latitude shall be found to intersect the great northern branch of the Columbia river, the navigation of the said branch shall be free and open to the Hudson's Bay Company, and to all British subjects trading with the same, to the point where the said branch meets the main stream of the Columbia, and thence down the said main stream to the ocean, with free access into and through the said river or rivers; it being understood that all the usual portages along the line thus described, shall in like manner be free and open. In navigating the said river or rivers, British subjects, with their goods and produce, shall be treated on the same footing as citizens of the United States; it being, however, always understood, that nothing in this article shall be construed as preventing, or intended to prevent, the government of the United States from making any regulations respecting the navigation of the said river or rivers, not inconsistent with the present treaty.

Art. 3. In the future appropriations of the territory south of the 49th parallel of north latitude, as provided in the first article of this treaty, the possessory rights of the Hudson's Bay Company, and of all British subjects who may be already in the occupation of land or other property lawfully acquired within the said territory, shall be respected.

Art. 4. The farms, lands, and other property of every description, belonging to the Puget's Sound Agricultural Company, on the north side of the Columbia river, shall be confirmed to the said company. In case, however, the situation of those farms and lands should be considered by the United States to be of public and political importance, and the United States government should signify a desire to obtain possession of the whole or of any part thereof, the property so required shall be transferred to said government at a proper valuation, to be agreed upon between the parties.

Art. 5. The present Treaty shall be ratified by the President of the United States by and with the advice and consent of the Senate thereof, and by her Britannic Majesty; and the ratifications shall be exchanged at London at the expiration of six months from the date hereof, or sooner if possible.

In witness whereof, the respective Plenipotentiaries have signed the same, and have affixed thereto the seals of their arms.

Done at Washington, the fifteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

James Buchanan.
Richard Pakenham.

---

TARIFF BILL.

The Tariff Bill underwent, in the House, a long and arduous struggle, chiefly on the salt duties, and on the articles of tea and coffee. The bill as passed is highly acceptable, inasmuch as that it excludes protection as an element of the taxing power. All minimums and specific duties are abolished, and the *ad valorem* principle applied throughout. On the 28th July the bill passed the Senate, 28 to 27, including the vote of Mr. Jarnigan and the casting vote of the President of the Senate, striking out the 9th section, which is unimportant.—The bill is as follows:

*A BILL reducing the duty on Imports, and for other purposes.*

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* That from and after the first day of December next, in lieu of the duties heretofore imposed by law on the articles hereinafter mentioned, and on such as may now be exempt from duty, there shall be levied, collected and paid, on the goods, wares and merchandise herein enumerated and provided for, imported from foreign countries, the following rates of duty—that is to say:

On goods, wares and merchandise mentioned in schedule A, a duty of *one hundred* per centum ad valorem.

On goods, wares and merchandise mentioned in schedule I, a duty of *forty* per centum.

Digitized by Google

On goods, wares and merchandise mentioned in schedule B, a duty of *thirty* per centum ad valorem.

On goods, wares and merchandise mentioned in schedule C, a duty of *twenty-five* per centum ad valorem.

On goods, wares and merchandise mentioned in schedule D, a duty of *twenty* per centum ad valorem.

On goods, wares and merchandise mentioned in schedule E, a duty of *fifteen* per centum ad valorem.

On goods, wares and merchandise mentioned in schedule F, a duty of *ten* per centum ad valorem.

On goods, wares and merchandise mentioned in schedule G, a duty of *five* per centum ad valorem.

Sec. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That from and after the first day of December next, the goods, wares and merchandise mentioned in schedule H shall be exempt from duty.

Sec. 3. *And be it further enacted*, That from and after the first day of December next, there shall be levied, collected and paid, on all goods, wares and merchandise imported from foreign countries, and not specially provided for in this act, a duty of *twenty* per centum ad valorem.

Sec. 4 *And be it further enacted*, That in all cases in which the invoice or entry shall not contain the weight or quantity or measure of goods, wares or merchandise now weighed or measured, or gauged, the same shall be weighed, gauged, or measured at the expense of the owner or consignee.

Sec. 5. *And be it further enacted*, That from and after the first day of December next, in lieu of the bounty heretofore authorized by law to be paid on the exportation of pickled fish of the fisheries of the United States, there shall be allowed, on the exportation thereof, if cured with foreign salt, a drawback equal in amount to the duty paid on the salt, and no more, to be ascertained under such regulations as may be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury.

Sec. 6. *And be it further enacted*, That all goods, wares and merchandise imported after the passage of this act, and which may be in the public stores on the second day of December next, shall be subject to no other duty upon the entry thereof than if the same were imported respectively after that day.

Sec. 7. *And be it further enacted*, That the twelfth section of the act, entitled "An act to provide revenue from imports, and to change and modify existing laws imposing duties on imports, and for other purposes," approved August thirty, eighteen hundred and forty-two, shall be, and the same is hereby so far modified, that all goods imported from this side the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn may remain in the public stores for the space of one year, instead of the term of sixty days prescribed in the said section; and that all goods imported from beyond the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn may remain in the public stores one year, instead of the term of ninety days prescribed in the said section.

Sec. 8. *And be it further enacted*, That it shall be lawful for the owner, consignee or agent of imports which have been actually purchased, on entry of the same, to make such addition in the entry to the cost or value given in the invoice, as in his opinion may raise the same to the true market value of such imports in the principal markets of the country whence the importation shall have been made, or in which the goods imported shall have been originally manufactured or produced, as the case may be; and to add thereto all costs and charges which, under existing laws, would form part of the true value at the port where the same may be entered, upon which the duties should be assessed. And it shall be the duty of the collector within whose district the same may be imported or entered, to cause the dutiable value of such imports to be appraised, estimated and ascertained in accordance with the provisions of existing laws; and if the appraised value thereof shall exceed, by ten per centum, or more, the value so declared on the entry, then, in addition to the duties imposed by law on the same, there shall be levied, collected and paid, a duty of twenty per centum ad valorem on such appraised value: *Provided, nevertheless*, That under no circumstances shall the duty be assessed upon an amount less than the invoice value; any law of Congress to the contrary notwithstanding.

Sec. 9. *And be it further enacted*, That if, upon the examination of any parcel, package, or quantity of goods, of which entry has been made, the appraisers of the United States shall be of the opinion, that the same are undervalued by the owner, importer, consignee, or agent, with the intention of defrauding the revenue of the United States, it shall be lawful for the collector within whose district the same may be entered, the sanction of the Secretary of the Treasury first being obtained, if in his opinion the same shall be advisable, to take such goods for the use of the United States. And such collector shall cause such goods to be sold at public auction within twenty days from the time of taking the same, in the manner prescribed by law for the sale of unclaimed goods; and the proceeds of such sale shall be placed forthwith into the treasury of the United States; and such collector is hereby authorized to pay out of the accruing revenue, to the owner, importer, consignee, or agent of the goods so taken, the value thereof as declared in the entry, and five per centum upon such amount in ad-

Digitized by Google

dition thereto; and the said collector shall render to the Secretary of the Treasury, with his accounts of the customs, a statement, showing the amount of moneys so paid, the amount of duties chargeable on the goods so taken, and the amount of proceeds paid into the treasury; and this section shall be in force until the first of July, eighteen hundred and forty-eight, unless otherwise directed by Congress.

Sec. 10. *And be it further enacted*, That the deputies of any collector, naval officer, or surveyor, and the clerks employed by any collector, naval officer, surveyor or appraiser, who are not by existing laws required to be sworn, shall, before entering upon their respective duties, or, if already employed, before continuing in the discharge thereof, take and subscribe an oath or affirmation faithfully and diligently to perform such duties, and to use their best endeavors to prevent and detect frauds upon the revenue of the United States; which oath or affirmation shall be administered by the collector of the port or district where the said deputies or clerks may be employed, and shall be of a form to be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury.

Sec. 11. *And be it further enacted*, That no officer or other person connected with the navy of the United States, shall, under any pretence, import in any ship or vessel of the United States any goods, wares or merchandise liable to the payment of any duty.

Sec. 12. *And be it further enacted*, That all acts and parts of acts repugnant to the provisions of this act, be, and the same are hereby repealed.

The Vote in the House, July 3d, was as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Stephen Adams, Anderson, Atkinson, Bayly, Bedinger, Benton, Biggs, James A. Black, Bowlin, Boyd, Brinkerhoff, Brockenbrough, William G. Brown, Burt, Cathcart, Augustus A. Chapman, Reuben Chapman, Chase, Chipman, Clarke, Cobb, Collin, Cullom, Cunningham, Daniel, Dargan, Jefferson Davis, De Mott, Dobbin, Douglass, Dromgoole, Dunlap, Ellsworth, Faran, Ficklin, Fries, Giles, Goodyear, Gordon, Grover, Hamlin, Haralson, Harmanson, Henley, Hilliard, Hoge, Isaac E. Holmes, Hopkins, Hough, George S. Houston, Edmund W. Hubard, James B. Hunt, Hunter, James H. Johnson, Joseph Johnson, Andrew Johnson, George W. Jones, Seaborn Jones, Kaufman, Kennedy, Preston King, Lawrence, Leake, La Sere, Lumpkin, Maclay, McClelland, McClernand, McConnell, McCrate, Joseph J. McDowell, James McDowell, McKay, John P. Martin, Barclay Martin, Morris, Morse, Moulton, Niven, Norris, Parish, Payne, Perrill, Phelps, Pillsbury, Rathbun, Reid, Relfe, Rhett, Roberts, Sawtelle, Sawyer, Scammon, Seddon, Alexander D. Sims, Leonard H. Sims, Simpson, Thomas Smith, Robert Smith, Stanton, Starkweather, St. John, Strong, Jacob Thompson, Thurman, Tibbatts, Towns, Tredway, Wick, Williams, Wilmot, Wood, Woodward and Yancey—114.

NAYS—Messrs. Abbott, John Quincy Adams, Arnold, Ashmun, Barringer, Bell, James Black, Blanchard, Brodhead, Milton Brown, Buffington, William W. Campbell, John H. Campbell, Carroll, Cooke, Collamer, Cranston, Crozier, Culver, Darragh, Garrett Davis, Delano, Dixon, Dockery, Edsall, Erdman, John H. Ewing, Edwin H. Ewing, Foot, Foster, Garvin, Gentry, Giddings, Graham, Grider, Grinnell, Hampton, Harper, Elias B. Holmes, John W. Houston, Samuel D. Hubbard, Hudson, Hungerford, Washington Hunt, Charles J. Ingersoll, Joseph R. Ingersoll, Jenkins, Daniel P. King, Leib, Lewis, Levin, Long, McClean, McGaughey, McHenry, McIlvaine, Marsh, Miller, Moseley, Pendleton, Perry, Pollock, Ramsey, Ritter, Julius Rockwell, John A. Rockwell, Root, Runk, Russell, Schenck, Seaman, Severance, Truman Smith, Albert Smith, Caleb B. Smith, Stephens, Stewart, Strohm, Sykes, Thibodeaux, Thomason, Benjamin Thompson, James Thompson, Tilden, Tombs, Trumbo, Vance, Vinton, Wheaton, White, Winthrop, Woodruff, Wright, Young and Yost—95.

*Recapitulation by States.*

| States. | Yeas. D. | Yeas. W. | Nays. D. | Nays. W. | Absent. D. | Absent. W. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Maine, | 6 | .. | .. | 1 | .. | .. |
| New-Hampshire, | 3 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Vermont, | .. | .. | .. | 3 | 1 | .. |
| Massachusetts, | .. | .. | .. | 9 | .. | .. |
| Rhode Island, | .. | .. | .. | 2 | .. | .. |
| Connecticut, | .. | .. | .. | 4 | .. | .. |
| New-York, | 16 | .. | 4 | 12 | 1 | .. |
| New-Jersey, | .. | .. | 2 | 3 | .. | .. |
| Pennsylvania, | 1 | .. | 11 | 12 | .. | .. |
| Delaware, | .. | .. | .. | 1 | .. | .. |
| Maryland, | 1 | .. | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Virginia, | 14 | .. | .. | 1 | .. | .. |
| North Carolina | 6 | .. | .. | 3 | .. | .. |
| South Carolina, | 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Georgia, | 5 | .. | .. | 2 | .. | 1 |
| Florida, | 1 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Alabama, | 6 | 1 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Mississippi, | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Tennessee, | 6 | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. |
| Kentucky, | 3 | .. | .. | 7 | .. | .. |
| Ohio, | 12 | .. | .. | 8 | 1 | .. |
| Michigan, | 3 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Indiana, | 5 | .. | .. | 2 | 2 | .. |
| Illinois, | 5 | .. | .. | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Missouri, | 4 | .. | .. | .. | 1 | .. |
| Arkansas, | .. | .. | .. | .. | 1 | .. |
| Louisiana, | 3 | .. | .. | 1 | .. | .. |
| Texas, | 2 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Total, | 113 | 1 | 18 | 77 | 10 | 3 |

3 vacancies; 1 (the speaker) no vote.

Digitized by Google

LOAN AND TREASURY NOTE BILL.

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled*, That the President of the United States is hereby authorized to cause treasury notes to be issued for such sum or sums as the exigencies of the government may require, and in place of such of the same as may be redeemed to cause others to be issued, but not exceeding the sum of $10,000,000 of this emission outstanding at any one time, and to be issued under the limitations and other provisions contained in the act, entitled "An act to authorize the issue of treasury notes," approved the 12th of October, 1837, except that the authority hereby given to issue treasury notes shall expire at the end of one year from the passage of this act.

Sec. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That the President, if in his opinion it shall be the interest of the United States so to do, instead of issuing the whole amount of treasury notes authorized by the first section of this act, may borrow on the credit of the United States such an amount of money as he may deem proper, and issue therefor stock of the United States for the sum thus borrowed, in the same form and under the same restrictions, limitations and provisions as are contained in the act of Congress, approved April 14, 1842, entitled "An act for the extension of the loan of 1841, and for an addition of five millions of dollars thereto, and for allowing interest on treasury notes due:" *Provided, however*, That the sums borrowed, together with the treasury notes issued by virtue of this act, shall not, in the whole, exceed the sum of ten millions of dollars: *And provided, further*, That no commission shall be allowed or paid for the negotiation of the loan authorized by this act; and also, that the said stock shall be redeemable at a period not longer than ten years from the issue thereof.

Sec. 3. *And be it further enacted*, That the treasury notes and the stock issued under the provisions of this act shall not bear a higher rate of interest than six per cent. per annum, and no part thereof shall be disposed of at less than par.

Sec. 4. *And be it further enacted*, That no compensation shall be made to any officer, whose salary is fixed by law, for preparing, signing, or issuing treasury notes; nor shall any clerk be employed beyond the number authorized by the act herein referred to.

Sec. 5. *And be it further enacted*, That the sum of fifty thousand dollars be, and the same is hereby, appropriated out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, for the purpose of paying the amount of certain treasury notes which having been received or redeemed by any authorized officer of the government, and subsequently purloined or stolen and put into circulation, without evidence on their face of their having been cancelled to the respective holders, who may have received the same or any of them for a full consideration in the usual course of business, without notice or knowledge of the same having been stolen or cancelled or altered, and without any circumstances to cast suspicion on the good faith or due caution with which they may have received the same.

*Vote in the House, July* 15.—Yeas, 118; Nays, 47. Majority 71.

WAREHOUSING BILL.

*A BILL to amend an act, entitled "An act to provide revenue from imports, and to change and modify existing laws imposing duties on imports, and for other purposes."*

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled*, That the twelfth section of the act, entitled "An act to provide revenue from imports, and to change and modify existing laws imposing duties on imports, and for other purposes," approved the thirtieth day of August, one thousand eight hundred and forty-two, is hereby amended so as hereafter to read as follows:

[Sec. 12.] *And be it further enacted*, That on and after the day this act goes into operation, the duties on all imported goods, wares, or merchandise, shall be paid in cash: *Provided*, That in all cases of failure or neglect to pay the duties within the period allowed by law to the importer to make entry thereof, or whenever the owner, importer, or consignee shall make entry for warehousing the same, in writing, in such form, and supported by such proof, as shall be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury, the said goods, wares or merchandise shall be taken possession of by the collector, and deposited in the public stores, or in other stores to be agreed on by the collector or chief revenue-officer of the port and the importer, owner, or consignee; the said stores to be secured in the manner provided for by the first section of the act of the twentieth day of April, one thousand eight hundred and eighteen, entitled "An act providing for the deposit of wines and distilled spirits in public warehouses, and for other purposes," there to be kept with due and reasonable care, at the charge and risk of the owner, importer, consignee, or agent, and subject at all times to their order upon the payment of the proper duties and expenses, to be ascertained on due entry thereof for warehousing, and to be secured

Digitized by Google

by a bond of the owner, importer, or consignee, with surety or sureties to the satisfaction of the collector, in double the amount of the said duties, and in such form as the Secretary of the Treasury shall prescribe: *Provided*, That no merchandise shall be withdrawn from any warehouse in which it may be deposited, in a less quantity than in an entire package, bale, cask, or box, unless in bulk; nor shall merchandise so imported in bulk be delivered except in the whole quantity of each parcel, or in a quantity not less than one ton weight, unless by special authority of the Secretary of the Treasury. And in case the owner, importer, consignee, or agent of any goods on which the duties have not been paid, shall give to the collector satisfactory security that the said goods shall be landed out of the jurisdiction of the United States, in the manner now required by existing laws relating to exportations, for the benefit of drawback, the collector and naval officer, if any, on an entry to re-export the same, shall, upon payment of the appropriate expenses, permit the said goods, under the inspection of the proper officers, to be shipped without the payment of any duties thereon. And in case any goods, wares, or merchandise, deposited as aforesaid, shall remain in public store beyond one year, without payment of the duties and charges thereon, then said goods, wares, or merchandise shall be appraised by the appraisers of the United States, if there be any at such port, and if none, then by two merchants to be designated and sworn by the collector for that purpose, and sold by the collector at public auction, on due public notice thereof being first given, in the manner and for the time to be prescribed by a general regulation of the Treasury Department: and at said public sale distinct printed catalogues descriptive of said goods, with the appraised value affixed thereto, shall be distributed among the persons present at said sale: and a reasonable opportunity shall be given before such sale, to persons desirous of purchasing, to inspect the quality of such goods; and the proceeds of said sales, after deducting the usual rate of storage at the port in question, with all other charges and expenses, including duties, shall be paid over to the owner, importer, consignee, or agent, and proper receipts taken for the same: *Provided*, That the overplus, if any there be, of the proceeds of such sales, after the payment of storage, charges, expenses, and duties as aforesaid, remaining unclaimed for the space of ten days after such sales, shall be paid by the collector into the treasury of the United States; and the said collector shall transmit to the Treasury Department, with the said overplus, a copy of the inventory, appraisement, and account of sales, specifying the marks, numbers, and descriptions of the packages sold, their contents and appraised value, the name of the vessel and master in which, and of the port or place whence they were imported, and the time when, and the name of the person or persons to whom said goods were consigned in the manifest, and the duties and charges to which the several consignments were respectively subject; and the receipt or certificate of the collector shall exonerate the master or person having charge or command of any ship or vessel in which said goods, wares, or merchandise were imported, from all claim of the owner or owners thereof, who shall nevertheless, on due proof of their interest, be entitled to receive from the treasury the amount of any overplus paid into the same under the provisions of this act: *Provided*, That so much of the fifty-sixth section of the general collection-law of the second March, seventeen hundred and ninety-nine, and the thirteenth section of the act of the thirtieth of August, eighteen hundred and forty-two, to provide revenue from imports, and to change and modify existing laws imposing duties on imports, and for other purposes, as conflicts with the provisions of this act, shall be and is hereby repealed, excepting that nothing contained in this act shall be construed to extend the time now prescribed by law for selling unclaimed goods: *Provided, also*, That all goods of a perishable nature, and all gunpowder, fire-crackers, and explosive substances, deposited as aforesaid, shall be sold forthwith.

Sec. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That any goods, when deposited in the public stores in the manner provided for in the foregoing section, may be withdrawn therefrom, and transported to any other port of entry, under the restrictions provided for in the act of the second March, seventeen hundred and ninety-nine, in respect to the transportation of goods, wares and merchandise, from one collection district to another, to be exported with the benefit of drawback; and the owner of such goods so to be withdrawn for transportation shall give his bond with sufficient sureties, in double the amount of the duties chargeable on them, for the deposite of such goods in store in the port of entry to which they shall be destined, such bond to be cancelled when the goods shall be re-deposited in store in the collection district to which they shall be transported: *Provided*, That nothing contained in this section shall be construed to extend the time during which goods may be kept in store after their original importation and entry beyond the term of one year.

Sec. 3. *And be it further enacted*, That

Digitized by Google

if any warehoused goods shall be fraudulently concealed in, or removed from any public or private warehouse, the same shall be forfeited to the United States; and all persons convicted of fraudulently concealing or removing such goods, or of aiding or abetting such concealment or removal, shall be liable to the same penalties which are now imposed for the fraudulent introduction of goods into the United States; and if any importer or proprietor of any warehoused goods, or any person in his employ, shall by any contrivance fraudulently open the warehouse, or shall gain access to the goods, except in the presence of the proper officer of the customs, acting in the execution of his duty, such importer or proprietor shall forfeit and pay for every such offence, one thousand dollars. And any person convicted of altering, defacing, or obliterating any mark or marks which have been placed by any officer of the service on any package or packages of warehoused goods, shall forfeit, for every such offence, five hundred dollars.

Sec. 4. *And be it further enacted,* That the collectors of the several ports of the United States shall make quarterly reports to the Secretary of the Treasury, according to such general instructions as the said secretary may give, of all goods which remain in the warehouses of their respective ports, specifying the quantity and description of the same; which returns, or tables formed thereon, the Secretary of the Treasury shall forthwith cause to be published in the principal papers of the city of Washington.

Sec. 5. *And be it further enacted,* That the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby authorized to make, from time to time, such regulations, not inconsistent with the laws of the United States, as may be necessary to give full effect to the provisions of this act, and secure a just accountability under the same; and it shall be the duty of the secretary to report such regulations each succeeding session of Congress.

*Vote in the Senate, July* 15.—Yeas, 31; Nays, 20. Majority 11.

LAND GRADUATION BILL.

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* That all public lands which shall have been offered for sale twenty years or more on the first day of December, 1846, shall thereafter be subject to entry at one dollar per acre for the term of five years; all the before described lands then remaining unsold shall be subject to entry at seventy-five cents per acre for another term of five years; and all such unsold at the end of the last-mentioned term may be entered at fifty cents per acre.

Sec. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That the quantity of land which the President of the United States shall hereafter proclaim and offer for sale in any one year shall not exceed three millions of acres.

Sec. 3. *And be it further enacted,* That upon every reduction in the prices of said lands which shall take place by the graduating process of this act, the occupants or settlers upon any of the said lands shall have the right of pre-emption at such graduated or reduced prices; which right shall extend to a period of six months from and after the dates at which the respective graduations shall take place; and any land not entered by the respective occupants or settlers within that period, shall be liable to be entered or purchased by any other person until the next graduation or reduction in price shall take place, when it shall, if not previously purchased, be again subject to the right of pre-emption for six months, as before, and so on from time to time as said reduction shall take place: *Provided,* That nothing in this act contained shall be construed to interfere with any right which has accrued, or may accrue by virtue of any act granting pre-emptions to actual settlers upon the public lands.

Sec. 4. *And be it further enacted,* That all acts and parts of acts as provide for an exemption from the imposition of taxes upon land sold by the United States for five years from and after the day of sale, be, and the same are hereby repealed.

*Vote in the House, July* 14.—Yeas 92; Nays 89. Majority 3,

Digitized by Google

THE

# UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

# DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

Vol. XIX. SEPTEMBER, 1846. No. XCIX.

## THE TARIFF—ITS HISTORY AND INFLUENCE.

The tariff law enacted by Congress at the last session, is of itself important, not because it actually diminishes, to any great extent, the taxation upon consumable goods, but because it renounces the theory of protection to certain branches of industry. It overthrows a principle, more or less acted upon since the formation of the government, and marks the emancipation of the people of the United States from one of the heir-looms of monarchy. It is, as it were, a second declaration of independence. It is the assertion, on the part of the American people, of a just confidence in their own skill, resources, and industry; that, while for the support of government, they resort to indirect taxes upon imported goods for a revenue, they do so, not to defend their artisans from the supposed superior skill of foreign operatives, but simply to supply, in the least troublesome way, the moderate wants of the government. The degrading idea that, possessed of a most prolific soil, capable of supplying every possible variety of raw materials, and enjoying every facility for their manufacture, intelligent and industrious Americans have not intellectual capacity sufficient to compete with Europeans, is repudiated. The experience of the last 40 years has, indeed, been fatal to the protective theory, which so long overshadowed the industry of the commercial world. As long as every branch of business, and all industrial pursuits, were loaded with protective burthens, and hampered with restrictions of all sorts, supposed necessary to their existence, it was very easy to predict, and to propagate a popular belief in the prediction, that total ruin, pauperism and starvation, would overtake every soul, if those musty enactments should be disturbed. It was quite a discovery of philosophers in the 18th century, that wealth consisted in the produce of labor; but it was still supposed that labor would not produce available wealth, unless governed, guided, and restricted by laws enacted by those who never labored themselves. Adam Smith was the first who clearly demonstrated that there is wealth in all labor, and that governmental enactments do not, and cannot enhance the national wealth in the smallest degree; that their only effect is, by restraining industry, to diminish the aggregate amount, while they transfer the most of it from the hands of the producers, to whom it belongs, to those of law-makers and gentry. These latter, in a state of limited suffrage, constituted the *nation;* and those laws which accumulated wealth in their hands, were to them visibly beneficial, notwithstanding that the vast mass of unrepresented producers of that wealth were impoverished. As long as free trade was not *tried*, it was easy to denounce it as a wild and ruinous chimera. When, however, in the lapse of years and the

Digitized by Google

progress of popular rights, increased general prosperity and an improved condition of the laboring many attended the abolition of every time-honored restriction, the scales fell from the eyes of the people, and they awoke to the wrongs they had suffered, under the name of "protection." It is scarcely one hundred years since the enactment of a law of Parliament, prohibiting the wearing of all printed calicoes whatsoever, either of *foreign* or *domestic* origin. When we read the Spectator, enjoying the didactic humor and trim morality of Addison, who did so much to advance the art of prose, we scarcely reflect that so low was the science of political economy in his day, that the above barbarous sumptuary law was enacted some years subsequently by sapient legislators, at the bidding of a London mob, for the reasons which were repeated a few weeks since in Congress, in favor of protection. The law, after ten years, was modified, when British calicoes were tolerated, provided the warp was linen, on the payment of 6d. sterling per yard. In France existed the same prejudice against printed cottons, the use of which was supposed to injure the consumption of French flax. When the government intimated a project for *permitting* the free manufacture of cotton, the Rouen Deputies declared to the government that "the intended measure would throw its inhabitants into despair, and *make a desert of the surrounding country.*" Those of Lyons said, "the news had *spread terror through all its workshops.*" Amiens said, "that the law would be the *grave of the manufacturing industry of France.*" Paris declared that "her merchants came forward to bathe the throne with their tears, upon that inauspicious occurrence." These phrases are now, in the mouths of politicians, applied to the new tariff of the United States. The protectionists appear to have borrowed, not only the cast-off theories, but even the phrases of European monarchists. The French government passed the law, and Rouen, Lyons, and Amiens, soon reaped unexampled manufacturing prosperity, not that the new law did them any good, but the old law ceased to do evil. The style of French calicoes, so great has been the progress of the art, cannot now be excelled, nor their designs equalled. In England, in 1773, the silk-weavers of Spitalfields were protected by a legalized list of prices, and high duties. They enjoyed a close monopoly of the home-market for half a century, yet the public ear was continually stunned with the story of their miseries. These protective laws were altogether repealed in 1822, and the silk trade thrown open; universal ruin and starvation were the least of the evils predicted as the consequence. The result has been an increase of 150 per cent. in the manufacture, and a fair degree of prosperity among the operatives. The same prosperity has uniformly attended every business from which "protection" has been withdrawn; and practical experience has demolished for ever the absurd theory of helping those who cannot help themselves. In the United States, where all other liberal principles have gained such vigorous growth, protective oppression has been clung to with greater tenacity than even in Great Britain. The reason is mostly because the benefits of unrestricted commerce have not been experienced. Free trade has not been tried; and the fear of evils greater than those we now possess often prevents a change for the better. Many curious instances of this presented themselves during the bank-suspension. At New-Orleans, in particular, there were 16 banks that failed in 1839; these institutions for three years continued to deluge that section with from 7 to 9 millions of depreciated paper, to circulate as money. The discount on this unredeemed and irredeemable paper was supposed to be indicative of adverse exchange, and a national bank was declared to be indispensable to the restoration of the currency.

During all this time is was gravely urged by legislators, bankers, and merchants, that to compel the banks to resume, and withdraw that paper from circulation, would leave them *without a currency.* There is no doubt but this was seriously believed by otherwise sensible men. The bank paper men then, as the protectionists now, had no faith in the powers of trade to regulate its own wants. What the law did not do they supposed would not be done.

Digitized by Google

The evil, however, ultimately became so intolerable, that redemption was forced upon six of the banks, and liquidation upon ten others. The result has been a superabundance of money at New-Orleans ever since. The banks have held some 5 to 7 millions of specie against 2 to 3 millions of issues. As soon as the banks were compelled to pay their debts, trade provided for its own wants, and the exchanges regulated themselves. It would be difficult now to persuade that community that bank suspension is necessary to the existence of a currency. Had a national bank been established in 1841, the restoration of affairs would have been ascribed solely to its influence, and the public would have labored under the delusion 50 years longer, as it is, the notion is "obsolete." The same idle superstition in relation to the necessity of high duties to manufacturing and national prosperity, are to be dispelled by the practical effects of low taxes upon imports. It has ever been experienced that tariff laws passed for the encouragement and protection of manufactures, have been followed by great distress among those manufacturers, and that that distress has caused renewed clamors for more efficient protection, to the want of which the difficulties, whether arising from ignorance, improvidence, or incapacity, are always attributed. Enhanced protection as uniformly increases the embarrassments. The reason is a very natural one. The enactment of a law avowedly to give persons who will manufacture a particular article the monopoly of the home market as a special reward or bounty for so doing, tempts many persons deficient in capital or the necessary information to undertake the business.—They hope to get, through the operation of law, more than the fair profits of regular business; that, without being obliged to exercise their whole faculties, ingenuity and skill, they will be able to make more money than the most skilful and ingenious artisans already in the business. The experiment is not attended with success, and they then clamor for more protection. They alledge, and with some show of reason, that the government tempted them to leave a business comparatively successful; to withdraw their capital from pursuits in which it yielded a profit, and embark in new enterprises from patriotic motives; that they are suffering losses in consequence, and ought to be remunerated; that more restrictive laws ought to be framed for their benefit. The waste of time and capital thus brought about is a great national calamity. Probably more labor and money has been wasted in this manner since the formation of the government, than all now engaged in manufactures.

Up to the time when the colonies separated from the mother-country, the colonial and protective policy was almost undisputed. But a few years before that event, as we have seen, Parliament enacted laws prohibiting the use of certain materials for clothing not of native growth. Such barbarous tyranny was just beginning to be seen in its true light. The clear demonstrations of Smith were disturbing the theories, but not affecting the practice of commercial legislation. The colonial system was in most rigorous operation. The spirit of that system was, after having formed distant settlements, to profit by them by monopolising their trade. The colony was permitted to trade only with England. It was compelled to buy all its manufactures of the mother-country, at a price dictated by it, and to sell all its raw produce to it only. The prohibition of manufactures here, and the restrictions upon trade that now could not be tolerated for a moment, were then, in the low state of political economy, less complained of than really a lesser evil, the direct tax, which was the immediate cause of separation.

The state of feeling which existed in the colonies at the approach of the revolution, was made evident in the resolves carried at the town meetings of the active citizens of Boston.*

The independence of the colonies

* At a legal and full Meeting of the freeholders of the town of Boston, on the 28th of October, 1767, the following votes were passed unanimously:

Whereas the excessive use of foreign superfluities is the chief cause of the present distressed state of this town, as it is thereby drained of its money; which misfortune is likely to be increased by means of the late additional burthens and impositions on the trade of the Province, which threaten the country with poverty and ruin:

Digitized by Google

being established, it was but natural that the idea of encouraging manufactures here should immediately present itself as a counter policy to the prohibitive system of the mother-country. There were, however, 13 sovereign and independent colonies, each of which possessed and exercised the power of imposing taxes on imports, and of protecting its own internal industry against the rivalry, not only of Great Britain, but of other states. The surrender of this right into the hands of the Federal Government was one of the greatest obstacles the framers of the Union had to encounter. The *customs union* was finally perfected, yielding to Congress the power, precisely as of later years the German states have formed the Zollverein. It was at first acquiesced in as the only possible means of providing for the public debt. Subsequently the power was embodied in the Constitution of the United States, and the first regular tariff under it was passed July 4, 1789. The preamble of this law set forth, that is was "necessary for the support of the government, for the discharge of the debts of the United States, and the encouragement and protection of manufactures, that duties be laid," &c. The moderation of this view is sufficiently striking, when we take into consideration the state of the public mind in Europe on the subject of political economy. There were no prohibitory

*Therefore, voted*, That this town will take all prudent and legal measures to encourage the produce and manufactures of this Province, and to lessen the use of superfluities, and particularly the following enumerated articles imported from abroad, viz.: Loaf Sugar, Cordage, Anchors, Coaches, Chaises, and Carriages of all sorts, Horse Furniture, Men's and Women's Hats, Men's and Women's Apparel ready made, Household Furniture, Gloves, Men's and Women's Shoes, Sole Leather, Sheathing and Deck Nails, Gold and Silver and Thread Lace of all sorts, Gold and Silver Buttons, Wrought Plate of all sorts, Diamond, Stone and Paste Ware, Snuff, Mustard, Clocks and Watches, Silversmith's and Jeweller's Ware, Broad Cloths that cost above 10*s*. per yard, Muffs, Furs, and Tippets, and all sorts of Millinery Ware, Starch, Women's and Children's Stays, Fire Engines, China Ware, Silk and Cotton Velvets, Gauze, Pewterers, Hollow Ware, Linseed Oil, Glue, Lawns, Cambrics, Silks of all kinds for Garments, Malt Liquors and Cheese.—And that a subscription for this end be and hereby is recommended to the several inhabitants and householders of the town.

And whereas it is the opinion of this town, that divers new manufactures may be set up in America, to its great advantage, and some others carried to a greater extent, particularly those of Glass and Paper.

*Therefore, voted*, That this town will, by all prudent ways and means, encourage the use and consumption of Glass and Paper, made in any of the British American Colonies; and more especially in this Province. The form of the subscription voted unanimously by the town, is as follows:

Whereas this Province labors under a heavy debt, incurred in the course of the late war; and the inhabitants by this means must be for a time subject to very burthensome taxes. And as our trade has for some years been on the decline, and is now particularly under great embarrassments, and burthened with heavy impositions, our medium very scarce, and the balance of trade greatly against this country:

We, therefore, the subscribers, being sensible that it is absolutely necessary, in order to extricate us out of these embarrassed and distressed circumstances, to promote industry, economy, and manufactures among ourselves, and by this means prevent the unnecessary importation of European commodities, the excessive use of which threatens the country with poverty and ruin—Do promise and agree, to and with each other, that we will encourage the use and consumption of all articles manufactured in any of the British American Colonies, and more especially in this Province; and that we will not, from and after the 31st of December next ensuing, purchase any of the following articles, imported from abroad, viz., Loaf Sugar, and all the other articles enumerated above.

And we further agree strictly to adhere to the late regulation respecting funerals, and will not use any Gloves but what are manufactured here, nor procure any new garments upon such an occasion, but what shall be absolutely necessary.

Three years later, when the revolution became more advanced, holders of imported goods were required to deliver them up into the hands of a committee. On the 23rd of January, 1770, a "town meeting" was held, William Phillips, Esq., being "moderator." The following resolution, among others, was passed:—

WHEREAS, John Bernard, James and Patrick McMasters and Company, Anne and Elizabeth Cummins, and John Meir, most of whom being strangers in this country, have set themselves in open defiance of the will of the people throughout this continent, and have been selling British goods, contrary to the known united sentiments of the merchants, freeholders, and inhabitants in every colony.

Therefore voted, That they have in the most insolent manner *too long* affronted this people, and endeavored to undermine the liberties of this country, to which they owe their *little* importance; and that they deserve to be driven into that obscurity from which they originated, and to *the hole of the pit from which they were digged*.

Digitized by Google

views entertained in the act, but the idea of the *incidental* protection that the necessary duties would afford to the manufactures started into life during the war, was held out to counteract in some degree the popular prejudices against all taxation. The political prejudice against British goods which existed before the war was appealed to under the Union to make taxation palatable. The number of the population was then 3,500,000, and they owed 65 millions dollars. The tax levied by the new law, to provide for these wants, amounted to 5 per cent. only on manufactured goods, 12½ per cent. on teas and China goods, with specific duties on British and West India goods. The plan of the tariff appears to have been very nearly the same as that just passed by Congress, except that the duties were far lower. There was no discrimination of duties with the view to protection. The taxes appear to have been laid solely with the view to the revenue they would yield, and protection was entirely incidental to those taxes, and advanced to make them palatable. Notwithstanding that the law, however, embraced this idea of protection, the principle was very far from being agreed in by all the great men of the time. The sound and clear mind of Benjamin Franklin was in advance of the age upon this subject, and his pen ably exposed the fallacies of the protective notion. The public mind was not, however, sufficiently ripe to discard the sophisms which were not only generally believed in, but acted upon by the governments of Europe; and the report of Mr. Hamilton, on manufactures, in 1791, reiterating the popular fallacies, retarded the spread of sound views. It is a little singular, however, that at the time Mr. Hamilton wrote, 54 years ago, the manufacturing industry of the country was in a high state of prosperity. He enumerates 17 kinds of manufactures, among which are iron, cotton, wool, flax, and hemp, and remarks, "besides manufacturing of these articles, which are carried on as regular trades, and have attained to *a considerable degree of maturity*, there is a vast scene of household manufacturing," &c. Iron works, he states, "have greatly increased in the United States." Cotton goods are manufactured, he states, with great success, in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, "of a quality that will bear comparison with the like articles brought from Manchester." These duties were and had been 7½ per cent., and he considered that sufficient protection. Notwithstanding the propitious state of affairs, these manufactures, if we believe the owners, have been going to ruin every year since. This tariff went into operation Aug. 1, 1789, and was supplanted by a new tariff, Dec. 1, 1790. The amount of imports under it was $23,000,000, and the revenues were $2,239,746, being rather less than an average of *ten per cent.* The tariff of August 10, 1790, went into operation Dec. 1st of that year, and continued until June 30, 1792. This act was entitled "an act to make further provision for the payment of the public debts;" and the preamble set forth, that "to discharge said debts," it was necessary to increase the duties. This act was of the same general character as that which preceded it, with the exception of advanced rates. That is to say, woollens, cottons, silks and most manufactures, were advanced from 5 to 7½ per cent. *ad valorem*, which was considered so important an advance, as to require a special apologetic report from Mr. Hamilton, who was a protectionist. Under this law the imports were $60,700,000, and the duties were $8,401,666, being an average of 13½ per cent., including an advance in the duties on spirits, by an act of March 3d, 1791. In May, 1792, a new tariff law, entitled "an act to raise a further sum of money for the protection of the frontiers," &c., was passed. This took effect June 30th, 1792, and continued two years, to June 30th, 1794. Under it the importations were $65,700,000, and the duties $15,186,-823, being 22½ per cent. In June, 1794, a new tariff took effect, which, with an explanatory act of the following year, continued until June 30, 1797; under it the imposts were $226,571,838, and the duties $37,611,-521, or rather more than 16 per cent. The act of March 3, 1797, was an act "for raising a further sum of money, by additional duties," &c. This continued up to June 30, 1800; and under it the imports were $238,873,516, and the duties $42,657,876, or 18 per cent. The act of May 30, 1800, imposing additional duties, took effect June 30,

Digitized by Google

and continued until July, 1804; under it the imports were $337,363,600, and the duties $69,959,912, or 21 per cent. The tariffs of March 26 and 27, 1804, the first for establishing a fund to protect seamen against the Barbary powers, and the latter altering the duties and increasing the number of free articles, were in force until July, 1812, though the embargo and difficulties with foreign powers, growing out of the decrees of Napoleon, and the orders in council of England. The imports during the eight years were $720,730,000, and the duties $141,379,-824, being an annual average of 20 per cent. The act of July 1, 1812, doubled all duties during the continuance of the war, and in July, 1813, the duty on salt was raised to 20 cents per lb. The law of July 1, 1812, continued in force four years, until July, 1816. It simply provided that the duties imposed by the act of 1804, should be doubled. The effect of such a requirement, if the operations of trade were not changed by it, would be to double the revenues on the same amount of imports. This was, however, far from being the case. The imports during the four years of its action, were $295,114,274, and the duties $82,315,140, or 28 per cent. Had the law produced the anticipated amount of revenue, the duties would have been 113 millions, or 40 per cent. The higher taxes, as is usually the case when they were too onerous, were evaded or avoided. The commercial influence of a war, is the same as that of an ultra protective policy. The vigilance of an active enemy more effectually protects the home-manufacturer, than can any parchment-edicts in time of peace. It therefore comes to be true, that the enormous prices obtained for those goods usually imported, forces into life the manufacture of substitutes of all descriptions. These are usually poor in quality and extravagant in price. The hardship thus inflicted upon the consumers forms one of the greatest evils of a state of hostility. When, however, the peace returned, it found a large population, who had been driven or tempted into these pursuits by the state of affairs incident to the warfare, and their wares were now to be exposed to the competition of the large stocks of similar goods that had accumulated abroad. The latter offered to consumers a much better and cheaper supply. Those who during the war were deprived of accustomed comforts or luxuries, by the high price demanded for the domestic article, had them once more within their reach. The war-fostered and unskilful products of domestic manufacture could not withstand the competition, and they demanded of the government to interpose and prolong by protective laws, the evils which had attended the war. They required that consumers should continue to pay exorbitant prices, to shield them from a wholesome competition. In the same manner the interests that were created in England by the war were ruined by the peace; a suspension of the Bank of England for 20 years, had filled the country with a depreciated paper currency, according to which, all property was valued and outstanding obligations measured. The persons so interested exerted themselves to prevent a resumption of specie-payments, and succeeded until 1821, when the bill, known as "Peel's Act," compelled a return to specie-payments, commencing that series of financial and commercial reform, which that able minister has, in 1846. brought to a successful issue. In the United States the demand of the war interests for protection was aided by a false patriotism, which supposed that having suffered wrongs from the English government, we could obtain redress by refusing to exchange benefits with the English *people*. The tariff of 1816 was the first framed to recognise protection as a principle, and not incidental to the taxing-power. Of the tariffs previously passed, none but that of 1787 had recognised protection, and that merely as incidental to a five per cent. duty. The protectionists introduced into the tariff of 1816 the *minimum* valuation, or a fixed value for certain goods, on which the duties are to be cast. This was a species of unworthy trickery, as by it the duty on cottons appeared in the tariff as 25 per cent. ad valorem, when in fact it was a specific duty, which has been equal to 100 per cent. ad valorem. This tariff continued in operation two years, and under it the imports were 221 mil-

Digitized by Google

lions, and the duties charged $47,794,-133, or 21 per cent. average. The protective system having once started, continued rapidly to grow; because it is its nature to "make the meat it feeds on." The protection afforded by the tariff of 1816 was soon thought, by incompetent and unskilful experimenters in manufactures, to be insufficient; and in 1818 a new tariff was enacted, which continued six years in force, and under it the imports were $465,530,539, and the duties $128,-192,685, or 28 per cent., being about the same average taxation as during the war. The operation of these onerous taxes was soon found to be injurious in the extreme to all other interests. The commercial classes in particular were aggrieved by it. The influential New-England interests were then commercial, and they were suffering under the oppression that they endured for the benefit of the manufacturers. They took measures to oppose the progress of the protective principle. In the year 1820 the leading men of Boston called meetings at Faneuil-Hall, the old "cradle of liberty;" and at an adjourned meeting, held Oct. 3, 1820,* the whole principle of protection was denounced, as hostile to the true interests of the country, oppressive to all manufacturers of small capital, and inconsistent with the principles of the constitution and sound policy. At that meeting the Hon. Daniel Webster made a most

* BOSTON, October 3, 1820.

"*New Tariff.*—Yesterday an adjourned meeting, on the subject of the proposed tariff, was held at Faneuil Hall, Hon. William Gray, Chairman, and William Foster, Esq., Secretary.

A long and interesting report was read from the respectable committee appointed at a former meeting, which concluded with the following resolves:

"*Resolved*, That we have regarded with pleasure the establishment and success of manufactures among us, and consider their growth, when natural and spontaneous, *and not the effect of a system of bounties and protection*, as an evidence of general wealth and prosperity.

*Resolved*, That relying on the ingenuity, enterprise, and skill of our fellow-citizens, we believe that all manufactures adapted to our character and circumstances will be introduced and extended as soon, and as far, as will promote the public interests, without any further protection than they now receive.

*Resolved*, That no objection ought ever to be made to any amount of taxes equally apportioned, and imposed for the purpose of raising revenue necessary for the support of government; but that *taxes imposed on the people for the sole benefit of any one class of men, are equally inconsistent with the principles of our constitution and with sound policy.*

*Resolved*, That the supposition that, until the proposed tariff, or some similar measure, be adopted, we are, and shall be, dependent on foreigners for the means of subsistence and defence, is, in our opinion, altogether fallacious and fanciful, and derogatory to the character of the nation.

*Resolved*, That the high bounties on such domestic manufactures as are principally benefited by that tariff, *favor great capitalists rather than personal industry, or the owners of small capital, and that therefore we do not perceive its tendency to promote national industry.*

*Resolved*, That we are equally incapable of discovering its beneficent effects on agriculture, since the obvious consequence of its adoption would be, that the farmer must give more than he now does for what he buys, and receive less for what he sells.

*Resolved*, That the imposition of duties which are enormous, and deemed by a large portion of the people, to be unequal and unjust, is dangerous, as it encourages the practice of smuggling.

*Resolved*, That in our opinion the proposed tariff and the principles upon which it is avowedly founded, would, if adopted, have a tendency, however different may be the motives of those who recommend them, to diminish the industry, impede the prosperity, and corrupt the morals of the people.

James T. Austin, Esq., and the Hon. Daniel Webster, addressed their fellow-citizens, in favor of the *report and the resolves*, in speeches, which were distinguished for closeness of argument, variety of illustration, and abundance of fact.

The report was then accepted, and the resolves recommended by the committee *unanimously* passed.

A vote of thanks to the Hon. Mr. Otis, of the Senate, and to those members from this state, in the House of Representatives of the United States who opposed the new tariff, was unanimously agreed to."

The names of the committee were—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| William Gray, | William Shimmin, | John Cotton, | Lot Wheelwright, |
| James Perkins, | Thomas W. Ward, | Daniel Webster, | Caleb Loring, |
| John Dorr, | William Harris, | Nathan Appleton, | Samuel A. Wells, |
| Nathaniel Goddard, | George Hallet, | Abbot Lawrence, | George Bond, |
| Benjamin Rich, | Joseph Knapp, | Joseph Sewall, | S. P. Gardner, |
| Israel Thorndike, jr. | Winslow Lewis, | Jonathan Phillips, | Isaac Winslow, |

Thomas Wigglesworth, John Parker, William Sturgis.

Digitized by Google

unanswerable speech upon the unconstitutionality and inexpediency of the protective policy. Upon the first head he spoke as follows:

"He thought it, therefore, quite unjustifiable, that those who could not support the proposed tariff, should be charged with hostility to domestic industry. There was power in *names*, and those who had pressed the tariff on Congress, and on the country, had represented it as immediately, and almost exclusively connected with domestic industry and National Independence. In his opinion, no measure could prove more injurious to the industry of the country, and nothing was more fanciful, than the opinion that National Independence rendered such a measure necessary. He certainly thought it might be doubted, whether Congress would not be acting somewhat against the spirit and intention of the Constitution. in exercising a power to control essentially the pursuits and occupations of individuals in their private concerns—a power to force great and sudden changes, both of occupation and property, upon individuals, not as incidental to the exercise of any other power, but as a substantive and direct power. If such changes were wrought *incidentally* only, and were the necessary consequence of such imposts as Congress, for the leading purpose of revenue, should enact, then they could not be complained of. But he doubted whether Congress fairly possessed the power of turning the *incident* into the *principal*, and instead of leaving manufacturers to the protection of such laws as should be passed, with a primary regard to the revenue, of enacting laws, with the avowed object of giving preference to particular manufactures, and without an entire disregard to all the considerations of revenue; and, instead of laying such imposts as would best answer the purpose of raising a revenue, with the least burden on the public, carrying the impost on certain articles to a burthensome excess, with a full knowledge that the increase of duty will diminish the amount of revenue raised.

"It would hardly be contended, that Congress possessed that sort of general power by which it might declare that particular occupations should be pursued in society, and that others should not. If such power belonged to any Government in this country, it certainly did not belong to the General Government. The question was, therefore, and he thought it a very serious question, whether, in laying duties under the authority to lay imposts, obviously given for the purpose of revenue, Congress can, reasonably and fairly, lose sight of those purposes entirely, and levy duties for other objects. *Congress may tax the land; but, it would be a strange proposition, if Congress should be asked to lay a land tax for the direct purpose of withdrawing capital from agriculture, and sending those engaged in it to other pursuits. The power, however, exists in one case as much as in the other.*

"For his own part, he had supposed that restrictions on trade and commerce, in order to benefit particular classes of manufactures, were now very generally understood to be mischievous, and inconsistent with just notions of political economy.

"And, after all, how few of all the members of society are to be benefited by this system, so artificially and elaborately constructed. Certainly not all manufacturers, nor all mechanics—but a particular class only.

"Manufacturing capital comes, in the end, to be owned but by few. It does not, therefore, encourage industry, like capital employment in some other pursuits. The case of the establishment mentioned in the Report was in point to this argument. Half a million of dollars gives employment to 265 persons, and those principally women and children. Now, what employment of that sum, in almost any other pursuit, could fail to demand and require more human labor? If vested in agriculture, the sum would command good and productive land sufficient to employ, he might almost say, all the cotton-spinners in the United States."

These sound principles were continued to be advocated by New-England interests and Mr. Webster as their organ, up to the passage of the tariff of 1824. On the occasion of the discussion of that tariff, Mr. Webster, in the Senate, ably opposed the protective system, but evidently more in relation to expediency than in support of principles. In relation to the cotton manufacturer, he stated,

"As to cotton manufactures, it is agreed, I believe, that they are generally successful. It is understood that the present existing duty operates pretty much as a prohibition over those descriptions of fabrics to which it applies" "I consider the cotton manufacture not only to have reached, but to have passed the point of competition. I consider their success as certain."

Also in regard to iron, he remarked,

"The bill proposes to raise the duty from $15 to $22 50 per ton, which would be equal to a tax of $1,125,000 on the whole annual consumption. So that, suppose the point of prohibition which is aimed at by some gentlemen to be attained, the consumers of the article would pay this last mentioned sum every year to the producers of it, over and above the price at which they could supply themselves with the same articles from other sources. There would be no mitigation of this burden, except from the prospect, whatever that might be, that iron would fall in value, by domestic competition, after the importation should be prohibited. It will be easy, I think, to show that it cannot fall; and supposing for the present that it shall not, the result will be, that we shall pay annually a sum of $1,125,000, constantly augmented, too, by increased consumption of the article, to support *a business that cannot support itself.*"

The tariff of 1824 passed and con-

Digitized by Google

tinued in operation four years, during which the imports were $349,308,444, and the duties $115,637,962, or 31 per cent.; or higher than ever before. In the mean time, notwithstanding this enormous protection, which had been enjoyed for 10 years, great failures took place among the manufacturers. Immense buildings and costly machinery were sold out at great sacrifice. Influential New-England men invested in these works, and the result was, the adhesion of New-England to the protective principle; and Mr. Webster declared in the Senate, May 9, 1828, that

"Nothing was left to New-England, after the Act of 1824, but to conform herself to the will of others. Nothing was left to her but to consider that the government had fixed and determined its own policy; and that policy was protection.

"I believe, sir, almost every man from New-England, who voted against the law of 1824, declared, that if, notwithstanding his opposition to that law, it should still pass, there would be no alternative but to consider the course and policy of the government as then settled and fixed, and to act accordingly. The law did pass, and a vast increase in manufacturing establishments was the consequence."

Here was a complete abandonment of the statesmanlike principles avowed in 1820. "The unsound policy," "the unconstitutional exercise of power," "the immoral tendency of manufacturing," "the oppression of small manufacturers for the benefit of large ones," were all adhered to, because certain gentlemen in Massachusetts had changed their investments. The law of 1828 passed, and continued in operation two years. The imports under it were $145,369,447, and the duties $56,078,-206, or 40 per cent.! In 1830 a law reducing the duties on tea, coffee, salt, and molasses was passed, and the imports for the two years to 1832, were $204,-220,390, and the duties $65,937,294, or 32 per cent. The diminution of the average arose from the reduction of duties mentioned. Tea had paid 33¾ cents in 1829, and 14 cents in 1832. Salt was reduced from 20 to 10; Molasses from 10 to 5; and coffee from 5 to 1. These four articles yielded $5,595,567 duties in 1829, and $2,807,-112 in 1832. This outrageous and oppressive taxation, with the continually growing power of a manufacturing oligarchy, had aroused popular indignation. The annual average of taxation had swollen from 10 to 40 per cent., and the manufacturers were as clamorous as ever for more protection. The point of non-intercourse with the rest of the world was rapidly approximating. The "*incident*" had long been "substituted for the *principle*," and the constitutional power to "regulate" trade was construed as authority to crush it. At this juncture, Mr. Webster was the defender of the constitutionality of protection. New-England had long surrendered her views of the expediency, and now she contended for the constitutionality of the power where it had been pushed to abuse. Mr. Webster, January 21, 1833, in the Senate, alluding to the debate, in the first Congress, on the tariff of 1789, remarked,

"And, sir, how did this debate terminate? What law was passed? There it stands, sir, among the statutes, the second law in the book. It has a *preamble*, and that preamble expressly recites, that the duties which it imposes are laid 'for the support of government; for the discharge of the debts of the United States, and the encouragement and protection of manufactures.' Until this early legislation, thus coëval with the Constitution itself, thus full and explicit, can be explained away, no man can doubt of the meaning of that instrument."

This quibble on words is but a feeble answer to the above extract from the speech of 1820. More particularly when we remember the fact, that the duties laid by the law of 1789, made no discrimination for protection. They imposed but 5 per cent. on manufactured goods. The act of 1832 was passed and continued one year, during which the imports were $108,118,311, and the duties $24,177,578, or 28 per cent. In December, 1833, the compromise tariff, so called, took effect. That tariff greatly increased the list of free articles, but clung to discrimination less for revenue than protective purposes. The latter principle continued to be fully recognised and acted upon. The law, however, provided for its final abandonment; inasmuch as that it allowed of a general biennial reduction of duties, indiscriminately, on all articles; that is to say, on the 1st of Jan., 1834, there was to be deducted from

Digitized by Google

all duties one-tenth of the excess over 20 per cent.; another tenth, making one-fifth of the excess, to be remitted January 1, 1836; still another, making three-tenths, to be taken off January, 1838; on the 1st of January, 1840, another reduction of one-tenth took place; of the remaining six-tenths one half came of January, 1842, and the remainder June, 1842; by which means all duties would be reduced to the uniform rate of 20 per cent., which was not thereafter to be exceeded—and credits on the payment of duties to be abolished. The "compromise" effected by this law consists in the giving manufactures ten years notice, and time to prepare for the final abandonment of the principle, and a return to the "incident" of protection. This they claimed as a right, to protect investments, into which they pretended to have been tempted by the government; and which they alledged would be ruined by low duties. Under the descending scale of this act the average duties upon all imports ranged from 14½ to 16 per cent.; and at the lowest rate the amount of revenues was larger than ever before or since; and under those low duties the manufactures throve more than ever. The financial revulsion which burst on the commercial world in 1837, emanating from London, and reverberating in the distant countries of the Indian ocean, leaving its desolating effects in every city of Europe, was also felt here; and the moment of greatest depression, 1841–2, was seized upon to infringe the compromise, and restore the protective principle. The ten years notice that was given to manufactures in reducing duties, was utterly disregarded in relation to the commercial interests, in raising the duties. By the act of Sept. 30th, 1841, 20 per cent. was laid upon all free goods, without *any* notice. Goods ordered as free were met by a 20 per cent. tax on their arrival. In the following year the pretence of want of revenue was skilfully used to restore the protective principle, which had been abandoned by the compromise act. Instead of keeping the want of revenue solely in view, as a reason for increase of taxation, and pleading incidental protection in justification of the tax, as under the first administration, *prohibitive* taxes were laid for revenue purposes; and at the same moment that want of revenue was urged as a reason for taxes, a law was passed taking the land revenue from the Treasury, for distribution among the states. This law was so profligate in its very nature that it could not pass without a proviso, that it should be inoperative when the wants of government required the imposition of duties higher than 20 per cent. upon imports. The law of 1842 was passed solely through the operation of this proviso: that is to say, statesmen voted for the iniquitous tariff of 1842, in order that it might repeal the iniquity of distribution. They avowedly did wrong that good might come of it. The law of Sept. 1841 continued in operation one year, simultaneously with the last reductions under the tariff of 1833. That is, it taxed 20 per cent. goods, before free, while the latter reduced the higher taxes. In that year the imports were $100,162,087, and the duties $16,622,746, or 16½ per cent. The tariff of 1842 took effect Sept. 1, 1842; and in the first nine months of its operation, the whole imports were but $64,753,799, of which about 24 millions only were dutiable goods, paying near 36 per cent. average duty. The first effect of this sudden duty, imposed without notice, was to crush trade. In the next two years of its operation the imports were $225,689,599, and the duties $60,188,774, or 27 per cent., being a return to the old war tax. The great natural wealth of the country has increased in a wonderful degree, through the industry of the people, and the constant accession to their numbers naturally creates a continued enhancement of the demand for goods, which of itself would greatly increase the business of the manufacturers; as thus in 1789 the imports were 23 millions, among 3,500,000 persons, or $6½ per head. If in 1846 the amount consumed per head was the same, the demand would be 130 millions of imports. The probability is that, from the increased wealth of the country, the consumption is $10 per head; which would give 200 millions, or double the actual import. The demand for domestic goods has, therefore, increased by 100 millions in access of the proportion of those goods taken in 1789. We annex a recapitulation of all the tariffs, and their practical

Digitized by Google

operation.* The manifest evils arising from this high taxation, of course insured its repeal as soon as the reaction from the financial revulsion took place. The new tariff once more returns to the constitutional doctrine of taxation as the principle, and protection as the incident. Yet after 54 years of the operation of this progressive protection, the manufacturer and politician allege, as stoutly as ever, that they will be ruined under a protection of 25 to 30 per cent. Hamilton declared, in 1791, that they were prosperous under a 5 a 7½ duty. Webster declared in 1824, twenty years ago, that they were beyond competition. After 20 years more protection, the same person declares, that they cannot exist under 30 per cent. duty! Such is the protective theory. The greatest outcry has been raised in relation to the iron interests of Pennsylvania, which, it is said, cannot exist at 30 per cent. duty. The pretence for a duty to encourage the manufacture is, that ultimately it will make it cheaper. Mr. Hamilton, in his report on manufactures, in 1779, states that "Iron, before the revolution, was $64 per ton. It is now $80." Similar iron is now $77 50. Mr. Webster stated in 1824 that the tax paid by consumers to miners, was $1,125,000 per annum. This has since increased very considerably. That, however, may have been the average since 1791, in which case the sum paid to protect iron, amounts to $60,750,000, or the amount of the debt at the close of the revolution! The protection to iron works, cost as much as our national independence! and we are told that they are as far off from being established as ever! That, although they prospered in 1791 under a 7 per cent. duty, a 30 per cent. duty in 1846 will ruin them!

The demand for iron now comes from 20,000,000 persons against 3,500,000 in 1781; yet after 54 years protection this increased demand will not sustain the works without a special tax. The same reasoning applies to all other manufactures; and the facts stand self-evident, that it is not to encouragenational manufactures that protection is clamored for, but in the words of the Boston resolution of 1820, "to favor great capitalists," to enhance the profits of overgrown wealth at the expense of the community. The principle of protection is now once more abandoned, and the deceptive *minimum* introduced in 1816, after 30 years of injurious operation, is at last excluded. The taxes continue, indeed, high, very high.—These may be gradually ameliorated, and the rising prosperity of our foreign trade distribute the national wealth equally through all classes; with the

* *Different Tariffs passed by the United States—date of operation and rate of taxation.*

| Date of passage. | Nature. | Took effect. | Years in operation. | Imports. | Duties. | Duties pr. ct. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| July 4, 1789, | general | Aug. 1, 1789 | 1 | 23,000,000 | 2,239,746 | 10 |
| Aug. 10, 1790, | increase | Dec. 1, 1790 | 2 | 60,700,000 | 8,401,666 | 13½ |
| March 3, 1791, | spirit duties increase | June 1, 1791 | | | | |
| May 2, 1792, | general increase | July 1, 1792 | 2 | 65,700,000 | 15,186,823 | 22½ |
| June 5, 1794, | " " | July 1, 1794 | 3 | 226,571,838 | 37,611,521 | 16 |
| Jan. 29, 1795, | partial " | Mar. 31, 1795 | | | | |
| March 3, 1797, | general " | July 1, 1797 | 3 | 238,873,516 | 42,657,876 | 18 |
| May 13, 1800, | " " | July 1, 1800 | 4 | 337,363,600 | 69,959,912 | 21 |
| Mar. 26, 1804, | Mediterranean fund | " 1, 1804 | | | | |
| " 27, 1804, | general increase | " 1, 1804 | 8 | 720,730,000 | 141,379,824 | 20 |
| July 1, 1812, | double duties | " 1, 1812 | 4 | 295,114,274 | 82,315,140 | 22 |
| April 27, 1816, | " continued | " 1, 1816 | 2 | 221,000,000 | 47,794,133 | 21 |
| " 20, 1818, | general | " 1, 1818 | 6 | 465,530,539 | 128,192,685 | 28 |
| " 22, 1824, | " | " 1, 1824 | 4 | 349,308,444 | 115,637,962 | 31 |
| " 19, 1828, | " | Sept. 1, 1828 | 2 | 145,369,447 | 56,078,206 | 40 |
| May 20, 1830, | reduce, tea, coffee, salt | Jan. 1, 1831 | 2 | 204,220,390 | 65,937,294 | 32 |
| July 14, 1832, | general | March 1, 1832 | 1 | 108,118,311 | 24,177,578 | 22 |
| March 2, 1833, | compromise 1-10 | Jan. 1, 1834 | 2 | 276,417,074 | 44,851,432 | 16 |
| | reduce 2-10 | " 1, 1836 | 2 | 330,967,252 | 48,952,459 | 14½ |
| | " 3-10 | " 1, 1838 | | 275,809,436 | 45,257,359 | 16 |
| | " 4-10 | " 1, 1840 | | 235,087,696 | 35,324,283 | 15 |
| Sept. 11, 1841, | 20 pr. ct. on free goods | Sept. 30, 1841 | 1 | 100,162,087 | 16,622,746 | 16½ |
| | " 7-10 | Jan. 1, 1842 | | | | |
| | " 10-10 | July 1, 1842 | | | | |
| Aug. 30, 1842, | general advance | Sept. 1, 1842 | 1 | 64,753,799 | 10,208,000 | 16 |
| | " " | " 1, 1842 | 2 | 225,689,579 | 60,188,774 | 27 |
| July 31, 1846, | general | Dec. 1, 1846 | | | | |

Digitized by Google

great increase of consumption that cannot fail to take place, manufacturers of small capital will be enabled to obtain their share of prosperity.

One of the most dangerous features of this system of manufacturing protection, is the horrible tyranny to which it gives rise. This exhibits itself on all sides, in the desperate attempts to resist the course of law, and to produce a panic by oppressing the work-people. No sooner had the law passed than manufacturers and master workmen, who had for years been reaping inordinate profits through the great monopolies granted them than they turn fiercely upon the work-people, and cut down their wages or discharge them from employ. This is done, not that there is any diminution of ability to employ them, or that their labor yields any less profit than before, but simply to punish the operative, because a portion of the large profits of the owners are cut down. It appears to be the case that in many instances the workmen understand the movement, and lay the blame at the right door. They appreciate the motive that would sacrifice them by seeking to make them the instruments of revenge on the government. The mere fact, however, that the manufacturing employers have exercised this power of throwing thousands of artizans out of employ at their will, in order, by creating popular distress, to act upon the government, is, of itself, the very strongest reason that can be offered against the system. The operative has, indeed, become the bondsman of the capitalist. If Congress, in its wisdom, chooses to take from the latter privileges that he has too long enjoyed, he coolly shuts up the mill, discharges his men, and leaves them to alarm the government by their cries of distress; while he reposes on his wealth, and awaits the result. This is the process now attempted to be carried out, and the safety of the government, as well as of the working classes, requires that a counter policy should be promptly pursued. We have seen that protection from the *incident* has been distorted into the *principle*, and that an advance of duties, from 5 to 40 per cent. average, has produced no other result than to give strength to the manufacturers in seeking to enforce farther special legislation for their benefit. The evil has become so great as to lead to the consideration, whether it should not be counteracted by an entire abandonment of indirect taxes, and an abolition of the custom-house. By such a course, a patronage of some 11,000 offices will be taken out of the hands of the federal government, and a source of vast corruption dried up. The wants of the federal government may be 22 millions per annum, besides the land revenues. This could easily be raised by a tax apportioned among the states. As, for instance, the mill tax of New-York yielded $655,067, a two mill tax would give at least $1,200,000, which would be collected without any increase of machinery by the comptroller of New-York, with the state taxes, and placed to the credit of the federal treasury. The collection would not cost a dollar, and the support of the federal government would fall upon property instead of upon labor. The economy and feasibility of such a system is superior to that of customs. By the removal of the latter, many evils would be remedied, particularly that of every few years arraying the manufacturers against the government, and making the distress of work-people the means of warfare. The experience of Great Britain in the protective policy, has been, that wealth under it gradually accumulated in the hands of the few; and the means of the many to consume goods, charged with indirect taxes, had become so far impaired as to affect permanently the revenue. Indirect taxes had reached a point at which they diminished the revenue. The new government of 1842 reversed the whole system, by imposing direct taxes upon the *property* of the country, and removing the indirect taxes which fell mostly on *labor*. In this country experience has already developed the fact, that protection is a source of most baneful instability in legislation; that it arrays continually those who seek special privileges against the government; and that the great *desideratum* of uniform and permanent laws cannot be attained, as long as indirect taxes open the door to the award of bounties.

Digitized by Google

# IMAGINARY COMMONWEALTHS.

By J. Sullivan Cox.

Politics is a serious study,—serious as our lives and liberties. He who invests it with the charm of fiction, awakens our suspicion, and weakens his power to convince. But, strange as it may seem, some of the best thinkers whom the world has ever seen, have encircled political abstractions with the zone of beauty, and clothed sober experience with the many-colored robings of romance. Every age has been enriched by some figment of a commonwealth. Far back in the depths of antiquity, the poets feigned a happy land, where, amid perfumed airs, leafy groves, silver streams, and perennial pleasures, men communed with the gods, inhaled the breath of the blessed, and grew into the image of goodness, and into likeness, and love, and harmony, with the beauty of truth. Greece was the favored retreat of these dreamers. The delightful land of the south filled the Greek with lovely conceptions. The superstition of fear brooded over the dark forests of the North. The rapture of hope lit up the eye of the Greek, and he saw in the trembling of the orange-tree, and in the glory of its bloom, an airy embodiment of beauty; and in the spray of the cascade, and in the prism which spanned it, a living presence of grace. Not only did a divine harmony pervade the unrivalled drama of the Greek, arousing the hidden soul of the hearer and beholder; not only did it give precision in delineation, which vanished imperceptibly into proportion, flinging a radiance around the rival easels of a Protogenes and an Appelles; not only did it beat in the marble forms of the Parthenon, giving them an ease and vitality which seemed the offspring of spontaneous inspiration; not only did it pervade the philosophy, and sway, in its fiercest tumults, the democracy which met around the agora, and the very mob which collected in the Pireus, thus controlling the policy of the nation; but it arose above them all, on a wing of transparent light, sought the far-off Atlantis in the west, and there planted its colony of hopes and dreams —"bright as the children of yon azure sheen."

Long before Socrates taught, an architect of Miletus, disdaining the precision of square and compass, left his employment of building temples and laying out streets, passed the pillars of Hercules, beyond which the ships of his native place had never ventured, and drifted in a fairy shell-boat of fancy across the western main, to the realms of the blessed. There he constructed his commonwealth. We are indebted to Aristotle for an account of its structure. That severe critic passes his strictures upon its mechanism; and the fine workmanship of the artizan almost vanishes before the touch of the "Seraphic Doctor"—the enchanter of Stagira. The architect, with more earnestness, and with less irony than a modern satirist,* seems profoundly enamored of the number THREE. His commonwealth is divided into *three* classes: artificers, husbandmen, and soldiers. His territory is divided into *three* portions: sacred, common, and private. There are *three* fountains in the mind, whence spring *three* kinds of injuries, to be remedied by *three* kinds of punishment—insults, damages, and death. In order to bring the whole government within the compass of his mystic number, he ordained three functions for the rulers, the concerns of the state—the affairs of strangers—and the management of orphans.

It is unnecessary to comment on this model of a republic. It is important only as a forerunner of Plato's, and as an illustration of the tendency of Hellenic genius.

But a more extraordinary piece of fanciful mechanism was the commonwealth of Theopompos of Chios. It

* Vide Dean Swift's "Tale of a Tub."

Digitized by Google

rivals an Eastern tale in extravagance. It is prolific of giants; and magical illusions dance through it in mazy confusion. It may, however, be allegorical. It has its place of war, its peaceful city, its rivers of pleasure, its tear-compelling fruits, and renovating, Medean magic. It is wanting in that easy transition and naturalness of narrative which graces the ideals which we shall presently notice. There is wanting in this, as well as in the Panchaia of Euhemeros, that attention to great principles which only can give to political fiction its charm for the philosopher, and its dignity for the statesman. Still in these we may see the germinal inclination of the Grecian mind, which afterwards bloomed and bore fruit in the splendid conceptions of Plato. His Republic overshadows all the other ideals of his countrymen. It stands alone, and incomparable. Plato holds the balance of power in the visionary universe; nay, he is paramount. His was the model which Campanella copied in his "City of the Sun;" the antitype of the fragment which Bacon has left us, in his "New Atlantis," a work which gives little satisfaction to the reader of his "advancement of learning," and which is unworthy of the genius which planned the Novum Organon; it doubtless led Sir Thomas More abroad in search of his Utopia, and animated his namesake, Dr. More, the most enthusiastic of modern Platonists, while he constructed his "Theory of the Ideal world;" it furnishes a pattern for Berkley, to whom is attributed the singular "Adventures of Signor Gaudentio di Lucca;" and finally, it furnished an example for Harrington, when, under the cover of fiction, he set forth his ideas of a commonwealth for his own isle—the "Oceana" of the northern seas, which work called forth the Holy Commonwealth of Baxter, and the "Idea" of Hume. Plato—the divine Plato, not only leads the choir of classic antiquity, in composing and hymning the harmony of divine philosophy, but in striking that sublime strain, in which all may join who aspire after a happier and holier state of existence upon earth.

We can scarcely, in the brief space of a review, give a glance at the general features of these several works. We select *three* (at the risk of an *ad hominem* from the shade of the old architect) of the more prominent and familiar, to illustrate the uses and abuses of this creative faculty.

The Republic of Plato is the synonymn for every beautiful vision, and the Utopia of More is the epithet for every wild chimera that can visit the mind. The latter has become an English word, expressing impracticability. Its philological sense is a little ambiguous. Some suppose that More wished to throw a delightful uncertainty around the geographical position of his republic; that, therefore, he uses the word as derived from the Greek negative, ου, and τόπος, a place, *no place;* others derive the word from ευ, and τοπος, the *happy place;* but this is not essential: for to most, the supremely happy *somewhere*, is *nowhere*, at least upon the earth. The "Oceana" is not so well known as the other works, because, perhaps, it is less romantic; yet Hume, in reviving speculation upon this subject, in his succinct, quiet, cold and characteristic "Idea of a perfect Commonwealth," gives the meed to Harrington's Oceana, as the only valuable model that has yet been offered. From David Hume we would have been surprised at any *other* decision. We would as soon have expected that his eye of universal scepticism should look upon human nature with the warm and confiding enthusiasm of Plato, or with the quiet humor and hearty satisfaction of Sir Thomas More, as that a Wall-street broker should glow with the poetic furor over the sun-set that gilds the tower of Trinity. Read his own "Idea." How nude, shivering, marrowless, skeleton-like! No warmth, no ornament, no elasticity, no animation; it seems the offspring of despair—the image of death, beside Plato's bounding hopefulness, and More's breathing picturesqueness. The Oceana is more matter-of-fact. Its aim is more direct. It was called into being under circumstances very different from those which gave birth to the Republic and Utopia. They are all, however, in one point of view, eminently practical. They should not be condemned as the splendors of dreamers; they should be tested by the character of their authors—by the circumstances under which they were written,—by the spirit in which they were undertaken,

Digitized by Google

and by the effects which they produce upon the mind. These are our tests. To their application.

Plato, More, and Harrington had all been travellers and observers. According to the most popular accounts, Plato, after the death of Socrates, visited Italy, where he completed his acquaintance with the Pythagorean philosophy. He passed several years in Egypt, acquiring the learning of the priests. He went thence to Phœnicia, where he became acquainted with the religion of the Jews—thence to Babylonia, where he learned astronomy and the doctrines of Zoroaster. His adventures in Sicily, and with the tyrant, are *really* romantic. Having been too bold in teaching Dionysius the duties of a ruler, he was obliged to fly—was sold as a slave—redeemed—returned to Athens, and established his Academy. He had ample opportunities to collect practical and experimental knowledge; even if the turbulence of his native Athens had failed to arouse him from his reveries, to a closer observation of men and manners. Plato *was* practical. We are apt to deem him the reverse, because his theories are so incomparably sublime, forgetting that there is no incompatibility between theory and experience.

More was a foreign ambassador, as well as the ablest lawyer of his time; and even then it was not accounted a professional failing to be worldly-wise. Early in life, at the age of fifteen, and while yet a page in the family of Cardinal Morton, he was noted for the fertility of his invention. We can see the creator of Utopia, in the young, laughing rogue, that would suddenly step up among the players, who amused the old age of the Cardinal, and "never studying before his part, make it up of his own invention, which was so witty and full of jests, that he alone made more sport than all the players besides; for which, his towardliness, the old Cardinal was much delighted in him, and would often say of him, 'This child, whoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous rare man.'" The prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. His judgments on the woolsack were distinguished as much by their singular wisdom, as by their dispatch; for at one time, during his Chancellorship, a remarkable fact occurred—an era happened in English equity, the Chancery docket was disposed of—not a case remaining undecided. Sir Thomas had it entered of record, and well he might. The prophecy was fulfilled,

> When MORE sometime had Chancellor been,
> No *more* suits did remain;
> The same shall never *more* be seen,
> Till MORE be there again.

If that be not evidence of practicalness, we are at a loss to tell what is.

Neither was Harrington wholly a dreamer. He lived in an era when men had not time to dream, or to hear dreams. Cromwell would not have seized his MS. had they been subtle cobwebs spun, as Milton supposed Plato's were, after a debauch. Harrington's reason received its direction from the acute Chillingworth; and even before he attained his majority he visited the Continent. He was heard to say, that before he left England, he knew no more of monarchy, anarchy, aristocracy, and the like, than as so many hard words, whereof he had learnt the signification in the dictionary. He visited Holland just after she had gallantly thrown off the Spanish yoke. He went to Italy, and there studied the ethics of the political masters, and he was particularly enamored of the civil polity of Venice. On his return he was appointed to an office about the king, who became very fond of him, listened to his arguments for a commonwealth, and treated him with apparent affection. Harrington adhered to him with singular consistency; was with him even on the scaffold; and on his death retired to his study, to meditate upon the condition of his country, and to build that system which he has given us in the Oceana. His after career is known—the effect of his writings on Cromwell, whose power was not to be endangered by the "paper shots," as he called them, of Harrington—his imprisonment by the restored Stuart—and his unwavering adherence to his commonwealth, through every political vicissitude, awaken our sympathy and admiration, and prove to us, that although the Oceana was dressed in fiction, it was founded in fact.

It is not a little singular that the most efficient politico-ethical writers have written under adverse circumstances; nay, under circumstances which are in glaring contrast with the princi-



Digitized by Google

ples they advocated. But these very circumstances may have given the motive, and their amelioration may have been the aim. The prudential politics of Aristotle were composed during the time of Alexander. Livy wrote in favor of a commonwealth, in the reign of Augustus; but the golden chains of the court did not trammel his discursive pen. Machiavelli penned his "Prince," when Italy had no prince whose ear was open to anything but the soft accents of the courtier, and the tuneful measures of classic elegance. When the Republic of Plato was written, the Athenian demus were yet dazzled by the metaphysics of the Sophists. Virtue and vice were regarded as mere illusions of the mind. The eternal distinctions between truth and falsehood were well nigh obliterated. But the instructions of Socrates had evidently formed a large party in Athens, favorable to reform, to progress, and to the metamorphose of its civil and religious institutions. Their master had been judicially murdered, and their plans frustrated. After the subsidence of popular feeling, those who had absented themselves, returned, and by way of avenging the resistance before offered to their projects, exalted the name of their leader, and prepared and embellished their schemes of reform. Such probably were the circumstances under which Plato wrote the Republic. It was published about the close of the 96th Olympiad, since the Εκκλησιάζουσαι of Aristophanes, performed in the 97th, evidently glances at it, and holds up its eccentricities to public laughter. But the Grecian people had degenerated. Athens, the "eye of Greece," had been dimmed by bloated passion and lawlessness. Although she could still appreciate the music of her tongue, as it rose from the grove of the Academy, like an anthem, her integrity had been broken, and every Cleon or Alcibiades, whose genius surmounted the level of the mass, swayed her at will. Plato retired into his leafy retreat, where he could enjoy the spiritual inheritance bequeathed to him by Socrates; where he could recall those pure ideas of justice which formerly fell from his master's lips; lay them as the foundation of individual happiness and social harmony; purify and illumine them with that fire, which, Prometheus-like, he stole from heaven; blend with them his own exquisite ideas of truth and unity; embody them in the glancing splendor of his divine diction, and give them a local habitation, far from the sound of the demagogue's voice, and the answering people's hurrah—far beyond the setting sun—in our own western world, in which, even then, they may have been half realised in Aztec and Peruvian glory!

In the time of More, Christendom was made the spell of the Popish enchanter. The charm was beginning to break. The refined casuistry of the church had paved the path to heaven with pearls and gold. Immunity for future vice had been given under the smile of the Virgin; sensuality had been concealed beneath the cowl; ambition beneath the surplice; Venus had worn the veil of the nun, and Bacchus the hood of the friar, and all had sung hymns with pealing organs, in dim Cathedrals, to Him that taketh away the sin of the world! This was the age of *Christian* sophistry. It differed from Heathen sophistry, as the calm quaffing of the hemlock differed from the infernal enginery of the Inquisition. There was then, as now, the difference which D'Aubigne points out, between Catholicism and Popery. More, and his friend Erasmus, were honest and pious Catholic Christians. The shade of suspicion never darkened their motives. Whatever we may think of Sir Thomas' alleged intolerance; and there are, notwithstanding a late Edinburgh Reviewer, conclusive evidences to be urged in its defence; (for a candid statement of which we refer to Professor Smythe's Lectures on History,) his religious opinions, in the early part of his life, were latitudinarian. The Reformation, and its excesses, alarmed and shocked his mild nature, and he afterwards became convinced of the *present* expediency of uniformity of faith. "It is," says Erasmus, "a sufficient proof of his clemency, that while he was Chancellor, no man was put to death for these pestilent dogmas, while so many at the same period suffered for them in France, Germany, and the Netherlands; and Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chancellors," (which work deserves a separate review,) remarks, that it was not until More retired from office, and was succeeded by

Digitized by Google

the pliant and inhuman Audley, that heresy was made high treason, and the scaffold flowed with innocent blood." We mention these authorities, not so much to defend Sir Thomas, as to account for what may seem an incongruity between his widely-tolerant religious opinions, and his subsequent office conduct. He was ever of a modest and retiring disposition. He was compelled to take the great seal. Long before he became Chancellor, he would leave his briefs and devotions, and retire into the cloister of contemplation, and while lashing with quiet, good humored satire, veiled under an occasional absurdity, the chicanery of the court and the corruptions of the church, would plead for a reform in the state, founded on individual right, and toleration in religion, wide as even our Roger Williams could have wished. He clothed his conceptions in a felicitous latinity,—imbued them with the dignity of philosophical discrimination,—mellowed them with the golden light of Hesperian romance, and enriched them with all the novelties of the opening world, of El Dorados.

The long vexed question of royal prerogative and popular privilege had been decided. The "right divine of kings to govern wrong," had been contemptuously set aside by Puritan England. The sacred right of popular resistance had been established; but power yet remained in the hands of some not loathing its exercise. The royal victim must be immolated; and by way of superfluity, Charles Stuart laid his head upon the block. It was severed from his body; and James Harrington, heart-sick and pensive, retired from the stained scaffold into his study to meditate. England had suffered long—how long from the haughty house of Stuart! Old England had suffered, even during the plausible reign of good queen Bess, who was always chary of her queenly prerogative. What availed the baronial charter of Runnymede? Thirty times had it been renewed by Parliament. The *theory* of privilege had been repeated by successive Parliaments; but its observance in practice—what was it, but a mockery and an insult to the Saxon spirit; and so felt James Harrington as he sat down to the history of English wrongs and English rights. In the first he saw real red grievances crimsoning the page; the second, he read in parchments, which sounded prettily enough on the ear, but hollow enough to the heart. What other interest can there be in this realm, that the people should be thus outraged for centuries? Royalty must be abolished—a commonwealth, with such a libration in its frame, that no man, not even Oliver himself, shall have the interest, or (having the interest) have the power to disturb it, must be established. Happy idea! Noble theme for contemplation! How shall it be framed, so that without contradiction to itself—to reason—to experience, it will regulate itself, without resistance, in perpetuity? Such, probably, were the conceptions which met Harrington, *in limine*, when he began his model. He searched history, called into existence orators of the brain, who declaimed about his imaginary laws, gave them the authority of the old sages and the eloquence of his own heart, imbued their lips with the "honey of persuasion," tried their sentiments in the fires of experience, and moulded them in the symmetry of system; and thus sprung into being, like a Venus from the wave, a land of happiness and harmony, from the bosom of the northern seas.

We have now before us the three happy Republics. It may not be uninteresting to examine the principles on which they were founded, and the spirit by which they are pervaded. Pure as they appear, when contrasted with the eras in which they are written; splendid and unattainable as seems their object, they are not the *impossibilities* which they are generally supposed. Difficulties, the most formidable, are not impossible, χαλεπὰ μεν, δυνατα δε πη. Of their practicability we shall hereafter speak. We refer now to their existence in reason. Give Archimedes a point beyond the earth, and he will move it by his lever. Give philosophy and ethics certain premises, and they will transform the morals and condition of its inhabitants. Let us see what we can give our theorists.

With Plato, education is the Archimedean power. Whether he does not expect more from it than he reasonably should, is questionable; but that it is a tremendous regenerating agency, this age and country illustrate; and if civil polity is ever to arise in the majesty of perfection, we know of no other or fitter

Digitized by Google

influence by which it will be accomplished. Plato believed that men were something else beside gross matter; that they were not dumb stocks and stones; but spirits with capacities to be filled, and inclinations to be bent. He felt that life was something more than the quick round blood; time, something else than heart throbs—that

"He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best"

The intellectual and ethical development by which he would influence the individual, renders it impossible that he should be content to dwell in any other than the very society that exists in the Republic. This development depends upon an acute insight into the human soul, whose discordant elements are harmonized, and made the spring of every grace and beauty; that dwelling, as in a sanctuary of health, the young should imbibe good from all around them, whence aught may strike their sense, like airs that are wafting health from purest climes.

Sir Thomas, with little of Plato's philosophical acumen, with which to apprehend and classify the flitting phenomena of mind; without his daring in the enunciation of principles, that boldly traverses the path of prejudice, measured man more by his external manifestations and his actual history; selected from each state some well-tried measure and wise maxim; extracted the spirit of his ethics from Christianity; bound them all together by a common brotherhood; and thus formed a system, in each particular perhaps practicable, which, as a whole, never existed, but which might exist in that advanced state of mankind, which Plato's influences upon the plastic soul would produce. He locates his Utopia upon an island of the western main, and in its arrangement endeavors to reduce everything, save religion, to a uniform standard. His fifty-four cities are laid out with a precision which extends to every street and house. A certain number constitute a family; a certain number of families select a magistrate; each member lives a certain time in the city, and a certain time in the country; wears a common costume, and partakes of a common table. By a wholesome discipline, similar to that of the Peloponnesian Republic, he is disciplined in the same habits of obedience and industry—in the same processes of agriculture and commerce: and by arrangements which bear a wonderful resemblance to the "series and groups" of Fourier, all his industrial energies are happily developed, and his relations to society are pervaded by a unity, which supposes a very great change in the manners of mankind.

Plato, by a divine intuition, penetrates into the nature of the human soul, and draws thence the causes which are to produce social harmony. More, by his ingenious talent, discerns the best recorded thought and experience; and by a collation of effects establishes a result of admirable uniformity. Plato allures to virtue by showing its beauty; More would guide us in its pleasant path by a happy restraint; Plato would prevent, rather than punish; More would mould character rather than crush it by penalties. He would build no throne in Utopia, lest ambition should aspire; use no ornaments lest men should become vain and effeminate, nor present any attractions lest men should be dazzled. Plato builds thrones, surrounds them with embroidered canopies and splendid decorations; places upon each a Republican, that all may rule in their own spheres with a royal equality: Plato is superior to Sir Thomas, as the orator is superior to the mere rhetorician; as Cicero is superior to Quinctillian; as the poet is superior to the artistic translator; as Spenser surpasses Pope. Plato is an ingenious creator. More a talented constructor. The harmony of the latter is that of the silver-sounding instrument played by a cunning hand; the harmony of the former is that of an Eastern fountain, gracefully leaping upward, then dancing over pearls and precious stones, to its own ravishing melody. Picture before you his community of men, endowed with the gifts of wisdom; excommunicating all those who are incorrigible in disposition, from long perversion; trying and refining by their pure ordeal the rising race; frowning upon the fancied superiority of wealth and the foppery of fashion, with no cast but that of virtue, no nobility but that of manhood; permitting this one to turn the turf, under the clear sky, with the shining share; that one to chisel the column for the towering temple; and

Digitized by Google

those to whom it is congenial, to become the servants, workmen, and traders of society, and thus, each one to realize his own idea of life in his own way, with the same rapture as the philosopher in his study, and the painter in his studio. The courageous defend from aggression by the same law which makes the intellectual the legislators of the commonwealth; and to this latter—the highest eminence, where none are low—there is ever a path open by which goodness and wisdom may reach their proper sphere. Under such genial influences each individual is led, step by step, to act his own part perfectly; and, although like the allegorical knights of the "Faërie Queen," not perfect in all the cardinal virtues; yet all, when combined in the state, as were the twelve virtues in Prince Arthur, produce a perfect architype of human magnanimity.

The Oceana is less poetical, consequently less attractive; but, as a useful model, is perhaps preferable. Its structure is mechanical. It seems supported by underpinning and buttresses, and regulated by weights and ingenious compensations. It stands out in strange contrast to the sublime Ideal of Plato, and the splendid romance of More. It was demanded by exigency, and was not infused with the spontaneous outpouring of enthusiasm, or thrown off as the *jue d'esprit* of a leisure hour. It is wanting in soul, though not in spirit. The matter is learned, and the style perspicuous. The fundamental idea is, that government is not an accidental nor an arbitrary institution, there being in society natural causes, producing their necessary effects, as well as in the earth or in the air. Harrington looks beneath the superfices of society for the causes of the then existing agitations, and finds them in the increase of property; and, consequently, of power in the hands of the commons. Hence his apothegm, "Empire follows the balance of property." This is the grand solution, of which James Harrington is the Œdipus, and for which a biographer claims for him an eminence with Gallileo, Harvey, and other discoverers. That property has its influence in government is most true. The extent of that influence has been more clearly ascertained since the middle of the seventeenth century. That it is not the paramount authority in the state, is also true; that it *should* not be, every principle of our nature suggests, the experience of England attests, and our inborn independence forbids. This question of property has been the mountain in the otherwise even path of our speculators. Some glance around it, or soar above it; but most meet it boldly, insert, silently, their bore, and shatter it by their explosive appliances. Plato does not hesitate at a community of property; More advocates it, perhaps only as a cloak of absurdity for his satire; and Harrington is by no means equivocal in his opinion. We should not hastily condemn the classic speculators on this vital question. There was wanting in their times that protecting arm which stimulates to labor by insuring reward, which we possess. The rich held their property by a tenure as frail as their title was flimsy. It was not the accumulation of honest toil—the results of a sweating brow, the best title which man can have to a portion of God's footstool! But what excuse is there for the Englishmen? Harrington asks, whether there is not an Agrarian law, *or some law to supply its place*, in every commonwealth? There must finally be. There is in this country. Abolish your *primogeniture* in England! Ah! there is the fault which you are striving to correct. Strike there,—and the mountain in your path is as a mole-hill.

Another prominent idea of the Oceana, is the ballot. Agrarianism is to preserve equality in the root, by the balance of dominion, and the ballot by an equal rotation conveying it into the branch, or exercise of sovereign power. This seems to have been a new idea, at least in the time of Harrington. It troubled his answerers exceedingly; as it always will trouble "the demure, grave-looking, spring-nailed, velvet-pawed, green-eyed despisers of public opinion," in every age and country. His friends had a club called *Rota*, where they met to discuss political principles; and where, by way of essay, they used the ballot. The novelty of the operation filled their meetings, and the experiment might have been made in Parliament, had not a certain iron-hand meddled overmuch in state affairs at that time. But it has become a mighty instrument in the hand of the descendants of the old commonwealth men. We are doubtless, indebted in a great degree

Digitized by Google

to James Harrington, for the still small voice of the ballot, which stays the tempests of party, and persuades all into patriotic acquiescence.

The plan of the Oceana is simple. The first part consists of preliminary dissertations on liberty, beginning at its dawn, and closing with the times of the first Charles. In the second part he enters the visionary realm. He lays down, in the form of laws for its government, certain positive propositions; introduces imaginary legislators, who represent different nations, as Israel, Athens, Sparta, and so forth; calls into his council Bacon, Hobbes, Cromwell, and others, under the titles of Verulamius, Leviathan, Olphaeus, Megaletor, &c.; gives them the floor to discuss his laws; enlivens their rhetoric with metaphor, and enriches their oratory with even more philosophy than would be now tolerated from a Macaulay or a Guizot; and at last interposes the buckler of the Archon, the Premier of Oceana, whose decisions give tone and character to the book. The laws thus enacted, Harrington believed would establish equality in the frame-work of Society. He saw the causes of the decay of all governments in the want of this equilibrium between different departments; and since he had furnished the proper balances, his government would live forever. He did not consider, that a very little friction, or even the slightest jar, would increase by its own action, until the harmony of his contrivance should become confusion. The earth itself, as it "spins around on its soft axle," is silently changing its relations to the Universe; and at the best, finite reason cannot bestow upon anything mortal, that immortality, anything corruptible, that incorruptibility which the Almighty has refused to his productions. We are no friends to that rash generalization, which would make the stars turn in circles rather than in ellipses, because it fills some loved idea of beauty. The world has had such a system of celestial mechanics; but who lives now, Gallileo, or his incarcerators? It has had an *à priori* system of metaphysics; but where now are the golden books of Eugena and Raymond Lully? The schoolmen might elaborate and refine; Thomas Acquinas might delve into his dialectics until he should turn the universe on a syllogistic axis; but the world would still be marking time to the dull music of conservatism. Now, although our speculators differ as widely as the manners of their respective eras; although many of their ideas are chimerical and absurd; and although the results are impracticable, yet in this idea which runs throughout all their speculations, we agree with them, that modifications must be made—that improvements are always in order—and that that age is recreant to the past, and reckless of the future, that will not dare and do something beyond the confines of barren custom: something beside "swallowing antiquity whole," because gorgeous with the mystic pomp of elder days, and armed with the authority of age. There is no government in which we cannot, with every day, discern many deficiencies, some redundancies, and very few things that are not susceptible of change or emendation. An enlightened age will be governed more by reason than authority; else, why this frequent enacting and abrogating; why this continual probing and analysis of the primordial principles of society; why these reformatory movements, these conventions to rëestablish fundamental constitutions? These peaceful movements are the most cheering signs of our age. Now, since reforms cannot be made without a previous conception and contemplation, there is nothing in the mere imaginary forms of our authors reprehensible. If their conceptions are true; if the intellectual ore is good, it is none the worse for being wrought into beautiful and elegant figures, stamped in a perfect mould, or because glittering with the flash of fancy. We have seen that our authors were practical men; that they lived in trying times, and we might hence conclude, *à priori*, that the subjects upon which they treat are worthy of the consideration of even a practical age; but we subjoin one or two illustrations from the most flighty of our authors, to prove that they were in spirit, and would have been in deed, practical reformers. There cannot remain a doubt upon the mind of any reader of the Utopia, but that its author anticipated the great principles of commercial reciprocity, (so long considered *Utopian!*) afterwards established theoretically by Adam Smith, and now about to be

Digitized by Google

*fully realized* by the greatest commercial people on the globe. "If I do not," says Lord Campbell, "find in the Utopia, *all* the doctrines of sound political economy advocated by Adam Smith, I can distinctly point out in it the objections to a severe penal code, which have at last prevailed, after they had been urged, in vain, by Romilly and Mackintosh." We know well the change that has been gradually taking place in public sentiment, as well as in jurisprudence, in relation to penalties. A very great number of the best thinkers of our time doubt the right of society to take life *at all*. It is then a matter of present interest to observe the practical wisdom of the old Lord Chancellor, who would have introduced many remedial measures, had he not been in advance of his age by many centuries. We have not room to quote. We refer the intelligent reader to the original, in which the salutary effects of a humane penal code are insisted upon, and simple yet good reasons urged in its favor. We need not go into further detail to prove the practicalness of *Utopia*. With some, no demonstration could overcome the prejudice of the name under which it is imparted. To the truth-loving, names are but the shell, principles the kernel. Let the sincere reformer ask, whether there is one form of society more perfect than another; then let him inquire which is the most perfect of all,—then he will be able to bring any real constitution or legal enactment as near it as possible; and thus it becomes practical.

The tendency of such speculations, and the propriety of indulging in them, has ever been a question. One class of minds have framed theories of mathematical exactness, and like the alchymist, dazzled by one splendid idea, have thrown fortune, reputation, character, heart and life into the crucible, and at the momentous trial of their charm, have found for their golden dreams the bitter ashes of disappointment and despair. The other class reject all speculation—have no certain idea—but in the much abused name of common sense, demand specific experiment for everything. They apply their αὐτὸς ἔφη to every theory, and when too late, find that the expanding soul will not be compressed within the circle of their narrow comprehension. Between these two far separated extremes there lies the golden mean. Plato, the most sublime of our authors, does not, as is generally supposed, reason by rash generalities. He ascends to them, as Mr. Coleridge has shown, in the order of nature, from particulars,—the same manner which Bacon pursued. We could show this at length, but we forbear. Because Plato is lofty, therefore, most persons believe that he is poetic. Because he stands on the highest summits around which the eagle sweeps, they will not believe that he ascended thither, step by step, as the chamois, but on a bold wing of generalization. In his Republic this process is clearly discernible. Plato analyzes the mind of the individual, and then draws his conclusions as to a number of minds in society. But it may be asked, are not social phenomena intricate and complex, and can universal prescriptions, applicable to individuals, be applied to society? Yes; but only so far as the social and the individual are identical. Hobbes and Machiavel, who looked on the dark side of human nature, regarding man as a huge leviathan, to be restrained from rude outrage by an iron grip; or Plato and More, who regarded man too exclusively, perhaps, in his divine character, may each and all agree in regarding social identical with individual phenomena; and to a certain point they may be right, all of them; and that far, the general laws of each may be applicable to society; but it is, on the one extreme, unphilosophical to refer all the unforeseen, peculiar, and infinitely varied circumstances of society to the general ideas of the one class; and since from these circumstances, combined with the dogma of a Hobbes, we may draw principles in economy, founded in the fear and selfishness of men; or combined with the idea of a Plato, principles of national glory, founded in the hope and disinterestedness of human nature, it would be as unphilosophical on the other extreme, to condemn such speculations for their seemingly non-practical tendency.

Without inquiring how much of the individual is, or should be sunk in society, (a question of such confusion and intricacy as to require a Psyche to sort out the truth from the error,) we cannot but see that the systems of our authors, if applied to society now, would be as incongruous as the laws of the imagination applied to the motions of the hea-

Digitized by Google

venly bodies. If ever realizable, it must be in a commonwealth of angels. But this is not the test we proposed to apply. In this view their authors never expected their realization. This does not, however, decide their inutility or absurdity, any more than the failure to be a perfect Christian decides the inutility or the absurdity of St. Paul's advice to Timothy: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, (i. e. ἄρτιος, even, whole, complete,) thoroughly furnished unto all good works." The authors never expected that all men, or even a society of men, would reach the happy points whither their imaginations tended, any more than the mariner expects to land in the star by which he directs his course. But have they then, no place in this world? Is the spiritual ear of society closed? Is government but a painted corpse? Is that unseen arm, which no forging can fetter, paralyzed? Have those hoarse undertones of public opinion, that mutter great principles in great crises, ceased for ever? Has that hidden heart, in whose fire constitutions of paper and symbols of power are as chaff, stopped its mighty pulsation? Has that spirit infused into the uprising masses, ceased to pervade, feed, invigorate, and energize the anatomy of government? NO! There is a moral sense—a soul in the state, which longs for something more than the tariffs, the bank and the bankrupt bills of a temporizing present; which looks for some celestial beacon to direct the course of popular movement through the eternal future! If it be an infirmity to love to minister to the aspirations of the invisible soul of the state, it has been the infirmity of earth's noblest minds. If such ministration be dreaming, it is the dreaming of a Jupiter!

This earth has often given refuge to spirits kindred to Plato, More, and Harrington, who have felt themselves imprisoned in these "walls of flesh," and in their longings and strivings have burst the bonds which bound them, and soared toward the perfection of a purer existence, "kindling their undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam, purging and scaling their long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance." In the wildest aberrations of such spirits, we recognise a sublime aspiration, which creates within us an awe, and which binds us to them in generous sympathy. A Pythagoras talked of an immaterial unity and a material duality, and fancied that the efficient and essential cause was hid beneath his mysterious principles of numeration; and as he hung entranced upon his idea, he believed that he saw things invisible to mortals, and heard the far off music of the spheres. A Paracelsus, impressed with the perfect uniformity of the universe, that "Jupiter est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris," inferred that the same Unerring Hand, which bound the sweet influences of Pleiades and loosened the bands of Orion, likewise planned the human soul; and that this breathing microcosm—man, sympathized with the "poetry of heaven," and hung its destiny on the changes and combinations of the burning stars. Something of the same spirit, less erratic, more noble, inspired Plato and his followers with the belief, that there was a latent principle of harmony by which the jarring units of existence could be combined, and reproduced with ten-fold loveliness in one boundless devotion to the commonweal, and in one undeviating faith in a supreme intelligence. Something of the same spirit now glows in the bosom of every member of this western commonwealth in America. Call it what you will, *destiny*, or what not; it is leading us as a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. It beckons to us from the dim and shadowy distance, and bids us, All Hail! It illumines our faces with hope, lights our eye with enterprize. Who can define it? As well define infinity, space, eternity; yet who so heartless as not to feel it. It has been called manifest. Its effects *are* manifest. They are seen in the throbbing pulse of America. It whelms and controls us, yet who would stem its rushing stream? It was this overwhelming idea that inspirited the eloquence of Everett, as he recalled the prophecy of Berkely, and as he beheld "man for ever flying westward from civil and religious thraldom, bearing his household gods over mountains and seas, seeking rest and finding none, but still pursuing the flying bow of promise to the glittering hills which it spans in Hesperian climes." "In that high romance," he continues, "if romance it be, in which the great minds

Digitized by Google

of antiquity sketched the fortunes of the ages to come, they pictured to themselves a favored region beyond the ocean: a land of equal laws and happy men. The primitive poets beheld it, in the islands of the blest; the Doric bards surveyed it, in the Hyperborean regions; the sage of the Academy placed it in the lost Atlantis; and even the sterner spirit of Seneca could discern a fairer abode of humanity in distant regions then unknown.

We look back upon these uninspired predictions, and almost recoil from the obligation they imply. By us must these fair visions be realized; by us must be fulfilled these high promises, which burst in trying hours from the longing hearts of the champions of truth. There are no more continents or worlds to be revealed; Atlantis hath arisen from the ocean; the farthest Thule is reached; there are no more retreats beyond the sea, no more discoveries, no more hopes. Here then a mighty work is to be fulfilled, or never, by the race of mortals."

And is there no energy in this our Saxon race, no elements of perfection in this our human nature, by which to dare that destiny? Was Plato toying with a bubble, More fondling a phantom, and Harrington playing with a feather? We think of the unspotted life and stainless soul of the Divine Man of Gallilee, and dare believe and answer, No! We attempt to grasp the idea of finished and consummate excellence—the real attributes of Deity who pervades all nature, exhibiting His infinite power, venerable wisdom, and perfect goodness; yet our fainting mind believes, and would answer, No! There must be a principle of perfection, although but feebly developed as yet, in the soul which acknowledges Him as its fountain. This principle glimmers here and there through all literature. It is almost a part of the essence of modern mind. We can best enunciate it by borrowing an image from Milton. In the building of the temple, says he, some were cutting, some squaring the marble, others hewing the cedars; and when every stone was artfully laid together in contiguity, there arose out of "many moderate varieties and brotherly dissimilitudes" the goodly and graceful symmetry of perfection. The perfection of Plato differs from this, in that the pile, like some Aladdin palace, rises from some unseen enchantment, or like an exhalation,

> "with the sound
> Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,"

presenting not a mere contiguity of materials, but one continuous pile of mild majesty and chaste magnificence. One is the perfection of the prismatic ray, whose hues are beautifully blended; the other is the perfection of the beam, clear, unique, white, straight, and dazzling. More and Harrington gather the graces from the masters and form an image, whose softened symmetry and majestic mien enchain the taste. Theirs is the magic of the marble, comparatively cold and colorless; yet so artful that you are surprised into admiration; so rounded that its proportions gradually dilate upon the enchanted vision. Plato catches the beauty which leaps with warm spontaneity from his own master-soul, and leaves an image, whose evanescent gradations of shade, exquisite allusion, and glorious coloring, enrapture the intellect and enthrall the heart. His is the polished and appealing eloquence of the perfect man, starting from the canvass, with the divine attributes written on his brow. The works of the Britons may be imitated and even bettered. The image of the Greek baffles every attempt to emend or to imitate. The enraptured beholder sees but "one immortal feature of loveliness and truth;" he cannot fly from the force, the brilliancy, the ineffable purity, which transcends all art, absorbs all thought, and lifts the rapt soul into its own beautiful and blissful heaven!

To him who recognises that nobility in human nature, which, even when practice differs, always detests vice and defends virtue; to him who believes that a good and not an evil omnipotence created us; that every day deadens a note of discord, and sweeps a string of harmony in the human soul; to him who feels that there is a universal conscience which will never cry peace while impurity exists; to him, the Republic, the Utopia, and the Oceana, embody an earnest feel and a congenial faith, in the *summi gravissimique fines* of social existence, which has ever been sung by the prophetic harps of the earth, and uttered by the elect oracles of heaven.

Digitized by Google

# AMERICAN ACTORS IN ENGLAND.

THE political storm which has raged so fiercely for months back, casting its black shadows across the broad Atlantic, and threatening, at various epochs, to involve both hemispheres in a dire and desolating struggle, has happily cleared away, and the lowering horizon is succeeded by a cloudless and radiant sky. With returning sunshine, the friends of art are tempted forth from the quiet retreats, where noise and clamor had consigned them; and again raise their cheerful voices in the expression of their active sympathies for the support and propagation of those lovely arts which embellish life, impart tone to manners, and shed additional lustre over the national name.

The gifted painter again takes up his brush, and as his eye falls, in a "fine frenzy," upon his neglected canvass, he rejoices in the inspiring prospect of groups of spectators, whose calm admiration will receive no rude interruption from the stirring jargon of political conflicts. The concert-room is thrown open anew to the votaries of Euterpe, and the partisans of the reigning *Signora* again throng in enthusiastic crowds to feast in quiet rapture on her soft cadences and mellow strains. The theatre opens wide again its attractive portals, and managerial announcements without, in all the pomp of broadside-sheets, and notes of preparation within, give token of the scenic wonders, and histrionic triumphs that will shortly delight the town, and awaken golden echoes in the empty boxes of the treasury.

Thus we see the arts rising from their sterile torpor, and beginning to reassert their gentle sway over the softer sympathies of the people, which have lain too long dormant under the coarse excitements of political agitation. It would carry us too far beyond our narrow limits, to extend our investigations over the wide field we have barely glanced at, however anxious we may be to report to our readers the onward march of the muses over the vast confines of our young and aspiring Republic. Our present purpose is less pretending, and more especial in its object, as may be readily gathered from the heading of our article. In glancing over the dramatic rolls which time-honored custom usually displays to our curious eyes and kindled fancies at the beginning of the season, we miss the names of certain well-known and well-established favorites, whom the theatrical world "delight to honor."

The first among them in due precedence of rank and merit is that of Edwin Forrest, our national tragedian, whose return to his native country is daily looked for by a vast circle of friends and admirers whose eyes are turned wistfully seaward. Meanwhile it falls within our vocation, as patrons of the arts, to throw a retrospective glance on the theatrical progress in other lands of so prominent a representative of the American stage. This gifted actor left us some two years since on a foreign tour, and during the interval has exercised his professional abilities with various success in the chief cities and towns of the British empire. The distinguished position Mr. Forrest has acquired on our stage, where he has steadily risen through every species of trying obstacle, from obscurity to the proudest pre-eminence, entitles his career abroad to particular notice. The country naturally indulges in a just and laudable pride at the distinction of any of her sons in any department of human exertion, where industry and talent are requisite to obtain excellence and command respect. All parts of the United States have generously vied with each other for years past in flattering testimonies to the rare gifts of Mr. Forrest. More happy than thousands of the luckless brood whom genius has marked with her imperishable stamp, he has accumulated fortune, and piled up myriads of tokens and acknowledgments, both public and private, from individuals and bodies, who have assembled to do him honor. "He has borne his faculties meekly;" and the enthusiastic admiration which his talents have awakened, has received no chill from personal blemishes, or a painful indulgence in those vicious irregularities which have too often degra-

Digitized by Google

ded the "heroes" of the stage, and brought contumely on the profession at large. A becoming harmony exists between the public excellence and private character of our tragedian, which have combined to raise him to the exalted niche he occupies, and over which the nation has gladly allowed its name to be inscribed. This singular identity of the actor with the country which he has twice histrionically represented abroad, gives to the incidents of his career an interest even beyond their natural attraction, and involves in their consideration certain inter-national questions which ought to be approached with caution, and handled with a delicate conscientiousness.

It will be remembered that Mr. Forrest paid a visit to England some years since, and made his first appearance in 1836. The result was such as might have been expected from talents of so high an order, and of such mature cultivation before an audience admirably competent to comprehend the one, and appreciate the other. He was received with enthusiasm; and the journals of the day, now upon record, teemed with elegant and cordial criticisms upon his extraordinary merits. A higher compliment still was awarded him; for after undergoing the usual tests imposed upon a new actor, which require the assumption in turn of various grades of character, in order to discover his peculiar excellence or chief defect, the rare distinction, and the last an American player could have hoped for in England, was conceded him—of excelling most where it was most difficult, in that lofty and arduous range of portraiture which the magic pencil of Shakspeare drew. On this occasion he played from October to April, at Drury-Lane Theatre, with the brief interval of a month in the provinces; and at length from private motives, withdrew from the English stage, the admired, applauded, and most brilliant *debutant* of the season.

In December, 1844, Mr. Forrest returned to Europe with the especial object of appearing in the splendid capital of France, the theatrical metropolis of the world. He was naturally anxious to canvass the refined judgments of the French critics, whilst his friends, and the country generally, felt no small interest in the result, since a still higher standard was to be applied to an estimate of his capacity of which they had already formed so favorable a judgment.

*En passant*, it may be remarked that the writer of this hurried notice had frequently the satisfaction to hear the late Joseph Bonaparte express his ardent approbation of our countryman's abilities; and further, distinctly recollects to have heard him assert, that he had seen no actor since Talma's time who approached so nearly in every personal and mental requisite for the stage to that classic model of the *Theatre Français*. This was high praise, indeed, but it only increased the curiosity of those acquainted with the anecdote, to witness the effect of his *debut* in France. Unfortunately, these expectations were disappointed by the premature withdrawal of the English company performing in Paris, at the close of 1844, under the direction of Mr. Mitchel of London, who expressed his sincere regrets to Mr. Forrest that arrangements entered upon before his arrival compelled him to leave the French capital. Immediately after this the manager of the Princess's Theatre made overtures to Mr. Forrest for his re-appearance in London, which were accepted, and led to his unexpected return to the English boards. There is one fact which we cannot forbear mentioning in advance, and which can be fully substantiated, if necessary, by the declaration of the manager, that it was through the intercession of Mr. Forrest that our talented country-woman, Miss Cushman, obtained her first engagement at an English Theatre. Owing to circumstances we shall allude to more particularly hereafter, Miss Cushman had been treated, from the time of her arrival in England, extending over several months, with the coldest neglect* by all the managers, who mistrusted her abilities, and showed no disposition to give them a fair trial. Mr. Forrest was aware of this, and insisted as a *sine qua non* in his engagement

* An engagement was offered Miss Cushman by Mr. Laurent, who took Covent Garden for two or three weeks to get up the Greek play of *Antigone*; but as there was no prospect of his being able to go on, with her usual tact she declined it. It is also said that Mr. Maddox offered her terms, but so very inadequate that she refused them.

Digitized by Google

with Mr. Maddox, that he should also engage Miss Cushman to play with him. After some hesitation the reluctant director consented, and thus the two American artists set out in friendly companionship on their dramatic voyage, readily committing themselves to the popular gale, which promised to waft them into increased fortune and fame.

We take great pleasure in relating this trifling incident, not merely that it confirms the general opinion of Mr. Forrest's generosity of disposition, but that it may serve as an ennobling example to his inferiors in the profession to bury those rankling jealousies and sharp personal animosities which too often constitute the heaviest link in that galling chain of annoyances which the stage-artist is obliged to drag after him through life. The result of this joint theatrical venture is pretty well known, and was so contrary to all expectation, that it is worth while to inquire into the invisible under-currents, the well-contrived eddies and whirlpools which threw the one voyager back with such malignant violence on the bleak, sullen shore of comparative failure, and carried the other unwittingly forward to a haven of prosperous gains, as unlooked for as it was doubtless welcome.

Newspaper report has ascribed endless causes for a sequel so contradictory, and it has varied them according to the information, more or less limited, and the ingenuity, or the malice of the several writers. The truth is, there has been so much mystification spread like a veil over this interesting event, that it has swelled beyond its natural importance into a question almost of national consequence. We deem it, therefore, no small good fortune, that luckier than the narrator of John Gilpin's race, "we were there to see" it all, and in detailing what we know of the matter we shall consider ourselves in the high court of public opinion, and, as we value its judgment, and our own honor, we shall be strict and impartial in our account, pledging ourselves to the "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," which, singular to say, has been strangely overlooked in the thousand and one relations of the subject. It cannot be questioned that at the time of Mr. Forrest's re-appearance in London, in the spring of 1845, there was running high and strong a bitter current of national prejudice against America and Americans. Previous events of a financial character, or to be plain, the failure of the United States Bank, and the non-payment of state debts, had laid the foundation of these uncharitable feelings. The Oregon dispute then prevailing, fanned the flames of accumulated dislike which threatened to break out, and spend its fury upon any luckless head that rose first and highest before its view. It was a propitious moment, then, to let fall on the *Yankee* actor the "horrible displeasure" of those small crews of supple tools and toadies which revolve in an ether of pitiful sycophancy, like so many satellites, around the greater luminaries of the London theatrical firmament.

The announcement of Mr. Forrest's return to the English boards threw these buzzing insects into tumultuous excitement. Their narrow jealousies and vulgar prejudices were roused, and the supremacy of their wooden idol was considered in danger. They remembered enough of Forrest's quality years ago, and the vain but desperate efforts to overthrow him then, to be deeply moved by his sudden apparition now.

> "the times have been,
> That when the brains were out, the man would die,
> And there an end: but now, they rise again,
> With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
> And push us from our stools:—"

In secret conclave they forthwith assembled, the mode of attack was discussed, and the means of surest death deliberated on. Two murders were not deemed advisable. Had Richard killed only one of the Princes he might not have alienated Buckingham. Besides, one of the proposed victims was a woman, and though only a Yankee, yet a foolish prejudice elsewhere might take it in serious dudgeon, and lead to the expulsion of every English player from the American stage. An appearance of fairness ought to be preserved, and to spare the woman, only gave them "ample scope and verge enough" to carry their midnight plots into more fatal effect upon the real object of their fears and detestation. All was ready, and the ignoble batch were judiciously scattered about, up stairs and down, over the Princess' Theatre, the night of Forrest's *rentrée*, in March '45. His *role* was Macbeth, which he had

Digitized by Google

played at Drury Lane on his previous visit with triumphant success. He had not advanced twenty lines in his part when the interruptions began. By degrees the storm rose and swelled, and burst forth in all its denunciatory fury. Every species of indecent noise and offensive hindrance was resorted to. Whistling, laughter, coarse jests, and insulting raillery were showered prodigally down upon every effort of the baited actor, whose performance was often little else then "inexplicable dumb show." The occasion was a trying one, and might have been expected to arouse the indignation of the most forbearing man. But to the lasting credit of Mr. Forrest he bore himself with perfect dignity, and with manly boldness persevered in his part to the end. He made no remonstrance,* uttered no appeal, but let the asinine drove bray on and wreak their low-bred spite and brutal inhospitality on a stranger and an American, even while the journals were still recording the generous warmth of Macready's second reception in the United States.

These outrages were continued night after night, but at last the noble bearing of Forrest, and his really great acting, subdued the humor of the London pit, and they entered their hearty protest against further persecution, by giving way to the most riotous applause and deafening shouts of sympathy and genuine admiration. There was something English in this, after all, for as a people they love fair play, and even in the ring it is considered base to strike a man when down. It were absurd to expatiate on the want of taste and correct feeling in these unmannerly assaults upon a foreign artist, for the words are meaningless in the ears of the paltry parasites who committed them. But it is a matter of some interest to know how far they were confined to this miserable set, and whether any other classes participated in, or smiled upon their doings. The press may have been misled, and have interpreted the first explosion of premeditated malice into the general expression of popular feeling. What favors this supposition is the fact, that the discerning "Times" newspaper took an opposite course, and rendered the fullest justice to Mr. Forrest's acknowledged talents. And at the last, even the "Morning Post" relented, and spoke praisingly of the vilified object of its early abuse.

"Finis coronat opus."

There was one journal, and, alas, what a falling off is there, which lent itself now, as before, to this pitiful onslaught on an inoffensive man whose only crime was his merit. The "Examiner," under the conduct of its distinguished founder, *Mr. Leigh Hunt*, acquired enviable reputation for the elevation and power of its theatrical criticisms which, under its present proprietor, Mr. A. Fonblanque, is fast fading away. This gentleman gives his attention chiefly to political affairs, and by his pungent style and felicitous expression has obtained well deserved popularity. Unhappily, he has transferred his theatrical columns to the direction of a person of the name of *Foster*, whose literary ability is grotesquely united to a low mind, and Jerry-Sneak disposition. He glories in the doubtful distinction of chief of the *claque* which lines the benches of any theatre where Mr. Macready plays, and his servile office seems to be to look after the interests, fame, and *profits* of his knowing patron. Now, whether the "English Roscius" employs this jackall as a sort of puffer-general we know not, and care as little, but we are loth to credit the general opinion that an actor of Mr. Macready's position would condescend to engage in his service the rancorous assailant of a foreign rival † This literary assassin, Foster, who stabs like the Italian bravo in the back, is certainly devoted *corps et ame* to his cause; and it is susceptible, if required, of the clearest proof, that he was the most active and adroit in the efforts made to hunt Mr. Forrest down. We regret

* We heard from a party who was present on one of these occasions that, after enduring for some time every species of galling outrage, Mr. Forrest suddenly stopped, and summoning to his face an intense expression of scornful contempt, he hurled it at the house—pit, box and gallery—in one steady, deliberate gaze, and then, emphatically turning his back, calmly ascended the stage. Our informant describes this look as one of the most terrible things he ever saw, and its effect was withering on his cowardly tormentors.

† It is stated that a quarrel has lately broken out between these "sworn friends." Foster was getting too greedy.

Digitized by Google

that the high character of the English press is compromised for an instant by an interloper, whose servility turned up with a broad hem of vanity plays such "fantastic tricks" as to lower all connected with him.

> "The goat is vain as goat can be,
> Affecting singularity."

It is pretty clear, then, that the press was no party to this unworthy conspiracy, and from the minutest enquiries on the spot it is equally certain that the public, both aristocratic and plebeian, were nothing more than "lookers on," whose feelings, perhaps, were not altogether averse to the novel sport of interring the grand Yankee actor alive. It was some fun, after all their losses, to get an American fairly on the hip, and it was Mr. Forrest's peculiar ill-fortune to become in some sort the victim of a national act of retribution.

We do not accuse the English people of uniting in this paltry act of theatrical immolation, nor think it necessary to heed their cry "thou canst not say I did it;" but still they were assentingly present when it was done, and though they may have turned away one eye, they looked contentedly on with the other. We are reminded of the warlike prelate of the middle age, whose religion forbade him to shed blood, but at the battle of Bouvines he blest his enemies with one hand whilst he knocked them smartly down with the other. There is always a way when there's a will, says the proverb, and the English are invariably systematic in their modes of procedure. It may be allowed us to rejoice over the magnanimous contrast offered by the people of Philadelphia last summer when the news of Mr. Forrest's ill-treatment had reached us. Some persons were disposed to vent their indignation on Mr. Anderson, the English actor, then playing at the Arch-street theatre, but the audience at once, and unanimously, suppressed a flagrant act of injustice. There is not an American through the length and breadth of the land, whether admirer or not of Mr. Forrest, who did not feel the dastardly insults heaped upon our national tragedian as a personal wound; but a profound sense of the wrong restrained them from avenging it on an innocent and helpless man who happened to be at their mercy.

Let the despicable ruffians of *Oxford-street* take a lesson from the "Model Republic," and shrink back rebuked at a grandeur of soul which may astonish, but cannot elevate them. Now, by the gods, we are tempted to exclaim, in the Cambyses vein, we are perplexed at the audacity of this class of grubs, these *Fosters*, who hover like hungry buzzards on the outskirts of the English press to pick up superfluous crumbs; we are sore perplexed, we say, to see these worthless animals crawling up to the shoulders of a great nation, and, giddy at their borrowed height, daring to stare with stupid impertinence on things truly great and noble. These are the creatures who fear to raise their abject heads in the presence of an idiot lord, and yet assail the world with clamor against the "Yankee repudiators;" loading us with terms of foul reproach; and tired at last of wasting their breath upon the desert air, they turn and pounce exultingly down on the "tarnation Yankee tragedian," exuding their harmless venom on his laurelled brow. In treating of these creeping things we feel somewhat like an elephant picking up flies. We have done. There is another class in England, however, that Mr. Forrest has never pleased, either on or off the stage; and this, the first, *par excellence*, in the realm, her nobility.

His acting they candidly declared moved them too much to regard it with pleasure. They like tragedy spoken in a soft and *boudoir* tone, and when stage necessity requires force, they expect the actor to "roar it gently as a sucking dove." Their tragedians have, perhaps, judiciously consulted the artificial tastes of my lord and lady, whose condescending nod is glory enough; but our Republican actor frankly despised this overstrained refinement, and gave free scope to natural impulses. He played as genius inspired, and Shakspeare wrote; and the delicate nerves of fashion vibrated too roughly under his touch. They were made to feel; his passion frightened, and his pathos choked them. They were horrified at being thus reduced to a human level; and their dignity was shocked at betraying emotions that it is the puerile vanity of the English aristocracy to hide, and they fled in confusion back to the softer excitements of the opera and the ballet.

Digitized by Google

But men of letters, of standing, and of taste, came and remained, book in hand, to follow with critical eye the novel readings of the American actor. The intelligent and respectable middle-class thronged eagerly forward, and constituted an audience far more discriminating and attentive than the titled nonentities who had withdrawn. Besides, we may be permitted to remark, though somewhat beyond our pale, that Mr. Forrest took no pains in private life to conciliate this influential class, which a Garrick and a Siddons had stooped to do, and the indifference of the stiff-necked democrat called down upon him their Olympian frowns.* With this we have nothing to do; but it is well-known that Mr. Forrest would at any time be more flattered by the honest yell of a "Bowery b'hoy," than the approving smirk of England's proudest duke. There are many men of talent who have a morbid horror of *patronage*, and our tragedian is one of them. His friends, however, have something left to rejoice over, and his enemies to rail at, in the fact that his greatest triumphs in England both before and now were achieved in Shaksperian parts. On the last occasion the Indian piece of *Metamora* was effectively got up, and great results were anticipated from its entire novelty; but though his acting was admired, the *Jupiter tonans* of the press, the "Times," pronounced the part below him, and King Lear was called for, which he repeated for a third of his engagement.

He continued to play till prejudice was converted into enthusiasm, and his cowardly assailants were shamed into silence, when he threw up his engagement and withdrew from the London stage forever. We were present on one occasion when his manager, Mr. Maddox, sought to prevail on him to play again, declaring that no faction could succeed in killing him, but to all his entreaties he returned a resolute refusal. He seemed to have fallen into the posthumous mood of the opera-heroine:

> "The flattering error cease to prove,
> Oh, let me be deceased."

The triumphant progress of Mr. Forrest through the English provinces and in Scotland, where the most accomplished critic of the age, Lord Jeffrey, enthusiastically applauded him; and last in Ireland, confirms, we beg to plead, the statement we have made, to wit, that the discomfiture of Mr. Forrest in London sprang from the machinations of a low cabal, which were for awhile countenanced by national prejudice, but which only effervesced in the metropolis under the stimulus of the daily press, then highly hostile to the United States. We have been led into so much detail that our space is already exceeded, and cuts us off from the pleasure we should have had in recounting the more fortunate fate of Miss Cushman. —Her talents have won her admirers on the stage, whilst her remarkable energy of character, and complete knowledge of the world, have widened her popularity wherever she has gone. We rejoice in the success of an American actress in London, and we trust the time will yet come when our really distinguished actors, a Cooper, Forrest, and Placide, will have justice done them. It is a glaring reproach to England that she suffers the grovelling jealousies of sycophantic cliques, who form a sort of body-guard around her principal actors that no rival may approach too near, to drive with insult the American player from her shores, "whose worth is warrant for his welcome thither."

And least of all, of the numerous band of foreign artists, French, German, and Italian, who annually pillage London, should an American be singled out, and given up to the irritating stings of a set of green-room gnats, since his country, for long years back, has heaped its wealth and garlands on English artists of higher grade, and become the chosen home of hundreds else. We repeat, that it is time this two-fold wrong should cease; and that England should feel that her hospitality and dignity are both degraded, when an American and a stranger are thus publicly reviled; for he is there in "double trust," a kinsman, and a guest.

* An amusing anecdote was related of several noblemen who could not resist the attraction of Mr. Forrest's acting, and were drawn to the theatre, but yet determined, from an *esprit du corps*, not to countenance him in any way, they refused to occupy their private boxes, and demeaned themselves (Heaven save the mark!) by sitting unobserved among the public.

Digitized by Google

The coming steamer will probably restore to our drooping stage the American Macbeth, "scotched, but not killed." His fame is unimpaired, and his mortifying reverses have only enhanced his claims to the affectionate admiration of his countrymen. What though the rose of England be missing in his foreign wreath, where the thistle and the shamrock so gracefully intertwine, his country's esteem of his splendid genius "will ne'er look back, ne'er feel retiring ebb." A greeting home awaits him, such as rarely falls to the lot of any man; and we fear not to predict that wherever his professional pursuits may carry him, spontaneous shouts of welcome will express his countrymen's admiration of the actor, and love for the man. These joyful echoes reverberating o'er her white cliffs, will be to England the only answer it beseems our dignity to make, and from it she may learn that however sensible America may be to foreign appreciation of her talent, she is proudly indifferent to all unworthy attempts to abase it.

---

## THE OLD ARM-CHAIR, THAT ROCKS SO EASY.

LET others sing the "good green wood,"
  And laughing lips so pretty,
Or paint—if such should be their mood—
  A pair of eyes so jetty;
Mine is a theme I hope will please ye,
An Old Arm-Chair, that rocks so easy.

Well stuff'd and cushioned o'er and o'er,
  It always looks inviting;
'Twas never known to be a *bore*,
  Nor guilty of *backbiting*—
The very thing when one is lazy,
That Old Arm-Chair, that rocks so "*aisy*."

'Tis like an old familiar friend
  We love to meet full often,
Whose love and kindness always blend
  The cares of life to soften—
'Twill neither vex, nor scold, nor tease ye,
The Old Arm-Chair, that rocks so easy.

Just look at Grandmamma—with "*specs*,"
  A handsome silk purse knitting;
"I guess," when finished, she'll annex
  The *metal* that is fitting—
Then knit away—I will not quiz ye,
Old Grandmamma—and take it easy.

They talk of Epicurean bliss,
  And Frenchmen "cutting capers;"
Give me a motion such as this,
  And then—the "morning papers."
Come, draw it where 'tis cool and breezy,
The Old Arm-Chair that rocks so easy.

'Tis pleasant, at the close of day,
  In easy posture lying,
To rock, and dream one's soul away,
  Like saints indulged in dying.
Thus let me go, when death shall seize me,
My Old Arm-Chair—'twill be *so* easy.

ANON.

Digitized by Google

# HAYDN'S APPRENTICESHIP.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

## FIRST PART.

In the beginning of the last century a young married couple lived in a modest-looking cottage at the extremity of the village of *Rohran*, on the frontier between Hungary and Austria. They were industrious, and much liked by all their neighbors. The husband, an honest wagoner, was called "Merry Jobst," on account of the merry tales and jests with which he always amused his companions. His wife's name was Elizabeth, but everybody in the village and neighborhood called her "Pretty Elschen;" and, indeed, Jobst and Elschen were considered the handsomest couple in the whole country around.

The Hungarians, like the Austrians and Bohemians, are very fond of music; and the proverb says, "in two houses you will find three violins and one cymbal."

For this reason, it happens frequently that persons of the poorer classes, when their ordinary occupations afford them an insufficient support, take their harp, violin or cymbal, to play on Sunday, on the road or in the taverns, and gain so much by it that they are enabled even to lay by a little.

It did not occur to the merry Jobst for a long time to help on his humble house-keeping in this way; but when pretty Elschen said, one day to him, "It is time we make a little more for our family," he gave a leap for joy, kissed his wife, and replied, "Well! I will put new strings to my violin and thy harp, and on the next holiday we will go to the road before the tavern, and play and sing merrily. Those who choose to do so, will give us something; and let the growlers pass by!—God and the Holy Virgin will help us!

And on the next holiday afternoon merry Jobst and pretty Elschen were seated on the road-side before the village inn, and Jobst played his violin, and Elschen the harp, which she accompanied with her sweet, clear voice. Not a single growler passed them, but every one who came that road stopped a little, and listened with pleasure; and when he went on, threw at least a bright *drikreutzer* piece in the apron of the pretty young woman. It may be believed that Jobst and his wife were not sad when they returned home in the evening. Henceforward they played and sang every week.

When, after some years, the old schoolmaster,* from the neighboring little town of Haimburg, came along that road one Sunday evening, he stopped in surprise, and smiled at what he saw and heard.

In an arbor opposite the inn Jobst was sitting fiddling, and near him Elschen, playing on the harp and singing; between them, on the ground, a sweet little round-cheeked boy, about three years of age. He had a small board, shaped like a violin, fastened to his neck, and he played on it, with a willow twig for a fiddle-stick. The most surprising of all was, that the little man kept exact time, paused when his father did, and Mother Elschen had a solo; fell in with his father exactly on the semi-quaver, and made the same gestures. Sometimes he raised his clear tiny voice, and shouted distinctly in the same strain of the tune his mother sang.

"Is that your boy, musician?" asked the organist, when the song was finished.

"To be sure, sir,—it is my little *Seperl*."†

"The boy seems to love music?"

* The schoolmasters in the small German towns and villages are generally the organists, and where there is no organ, the chanters in church.

† In Austria, the German name for Joseph.



Digitized by Google

"Why should he not! By my soul, I would place him with somebody who understands it and could teach him, if it depended on me. But it is time enough for that—as he is very little now."

"We will talk further about it," said the organist, and went on. Jobst and his wife commenced a new tune, and little Joseph again imitated his father in fiddling, and sang like the little angels in heaven, perhaps, when they join the Hallelujah of the greater ones.

—

The organist came now several times a week to the house of merry Jobst, to talk with him about little Seperl; and the boy had soon a warm friend in the good-natured old man.

So passed on several years, and at length the organist said to Jobst, "Now is the right time to let me have little Seperl; I will take him home with me, and commence his lessons in what he must learn to be a brave man and a good musician."

Jobst hesitated not, for he knew how advantageous the instruction of Master Wolferl would be to his boy; and although Elschen at first objected to parting from the child, she yielded at last, when Jobst said, "the boy remains our own, even though separated from us; and if he is now our only child, more may follow."

And so he said to the organist, when he came the next time, "you may have Seperl. Keep him carefully; and remember that he is the light of our eyes."

"I will treat him as my own," replied the organist, looking to heaven as if to ask a witness to his promise.

Elschen packed the few little clothes of Seperl in a bundle, gave the boy another slice of bread, with salt and a bowl of milk, blessed him, kissed him, and accompanied him to the door of the cottage, where she marked him with three crosses, and went to her small room. Jobst went more than half the road to Haimburg with him, and returned home; while Wolferl and Seperl proceeded in their walk till they reached the house of the former.

Wolferl was an old bachelor, but one of the better sort; his heart was young, although his hair was grey; and loving all his fellow creatures, he was indulgent even towards those who were undeserving, for he knew how weak and inconsistent is the human heart. As for those who were thoroughly wicked and malicious, he hated, and kept aloof from them, avoiding any connexion with them; for, said he, "he who is depraved will probably remain so, and intercourse with the virtuous will not reform him, but, on the contrary, tend to corrupt the well-disposed." Thus he talked every day to little Joseph, while teaching him singing and playing; and Joseph understood and practised those principles, like music, all his lifetime.

What Jobst said to comfort his wife, when she gave up her first-born to the old organist, came to pass. The next year a second son was greeted by the happy parents, and baptized by the name of Michael.

Another year elapsed, and another, and Joseph began to be a skilful little musician. He had the sweet, clear voice of his mother, and played the violin as well as his father; besides, he blew the horn and beat the tymbal when Wolferl had sacred music on high festivals of the church. He was honest and faithful, and kept God always before his eyes. His disposition was lively and cheerful; he loved all mankind, and every one loved him. Old Wolferl often exclaimed, shedding tears of joy: "I tell you, in this Joseph, that God will reveal to the world, that the kingdom of Art, as well as that of Heaven, comes only to those of pure and innocent heart." The more Wolferl observed what great talent for art was in the boy, the more seriously he thought of finding a patron who might help his adopted child in his further progress. To bring him to the accomplishment of his great destiny, he felt himself not able, when he saw the eagerness with which Joseph devoted himself to his studies. It happened that Baron Von Renter, chapel-master and director of music in St. Stephen's church in Vienna, came on a visit to the deacon at Haimburg. The deacon told such things to the Baron, of Seperl, the son of the wagoner, Jobst, the adopted child and pupil of the old organist, Wolferl, that the chapel-master felt anxious to see the child. The deacon offered to send for the boy and his foster-father, but Baron Von Renter replied, smiling: "No, no! reverend sir,

Digitized by Google

the boy shall not be introduced to me; I will find him out, and if possible observe him before he sees me, and knows my intentions. For if he is what your reverence thinks, I will certainly do what I can to bring him forward." The next morning Baron Von Renter went quietly to the house of the organist, and entered, without being announced. Joseph was sitting at a *chamber organ*, and playing a simple but solemn choral song from an old German master. Renter stopped, much moved, at the door, and listened with pleasure. The boy was so absorbed in the music that he was not aware of the presence of a stranger, till he had finished the piece; and then he started, and looked up at him, with ingenuous surprise pictured in his large dark eyes.

"Very well done, my son!" said Baron Von Renter—"where is thy adopted father?"

"In the garden!" answered the boy; "shall I go for him?" "Go, and tell him the chapel-master, Von Renter, wishes to see him"—the boy started to go. "Stop one moment! Thou art Joseph Haydn? Is it not so?"

"Yes, I am Seperl."

"Well, go."

Joseph went and called his old master Wolferl, who came, with his little black velvet-cap in his hand, and made many deep low bows, to welcome the great chapel-master and director of music at St. Stephen's, to his humble home. The Baron praised the able execution of Joseph—inquired very particularly what the boy had learned, and examined him thoroughly.

Joseph stood the examination extremely well; Baron Von Renter's satisfaction increased with every answer he received.

After this he conversed more than an hour, very animatedly, with old Wolferl, and stayed till noon. Joseph accompanied him back, and was for that day his guest at the deacon's.

A week passed, and old Wolferl, Jobst, and Elschen, with the little Michael on her lap, were sitting rather disconsolate together, talking of the dear Seperl, who had gone the same morning to Vienna with Baron Von Renter, to take his place as *choir-boy* in St. Stephen's.

---

## SECOND PART.

It struck eight o'clock in the morning, and all was life in the *Leopoldstadt!* A crowd of persons thronged the bridge: baker-women and shoemaker's-boys, cake-sellers, and pedlars, elegant gentlemen on horseback, and common hackney-coaches: all were going to or from the city; and amidst all this bustle, was gliding along like an eel, the celebrated Mr. Wenzel Puderlein, hair-dresser, citizen and owner of a mansion in *Leopoldstadt*, (one of the suburbs of Vienna.)

Ere long he reached the road which separates the Leopoldstadt from the city; and hurried, with a quicker step, through larger and smaller streets to the *Graben;* the place where the aristocracy of Vienna resides, and where he had to attend every morning on his noble customers.

He stopped at one of the most considerable houses; leaped up two steps at a time, rang the bell, and when the maid had opened the door, passed on, conscious of his dignity, through the hall, to a folding-door; here he stopped, placed his feet in a graceful position, took off his hat, and knocked three times at the door.

"Come in," said a deep bass voice. Wenzel Puderlein stepped back a little, then, taking courage, opened the door and went into the room.

A stately, elderly man, was sitting in a morning-gown, printed with large flowers, and a leathern cap on his head. He rose as he saw the hair-dresser, saying, "I am glad that you are come, Puderlein; begin your work; but be expeditious. The empress has sent for me. I must be there in half an hour." He then took his seat in an arm-chair, and Wenzel Puderlein began to dress the hair, without saying a single word; this was foreign to his habits, but he knew he must not presume to talk to the first physician of her majesty.

But it was not long that he had to endure the torment of silence. Again the door was opened—a handsome youth, sixteen or seventeen years of

Digitized by Google

age, came in—kissed the hand of the old gentleman very respectfully, and wished him a good morning. The old gentleman thanked him with a few words, and inquired: "What was it you were going yesterday to ask me, when it struck eleven, and I sent you to lie down?"

The youth smiled, and answered: "I was going to ask permission, my father, if your time permitted, to introduce that young man to you, whom I want for my instructor on the piano."

"Yes, yes; you may do it at noon. But who recommended him to you?"

"His brilliant execution—which I was happy enough to hear yesterday at Mlle. de Martinez."

"Ah! your honor speaks of young Haydn!" cried the hair-dresser, and at the same moment started back, expecting a severe rebuke from the elder gentleman for his boldness. But he only looked a little surprised, and asked, in a good-natured tone: "You know the young man; and what do you know of him?"

"I know him?" replied Puderlein. "Oh, certainly, your honor! I know him, and I know much of him. I have had the pleasure, for many years, of dressing the hair of the chapel-master Von Renter, with whom Haydn lived long—it may be now about ten or eleven years since. Thus I have known him from childhood. I heard him sing for many years in St. Stephen's, at high masses. He was choir-boy there; but a few years ago they turned him out."

"Turned him out?—to the devil?—for what?—

"Yes, your honor; he had a splendid clear voice, such as no lady singer in the opera. The reverend gentlemen at St. Stephen's wished to improve that voice after the Italian fashion—your honor may guess how?—but the boy was so frightened at hearing of it that he became very ill; and when he recovered, his exquisite voice was gone. Then they turned him out."

The old gentleman did, what till this time nobody had seen him do—broke out in such a laugh, that his stout sides shook—"So the Lord has served the reverend gentlemen at St. Stephen's just as they deserved!" exclaimed he. "But what is young Haydn doing now?"

"Your honor, the poor fellow has to toil hard, giving lessons, playing, and composing, as they call it. But what use is all that toil to him. He lives in the house where Signor Metastasio lives, not in the first story with the court-poet, but in the fifth; and when he is at home in winter, he is obliged to lie in bed and write there, that he may not freeze. He has a stove in his room, but no money to buy wood to burn in it."

"That shall not be!" exclaimed Baron Von Swieten, rising from his seat. "Am I ready?"

"Excuse me, your honor; only this ribbon on the toupee."

"Leave it alone, and go your ways." (Puderlein disappeared.) "And you, Gottlieb, help me to put on my coat; give me my hat and walking-stick; and fetch your young master this evening to me."

So he went off, and his son flew joyfully to his writing-desk, to write an invitation to Haydn, to call in the evening on his father.

—

During this time Joseph Haydn was sitting, gloomy and desponding, in his room, musing in unwonted idleness. The clouds seemed now gathering almost too darkly around him, and his good genius seemed to leave him for ever, with his only friend and patroness, Mlle. de Martinez.

On the same morning that amiable young lady had left Vienna, Haydn had given her lessons on the piano and in singing, and received for that his board and a room in the fifth story. All this was now stopped by her departure, and Joseph was destitute; for all he had made besides, he had sent conscientiously to his parents, except what little he needed for his decent but plain dress.

He had no other friend, no other patron. Metastasio, the only one who knew him, had noticed only his modest appearance, and was too indolent to give himself the trouble of inquiry concerning him. He said, very drily to poor Joseph, that since Mlle. de Martinez had left Vienna, and the lessons were at an end, he must look out by the end of the month for another home; and Joseph was too shy and too proud to say anything in reply, save that he was obliged for all

Digitized by Google

the kindness shown him, and that he would look out. But *where* to find a home, was now the subject of his sad reflections. He asked himself, sighing, "Where, where can I go without money?" When suddenly the door opened, and Winzel Puderlein came in boldly, and with a beaming countenance—

"To me!" answered the hair-dresser, holding out his curling-irons like a wand towards Joseph, and pressing his powder-bag sentimentally to his bosom—"To me! fatherless youth! I will be your father, your protector, your nourisher; for I have feeling for the elevated, and foresee what a genius you will become, if you are helped on. Of yourself you can do nothing, for you know not men and the world as I do. I will impart to you this knowledge; and if you learn it not in a year, you are very stupid, and I give you up!"

"Oh, my dear M. Von Puderlein!" said Haydn, astonished; "will you take care of me now, when I know not what to do? What have I done, poor lad as I am, to deserve this kindness? and how can I reward you?"

"That is not your business," answered Puderlein, shortly. "That will all come in due time! Now sit down, and move not from your seat till I permit. I will show the world what a man of genius can make, even out of an indifferent head."

"You will do me the honor to dress my hair?"

"No questions, but sit down!"

Joseph seated himself obediently, and Winzel Puderlein dressed his hair in the newest fashion. When he had finished, he looked at him with pride, and said: "Indeed, Haydn, when I see you what you are now, and when I consider what you were before, I can, without arrogance, call you a creation of my own. But I am not proud enough, and so I tell you only, that in all your life you never had such a human face as you have received by my help. Now listen, and mind what I have to tell you. Dress yourself as well as possible, and pack together your little property, that I can send to-night for it. Then go to my house in Leopoldstadt on the Danube, number 7. Go up stairs, knock at the door, give my compliments to my daughter, and say, that your name is Haydn, that M. Von Puderlein sent you; and if you feel hungry and thirsty, ask for something to eat, and a glass of wine, and then wait till I come and tell you my projects."

Saying this M. Von Puderlein walked out of the room. Joseph was standing in the middle of it, with his fashionable hair-dress, hardly knowing what had happened to him.

When, after a while, he recovered from his surprise, he gave thanks, with tears, to God, who had sent him such a generous benefactor in his distress. He was now relieved altogether.—Then he packed his few clothes, dressed himself carefully, locked his room, and after taking leave of the rich Metastasio, went with a heart full of joy, and his head filled with new harmonies, to the house of his protector in the Leopoldstadt.

When the young Baron Von Swieten inquired half an hour later after the composer, Signor Metastasio could not give him any answer as to what had become of young Haydn. How many hours of sorrow, in consequence of the forgetfulness of the celebrated poet, was afterwards prepared for the far more celebrated artist!

—

After a long walk, Joseph arrived at the house of M. Von Puderlein. He felt strangely, and it seemed to him that all his courage had left him; a very natural feeling at the idea of meeting in a few minutes a young girl, whom he did not know, and talking with her—a task never easy for him, diffident and inexperienced as he was. But it must be done; and so he took heart, entered the gate, went up stairs, and knocked at the door. It was opened, and a sweet-looking girl, of eighteen or nineteen, received the bashful youth.

He stood embarrassed in her presence, and stammered his compliments and the message from M. Von Puderlein. The handsome Nancy listened with an expression in her face of pleasure, and of pity for the embarrassed situation of the young man.

(To be Continued.)

Digitized by Google

## MISS FULLER'S PAPERS ON LITERATURE AND ART.*

Among the recent brilliant and soundly-written articles which have begun to appear with greater frequency than formerly in the columns of the daily press, and which give earnest of the rapid advancement in interest and character of this most important department of literature, few of our readers can have overlooked the belles-lettres contributions to the Tribune. They have been remarkable for high and cultivated thought, and for a sincere and faithfully-pursued moral aim. It is needless to say that they have been characterized by their honesty and independence, and have been very unlike the displays of ignorance, indifference, or hired puffery which have too generally marked our newspaper criticisms. The peculiarity of these papers has been their representation of the individual life of the author; the expression of her sympathies—of the necessities of her intellectual nature; and being such in proportion as that author was educated and in earnest, they have been the standards by which other minds have been directed and governed.—There may have been points of disagreement—fair room for difference of opinion on alleged religious and social tendencies; but apart from this, there was a broad, common ground on which all cultivated readers might meet—where all who had "a jot of heart or hope" for the cause of American Literature, might gather new courage as its sure instincts and future prospects, no less than its present deficiencies, were commented upon with an intense hatred of cant, and an eager reverence for truth.

These papers were written by Miss S. Margaret Fuller, to whose pen the Dial, during the four years of its existence, was indebted for many of its finest and most elaborate articles; the author, too, of the much commented upon "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," and of a unique tour to the Western Lakes, remarkable for its intelligent spirit of observation and a rare beauty of thought.

The volume before us contains a portion of the articles from the Tribune, several papers of great interest from the Dial, others of equal value which have not been at all known to the public, and an original essay on American Literature, the perusal of which we recommend to the candidates for the liberal prize on this text offered by Mr. Graham, of Philadelphia. It formally opens a new era of candor and plain speaking on a subject which has certainly had more than its fair share of nonsense and impertinence.

It will be impossible to follow our author through the various topics treated of in a miscellaneous volume on "Literature and Art." In despair of presenting the author's views as exhibited in each of the articles, we must confine ourselves to a survey of one or two of the leading "papers," merely indicating the subjects of the remainder.

The volume opens with an introductory essay—a prelude, as it were, "On Critics," in which the different varieties of the race are accurately discriminated, and in which, in especial, there are some just remarks upon the numerous branch of the fraternity who make their own petty position and narrow horizon the sphere to which all others must conform. The relation between the "Poet and Critic" is the subject of the succeeding article, in the form of a Dialogue. We then fairly enter upon the book—commencing with the section of English Literature, which contains a variety of detached papers following a general chronological arrangement. There is a study of character in a sketch of the "Two Herberts"—George Herbert, of Bemerton, the poet and saint, and his brother, the finished man of the world and philosopher, Lord Herbert, of Cherbury. Miss

* "Papers on Literature and Art." By S. Margaret Fuller, author of "A Summer on the Lakes, "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," &c. Wiley & Putnam's Library of American Books, Nos. 19 and 20.

Digitized by Google

Fuller does justice to the temperaments of both these literary heroes—reconciling differences, showing like results under different names, and that God's world is wide enough for both. The sketch of George Herbert's character is derived from a reverent study of his sacred poems, which would do honor to the cloisters of Oxford itself; the local scenery, the description of the lane being, probably, derived from the narrative of the pastoral Izaak Walton. The scene as described, in the neighborhood of Salisbury, bears a singular resemblance to the actual region.

"The Prose Works of Milton" is a fruitful hint to the young readers of America to study the "Areopagiticas" of the great poet. The Life of Mackintosh is a study of character, with a motto from "Sartor Resartus," which of itself, with Miss Fuller for interpreter, is evidence of care and mature feeling. The English Modern Drama, the plays of Marston, Sterling, the tragedy of Athelwolf, Philip Von Artevelde; the Poets of the People, the hand-loom weaver Thom, Prince, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, &c., are severally discussed. An article on Miss Barrett joins in the tributes to this foremost of English poetesses; and another on Browning, is the first American recognition of a new poet, whose vigor and originality, in spite of great eccentricity and harshness, have directed to him the hopes of the new London generation. The Lives of the Great Composers, Haydn, Mozart, Handel, Bach, Beethoven, and a paper on Washington Allston, (a companion to the essay by Mrs. Jameson,) must be left with the philosophical studies of character in the articles upon Swedenborg and Wesley, with a recommendation to the reader's most cherished hours. They will reward a careful and faithful study.

The subject of American literature is certainly no new one, at least so far as the title goes. We remember to have seen essays on American literature and lives of "our authors," so long as we can remember to have seen anything. There was Samuel L. Knapp, who used to write notices of American authors, just as Mr. Poe and Mr. Griswold are doing now-a-days. Every new magazine that was started, and on an average we suppose we may reckon one a month, had its deliberate presidential message on this fruitful theme. Washington Irving gave it an early position in his Sketch-Book; John Neal hammered away upon it, (not forgetting himself,) in Blackwood's Magazine, across the water; Mr. Cooper probably included it in his Notions of a Travelling Bachelor; Mr. Simms, in his last published volume of Views and Reviews, has handled the topic; a cart-load of college addresses have been delivered on it. There has been no want of nursing-fathers and nursing-mothers. In spite of this evidence to the contrary, it is an extraordinary circumstance, that there are here and there found persons of a skeptical turn of mind, who doubt, if after all, any such thing exists as American literature worthy the name. It must be admitted that the forms, the collections, biographies, &c., have been kept up with exemplary diligence. How has it come to pass, that while so much has been written, so much asserted, that so little has been believed. Are all the biographies to go for nothing, the puffs and "first-rate notices?" Yea, verily; posterity will not honor the drafts of the critics; they are good only for oysters and champagne in the present time! "Say something of me that will stick, in heaven's name!" was the language of a distinguished litterateur, whose biography has been written several times, though the gentleman is still in the hey-day of his powers, whose portrait has been engraved, of whom a thousand fine things have been written, and not one believed. Unfortunately, they wont stick; the article reputation can, it seems, be counterfeited by the false imitation notoriety, in all but the essential quality, that, namely, of adhesiveness—the Atalantean strengthening-plaster, as the quack advertisements call it, will never raise the world till it adheres.

Any one who comes before the public in future, with anything more on his lips about American literature, who is talking for oysters and champagne, and not for truth and candor, should be made to feel the peculiarity of his position. He should be gently led by the ears, and instructed to procure the oysters and champagne on some other tack. Such impudent bal-

Digitized by Google

derdash as has been written on this theme, is disgraceful to the country.

Now, Miss Fuller, be it known at the outset, to prevent all further alarm of an ungallant prologue, does *not* bring before us the old story on American literature. As all America should know, she is no follower of little petty conveniences; she is incapable of the lap-dog school of complaisances, is conscious that her country is great and powerful enough to hear the truth; that its atmosphere is republican, and that there are no ill manners, (which might be accounted such in an old decrepid system of royalty,) in uttering that truth. Whether it will make friends or foes, our authoress is conscious of one guide only; her honest independent convictions, — convictions based on all due knowledge of the literature of the world, and inspired by a generous ardor and a true instinct. Miss Fuller gives a chapter to a summary of the case. It is apparently fragmentary, but will be found upon examination sufficiently comprehensive. It tests the current literary coin of the country; and it must be admitted, in many cases, finds it of a low per centage of the precious metal; of much of a lower rate; and of all that is counterfeit, our authoress says nothing.

By American literature is meant something more than the mechanical products of paper and type, consumed in the preparation of books by American manufacturers. We suppose if all the sermons preached in the country in a year were to be printed, they would make a very respectable bulk, and fill the shelves of historical societies, as well as Falstaff's ragged regiment filled trenches—"food for powder"—but would they constitute an American literature? They certainly would, according to the standard of dry measure or avoirdupois — whatever it is by which collections of American poetry are made up, and so would equally well a series of bound volumes of the papers filed in chancery, or the complete set of the New-York Directory, which Mr. Putnam bears with him to England for the British Museum. This is not literature, in Miss Fuller's use of the word. By American literature, she understands a literature which shall be an expression of the original, naturally developed life of the country, in such high and elevated forms, as to rank with the literature of the world. *It must be genuine, and it must be elevated.* This, we take it, is what Miss Fuller intends to convey, though in other words; it is what we have always understood to be meant by the phrase,—the standard by which we have measured what has been already attained. Let us see what this standard designs, and how much there is to measure by it. It is an obvious truism when stated, that a literature cannot be called a national literature, unless it is the original spontaneous growth of the country, reflecting the life of the country. Yet simple as this assertion is, it has been anything but followed or lived up to by the so-called American authors. Their chief characteristic has been, that they were imitators and reproducers of foreign models, particularly the numerous school of New-England authors. We have had feeble echoes of the school of Pope, of the school of Addison, the obscurity of Shelley, without the mystic genius which first gave it birth; little imitations of this man's humor and that man's sentiment; American reflexes without end—"very American" Coleridges and Scotts, and Bulwers, and Mrs. Hemanses. We have had European topics and an English handling of them. If models were necessary, if our language was not new, and some reproduction was inevitable, it might have been of the spirit rather than the letter, and the imitation might have been of an age and school of British letters, more in harmony with the true life of our age and people, than the comparatively effeminate, enfeebled productions of the days of Addison. The country has yet to profit in faith, simplicity and honesty, by the vigorous, sincere, though unpolished literature of the age of Elizabeth. The established charge of imitation is fatal to the claims of much of our so-called literature, to be considered American literature. There is, of course, much too that is genuine. There are many pure-minded men and women working intelligently in the good cause, to whom all honor is due!

Granted that a literature must be genuine, it must also be elevated. Our

Digitized by Google

newspapers are genuine exponents of the lives of the people in their daily intercourse; in their buying and selling, joke-making and President-making; but they are not a literature for the country, though they may be creating authors, and may contain a great deal of the raw material. Literature exhibits itself in various forms. Let us call the roll and see what American names are put in. We begin with poetry, and first for the epic. Will Joel Barlow's Columbiad be brought forward, or Dwight's production, "whose christian name was Timothy?"—that era of provincial patriotism has gone by which would have supported such laughable pretensions. No living writer, we believe, has attempted an epic. Well, there is the dramatic. We have hope and expectation only, though Miss Fuller whets that expectation by her good word for a new play, which we trust, with her, may be the harbinger of a new dramatic era for America. Still the dramatic temple is yet to be built. Is Metamora the corner-stone of a national dramatic literature, or Spartacus, or ——?—the list is blank. Take the lyric then. There are, undoubtedly, some good song writers, clever versifiers for an occasional sentiment; but where are our Burns, Beranger, or Moore, as these authors represent the life of Scotland, or France, or Ireland? We have no national minstrel. In didactic and descriptive poetry we have Bryant, true to the soil; Dana of just and noble sentiment, though but a very fractional part of Coleridge and Wordsworth in poetic power; Longfellow, enthusiastic, elegant, but looking abroad rather than at home; Mathews, in his Poems on Man, national in his choice of his subject, bold and original in invention, felicitous in imagery; yet, in this work at least, the reformer and critic, rather than the "simple, passionate, sensuous" poet. We will not go on lest we should seem to disparage merit that does actually exist, by bringing it to a standard where it will be found wanting. Yet that standard must be reached before we can claim from the world respect for a worthy national literature.

Does Miss Fuller write at random, then, when she commences her essay? "some thinkers may object that we are about to write of that which has, as yet, no existence."

It will be a more agreeable duty to follow her in her generous estimate of what has been done, than to busy ourselves with what has been left undone.

To Brockden Brown, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Longfellow, separate papers are devoted. The latter is the least complimentary; it contains, perhaps the passages of the greatest severity in the book. Yet justice is done to what is praiseworthy in the poet's writings. Our authoress has lived in "the Modern Athens," and become tired of hearing Aristides always called the just. The following estimate of his claims is impartial:—"Longfellow is artificial and imitative. He borrows incessantly, and mixes what he borrows, so that it does not appear to the best advantage. He is very faulty in using broken or mixed metaphors. The ethical part of his writing has a hollow, second-hand sound. He has, however, elegance, a love of the beautiful, and a fancy for what is large and manly, if not a full sympathy with it. His verse breathes at times much sweetness; and, if not allowed to supersede what is better, may promote a taste for good poetry. Though imitative, he is not mechanical." Justice is done to the "industry and power of clear and elegant arrangement" of Mr. Prescott. His choice of picturesque subjects, of great interest in themselves, is noticed; and the absence of "leading views and discernment as to the motives of action and the spirit of an era." The common admiration of the merits of Bryant, Bancroft, Dr. Channing, Emerson, Irving, and Cooper, is cordially reiterated—of the poems of William Ellery Channing, Cornelius Mathews, and of the new romance of Margaret, generous mention is made. In connection with the last we have an account of the unpublished play of Witchcraft, which confirms what has been already said of its merit in the daily press; and some supplementary extracts in the appendix, which present still more direct and authentic evidence of its value.

Of the important suggestions relating to the Press we have hardly left ourselves room to speak. Miss Fuller looks to the periodical literature of the country with hope and anxiety; she sees in it a field for the exercise of the most important intellectual and moral

Digitized by Google

services. The Press, honorably directed by educated men of invincible truth and integrity, appears to her, as it is in this country, a station of infinite worth and happiness. May her remarks be cherished.

Here we might leave our subject; but the possible danger of being misunderstood, and of conveying a false impression of the book before us, compels us to add yet a few words. It is usual, when a writer approaches the consideration of "our authors," with any other language than that of undiscriminating eulogy, to raise the cry of Americanism, to talk of foreign criticism and subservience to the English press and British opinions. Now, the writers who usually resort to this stale outcry of Wolf, Wolf! should be the last in the world to say anything of deference to foreign writers, since the source of their weakness, and of the very evil complained of, is the imitation of these very transatlantic monsters. It is not, be assured, most intelligent public, out of any lack of patriotism, or want of reverence for the country, that such authors as Miss Fuller take up the critical lash, or raise the warning voice against the quack and pretender. A true, genuine, invincible AMERICANISM is what is insisted upon,—what is sought out, encouraged, and for which a confident hope is expressed. Nor does a censure of the hitherto prevalent schools of writing imply any censure of the American mind or capacity; it may imply that the age for a national literature has not yet arrived; that the ground has yet to be opened, and the quarries worked, for the very foundations of the temple; but it does not say that there will be no temple, or that the American race will lack genius to build it. Those convinced most deeply of the false and the unreal have the surest faith in the true. In this they believe, and for this they will strive. The material wants of a vast country, bound by two great oceans, once provided for, actual men and women, youth and old age, friends and lovers, occupying the mountains and valleys, the plains and river-sides, the spiritual interests of man will find a voice. His existence will not pass away unsung. From that bright fervid look which the American wears, will break forth sparks of celestial intelligence. Poesy, the precious power, nourished in the dark soil of material life, shall grow and expand, and shed its precious sweetness on the air. We shall not always be pressing to our lips the faded herbarium of a foreign clime. We shall not always be mocked with the feeble words, the toothless utterances, the withering embrace of age, but shall welcome youth and beauty in our homes.

---

## SONNET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," "GUY RIVERS," &c.

FIRST PURPOSELESS STRIVERS OF THE IMAGINATION.

A SICKNESS at the heart that ever pines
  For solitude, and baffled in the pray'r,
  Swells sometimes to a passion like despair!
Jealous of eyes—suspecting all designs,
And trembling for a secret which the heart
  Grasps not itself;—still searching, as a life
  The soothing of another, yet at strife
With him who first assumes the soother's part,
Nor trusting 'till too late!—A resolute will
To pine, and be alone, and desolate still;
By day in wood and wild, with vexing thought,
  Removed from human converse; and by night,
  Striving in dreams, and at the morning's light,
Looking, as with an angel we had fought.

Digitized by Google

# LITERARY LARCENIES.

"And now I will unclasp a secret book."—*Shakspeare.*

To suppose that fewer instances of moral delinquency have been perpetrated in the particular department of letters, than in any other, would be, to say the least of it, very unphilosophical, since the risk of purloining the fruits of other men's brains with impunity, is unquestionably less than in that of most other depredations. If the pilferers of the purse are not more amenable to justice than are those who commit like infringements upon the productions of genius, the latter merit a no less rigid requital of rebuke. True, it may be urged in extenuation, that great scope should be allowed in determining the exact limits of literary property,—since there must necessarily exist what is termed the "commonwealth of literature,"—yet we venture to premise that the most strenuous advocates of the plea, will, in the main, be found to be actuated by motives, no less equivocal in kind, than they are specious in pretence. Could we invoke the spirits of the departed, what "pitiless plaints" would be preferred against the spoliations of many a modern scribe, who, to avoid the sin of thinking for himself, has chosen the more summary mode of allowing others to do so in his stead. Yet, after all, who can complain, when such a vast economy of time and trouble may be achieved by the labor-saving process. A poem, indeed, that formerly occupied in its construction twenty long years, can thus be produced, with scarcely inferior success, in as many minutes; and the Herculean task that wasted the mid-night oil of a devoted life, now lingers but a few brief hours ere it opes into being. The grave asceticism of the olden time must give place to the new achievements of the "march of mind;" and it has been reserved for the authors of the modern Augustan age to "winnow the wheat" of the withered crop; and with the celerity of steam-power, afresh to irrigate the soil, by "*adapting*" it for spontaneous and perennial verdure. Ought we not, indeed, speedily to anticipate the annihilation of all invidious restrictions of prescriptive rights, by the universal recognition of a community of goods, the free-born toleration of socialism, and the claims of a more enlightened philanthropy?

The doctrines of expediency, however, do not always run parallel with those of equity and even-handed justice; and since we are compelled to adjudicate the question by the higher standard of moral rectitude, we must allow no meaner motives to govern our decisions in this matter. It is no easy task, amidst the prolific outpourings of the press of our day, to attempt an *exposè* of the many "dread counterfeits of dead men's thoughts" which living plagiarism is continually recasting and sending forth: for,

> This trade of knowledge is replete,
> As others are, with fraud and cheat;—
> Such cheats as scholars put upon
> Other men's reason, and their own;—
> A sort of drapery, to ensconce
> Absurdity and ignorance.

The term *plagiarist* is derived, or rather Anglicized, from *Plagiarius*, used among the Romans to designate a person who abducted a freeman for the purpose of selling him as a slave, for which offence the culprit was condemned by the Flavian law, *ad plagio*, to be whipped. In a metaphorical sense, the word implies author-theft, and has been since applied to such as appropriate, without due acknowledgement, the thoughts and expressions of an author. The best modern definition we remember, is given in a curious work, styled the "*Tin Trumpet*," where the plagiarist is described as a "purloiner, who filches the fruit that others have gathered, and then throws away the basket." Much of the author-craft of the present day has become a mere bagatelle. Far too many books have been inflicted upon the patient

Digitized by Google

public, a large proportion of which might have been, with advantage to all parties, wholly suppressed, since they possess in the main but the questionable merit of a metamorphoses, while it seems hopelessly vain to discover in one work of a score, any traces of originality of idea.

The remark ascribed to Pope Ganganelli, that "all books in the known world might be comprised in six thousand folio volumes, if filled with original matter—the rest being all plagiarism," was, we think, an extremely liberal estimate.

One age battens upon its predecessor with gnome-like rapacity, and thus a host of pseudo-authors acquire an undeserved reputation, while that which once possessed substantial nutriment and intrinsic worth, becomes at length reduced to the meagre fricassée. True, we live in an utilitarian day, when the million have little sympathy for the ponderous magnificence of our forefathers; but after all we venture to suggest, whether, in our modern method of condensation, some of the essential vigor and spirit of their productions have not equally left us. The quaint lines of Chaucer still apply with full force,—

> "Out of the olde fieldes, as men sayeth,
> Cometh all this new corne fro yeare to yeare,
> So out of olde bookes, in good faith,
> Cometh all this newe science that men here."

Our present object, however, is not with the *honest* retailers of the ancient stores of human knowledge, but with those who have made their appropriations without license or acknowledgement, and who therefore sustain the opposite character. "Authorship," says Schlegel, "is, according to the spirit in which it is pursued, an infamy, a pastime, a labor or handicraft, an art, a virtue." How exceedingly few are original thinkers; even those who rank as philosophical writers adopt the opinions of their predecessors—some favorite theory of a former age; and having espoused it, they endorse the *new* creed with an enthusiasm as zealous as if it were one of their own creation. There are a few noble exceptions to the rule, however, for the honor of learning; the daring Florentine, for instance, who, in 1615, had the presumption to assert, in direct defiance of the dogmatical opinions of the learned, "the great, the good and wise among men," and contrary to the settled conclusions of all preceding ages, "that the earth revolved round the sun;" and although threatened with death by his bigoted inquisitors for the heresy, yet Galileo boldly maintained his creed, and has long since convinced the world he was right.

A strong resemblance may occur between two writers, if not indeed a strict identity both of ideas and even language, which may be purely accidental; but this must be an occurrence exceedingly rare. We repeat, some may be *unconscious* plagiarists; a bold or beautiful thought is sometimes likely so to impress the imagination, as to exist in the memory long after its paternity is forgotten, and thus become ingrafted into the mind so as to seem part of itself; such a case would certainly admit of great extenuation in the criminal code of literary jurisprudence.

A writer, it is observed, *may* steal after the manner of bees, without wronging anybody; but the theft of the ant, which takes away the whole grain of corn, is not to be imitated. Vayer, a French scribe, says, "to take from the ancients, and make one's advantage of what they have written, is like pirating beyond the line; but to steal from one's contemporaries, by surreptitiously appropriating to onesself their thoughts and productions, is like picking people's pockets in the open street." And another extract we had marked, insists that, "it is a greater crime to steal dead men's writings, than their clothes." Instances of petty larceny are undoubtedly more numerous than such as may be styled cases of grand literary larceny; and we have even heard it advocated as a meritorious virtue in a writer, when he shall abstract from a previous author some acknowledged beauty, either of rhetoric or thought, and afresh incorporate it as his own, on the plea that a gem may often lie long obscured, and acquire redoubled lustre by the skill of the artist in the resetting. But viewed as an apology for acknowledged felony, some may deem this, at best, very apocryphal. Direct literary plagiarism has been more rife in modern than in ancient times; and yet we are not to suppose that this species of fraud

Digitized by Google

did not exist even with the classic writers. Vida, in his "Art of Poetry," indeed conducts us to such a conclusion in justifying an occasional resemblance between two several authors on the same subject:

"Aspice ut exuvias veterumque insignia nobis
Aptemus: verum accipimus nunc clara repertum.
Nunc seriem atque animum verborum quoque ipsa
*Nec pudet interdum alterius nos ore locutos.*

Terence, who has been accused of many depredations, says, "nihil est dictum quod non sit dictum prius." One substantial reason why this species of legerdemain was not so much in vogue with the early penmen, is to be ascribed to the fact that detection would almost inevitably follow, from the limited number of MSS. then in existence compared with the deluge of books since the era of the press.

The following exquisite thought, contained in one of the sonnets of Petrarch,

"Trefiro torna; é 'l bel tempo ramena:
E i fiori, e 'l herbe sua dolce familigia."

has been more frequently incorporated, or rather imitated, than any gem in the whole wealth of poetry. Milton who, so to speak, ransacked the three worlds for the *materiel* of his sublime effusions, so closely resembles the Italian muse, that it is difficult to reconcile the coincidence upon any other supposition than that even he borrowed. The couplet referred to in allusion to his loss of sight, occurs, it will be remembered, in his great epic,—

"Seasons return, but not to me return
Day, or the sweet approach of eve or morn."

He also closely copies Ariosto, in his Vision of Paradise, and Astolpho's Description of the Moon, when he mounts the clouds on the winged horse. Lord Lyttleton, Waller, Gray, Savage, and Kirke White, discover traces of the same thought, and some invest it in language remarkably analogous. Kirke White's lines are as follows:

"Yon brook will glide as softly as before,
Yon landscape smile—yon golden harvest grow,
Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar,
When Henry's name, alas, is heard no more."

This ill-fated son of genius, however, was mistaken in his foreboding. Spenser has also been charged as a close copyist of both Tasso and Ariosto. A similar illustration might also be given, showing the double plagiarism upon a fine passage from Dante, which was first rendered into our vernacular without acknowledgement by Merivale, and afterwards closely copied by Byron. But we must narrow our limits, or we shall have to invoke among the culprits a host of such other names as Ford, Decker, Marlow, and Shirley, with our several specifications against them.

Homer,* Dante, Rabelais, and Shakspeare, Chateaubriand styles the great *universal individualities* and great parent geniuses, who appear to have borne and suckled all others. The first fertilized antiquity; Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Horace, Aristophanes, and Virgil were his sons. Dante in like manner was the father of modern Italy, from Petrarch to Tasso. Rabelais created the literature of France; Montaigne, LaFontaine, Moliere, descend from him; while England owes all to Shakspeare. People often deny the authority of these supreme masters—they rebel against them, proclaim their defects, but with as much propriety as one might enumerate the spots on the sun's disc; they even accuse them of tediousness, and sometimes absurdity, while in the very act of robbing them and decking themselves in their spoils.

Instances of literary larceny we find recorded almost coeval with the era of printing, under the various forms of frequent falsification, pirating, and forgeries; these subsequently led to the enactment of a species of copyright licenses, or privileges to the author or publisher of a book. Notwithstanding which, however, many spurious editions of works were clandestinely reprinted, to the detriment of their rightful owners. One ingenious feature of fraud practised by some of the early piratical printers, was that of counterfeiting the quaint devices or peculiar insignia adopted by publishers of the olden time; some ludicrous cases of imitation were perpetrated upon some of the popular productions of the celebrated Aldine press, which, from their

* Homer's Gardens of Alcinous in the Odyssey, and the Elysium of the Æneiad, were perhaps taken from the Mosaic account of Eden.

Digitized by Google

clumsy execution, were readily detected. One of these is noticed in the preface to an Aldine edition of Livy, printed in 1518.

The *Anchor and Dolphin* of Aldus, of Venice, from the deserved reputation of this renowned and learned printer, was more copied than any other of the distinguishing marks of their time, by his Italian cotemporaries; but by their forgeries the printers of Lyons rendered themselves most notorious. The classical origin of this still favorite typographical insignia is well known—it was borrowed from a medal of the Emperor Titus; and the hieroglyphic supposed to correspond with that adage, is said to have been the favorite motto of Augustus.

Pickering, the eminent London publisher, it will be remembered, adopts the Aldine *anchor* on the title-pages of his beautiful editions of the English Classics. Much might be written on the various ornamental devices, rebuses, and characteristic mottoes of the early English printers; yet it would be inappropriate to dwell longer on that subject in this place. One of the most audacious literary forgeries ever imposed upon the credulity of unsuspecting mortals in early times, was that perpetrated by a Dominican monk, named Annius of Vitorbo, attached to the Papal See during the Pontificate of Alexander VI. He wrote seventeen folio volumes, entitled *Liber Idem*, purporting to be the veritable productions of Sanchoniatho, Manetho, Berosus, the lost works of Xenophon, Philo, Fabius, Victor, &c. The learned, however, soon discovered the imposture, for he had no *manuscripts* to produce in his defence. He died in 1502; but he acquired, and still retains, the unenviable reputation of being the most conspicuous of early literary impostors.

Varillas, the French historian, enjoyed for a long period a good reputation as a veracious chronicler of events, till at length the critics of other countries exploded the secret of his undeserved honors. His professions of sincerity went for little, when it was once discovered that his historic anecdotes derived their existence solely from the wonder-loving and inventive brain of the writer,—his affected citations of titles, letters, memoirs and relations, being all imaginary! Having perused most of the historical books of his day, he discovered a ready facility in imparting fictions as facts, while he quoted his authorities with random recklessness. Another odd genius amused himself, while confined to his room by protracted indisposition, with inflicting on the reading community of his day his "*Voyage Round the World*," when his physical disability scarcely permitted him to describe the circuit of his own dormitory. His name may be recollected by some — Gemelli Carreri, a Neapolitan. His work exhibits an air of great versimilitude, notwithstanding his descriptions of character and local scenery *seem* to bear the impress of reality. This species of cheat has not wanted imitators in after times; and, indeed, in our own day, as the scenic descriptions of many a popular author attest, who, to save the trouble of personal exploration, allow a playful fancy to fill the sketch. We could mention, also, a well-known writer in our own country who has committed a somewhat similar act, in his drafts upon an English traveller who visited America soon after the peace, instead of allowing the great natural beauties of our now existing forests and farms to speak for themselves.

Du Halde compiled his account of China from the writings of some of the missionaries; for although he affects to be wonderfully familiar with Chinese scenery, he is known never to have travelled ten leagues from the French capital in his lifetime. Many other names might also be cited of a similar class; but it is needless to extend the list: let one other suffice. We refer to Joseph Vella, a Sicilian adventurer, who, in 1794, pretended he had discovered seventeen of the lost books of Livy, in Arabic, having, as he said, procured them from a Frenchman, who purloined the works from a niche in the mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. The story was plausible enough, since many of the classics had descended through the Arabians. They were subsequently published in Italy, in four volumes, 4to. It is true, he exhibited certain MSS. which he had himself fabricated, being, in fact, but interpolations from Florus. He displayed considerable adroitness, however, in disfiguring the whole—altering page after page, and by interspersing numberless

Digitized by Google

dots, and other unintelligible marks and dashes. It was not long, in spite of his strenuous efforts at concealment, before his cheat was found out, although not till most of the literati of his day had become his dupes. On examining his MSS. they were found to consist of nothing but a history of Mahomet, instead of, as had been pretended, the lost works of Livy, and an early authentic history of Sicily, in the Arabic period, comprehending about two centuries—ages of which their own historians were entirely ignorant. Vella lost an eye in his laborious trifling; and although his loss was temporarily soothed by a pension from the Neapolitan king, and various honors and dignities, including a professorship at Palermo, yet, when his "sweetness" became thus ultimately overtasked, he was doomed to fifteen years' incarceration.

The next case we shall refer to is that of Psalmanazar, a man of considerable learning and singular ingenuity, who, in his time, acquired much notoriety. He was one of the writers employed in compiling a work on Universal History, a task which he executed with much skill and fidelity.—Originally a wandering adventurer from his home and country, and while under the pressure of poverty, having enlisted in the army, he first attracted the notice of a Col. Lauder, in the garrison of Sluys, where he artfully circulated a report that he was a native of the island of Formosa, from which place he was expelled by the hostility of the Japanese on account of his religious faith, having been previously proselytised to Christianity from Paganism, by the Jesuits. The plausibility of his story induced the colonel to espouse his cause, and he subsequently was conveyed to England, where he was introduced to the Bishop of London, who listened to his account with pity and implicit faith, became his patron, and generously contributed towards his support. His artful contrivance of producing and speaking a language with its alphabet and grammar purely of his own invention, no less than his singular propensity for eating raw meat, roots and herbs, soon rendered him an object of curious speculation and public notoriety. The keen-eyed scepticism of some of the more discerning, however, viewed his pretensions with suspicion: and yet, could he have silenced the secret accusations of his own conscience, the most sanguine wishes of the impostor might possibly yet have been successful. He wrote, in Latin, an interesting description of the island from which he professed to have been expatriated on account of his newly-espoused religion, which was received by the public with favor; a translation was speedily effected, and read with avidity, which was referred to as authority by Buffon and others, while his characteristic self-complacency and adroitness in warding off every avenue to detection, seemed to have completely established his claim to public confidence. His powers of memory were so tenaciously correct, from the exercise of habit in verbal arrangement, that on being desired to translate a long list of English words into the Formosan language, which were marked down without his knowledge, his credit was considerably corroborated by his correctly affixing the same terms to the same words, on the question being repeated three, six, and even twelve months afterwards. He at length found a warm advocate in the Bishop of. Oxford, who procured for him apartments in one of the Universities, for the further prosecution of his studies. To impress his new neighbors at this place with the idea of his intense and indefatigable application, it was his custom to keep lighted candles in his room during the night, and to sleep in an easy-chair, to prevent the impression that so extraordinary a genius indulged in so unphilosophical a relaxation as that of reposing on a bed. His next step was to return to London and publish a version of the Church Catechism in his pretended vernacular, which, having passed under the close scrutiny and supervision of the learned, was pronounced a real language, and no counterfeit. He had now attained the acmé of his fame; but no sooner had he reached it, than the tide of his popularity began to wane; for suspicion had already begun to be excited by sundry contradictions which were betrayed in his narrative, and other seeming absurdities, which presently caused his benefactors to abate their ardor, and ultimately to withdraw altogether their support. At length the reaction in the public mind became

Digitized by Google

so strong, that it speedily grew into the most violent expressions of malignity and irritated resentment against him; and as his means of subsistence became consequently precarious, he would have become again the victim of abject distress, had it not been for the admitted abilities he possessed, which induced the booksellers to engage his services upon the work already referred to—the laborious task of compiling a Universal History. His real name and place of birth were never revealed—these he studiously concealed on account of his disgrace. He was supposed to have been from the south of France; and although he never publicly avowed his fraud, yet he is said to have confessed it to confidential friends, with tears and unfeigned repentance; and, but for such acknowledgment on his part, his ingeniously fabricated illusions of an unknown people and their language, might have, to this day, been classed with the mysteries of mesmerism, and other subtle sophisms, which perplex the sagacious and amuse the vulgar. This extraordinary individual died in 1763.

D'Israeli, as might be anticipated, has been the most industrious collator of cases of lierary fraud, of any writer we possess; and we need scarcely add, that we shall refer freely to him as an authority. He relates, among many others, the following curious instance of literary forgery, practised on Capt. Wilford by a learned Hindoo, who, to ingratiate himself and his studies with the too zealous and pious European, contrived, among other attempts, to give the history of Noah and his three sons, in his "*Purana*," under the designation of *Satyavrata*. The captain having *read* the passage, transcribed it for Sir William Jones, who translated it as a curious extract; the whole was an interpolation, by the dexterous introduction of a forged sheet, discolored and prepared for the purpose of deception; and which, having served his design for the moment, was afterwards withdrawn. As books in India are not bound, it is not difficult to introduce "loose leaves." To confirm his various impositions, this learned forger had the patience to write two voluminous sections, in which he connected all the legends together in the style of the *Puranas*, consisting of 1,200 lines! George Stevens, the annotator of Shakspeare, merits a passing tribute at our hands, for his numerous literary misdemeanors; he was a creature of such a propensity to commit forgeries and adulterations, that most such instances of his times, it has been asserted, nay, without much risk, may be attributed to him. He practised an amusing cheat upon the well-known antiquary Gough; this was the famous tomb-stone on which was engraved the drinking-horn of Hardyknute, to indicate his last fatal carouse; for this royal Dane died in intoxication! To prevent any doubt, the name in Saxon characters was sufficiently legible.—Steeped in pickle to hasten a precocious antiquity, it was then consigned to a corner in a broker's shop, where it was soon detected by the inquisitive gaze of Gough, who eagerly purchased the precious relic—who set to work preparing a learned dissertation, worthy of its reported value. The enthusiastic antiquary never forgave this outrage upon his credulity. The stone is still extant in the British Museum, a lasting warning to the Pickwickians of all time. But to avoid prolixity on a subject occupying so ample a space in bibliographical history, we shall have to pass over in silence many cases of literary imposition, which we might otherwise adduce.

During the troublous reign of Charles I., numerous political forgeries were perpetrated. The famous *Eikon Basilikè* has been ranked among the number, from the ambiguous claim of Gauden; and, as it appears from the note-book of Sir Nicholas Hyde, chief justice during the reign of that unfortunate prince, Sir Robert Cotton must not be denied his claim altogether to the *honors* of a literary filching, since there is mention made of a *pardon* he had obtained from King James, for *embezzling the public records, &c.*; and we read even of authors at the solemn hour of dissolution having been the prey of those whose moral obliquity did not prevent the lawless indulgence of the passion.

(To be Continued.)

Digitized by Google

# PAPERS OF AN OLD DARTMOOR PRISONER.

EDITED BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### RELEASE, AND RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES.

THE night following the massacre, scarcely an inmate of Dartmoor turned into his hammock. We were going about from mess to mess, talking over the occurrences of the day; some lamenting the death of a dear friend; some relating their own hair-breadth escapes; some giving an account of the whole transaction with a wonderful minuteness, considering that they had been all the time snugly ensconced in some nook of the prison, where they were equally out of all sight of the movements and of harm's-way; but all vowing vengeance in the most deadly terms on the author of the catastrophe. Our men swore terribly in Dartmoor that night.

The doors were not opened at the usual hour the next morning; neither bread nor beef were distributed; the coffee-makers could not go out to prepare their coffee, the plumgudgeon man to fry his little cakes of potatoes and fish, nor the shop-keeper to obtain his morning supply of hot rolls; but we heeded not the calls of appetite, so intense and vehement were our feelings of indignation and revenge; at last, about 9 o'clock, the doors were opened, and our provisions distributed. In the course of the forenoon Captain Shortland was seen in the market-square, and the most horrid imprecations were discharged at him by very many of the prisoners. He consulted his own safety by retiring to his office, and he was never again seen within the walls of the depot while I remained there. Shortly after the doors of the prison had been opened, the colonel of the regiment on guard appeared in front of the iron gate and addressed the prisoners; he deplored, with apparent sincerity, the melancholy occurrences of yesterday, stated that he was absent from the depot at the time, or the affair would not have happened, and advised us to remain quiet, and there would be an investigation of Captain Shortland's conduct. In the course of the forenoon Major-General Brown came up from Plymouth, and made inquiries of many of the prisoners in relation to the transaction. The general's manner was conciliatory, and he expressed much sorrow for the event. In the afternoon, Rear-Admiral Sir Josias Rowley, Captain Schomberg, R. N., and several other officers, arrived from Plymouth, deputed by the commanding naval officer on that station to inquire into the affair.

At about 2 o'clock, P. M., they appeared on the platform, in front of the yards, and the crier went through the several prisons, notifying the prisoners to assemble near the gates of the market-square. Admiral Rowley, after a few remarks, expressing his condolence, &c., but which were made in a very cold and supercilious manner, inquired "if there was any cause of complaint among the prisoners, independent of the proceedings of last evening?" I give the very words of the admiral, as I recorded them not an hour after the interview, and the substance of the answers made to him. I was very near the spokesman of the prisoners, and heard every word of the conversation, and I am sure that I recorded it truly. In comparing this account with that given by the admiral himself, and which was promulgated among other documents at the time, it will be seen how basely he falsified the answers in his official report. In reply to this question of the admiral, it was answered on the part of the prisoners, that many petty vexations had occurred from time to time, which had all been redressed;



Digitized by Google

and that there *now* existed no cause of complaint among us, except the proceedings of last evening, and our protracted confinement since the two nations were no longer at war. Admiral Rowley observed, "an investigation will speedily take place, to ascertain the cause of the unfortunate event of yesterday; and I can assure you, that your confinement since the peace ought not to be attributed to the British government, as every thing has been done that was possible on their part to accelerate your departure." Our spokesman, in reply, stated to him that an impression generally prevailed with us, that Mr. Beasely had been grossly negligent respecting us, and that we attributed no blame to the British government for confinement since the peace. Captain Schomberg then took up the conversation and said, "that although *he was not authorized to inquire respecting the event of yesterday*, still he would ask, why was the hole made in the wall?" He was told, that a number were playing ball in the yard, and struck the ball over the wall, and repeatedly called to the sentry in the barrack-yard to heave it over, without effect. They then made the hole to get through and get the ball, and certainly not with any intention to escape; that the wall was very weak and insecure, and might at any time be easily demolished by the prisoners, with no other instruments than such as were at their command at all times; that the hole was no outlet from the depot, and that a single soldier might have easily destroyed any one who attempted to get through it. After a few more observations on their part, having no connexion whatever with the events of yesterday, they departed. This was the whole of the investigation made by Admiral Rowley; and I have preferred to give it to the reader in the very words I recorded it in my journal, that they may compare it with the official accounts of these gentlemen. On the 8th, a coroner's jury came up to the depot; where they were collected from, I know not; they summoned the officers of the garrison and of the depot, and examined them. I am not certain whether they examined any of the prisoners, but my impression is that they did not. They continued in session on the 9th and 10th, and late that day they rendered a verdict, as we expected they would, of "justifiable homicide."

On the 11th, the Somerset militia, (the actors in the tragedy,) were removed from the depot, carrying with them the curses of the prisoners. My readers will understand, that the English militia presented a very different appearance from the same denomination of American soldiers. They were uniformed and disciplined the same as the regular soldiers, and were liable to be employed in any part of the kingdom and in Ireland; and I believe that in the latter part of the Continental War, they were sent to the Continent. Their place was supplied here by the 12th Regiment of Royal Infantry.

On the 14th, we received the gratifying intelligence, by a letter from Mr. Beasely, that he had engaged eight large cartels, some of which had sailed from Plymouth, and that he should engage enough in addition to carry us all to the United States. We were now all elated with the prospect of our speedy liberation, and all causes of vexation and animosity were for a time forgotten; even the massacre, which had at first so deeply affected us, was lost sight of, in the joyful prospect of release from a confinement which had become so insufferably tedious. Before we knew of the treaty of Ghent, and supposed that the war would be of long duration, and that there would be no exchange of prisoners, we conformed to our situation with tolerable composure; but when we were in expectation of a release, every hour seemed to be a day, and every day a year.

At length on the 20th, the first draft, consisting of two hundred and forty men, left the depot. They were called out from the prison list, beginning at number one and continuing on. They were called out by the clerk, and on passing into the market-yard, they were made to deposite their hammock, blanket and other things belonging to the British government, and which they had received on their arrival at Dartmoor. On gaining the market-yard, they seemed more like a set of wild Indians than of civilized beings; they danced and shouted, and yelled and capered about like mad men. At last, having formed into something like a procession, they displayed a banner, which they had prepared for the occa-

Digitized by Google

sion, and giving several rounds of hearty cheers, they left the depot; and on passing the captain's office they uttered most hearty imprecations on its tenant. On the 25th, 420 men went away, and on the following day, 350.

Our little mess-mate had been for some time very busy in corresponding with some persons in Liverpool and London. His every movement seemed charged with something of importance. He neglected the provision store-houses and the cook-house, and busied himself in overhauling the contents of his trunk; took out and aired two or three of the four dozen linen shirts of which he used to boast, being the whole number that I ever saw, although I often peered curiously into the trunk to see them; brushed up one of the many best coats, which existed either in reality or imagination; blacked up his best pair of shoes, and shaved off the redundancy of his beard, mustaches and whiskers, which had accumulated to an unseemly length by a seven months' residence in the depot. All these movements were mysterious; they were pregnant with an unusual import; they denoted something of importance; in short, they were, as our mess-mate, the mathematician said, "ominous." On the 24th, the mist which had enveloped his movements began to clear away, for in the morning the captain received a letter from Liverpool, covering a draft for ten pounds; and in the afternoon another from London, containing an order for his release. He cashed his draft with one of the clerks of the depot, and in the evening he gave a jollification to the mess and a few friends. It did not equal our Christmas supper in sumptuousness, nor did the captain on this occasion pay such fervent devotions to the beer-pot, as he did then; the certainty of his release on the morrow, seemed to have renewed his dignity, and in a measure overcome his crapulous propensity. I will here relate an anecdote of our Christmas supper, which I omitted in its place, and which, at the time, and for some time after, afforded us much amusement. One of our guests was a man who had for many years been a ship-master, and had in the course of his voyages become familiar with many countries. After the meats and other edibles were removed, and while the beer-can was passing with the rapidity I have noted, our guest was called upon for a toast. He was, in sailor parlance, "three sheets in the wind, and the fourth shivering," and with much maudlin gravity, he commenced, "Gentlemen, I wish to propose to you as a sentiment, the health of a lady, young, wealthy, beautiful and accomplished; a bright particular star, which seldom gleams across the dark path of a sailor's life, to lighten up and cheer the otherwise gloomy track of his stormy and troubled existence. The remembrance of her kind and generous affection to me, of the mutual vows of love and fidelity which we have plighted to each other, and which I yet mean to fulfil, have been my solace under all the cheerlessness and privations of my prison life. Gentlemen, she is dear to me here, (laying his hand on his heart,) and I hope you will all do me the favor to drink her health in a bumper. Gentlemen, here's to Sally Orr." "Sally Orr," we all repeated, and gave three cheers to her health. After the cheering had subsided, our little captain, who had, at the sound of the name, been casting at us some knowing winks from one corner of his eyes, said, "Sally Orr, D——y, does'nt she live near Limekiln dock, in Belfast?" "Yes," replied D——y, with much appearance of surprise: "do you know her?" "Know her, to be sure I do, and know her well, too; why, she did all my washing when I was in Belfast." "Blood and thunder," roared out D—y, "Sally Orr a washerwoman! you lie, you little swarthy scoundrel;" and suiting the action to the words, he floored the captain directly. All was in confusion for a moment; but the captain picked himself up, and said that he might be mistaken in the name, which D——y accepted as an apology, and harmony was restored to our party.

On the morning of the 25th, the captain departed: he was in high spirits, bade us all a hearty farewell, adding a few words to each by way of encouragement. I accompanied him to the outer gate, for since the massacre we had not been so much restricted as before, parted from him with another hearty squeeze of the hand, and took then what I thought to be a last look, of one who for fifteen months had been my mess-mate. The thought was over-

Digitized by Google

powering—I wept, I will not pretend to deny it, for to me he had been always very kind and affectionate, and I felt that to him I owed nearly all of the few comforts which had solaced my life in prison; and as I looked down the long vista, toward the village of Princeton, to which he was wending his way, I felt deeply, with all his peculiarities, and failings and faults, I, at least, could have better spared a better man. Our mess was now reduced to four, and our neighborhood was thinned off by the detachments which had gone off. We passed a week gloomily enough; for the release seemed to have stopped for a time, and we did not hear of any more cartels at Plymouth; and my own prospect of release was far enough distant, as there were over two thousand to go before it came to my turn.

*May 1st.*—The orders had been given last night for a draft to leave this morning, and as soon as breakfast was over they marched off. About 9 o'clock, as I was sauntering in the market-yard, almost the only individual who was there, (it being a rainy morning,) I heard my name proclaimed by the crier, with orders to walk up to the captain's office. I lost not a moment in obeying the summons, and there I had the interview with Captain Shortland which I have before related. I was there told, that I must leave the depot immediately, and proceed to Plymouth, and report myself to Mr. Nathaniel Ingraham, the cartel agent. I was, as the sailors say, "hove all aback" with the order; I knew not how to believe it to be real; I almost doubted whether it was not a dream, 'till I remembered the parting words of the little captain, "cheer up, my boy, I'll get you out pretty soon." I had almost forgotten them, as I looked upon them then as without any other meaning than a kind effort to cheer my evident despondency. I returned to my mess, and communicated the news to my mess-mate of gambling memory. The poor fellow wished me joy, with tears in his eyes; I knew he was reflecting on his own fortune, for we had been captured together, and his number was two or three before mine on the list. We had been mess-mates together eighteen months, and not an angry word had ever passed between us, nor an unkind feeling indulged. My lazy mess-mate was in his hammock, sound asleep; and I thought it a pity to wake him, as he indulged in its fullest significance the sentiment of honest Sancho, "blessings on that man who first invented sleep." The mathematician was on his roost, and I did not interrupt his studies, for my feelings towards him were pretty much like the love of Master Abraham Slender for Mistress Anne Page: "there was no great love at the beginning, and it pleased heaven to decrease it on better acquaintance—with more familiarity grew more contempt." How to get my "*duds*" away was now the question; for the prisoners had resolved some time before to hinder any one from going away before his turn, unless he bought the right of another. Luckily for me, the rain kept the prisoners in, and there was scarcely a solitary individual in the yard. I gave out, that as our mess was so much broken up, I was going to join one in No. 1, for the passage to No. 1 would lead me by the gate of the market-square. My mess-mate and myself took my little wardrobe and my dead mess-mate's trunk, and passed on, telling this story to all we met. It seemed to me that some of them eyed us with much suspicion, but we got along unmolested to the gate. When there, I slipped through, shook hands with my companion, and rather flew than walked to the office to get my passport. How to get to Plymouth it was difficult for me to think, for it was raining violently; the road was fifteen or sixteen miles, and my own bag and the dead man's trunk were more than I could lug, for I was then in strength a mere child. No one would recognise in the writer of this narrative, now a robust man, of round, aldermanic proportions, the poor, feeble, emaciated youth who was that day released from prison, and weighing, by the scales at Plymouth, just ninety-four pounds. I found a kind soldier who was not on duty, and who pitied me. He was an Irishman, and the Irish are always kind, God bless them for it. He slung my bag across his shoulder, took my trunk in his hand, and carried them for me to Princeton. I meant to leave them there to the chance of their ever overtaking me, and to trudge on, on foot, to Plymouth.

Digitized by Google

I offered the soldier a few pennies, but he refused them. I thought the offer was not sufficient to satisfy him, and I pulled out a three shilling token; but he rejected it, with a waive of his hand, and the salutation, "No, no, my boy, you'll have need enough of it yet. God bless you, and send you safe to your own country." This little act of kindness of the poor Irish soldier affected me deeply. This is a good world after all, people may say what they will about it; and during my captivity and since, I have met with more, much more kindness than unkindness. I have had it in my power since, (I thank God for it,) to render some little service to my poor brethren of God's great family of man, and whether the recipients of kindness are grateful or not, the bestower feels better.

At Princeton I found a wagon, which had been up to the depot with shoes, and was returning to Plymouth. I struck up a bargain with the wagoner, and now my token came in play. I looked back on the walls of the prison, and while I felt thankful for my own deliverance, I felt something like a sensation of pain at leaving those with whom I had been so long associated.

The wagoner was a west country boor, who had little sympathy with me or my feelings. I tried to enter into conversation with him, but I could get nothing beyond a monosyllable in reply, so I soon gave over the attempt. I was thus left to my own reflections; and now my feelings, which had been so highly wrought upon before, experienced a corresponding depression. I was returning to my native country, and what a prospect was before me! I had no trade, no knowledge of business; I had been a few years in a store, but my master's business fell off by reason of the war, and he felt himself obliged to dismiss me, when I had just begun to get a little insight into it. This was three years before, and the little knowledge I had acquired was long since forgotten. I was verging on to manhood, and my physical frame was not adequate to labor, nor to the duties of a sailor's life before the mast. My parents were in humble life; I had left home because I would not be a burden to them; I could not bear to eat the bread of idleness, depriving those who were of the feebler sex, and younger than I, of any portion of their scanty morsel. I had not, that I knew of, a single friend in the wide world who had the ability to assist me. I was returning, feeble and penniless, and for awhile I almost wished myself in Dartmoor again, to stave off, for a few months longer, that future which I dreaded to encounter. Thanks to a merciful Providence, these gloomy anticipations were never realized. Where I expected only briars, flowers have sprung up in life's pathway. The sea of life has been with me, for the most part, smooth, and the gales, with the exception of an occasional head-flaw, prosperous.

And now when I reflect on my sojourn in Dartmoor, I do not think that it was wholly profitless. I saw human nature there—much of it, to be sure, in its worst aspect; but I acquired a knowledge of men and a confidence in my own resources, which I should probably have failed to do under a less severe training.

On my arrival at Plymouth, I was ordered by Mr. Ingraham to go on board the cartel-ship; and, on mounting her deck, the secret of my unexpected release was explained, for I found my kind little mess-mate on board as agent. How, or by what means, he had contrived to obtain the office, I know not; but he *had* managed so as to get it, and he had managed to get me out of prison to do the duty for him, for he had a Mirabeau's faculty of setting others to work for him. I do not mention this to his disparagement, for I believe, that if he could have had no use for me, he had still kindness enough to have procured my release if possible. Under his auspices I was installed into the cabin mess, consisting of five paroled prisoners from Ashburton, and of six masters and officers from Dartmoor. We had on board, in all, 329 quondam prisoners.

The Ariel was an old ship, (the captain said she was 50,) badly found in sails and rigging, and with a very feeble and inefficient crew; but the owners probably relied on the assistance of the Americans to get her along. When we got out to sea, she was found to leak badly, and her own crew would never have been able to keep her free and do the ship's duty. The captain (Falvey) was, I should think, some fifteen years

Digitized by Google

older than his ship; a worthy man, but too old for the duty required of him. He was an Irishman, dressed with all the neatness and precision of a Quaker, and he uniformly wore a coat of a bright green color. The mate (Mattson) was a Swede, a clever fellow, and every inch a sailor, and was, I believe, the only one of the ship's company who was adequate to his station. My little captain, in his capacity as agent, had charge of all the stores and provisions that were on board for the subsistence of the Americans, and the quantity to be distributed to each was prescribed by regulation, and was the same as allowed on board of our national vessels. It was my duty, each day, to see to the distribution of the provisions, and to keep an account of them. In cutting up and serving out I had two men to assist me. With the exception of the eleven in the cabin, all the Americans lodged in the main hold; the crew of the ship in the forecastle.

We put to sea on the 3d, and had a tolerable fair time of it for three or four days, when we encountered a storm, which severely tried the mettle of our crazy old ship, and carried away her topmasts. With the assistance of the Americans, when the gale abated, she was soon put to rights. The gale, however, increased our leak, and it was lucky for us that after this we had fair weather.

After awhile the agent began to be unpopular. He had been "hail fellow, well met" with every one in Dartmoor, but he began to put on "quarter-deck airs," and these, his old associates could not away with. It was, besides, suspected that he was partial to the cabin mess, and it was rumored that sundry bottles of good wine, and some porter, which had been laid in as hospital-stores, had been made free with in the cabin. There was too much truth in this, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the surgeon, a worthy young Englishman, an assistant-surgeon in the royal navy, and yclept Lichmore Hathaway. I foresaw the brewing storm, and warned him of it; but the captain was a child of destiny, and did not heed the warning. At last, one day, it was discovered that part of the contents of a cask of oatmeal had been abstracted, and no "burgoo" had been served to the messes. The match was now put to the train, and the explosion followed. A meeting was called, forward of the mainmast; the case was stated to them; speeches were made; and finally, a resolution was unanimously passed, requiring the captain to abdicate. This he refused to do, stating, that the provisions were put under his charge by Mr. Ingraham, and that he was accountable to our government for their proper disposal. Things seemed now to be taking an angry turn, when the matter was compromised by an agreement, that the captain should remain nominally as agent, but that the distribution of the provisions should be under my charge, and that the men in the hold should choose a committee of three of their number to see fair play. Tranquillity was restored, and the committee was chosen.

I got along now very well in distributing the provisions; there was no complaining, except from an old Connecticut captain of three score years, who had become querulous from age and infirmities. He fancied that his own and some other messes were not dealt justly with, in the distribution of the fat pieces of beef, and he endeavored to stir them up to a "sudden flood of mutiny." I do not know but that he would have succeeded, had not the triumvirs stood by me, and one of them was, next to "big Dick," the primest boxer of Dartmoor.

We had the small-pox on board, having brought the infection from the depot; three or four were sick, but recovered; but the last one who took it, notwithstanding the most assiduous attentions of our surgeon, died. I know not his name nor his history; for he was delirious when I first visited him in company with the surgeon, and he seemed to be a lonely and neglected one. None came near him, either from dread of the infection, or from some circumstances in his character and life, but us two, and an old weather-beaten and one-eyed sailor of three-score years of age; he waited upon him with the affection of a father, and handled him as tenderly as he would a child. I was with him when he died, a mild afternoon, in the early days of June; the sun, which was fast sinking into its bed in the far-off ocean horizon, threw a

Digitized by Google

few faint, slanting beams down the small aperture of "the sick-bag." His last words were a few snatches of simple hymns, which he had probably learned in his childhood; and with his last expiring breath, the murmur was, scarcely audible, "my mother"—so indelible are the impressions of our childhood. This man was far from the scenes of his infant days; his life had been one of wandering and suffering, probably of guilt; he had not for many years been within his native land, (for I understood that he was an impressed man,) and yet, when the sands of life were almost run out, and reason had deserted him, his last words were the songs of his childhood; his last thoughts were on the home of his infancy; the last image present to his mind, was the guardian of his hours of thoughtlessness and innocence—his mother. We sewed him up in a tarred sheet, and at night, by the brilliant light of the full moon, which was careering high above us, but two or three to witness it, without a prayer, and without a tear shed to his memory, we launched his body over the side of the ship; and the parting waters received it, and he was borne down to his long resting-place, in the deep bottom of the ocean caverns.

We made but slow progress. Our ship was a dull sailer; her sails were old, and would not hold the wind, and our rigging was rotten. The captain, timidly cautious by age, was part owner of the ship, and he would not crack on her, so we went plodding along with the speed of a sand barge.

We were bound to Norfolk, in Virginia, where the captain expected to get a freight for Europe, but on examination it was found that all but twenty of the Americans belonged north of New-York. Most of them were nearly destitute of clothing—all of money, and they did not relish the idea of being landed so far from home. After consultation, it was determined that we should enter New-York; and a deputation waited on the captain, and requested him to lay the ship's head that way. He refused, pleading his orders, the risk of losing his insurance, &c. The men kept quiet for a little time, as they did not wish to annoy the good old gentleman unnecessarily; but some of them had watched the ship's run from the beginning of the voyage, and they knew where we were, and when was the proper time to act.

We were drawing near the coast, and this day, the 1st of June, the deputation again went aft, and requested the captain to haul up north by west, and proceed to New-York. On his refusing, one of the deputies seized the wheel, and brought the ship up to the point. The others went into the cabin, and requested an American there (a New-York ship master) to take charge of the ship, and navigate her to New-York. This matter had been all arranged some time before, and was well understood by us in the cabin; but the captain, for form's sake, refused; they urged and he refused; they urged and urged again; finally they threatened to throw him out of the cabin windows unless he complied, when he proceeded on deck, took the speaking trumpet, and assumed command.

> "You all do know, that in the Lupercal
> We thrice presented him the kingly crown,
> Which he did thrice refuse."

In the meanwhile the old captain was haranguing the men on what he termed their criminal and mutinous conduct; told them they were guilty of piracy, for which he should feel obliged to bring them to condign punishment in the United States. At this time they were all assembled on the quarter-deck, and they treated the old gentleman as tenderly as possible. They told him that he did but his duty, and they commended him for it, but that they all belonged to the middle and northern states, and had no means of getting home from Norfolk; that they had made up their minds and were willing to take the responsibility of their actions; that they knew that he could not deviate from his orders, and this act of theirs freed him from all responsibility; they further told him that they respected his advanced age, and were grateful to him for his uniform courtesy to them, and advised him to go into his cabin, make the best of what he could not help, and amuse himself the best way he could. This advice the old gentleman complied with, and in a few hours was as tranquil as ever. They now went to work in good earnest, unbent the old sails and bent a new suit, which was below in the sail-room, overhauled the rigging, splicing and strengthening old ropes

Digitized by Google

here, and bending new ones there; and having got the dainty Ariel somewhat in flying order, they cracked on her. By night-fall the old ship seemed to have renewed her age again, and she bounded through the water "like a thing of life." She seemed to answer the commands of her new masters, as if they possessed the magic of Prospero.

We now walked over the waters merrily; every thing went on prosperously and harmoniously, and in eight days we cast anchor in New-York, it being the 9th of June.

The Americans immediately left the ship, each one scattering in such direction as pleased him; and in an hour, Captain Falvey would have been puzzled to find them, if he had persevered in his determination to punish them. My mess-mate was well acquainted in New-York; he went to a tip-top boarding house, taking me with him, after we had performed thorough ablutions, and deposited our old clothes, charged with the filthy vermin of Dartmoor, in the bottom of the river. I remained here two or three days, and then left in a sloop bound for Providence. She had been taken up by the corporation of New-York, to convey to that port the released captives who belonged in the eastern states.

I parted at New-York with my little mess-mate, and I never saw him again under circumstances that gave me any pleasure in the recognition. Once or twice I had the opportunity (which I hope I improved) of repaying him in some measure his many acts of kindness. He has gone home, but he has children and friends yet remaining, and I have purposely omitted his name and some facts, that they may not recognise in my description the faults and follies of their friend and father. Some few who knew me at Dartmoor, and they are but a few, (for to the mass I was wholly unknown,) will recognise in these pages the writer; they will also recognise my messmate; and they will do me the justice to bear witness that, in the portraiture, I have softened down the faults, and thrown into prominence the good qualities of the object. We arrived at Providence after a run of 24 hours, and immediately took stage-coaches for Boston. We reached Boston about 10 o'clock at night, in as profuse a rain as the month of June ever produces. We went to a tavern, (I suppress the locality,) but the bar-keeper refused to entertain us, and the master of the house had retired. We told him that we could pay for our entertainment; it mattered not to him, we should not stay there; we requested leave to sleep in the barn, but he was inexorable, and trudge we must. I must confess that our appearance was not very prepossessing, for we were prison-worn, travel-worn, and weather-worn. At last, one of my companions, then a sailor, now a retired ship-master, enjoying a well-earned competency, proposed to me to accompany him to a boarding-house in Ann-street, where he was acquainted, and he offered to be the pilot. I accepted the proposition, and we started; we went up one street and down another, the rain falling in torrents, till at last he acknowledged that he had lost his reckoning. We saw no house open, and we might as well walk as stand still, so on we trudged, splashing the mud about us, abiding "the peltings of the pitiless storm," till at last we came to a bridge; we thought it was Charles river bridge, and we kept on, meaning to foot it to Salem, over the turnpike. On the middle of the bridge we were met by two watchmen; we told them our story, and they informed us that we were on the road to Cambridge, and they proposed to us to accompany them to the watch-house. This we declined, with thanks for their civility, and trudged on until nearly morning, when we came again to the inhospitable tavern, which we found open, for after we had left it, the master was awakened by the noise of the altercation, and had come down, and given permission to our men to remain in his bar-room. His beds he preserved intact to their pressure, for he was afraid of the vermin, and it was not an unwise precaution. Before morning, one of the coachmen of the Salem line, who lodged in this house, came down below. Those of us who belonged to Salem and Beverly freighted his coach, and before it was still light, we were rattling over the turnpike road to Salem. When the sun was just rising, I hove in sight of the humble dwelling of my parents, to which, in all my wanderings,

Digitized by Google

"Still had I turned with ceaseless pain,
And dragged at each remove, a length'ning chain."

My mother was the only one up. They had heard nothing of me since the Doctor left us at Barbadoes, for the letters which I had written home were never received. They knew that the prisoners had been concentrated at Dartmoor, but they were not aware of the certainty of my being among them —Let the meeting be conceived.

---

## REASONS WHY THE ASPECT OF SOCIETY IN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IS AND MUST BE FUNDAMENTALLY DIFFERENT.

In England every subject acknowledges a superior. In the United States no citizen admits that he has any.—The moment we examine the differential scale of the two political systems, we perceive so little in common, that it is an impossibility that both can sail in the same ship, under the same commander, or with the same creed. But that is no reason why we should set hostile flags, arm ourselves for combat, and labor to run each other under water. It is just as well—nay, infinitely wiser and safer, to agree upon points of difference, than to limit our agreement to points of union. If I find any particular in England essentially different in character and application from the same thing in the United States, as for example, an established church, my inquiry is not whether it be a good or a bad thing to have a church establishment, but whether it be suited to the habits, wants, and circumstances of that country. If it be, it is a good thing for that people. So I think a foreigner travelling in the United States, when he meets, as he certainly will meet with, many particulars differing from those he left in his own country, and in reference to which, inconsistent with fitness and propriety, will do well to inquire whether such particulars are compatible with the circumstances in which the people of the United States are placed, and if so, it is enough. We are exposed to just reproach, not for having those particulars as they are, but for changing them for something that is not.

Although nations cannot and will not unite in one universal form of government, or in one universal mode of worship, yet all may unite in universal benevolence; in alleviating sorrow, and mitigating distress; in bearing one another's burthens, and so fulfilling the law of Christ. If we cast an eye upon the structure of the general and state governments of the United States, we shall recognise so complete and comprehensive a monopoly of political power in the hands of the people; so unlimited a toleration of, and equal protection of religion; so few galling and oppressive restraints of any kind; so perfect an abolition of hereditary rank; so unquenchable an equality of all classes, and so great a jealousy of the accumulation of any unusual share of wealth, or popularity, or distinction, in the person of any individual, that we shall have little difficulty in coming to the conclusion that *there is no feudal spirit here*. The little that was imported under the flag of royalty perished when that flag was struck. A new career opened to a new nation. The sagacity of thought and of mind drifted away from aristocratic principles of ancient dynasties, and settled down upon the eternal rock of public liberty. The customs, manners, and habits of the whole population naturally and necessarily shaped themselves in conformity with this new state of things.

Europeans are not likely to bring with them anything, in a social point of view, that will benefit our country, and less likely to gather any thing here that

Digitized by Google

will benefit their own. There is no reciprocity in the case. Nothing imaginable can be more unsuited to each country than the manners and customs of the other. Europeans in the United States must feel themselves restrained by liberty far more than by distinction of rank at home. Every European writer upon America proves it. Checked at every turn by a courteous familiarity to which he is an entire stranger, the spirits flag, and he sighs for rank. The atmosphere of a republic is not congenial, and the rude winds, unrestrained by law and custom, sweeping over the prairies of society, offend. They naturally look to the high and to the low, and when they find neither, are distressed for the want of that appropriate niche in which they can see and feel themselves lodged.

The people of Europe, from generation to generation, time out of mind, have been accustomed to have their eyes dazzled by the splendid trappings of office, and cheerfully and gladly pay for the gratification. Official dignity, if periodical shows may be so called, is far more expensive to the people than official services. In the United States extreme simplicity is the ruling feature. And I suppose if a senator, returned to Congress by the vote of the people, were to set up his coach and four, with liveried servants, postillion, and out-riders bedizened with gold lace, and glittering in state, he would not only soon spend his fortune, but lose his character, and be hooted by the boys in the streets as a fool and a blockhead. So far from supplying a cent for the expense of such exhibitions, no American would tolerate any man who would spend *his own money* in that way. Such is the feeling and custom of the republic, and right or wrong, immovably and unalterably fixed. Here, that immense class of people who in Europe are boors, and vassals, and operatives, and field-laborers, and tenants at will or upon lease; whose dependance for their daily bread rests, for the most part, upon the will of their masters, and who are partitioned off from the higher ranks of society, ceases, as Bonaparte used to say of conquered kingdoms, to exist. From the deep solitudes of nature God called a new world into light, and peopled it with a race who inherit the hardiness and boldness to think for themselves, to shake off the bonds of servitude and exclusiveness, and to apply the force of native genius, talent and industry to supplying their own wants. In the resumption of the natural energies and independence of mind, there is something signally grand and august; something which pre-supposes that the habitment of servitude, in whatever form, and with whatever address they may have been fitted, must be thrown off; something which beforehand fixes the mind upon the certain result that new manners and new habits must grow up, adapted to the new conditions of society, and totally at variance with the old mildewed notions of monarchial rules. Every individual is equally interested in sustaining his personal sovereignty in the general prosperity of the state; and hence we see a freshness, a vigor, and a growth which, like the forest oak, shoots far its luxuriant branches, and overshadows the land with rich and gladdening foliage. The majority of republican institutions has no association with that artificial splendor and luxurious idleness which riot in prodigality at the expense of toil and abstinence entailed upon dependants.

The manners of the republic, in their broad and general feature, must be those of farmers, and not of courtiers. They have not leisure nor inclination to study the arts of dissimulation—to teach their minds to resist their thoughts and to decorate themselves in artificial plumes. They handle their minds as they do their ploughs and scythes, for direct purposes of utility. No force of hydraulic pressure can bend their stubborn minds to the gauge of political trickery, and therefore they are of the right stuff to maintain equality of *rights* and free institutions. Equality of *condition* is a palpable absurdity—the product of visionary brains, and about as wise as to attempt to make fiddles of the moon and fiddle-sticks of the stars. Seeing the agricultural class constitutes four-fifths of the population of the country, and that there are no hereditary, no exclusive privileges in the keeping of the remainder, it follows that the cultivators of the soil are the real practical sovereigns of the country. The comparatively small commercial and manufacturing portion of the community is necessarily under the government of the landed interest. It is right

Digitized by Google

and proper therefore that the general aspect of American society should be that of an independent yeomanry. We need not alarm ourselves by the fear of finding any thing like the spirit of feudalism or the subserviency of rank in the whole range of the republic. That spirit has winged its flight to the camp, its native home, and is now under arms; —it holds no place and exercises no influence in American civil society. It will be perceived that the general aspect of society in the United States, compared with that of the courtiers and higher classes of Europe, among whom there is no communion, no intermingling with the laboring population, must, in the nature of things, be what may be called a popular, and not an exclusive aspect.

The moral effects of a state of society composed of such materials, may furnish matter on which philosophers may speculate; but there can be little doubt on the mind of one practically acquainted with the subject, on which side the sum of human enjoyment preponderates. If slavery, the subjection of mind and body to the will of another, be misery, the degree of enjoyment must be just in proportion to the distance removed from it. It is not enough for a man to have the liberty of moving at his will; he must have the means of doing it, or he is in effect a slave still, under whatever class he may range, and by whatever name he may choose to designate himself. If human happiness, in this our pilgrimage state, depends in the slightest degree upon the trappings of office or any external appendages whatever; if wealth, and rank, and titles, and popular distinction, were the real and true sources of individual and national happiness, then, indeed, we must contract the sphere of enjoyment, and yield the palm of victory to the self-devoted aristocrats of Europe. But if we hold that moral influence has any force; that a disenthralment of personal dependance upon others, is liberty; that the true and only reasonable distinction among mankind is individual wealth and intellectual attainments; then we find the elements of greatness in our republican institutions, and may challenge all other systems of social and civilized society to show an equally prosperous and happy population, and bid them go and ridicule, whilst we are contented to enjoy. Wealth has far less weight and influence in European society than in American. In Europe, rank rides over the head of wealth. The richest commoner is subservient to the poorest baron, and always looks up to him as his superior. In the United States wealth takes, in some measure, the place of rank, and carries ignorance and vanity to an unequal height, at least in the estimation of the possessor; and perhaps we may venture to affirm, that in nothing is the sagacity of our Fathers more clearly manifested, than in cautiously curbing its political influence. Men stand well in public estimation who sustain a correct, moral character; that estimation is enhanced by intellectual attainments, and both strengthened by opulence. The rubbish which encumbers the steep which leads on to fame is swept away, and personal industry, zeal and merit are stimulated in the career of distinction by the fascinating cloudless prospect spread before the aspirant. No matter what a man's father was, the question is, what character does the man himself sustain?

Equality of rights by no means argues equality of condition. Inequality of condition is the inseparable result of inequality of mind, of industry, and adventitious circumstances. The idea that the condition of society should be such that all shall have sufficient, is preposterous, contrary to common sense, the unbroken testimony of experience and the will of heaven.—"The poor ye always have with you." To suppose the idle spendthrift vagabond should make himself master of the same enjoyments, and the same standing in society as the frugal and industrious, is to suppose the primary laws of the great Universal Governor abrogated, and all the inducements which stimulate individuals and advance nations removed, which is to suppose an impossibility. It may suit the wild speculations of coxcomical theorists, but never has had, and never can have, anything practical within its scope. Equality of rights is all for which we contend. Inequality in their use is an individual concern, and spreads itself over the whole human family.

Paupers, foreign and domestic, exist in our land; but a *pauper population*,

Digitized by Google

kindred to that matured in Europe, so long as land is abundant and cheap, cannot be thrown upon American society. We are exempt from that stupendous evil, and owe the exemption to the character of our institutions, and the equality of rights, which guaranties to every citizen the fruits of his labor.

Although the way to every honor and every employment the state can give, is unencumbered and open to all, and the incentive to personal exertion is coördinate with the ambition of the aspiring; yet an important feature at the same time meets us, in the utter impossibility of any one raising himself and family permanently above the general level of society. Whatever wealth he may acquire; whatever attainments he may master, and whatever distinction he may gain, the grave closes upon all, and his descendants must act their own part upon the battle-field of life. They know this, and equip themselves accordingly for the contest. In such a condition of society, where the people are thrown upon their own resources, their manners are simple and rural, denoting strength and energy of purpose, without those nice discriminating arts of refinement, which throw an artificial lustre over the face of society, and rather charm the eye than satisfy the understanding. Hence we see, when occasion calls for action, a bold, independent, determined spirit manifested at once. The man consults himself. He does not bow the "knee to a superior lord, nor wait the teachings and instructions of hereditary rulers." If not mustered into the service of his country when an appeal is made to arms, he musters himself; marches at his own expense to the encampment, and, with a native boldness and intrepidity, unchronicled in the history of nations, presents himself a champion in the cause of his country. This is a characteristic of American yeomanry, altogether unique.

When I listened to the orators upon Lord Howick's, now Earl Gray's, motion, that the house should resolve itself into a committee of the whole, to consider the distressed state of the country, I was most forcibly struck with the grasping at all the variety of causes, which the mind could imagine, but the right one. No one seemed clearly to comprehend, what is just as obvious to my mind as the noon-day sun, that the nobility and aristocracy of the country hold the lands of the kingdom; the merchants and manufacturers the money; there is nothing whatever for the working agriculturist and manufacturing operatives to bring to market, but their labor. They have been, and still are, sweated down to the lowest farthing of wages, which will enable them, when in full work, to sustain existence; and when the demand for labor fails, old age, sickness and infirmity disables, there is nothing left for their support. They perish under the withering hand of charity, with cold, nakedness, and famine. Undoubtedly the taxes press so heavily upon the industry of the country, that a large proportion of the population cannot obtain the comforts of life, a still larger proportion can only command the bare necessaries, and beyond them lies a countless multitude that cannot purchase anything at all. The aristocracy, the manufacturers, and the monied nabobs of the country, have swallowed the kingdom, and, under the hammer of the law, just supply the poor-houses, which, by their magnitude and splendor, are a mockery to the poor starving wretches that inhabit them, with just enough to protract death, and furnish ground for the inquest to bring in a verdict, "Died a natural death."

How different is the condition of the social system in our own country. No complaining in our streets, no crying for bread, comparatively no miserable wretches cast from work-house to work-house, none perishing from want. Labor is always in demand, and the ample wages and cheap provisions enable every one, with ordinary industry, to supply, upon a liberal scale, his own wants.

If we advert to the moral aspect of the American Republic, we shall find no cause to shrink from a comparison with that of Europe. The author of American Notes, with all his mendacity and sarcastic spirit, does sometimes strike his harpoon, as if by accident, into a fact of inestimable value. On his journey from Boston to Lowell, by rail-road, he remarks:

"There are also a great many ladies who have nobody with them; for any lady

Digitized by Google

may *travel alone*, from one end of the United States to the other, and be *certain* of the most courteous and considerate treatment everywhere."

Why does he notice this fact; and why so particularly remark upon it? Because, to him, it was a singular fact; because there is no such security for female virtue in his own country, nor any other country in Europe. No lady can travel alone ten miles in England without incurring the greatest risk of being insulted. It is indispensably necessary that she have a protector. The spawn of creation, the rich, pampered, debauched gentry of England, seem to feel, that by virtue of their rank, they are licensed to prey upon female chastity, and to render the lower classes of society as subservient to their lusts as they are to their pecuniary interests. Europe swarms with wretches of rank and wealth, whose sole business is debauchery, in its most disgusting, most outrageous, most unheard-of forms. Girls, innocent, unsuspecting girls, enticed from their parents, and by their consent engaged for dress-makers, milliners, ladies'-maids, and general servants, by men moving in the style, dress, and appearance of gentlemen, are sent up to London from the receiving-houses, in various and all parts of the kingdom, and taken, not to the places for which they were engaged, but to receptacles of ill-fame, established, upheld, maintained and protected by the nobility and gentry of the country. Here, these hell-hounds, compared with whom slave-dealers and slave-drivers, and repudiators, whiten into angelic forms, *force*, not seduce by the ordinary acts of gallantry, their deluded victims, and when virtue is destroyed, and character is destroyed, and with them all the endearing sympathies and prospects of a happy life are destroyed, they are turned out into the streets to perish with hunger or consume with disease. Tell me, ye libertine scoffers at the religion of my country, ye slanderers of her moral and political character, is this true? Deny it, if ye can. From the height of this aristocratic mount, the streams of moral corruption flow down, until all the inferior classes are infected, and the land is deluged with impurity. From such statements I feel that the moral sense of my countrymen will recoil. They can scarcely credit a narrative so horrible in itself, and so dreadful in its consequences. But that it may be seen that I have not overcharged the statement, nor painted imaginary scenes, nor indeed told the half of a most astounding tale, I beg to subjoin an extract from a circular, now before me, issued by the London Society for the Protection of Young Females, in April, 1841:

"No country in the world is so distinguished for philanthropy as England. She has established institutions to meet almost every description of human misery. Foreign nations have participated in her benevolence, and even the brute creation has engaged the benefit of her sympathies. There is, however, one great exception to this rule. *Woman*, rendered by her nature dependant upon man, and more especially entitled to his protection, appears to be the *only object* in this country to which his *protection is not afforded*, at least as regards the young and helpless, to whom his protection is more especially required. There is a large class of persons in London, and to a greater or less extent in almost every other large town in the kingdom, who have establishments for, and live by the *seduction* of young females. The latter, from the bad training of children by their parents, and early corrupt associations, they frequently find it not difficult to accomplish. But as *innocence* offers the greatest advantages to these people, deep laid schemes are *constantly* adopted to entrap young and modest women into their possession.

"The society once indicted a brothel-keeper, and were in a condition to *prove* that she allowed a *surgeon*, who kept a respectable shop, a considerable *salary*, together with his travelling expenses, besides specified license privileges for himself and his assistant, for supplying her house with young and modest females. This he did, chiefly by going into the country, and hiring them for some respectable service in London. On their arrival in London, they were taken to the house and violated without compunction, by the parties who frequented it, without the least chance of escape. Resistance availed them nothing; it only increased their value and price."

This female beast fled to Boulogne, and is now living there upon the fruits of her iniquity.

Digitized by Google

"This however is far from being a solitary case. One of these people, who is enabled to drive her carriage from the profits of her trade, keeps her house supplied with a constant succession of young females by some such means. She does not retain any of them more than one or two months; keeping them confined to the house during this time, and then allows them to depart, or turns them out if necessary. Being generally of that age when the judgment is weak, and the sense of shame strong, and finding their character gone, their means of subsistence taken from them, and being polluted in mind as well as in body by the criminal intercourse to which they have been daily compelled to submit, they give themselves up for lost, and continue in the course into which they have been entrapped. The final result is, that, cut off not only from the sympathies of their own sex, but from those of mankind, and treated with the greatest brutality, especially in the latter part of their career, they eventually perish either by suicide or by disease, the effect of misery and destitution. The extent of this evil is almost beyond belief. It is probable that there are more *rapes* committed in these houses in one year than by the poor of England in half a century." &c., &c.*

Upon the trial of the Marquis of Hertford's servant for embezzlement, the witnesses testified that the marquis travelled openly upon the continent with his mistresses; and after his return to London, they came to his house every night by a back entrance; and what is still more awful, were actually in his house the very night that he died. I trust, upon this painful subject, I need not fortify my statement by any further evidence. If this great feature of national morality is not sufficiently illustrated, the defect arises, not from want of material, but from my forbearance. Our enemies affirm that female virtue in the United States, by common consent and universal practice, is under the protection of the nation, and therefore a national virtue. According to the evidence of English philanthropists themselves, the fact is directly the reverse in Europe. The subtle fiends of impurity, who pander for themselves or their fellow-dealers in female virtue, are upon the watch. They know whether a lady is sheltered under the protecting arm of masculine vigor or not; if not, the net is spread, and every art which the most accomplished villainy and the most murderous treachery can practice, is used to circumvent and secure the victim. In London, as well as in the country, it is an everyday affair for gentlemen who cannot conveniently be absent from their business, to inquire among their friends and acquaintances for some one, into whose charge they may commit their female relatives and friends, for long and short journeys. I have myself travelled 200 miles, for no other purpose whatever but to escort a lady. If the human understanding be bowed down to so low a point, let us pause a moment, and contemplate the dreadful nature of a system, organised throughout Great Britain, and extending its ramifications to the continent of Europe, for the express and avowed purpose of making spoliations upon female virtue. Those who, in the wise economy of Providence, are especially designated as guardians of the virtue and protectors of the honor of the fair sex, are leagued for the destruction of both. Consider that this diabolical principle and murderous practice, are brought to the fireside of domestic bliss, upheaving the foundations on which the fabric of society, the pillars of right, justice, equity, law, and moral greatness, rest; that rapes, murder of body and soul by suicide, disease and destitution, are matters of cold-blooded commercial calculation—merchandise sold in the shambles of the stews to the highest bidder; that the value is just in proportion to the brilliancy and intrinsic purity of the diamond to be destroyed. See these gigantic brutes, masked in the garb of heaven, but in the exact character of hell, travelling down at the expense of the rich to the cottage of the poor peasant, and with sacrilegious

* The following note, addressed to a member of Parliament, a gentleman with a family around him, and of respectable character, by one of those Tartarian demons, and sent by him to the Society, shows the audacity and perseverance with which this astounding commerce is carried on:

"MONSIEUR:—Madame D*** qui vient d'arriver de Paris avec de très jolies demoiselles et une piquante Italienne ose vous prier de vouloir bien l'honorer de votre patronage sur vous trouverez dans une comfortable maison qu'elle vient d'ouvrier secreté et discretion. Avriez l'assurance de son respect avec lequel elle a l'honneur d'etre, &c., &c.

"—— Street, No. —."

Digitized by Google

bands and remorseless heart, plundering the poor man of his only treasure—his child. As the sad tidings of disaster which have overtaken the child, who has but just left the paternal roof in all the charms of youth and loveliness of beauty, are disclosed to an innocent and confiding family, what sorrows pierce and lacerate the heart? Not a smile plays upon the poor man's cheek; not a tear of joy glistens in his eye; but the world becomes a hopeless shelter, himself its miserable tenant. What throbbings permeate the domestic circle. Peace and happiness, and every fond and sisterly endearment cut off, and the wretched victim to man's audacious cruelty, ashamed to meet the eye of her natural guardian, exiled from every fond embrace and all the endearments of home, an outcast from society, looks to the only refuge that awaits her—an early lazar-house or an untimely grave—"unpitied and unknown." And the poor mother—ah! who can paint her anguish, when the burning thought of a ruined, lost daughter passes over her desolate soul, as she watches the cradled infant, and pours her rustic melody on the cold ear of misery!

Gratitude should fill our hearts, that God has not permitted our country, as yet, to be the field on which the growth of such abominations can flourish; but that a lady may, in perfect security, travel in all parts of the United States, "from one end to the other," with no shield of protection but her own virtue. Think of the danger and the immeasurable responsibility of parents sending their daughters to foreign schools, to mingle in foreign society, to inhale the malaria rising from the pestiferous marshes of human corruption, and to hug to their bosoms sentiments they ought never to know; and thus prepared, to introduce to *our* domestic circles the seeds of an overwhelming evil, which, in its consequences and extent, no human calculation can measure. Think not, from what I have remarked, that it is my intention to cast the slightest stigma upon the nobility, or any other class of her majesty's subjects, as a body. Far from it. What I have stated, and a vast deal that I have not stated, in relation to this subject, is before the public, and well-known to the people of England.

Amongst the nobility, there are multitudes who honor their rank, honor their country—giants in everything great and good—their benevolence is proverbial, and their efforts to stem the torrent of corruption, which floods the land, and threatens to bear down everything before it, are unceasing. The same is equally true of portions of all classes. They are the salt that preserves the body from dissolution.—England is made up of extremes—the highest virtues and the lowest vices; the greatest literary attainments and the most untutored ignorance; the largest measure of wealth, and the most abject poverty. She stands unrivalled in everything that is great, and everything that is little. There are few things in her social policy, if we except her jurisprudence, which can be pointed out as examples for American imitation. Monarchial habits, customs, manners, and style of living, are inconsistent with the simplicity of republicanism; and all attempts to marry the two, is an attempt to form a junction of resisting elements.

J. S.

Digitized by Google

# A SONG OF THE STARS.

By Anna Blackwell.

---

### ARGUMENT.

The Planets, in their mazy dance, declare the joyousness of their harmonious life; at Urania's request, they offer the homage of their song to their great Parent, the Sun; then is heard from a distance the voice of the Earth, lamenting the various evils which she suffers, and her impending dissolution, in consequence of Man's ignorance of the laws of combined Order which govern the Universe, and which require him to cultivate and perfect the surface of his Planet, and thereby render her healthy and beautiful, that she may be fitted for admission among her sister-orbs, who cannot receive her while continuing in an unharmonic state, into union with them. The Planets listen to the out-pouring of her grief, and with united voices appeal to the Sun in her behalf.

The Solar Orb in reply, proclaims the Integrity of the Universe, and announces to them that the Earth, after passing through the ignorance and incoherence attendant on the early stages of developement, will be regenerated through the associated and ennobled energies of the human race, and will be admitted into the companionship of the Solar System, and of the Universe of God.

The Planets raise an anthem of joy and worship to The Most High, with which, choral responses from every region of the Universe are heard to blend in solemn and rejoicing harmony.

Joyously on tireless pinions
Woven of the purple light,
Through the golden Sun's dominions
Evermore his circling minions,
Moving in immortal pleasure
To a high harmonious measure,
Twine in ethereal maze their dances bright.

---

### THE SONG OF THE PLANETS.

We move in bliss through the fields of space,
Our soul is love, and our form is grace,
And we blend in the grasp of our deepening gaze
The wisdom of past and of coming days.
The tearful realms where Life's spiral springs
We have left behind, and its widening rings
Grow brighter as they broader grow,
And with a fuller rapture flow.

We hope no morning, we dread no night,
We bathe in a fathomless ocean of light,
And we joy as the folds of our radiant hair
Float out on the breath of the azure air,
And our burnished sandals brightly glance
At each swell and fall of our wreath'd dance;
Order, beauty, gladness, power,
The living wealth of our glorious dower.

---

### URANIA'S SONG.

Sisters of the sun-lit sphere
Floating through the ether clear!
While the sounding wires
Of our silver lyres
Thrill to the sweep of our vast desires,

Digitized by Google

And in linked notes
Our music floats
Intense with the depths of its living fires,
Roll we the waves of our flowing song
The blue expanse of the heavens along,
Till its harmonies meet
At the glittering feet
Of the central Orb of our shining throng!

---

CHORUS OF PLANETS TO THE SUN.

Thou vast Intelligence! whose radiant eye
Reflects the Primal Uncreated Mind;
Who with thy living effluence dost bind
Our choral orbs in rounded harmony!
Thy subject-children we, O Parent-King,
Thee, thee we sing,
O mighty Sun!

Being's prolific Source! from thy full urn
Exhaustless treasures draw we evermore,
And from aromal chalices we pour
Fresh life for all that lives! We learn
From thy rich bounty, and thus emulate
Thy lofty state,
Life-giving Sun!

Thou art the symbol of the Infinite!
We shadow forth the parts of the great Whole,
The universal Octave of the Soul,
Whose chords harmonious fill the realms of light;
Our boundless passions mounting ever higher,
Fed by thy fire,
O central Sun!

Wisdom and Beauty, Glory, Joy and Power,
Life's attributes in varying phase reveal;
Its Unity their changing forms conceal,
To mark the outline of each blooming hour;
Sustainer of our varied Universe! we see
All life in thee,
Undying Sun!

---

So sang the orbs; their spheral forms the while
Bathed in the lustre of the Day-God's smile;
When from the azure depths a wailing came
To dim the brightness of that song of flame.

---

THE WAIL OF THE EARTH.

And must I ever, sorrowing and lone,
Wander, from your high sisterhood exiled?
Amid your beauteous orbs unloved, unknown—
Thus be forever shunned, accursed, defiled?
My bitter tears forever useless flow?
I sink beneath the burden of my wo!



Digitized by Google

From the same Parent-Orb I draw my life,
  Formed, like yourselves, within his mighty womb;
Yet golden peace is yours, while iron strife
  Crushes my being with its weight of gloom;
Sweet sisters! cease awhile your joyous songs,
And listen to the story of my wrongs!

I bear a race upon my sorrowing breast
  Whose errors forge the rivets of my fate;
By every frightful form of ill oppressed,
  Weak and unloving, stupid and ingrate;
The lowest link of the electric chain
That binds in one Creation's starry train.

Conflict from morn to night, from night to morn;
  On every breeze discordant echoes sound;
'Mid pain, and grief, and want the race is born,
  Want, grief, and pain its onward path surround;
Goaded by fierce aspirings, dimly seen,
They curse the mockery of the sky serene!

Hunger is on them all! they cry for food!
  Food for the body fallen from its prime;
Food for the soul, whose shrunk and darkened mood
  Shows but the shadow of its scope sublime,
Whose thought Creation's wondrous sphere should trace,
Whose love should fold them all in its embrace!

O'er wastes and deserts wandering, tempest-tossed,
  Man darkly gropes in self-created night,
The fair proportions of his nature lost,
  A dwarfed abortion 'mid the sons of light;
While false philosophies, selfishness, distrust,
Have wrapped his spirit in their coils of rust.

And yet I spread my flowery vales for him,
  The shadow of my mountains on him falls,
For him I raise my arching forests dim,
  And hang with pendant gems my caverned halls;
For him my rivers flowing to the sea,
For him my waves' eternal melody!

The swelling joy of Spring's returning prime,
  The fragrant music of my summer airs,
The ripened beauty of glad Autumn-time,
  The paler glories that the Winter wears,
Image my open secret to his eyes,
And speak the latent wealth that round him lies.

My elements await but his command,
  With courser winds his lightest hest to fill;
Follow with fiery zeal his guiding hand,
  And chain the chafing billows to his will;
Rouse at his beck the lightning from its lair,
And write his missives on the viewless air

But he unconscious of his destined power,
  (Creation's frailest, mightiest extreme)
Heeds not the summons of each freighted hour,
  Wastes the rich moments in his idle dream;
Reads not my wisdom-pictured lore, nor hears
Accords that harmonize with chiming spheres.

Digitized by Google

I languish for his aid! my climates fail,
  And dire disorders fill my troubled zones;
'Neath fell simoons my fevered deserts quail,
  Howl o'er my frozen plains the frost-winds' tones;
And hideous creatures, weeds of deadly breath,
Fill me with poison, pestilence, and death.

O'erwhelmed beneath my woes, I sink, I die,
  Fading from your bright sisterhood away;
An empty wreck, 'mid ruined worlds to lie,
  Lost from the circuit of your starry way;
Resolved to primal elements, again
To grow from Chaos into life through Pain!

—

So the sad Earth; the Planets list the sound,
And with their prayers the Parent-Orb surround,
In earnest tones their dulcet voices plead
For the lone Exile sorrowing in her need.

———

THE PRAYER OF THE PLANETS.

Great Parent! hear the Earth
  Mourning her doom!
    And can it be that never
  Athwart the gloom
Of her sad fate shall dart the living ray
    Forever?
When shall her darkness kindle in the day
    Of Order's birth?

We turn, O Sun! to thee;
  Through countless years
    Sustained by thy rich life
  Our unformed spheres
Struggled from Chaos dimly into light;
    The strife
Of our sad sister aid through discord's night
    To harmony!

We mourn, O Parent-Sun!
  Her grief and pain;
    When shall the Earth complete
  The golden chain
Of our perfected orbs thy throne around?
    Her feet
Tread our bright dance, while choral pæans sound
    For victory won?

—

They ceased; and through the azure air
Floated the echoes of that prayer,
As waves in solemn cadence break
The stillness of some quiet lake,
What time the evening breezes sigh
To the cloud-islets sailing by.
Then all was silent, not a sound
Thrilled through the arching blue around;
No more the spheral music rung,
But voiceless in its caverns hung;

Digitized by Google

And hushed, as when on Ocean's breast
The evening breeze is lulled to rest;
The listening orbs in silence bend,
And on the Sun's response attend.

---

THE DISCOURSE OF THE SUN.

Forth from the blaze of the Eternal Throne
Irradiations of Essential Light
To Being's utmost glimmering verge are thrown,
'Mid Chaos working, hid from keenest sight;
Atom to atom linking, each its own
Finding in virtue of attractive might.
The Highest to the lowliest thus descends,
And the extremes of Being's wondrous regions blends.

Upward and outward coiled, Creation's spire,
Substance attaining through accretion slow,
With painful striving, ever broader, higher,
In varying form from realm to realm doth grow,
With an inherent, never-quenched desire
To reach again the Fount whose wondrous flow
Gave to its being birth; whose influent force
Sustains each growing atom on its destined course.

In God all things are one; Essential Life,
Tending itself in Form to ultimate,
The symbols of Creation's hieroglyph
Calls into being. Know that to Create
Is to embody Power Divine; the strife
That on the growth of nascent forms doth wait,
Springs from the blindness of that second Will
That deep within the Causal germ lay folded still.

Thus from the Elemental film, condensed, refined,
Conducted onward through the linked array
Of ore, and plant, and animal, till Mind
(Hidden in those, yet active,) 'gins display
More of its light, in human forms enshrined,
All things are born; and thus the Vital Ray
Through planet, sun, and system, purer, higher,
Through endless cycles passing, rises tow'rd its Sire.

New wealth of wisdom, beauty, joy, the while
Unfolding brighter in each nobler sphere,
With kindred forms, whose fair love-kindled smile
Adds sweeter lustre to each widening year,
In high communion blending: selfish guile,
(Product of Ignorance,) and grief, and fear,
Lost from the sparkling life, as from rich wine
Its foul and bitter lees the generous years refine.

Sorrow on blindness waits; the primal laws
Of Wisdom, Love, and Use, not yet revealed,
Pain, sternest guide! the groping seeker draws
'Neath Order's law (sole freedom!) to be healed;
Order sublime, with which the Central Cause,
As with a signet, all His worlds hath sealed;
Order, the law of Love, which yet shall reign
Supreme, absorbing and transforming Wrong and Pain.

Digitized by Google

Then let the mourning Earth rejoice! The Race,
  Whose ignorance now works her pain and wo,
Will usher in a dawn whose lustrous grace
  Shall to the day of radiant Order grow;
The gloomy vestiges of Strife efface,
  Beneath the waves of Joy's perennial flow,
For Man, the lowest ring in Reason's chain
Must bind, high task! its severed links to Heaven again!

When, like its Source, in one all life coheres,
  Refined in every realm from all alloy,
Warm, through the golden circle of all spheres,
  Shall pulse the tides of Universal joy;
While Being's glorious hosts, through ceaseless years,
  Their godlike powers in unison employ;
And the glad Universe, in high acclaim
The effluent fullness of the Eternal One proclaim!

---

While thus the golden Sun made answer high
Intenser lustre filled the glowing sky;
Symbols ineffable the radiant air
Hung with prophetic brilliance; and the rare
And subtle fields of ether seemed to be
Garlanded o'er with fragrant melody,
Whose blooming wreaths the grateful orbs prolong,
Raising in chorus their rejoicing song;
While from cerulean realms where Systems lie
Shrined in the depths of dim Immensity,
Pealed, in the pauses of that joyant strain,
The silvery echoes of their wide refrain.

---

CHANT OF THE PLANETS TO THE ETERNAL.—CHORUS OF THE UNIVERSE.

Father of all!
With joy thy children stand
To bless the bounty of thy Parent-hand,
And on thy name with loving reverence call.
(*Chorus.*) From farthest realms of light
Our grateful strains their choral tide unite,
And at thy Universal Throne in adoration fall!

Great Worker! we
Rejoice thy plans to share,
In thy wide labors our high part to bear;
Thy Ministers, Omnipotent! to be.
(*Chorus.*) Thus all the realms of light
O God! with thee in sympathy unite,
And in a holy and ennobling friendship work with Thee!

Sovereign Divine!
We glory in the might
Of thine own uncreated Light,
Whose living rays thy sacred brow entwine!
(*Chorus.*) Higher, and ever higher
We soar on tireless wing, all-glorious Sire!
Tow'rd the Eternal Throne whose splendors on all beings shine!

Love! measureless,
Exhaustless, unto thee
We gravitate eternally!
Thou giv'st existence but that thou may'st bless.

Digitized by Google

(*Chorus.*) To thee we ever tend,
Seeking with thee, O Central Life, to blend!
Almighty LOVE, Creation's source, all beings Thee confess!

As mountain-summits, bold and high,
Alp above Alp, invade the sky,
Reflecting sunshine soft and sweet
On the still waters at their feet;
So, piled where'er the azure glows,
That swelling song in gladness rose,
And cast upon the Earth the while
The brightness of Hope's golden smile.

*New-York, July 26th,* 1846.

---

## FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

THIS dull period of the year has been rendered even more than usually quiet, in a commercial way, through the great interest which was excited by the closing scenes of a Congress called upon to change radically the commercial policy of the government; or rather to abandon those anti-commercial restrictions which have been, by erroneous theory, engrafted upon the action of the federal government. Restrictions upon commerce, protection to manufacturing industry, at the expence of all other, and the use of paper money, were remains of the monarchial connections of the colonies; the evil tendency and general inutility of which were less readily recognised by the public at large, than the direct oppressions of an avowed aristocracy. So slow have the citizens of the United States been to resist this species of governmental usurpation, that even the people of England have outstripped them in the emancipation of commerce and general industry from hurtful special privileges, and in curbing the issues of paper money by existing corporations. The United States have at last abandoned the false theory of protection: and have passed a law which recognises taxation only for its legitimate object of supplying the actual wants of the government. They have also officially discarded and discountenanced the use of bank paper as a currency. These radical changes are now likely to be permanent; but the uncertainty in which they remained, up to the close of the session, served to keep the commercial world in suspense. Their passage, and the final settlement of the policy of the government, has imparted a feeling of relief to the mercantile mind; and, as it were, a decision to which it has long been a stranger. As far as the incidental protection afforded by the necessary revenue tax goes, the manufacturing interest appears to be fully satisfied. There have been attempts, however, by political partisans, to create a panic, but without effect. The new law, accompanied by the warehouse bill, and the independent treasury, are so palpably beneficial to the great interests of the whole country, that however much party rancour may stimulate expressions of disappointment from partisans, the industrious and intelligent of all parties look forward with confidence to a renewed season of prosperity. The laws which have been passed are but responses to the liberal measures of England, with whom our greatest trade is transacted. That country, in the thirty years that have elapsed since the war, has been in a state of transition from an almost strictly prohibitive to a free-trade policy; scarcely a year has elapsed without some important modification of her commercial policy. Taxes, and restrictions upon articles of import from the United States, have followed each other with rapidity in the last few years; and liberal opinions are still making progress, as far as the United States are concerned. The next great reform of the English laws will be the modification of the tobacco duties. Nearly all the tobacco consumed in Great Britain is imported from the United States. Neither her colonies, nor the mother islands, raise any of the article. There has, therefore, been no motive to impose a tax for any other purpose than revenue. The necessities of the government have, however, always been such as to require the greatest amount that they can raise; and often their ability has not been equal to their wants. Tobacco

Digitized by Google

is, of all articles, one that will bear a heavy tax, without materially injuring the trade, because it is not a necessary, and is a luxury, used in quantities so small, that how great soever may be the tax, it enters but slightly into the expense of the individual. The government was not slow to avail itself of the capacity of tobacco to yield a revenue. In 1821 the duty was 4*s*. sterling, or 96 cents per lb.; the first cost of which, in the United States, was about 4 cents. The duty was, therefore, near 24 hundred per cent. Such a premium on smuggling would not fail to excite the cupidity of the adventurer, and the duty was of necessity reduced to 3*s*. sterling, or 72 cents the lb.; at this rate it has continued ever since. The enormous charge has, of course, led to numberless frauds in the adulteration of the article as manufactured in England, as well as the introduction of it into the country. Parliamentary investigation has shown that the tobacco sold for use in England is adulterated 10 to 12 per cent., with sugar of milk, japonica, brown paper soaked in sarsaparilla, rhubarb-leaves, &c. The number of frauds detected in, and arrests for smuggling tobacco, are greater than in all other articles. Almost the whole expense of the English coast-guard, amounting to $2,500,000 per annum, is now incurred for the prevention of smuggling in tobacco. Notwithstanding this state of affairs in England, and the oppressive *regies* that exist on the continent, the tobacco trade of the United States has progressed as follows:

EXPORT OF TOBACCO FROM THE UNITED STATES, FROM 1821 TO 1845, INCLUSIVE.

| Years | Total value of tobacco exported. | Value of snuff manuf'd. | Hhds. | Value. | Value per hhd. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1821, | $5,798,045 | $149,083 | 66,858 | $5,648,962 | $84 49 |
| 1822, | 6,380,020 | 157,182 | 83,169 | 6,222,838 | 74 82 |
| 1823, | 6,437,627 | 154,955 | 99,609 | 6,282,272 | 63 46 |
| 1824, | 5,059,355 | 203,789 | 77,883 | 4,655,566 | 62 34 |
| 1825, | 6,287,976 | 172,353 | 75,984 | 6,115,623 | 80 48 |
| 1826, | 5,557,342 | 210,134 | 64,098 | 5,347,208 | 83 42 |
| 1827, | 6,816,147 | 239,024 | 100,025 | 6,577,123 | 65 75 |
| Average 7 years... | $6,084,073 | $183,788 | 81,003 | $5,864,227 | $73 53 |
| 1828, | 5.480,707 | $210,747 | 96,278 | $5,296,960 | $54 73 |
| 1829, | 5,185 370 | 202,306 | 77,131 | 4,982,974 | 64 60 |
| 1830, | 5,833,112 | 246,747 | 83,810 | 5,586,365 | 66 65 |
| 1831, | 5,184,863 | 292,475 | 86,718 | 4,892,388 | 56 40 |
| 1832, | 6,295,540 | 295,771 | 106,806 | 5,999,769 | 56 18 |
| 1833, | 6,043,941 | 288,973 | 83,153 | 5,755,968 | 69 29 |
| 1834, | 6,923,714 | 328,409 | 87,979 | 6,595,305 | 74 96 |
| Average 7 years... | $5,849,749 | $265,061 | 85,982 | $5,553,247 | $63 25 |
| 1835, | $8,608,188 | $357,611 | 94,353 | $8 250,577 | $87 01 |
| 1836, | 10,494,104 | 435,464 | 109,442 | 10,058,640 | 91 54 |
| 1837, | 6,223,483 | 427,836 | 100,232 | 5,795,647 | 57 82 |
| 1838, | 7,969,449 | 577,420 | 100,593 | 7,392,029 | 73 48 |
| 1839, | 10,449,155 | 616,212 | 78,995 | 9,832,943 | 124 47 |
| 1840, | 10,697,628 | 813,671 | 119,484 | 9,883,957 | 81 05 |
| 1841, | 13,450,580 | 873,877 | 147,828 | 12,576,703 | 85 09 |
| Average 7 years... | $9,698,941 | $586,019 | 107,275 | $9.112,928 | $85 92 |
| Total, 21 years, | $151,177,346 | $7,254,129 | 1,876,828 | $143,923,217 | $76 23 |
| 1842, | $10,066.245 | 525,490 | $158,710 | $9,540,755 | $60 11 |
| 1843, | 4,929,298 | 278,319 | 94,454 | 4,650,979 | 49 23 |
| 1844, | 8,933,855 | 536.600 | 163,042 | 8,397,255 | 51 50 |
| 1845, | 8,008,317 | 538,498 | 147,168 | 7,469,819 | 50 75 |

This period of 21 years is divided very nearly into the operation of three distinct tariffs. Those prior to 1828 were high. The onerous tariff of that year was modified by the compromise act of 1832. The first reductions under that tariff took place in 1834, and continued biennially, until they ceased in 1842, at the general level of 20 per cent.; at that time the tariff of August, 1841, took effect, followed by the high tariff of 1842. It is a remarkable circumstance, that although the years 1828 to 1834 evinced high prosperity and abundance of money, both in England and the United States, they were marked by a lower average price for tobacco than

Digitized by Google

either of the preceding periods of seven years, when the quantity produced was nearly the same; or that which followed, when the harvests of England failed, and revulsion overtook the commercial world. In the year 1839 the crop of tobacco failed, and the range of that year was very high; but omitting that year, the average was still higher than in the years of high United States duties. The average, for the seven years of the descending scale of the compromise tariff, was 60 per cent. higher than in the three years since the tariff of 1842 has been in action. Low duties on goods coming from abroad, in payment for American produce, uniformly were attended by high prices for that produce. The following table, showing the destination of United States' tobacco, will indicate the influence which the English market has upon the demand:

EXPORTS OF HHDS. OF LEAF TOBACCO FROM THE UNITED STATES.

| Years. | England. | France. | Hanse Towns. | Holland. | Italy. | Other places. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1836 | 36,822 | 7,853 | 22,246 | 19,148 | 618 | 22,755 | 109,442 |
| 1837 | 20,723 | 9,110 | 28,863 | 22,739 | 239 | 18,558 | 100,232 |
| 1838 | 24,312 | 15,511 | 25,571 | 17,558 | 1,452 | 19,189 | 100,593 |
| 1839 | 30,068 | 9,574 | 14,303 | 12,273 | 897 | 11,980 | 78,995 |
| 1840 | 26,255 | 15,640 | 25,649 | 29,534 | 2,631 | 19,775 | 119,484 |
| 1841 | 41,681 | 17,586 | 36,517 | 26,203 | 1,222 | 24,619 | 147,828 |
| 1842 | 36,086 | 15,938 | 42,614 | 36,079 | 1,841 | 26,152 | 158,710 |
| 1843 | 21,029 | 11,406 | 24,504 | 19,519 | 865 | 17,227 | 94,454 |
| 1844 | 38,584 | 21,748 | 40.602 | 28,814 | 1,459 | 31,835 | 163,042 |
| 1845 | 26,111 | 18,271 | 46,460 | 29,027 | 5,133 | 22,166 | 147,168 |

The great increase in the trade to the Hanse Towns has, of late years, been owing to the great extension of the interior trade of Germany, consequent upon the Zollverein. The destination of manufactured tobacco has been as follows:

EXPORTS OF MANUFACTURED TOBACCO FROM THE UNITED STATES.

| Years. | Hanse Towns. lbs. | Holland. lbs. | England & colonies. lbs. | Brit. Amer. colonies. lbs. | France. lbs. | Other places. lbs. | Total. lbs. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1833 | 136,846 | 169,682 | 710,660 | 1,259,856 | 628 | 1,512,758 | 3,790,310 |
| 1834 | 76,794 | 17,394 | 671,923 | 1,576,648 | 60,000 | 1,553,820 | 3,956,579 |
| 1835 | 238,795 | — | 755,853 | 1,342,924 | 21,654 | 1,458,628 | 3,817,854 |
| 1836 | 11,459 | — | 217,099 | 1,196,082 | 1,650 | 1,820,387 | 3,256,675 |
| 1837 | 77,818 | — | 828,525 | 1,262,340 | 18,571 | 1,428,337 | 3,615,591 |
| 1838 | 280,123 | 34,603 | 1,694,571 | 1,608,908 | 51,388 | 1,338,554 | 5,008,047 |
| 1839 | 276,801 | 136,973 | 1,454,996 | 1,266,716 | — | 545,352 | 4,214,943 |
| 1840 | 526,236 | 43,467 | 2,497,664 | 1,831,536 | 7,550 | 1,880,713 | 6,787,165 |
| 1841 | 257,124 | 31,364 | 2,825,737 | 1,769,935 | 59,982 | 2,559,602 | 7,503,644 |
| 1842 | 234,449 | 89,734 | 1,144,539 | 1,442,337 | 137,480 | 1,385,632 | 4,434,214 |
| 1843 | 48,248 | 55,714 | 990,083 | 1,047,718 | 107,832 | 1,154,657 | 3,404,252 |
| 1844 | 362,042 | 30,245 | 1,634,055 | 2,026,884 | 33,463 | 1,960,189 | 6,046,878 |
| 1845 | 143,064 | 40,349 | 1,741,699 | 1,857,872 | 55,992 | 1,475,997 | 5,312,971 |

The increase of the export, under the descending scale of the compromise, and the decline under the last high tariff, are again very marked. If, now, we compare the quantities of leaf exported from the United States in each year, with the quantities imported into England, from official reports, we shall observe a remarkable discrepancy between the exports from here and the receipts there:—

| | Export from United States. hhds. | lbs. | England. lbs. | Export. lbs. | Consumption. lbs. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1841 | 41,681 | 50,017,200 | 43,935,151 | 10,890,171 | 21,871,438 |
| 1842 | 36,086 | 43,303,200 | 39,526,968 | 9,130,210 | 22.013,146 |
| 1843 | 21,029 | 25,234,800 | 43,755,735 | 8,702,769 | 22,891.517 |
| 1844 | 38,584 | 46,300,800 | 33,813,614 | 7,840,377 | 24,535,116 |
| 1845 | 26,111 | 33,333,200 | 10,717,001 | 6,518,010 | 19,749,586 |
| | | 198,209,200 | 171,748,469 | 43,081,537 | 111,060,803 |

The hogshead is calculated at 1,200lbs., and it is observable, that the total imports into Great Britain are reported 27 million of pounds less than the export from the United States thither. A great deal of the tobacco which is entered in bond, is exported to the continent and returned in other packages, as herrings and other com-

Digitized by Google

modities. This is a regular trade, and the charge is 2*s.* per pound, by which 1*s.* is saved. In the above table, the fiscal year 1841, of the United States, commenced October, 1840; and that of Great Britain, Dec. 31, 1840. The United States' year, 1843, is for nine months only, and the year 1845 ends June 30. The English figures for 1845 are for nine months only, ending September 30. The number of months are, consequently, the same for both countries; the English returns closing three months later, when all the tobacco reported left the United States had arrived out. The result would indicate a smuggling of 17 per cent. The English trade is expressed in the following figures for the year 1841:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Import into | | |
| England..... lbs. | 41,845,991 | |
| Scotland..... | 2,089,155 | |
| Ireland..... | 5 | |
| | | 43,935,151 |
| Imported from | | |
| The United States..... | 42,132,969 | |
| All other countries.... | 1,802,182 | |
| | | 43,935,151 |
| Entered for consumption..... | | 21,871,438 |
| Export to | | |
| Germany..... | 684,103 | |
| Holland..... | 1,251,251 | |
| Belgium ..... | 882,416 | |
| Spain..... | 2,512,565 | |
| West Coast Africa.... | 978,430 | |
| All other ports..... | 4,581,415 | |
| Total..... | | 10,890,171 |

The facilities afforded to the trade of England by the warehouses enable her to carry on this large traffic in United States' tobacco, with the continent and elsewhere, which ought to be done by American vessels: our usury laws, and the absence of warehousing privileges, have hitherto driven the trade into English hands. The great evils and losses which attend the exorbitant English duties on the article, have been so perseveringly and ably laid before Parliament by Mr. Joseph Hume, and renewed at the present session, that there is now every chance of a great reduction in the duty—a result which cannot but enhance the English consumption to some extent; and by so doing improve the price of the whole production. We look upon this as an important element in the increase of American credits in England. The changes now in progress must add very largely to the annual amount due from England to the United States; and opportunely, reductions in the duties upon articles which constitute the means of England to discharge those debts, have been made. The extent to which the United States can supply England with food, is almost limitless; and, perhaps, no greater instance of partisan recklessness can be adduced, than the attempt made, in and out of Congress, to show that the United States cannot supply the wants of England. The receipts of articles of food, at the great outlets of western produce, this year, as compared with a previous one, to the 1st of August, are sufficient to show the limitless capacity of the western states. They are as follows:—

| | At tide-water on the Hudson, to Aug. 1. | | | At New-Orleans, to Aug. 1. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Flour. bbls. | Wheat. bush. | Corn. bush. | Flour. bbls. | Wheat. bush. | Corn. bush. |
| 1844 | 682,093 | 230,035 | 4,406 | 493,000 | 254,709 | 1,051,190 |
| 1845 | 688,561 | 149,990 | 9,390 | 504,268 | 184,398 | 1,154,622 |
| 1846 | 976,503 | 378,622 | 430,216 | 816,259 | 1,202,170 | 3,452,847 |

The flour and wheat, expressed in bushels of wheat, arrived at the two points, up to August, 1846, was 10,544,902 bushels, against 6,299,533 bushels in 1845, and 6,360,508 bushels in 1844. This is an increase over a very abundant year, when prices were low, at the rate of 8,000,000 bushels per annum of wheat, 3,500,000 bushels of corn, or a value of near $8,000,000. A continuance of the high prices that ruled last fall would have doubled the increase next year. The exports of farm produce, rice, cotton and tobacco, may reasonably be expected to double to England, in the aggregate value, in the next few years; and, as a necessary consequence, the returning proceeds must double. The immediate state of the market is one of inquietude, occasioned solely by the Mexican war; all the elements are in existence of unusual prosperity. The new tariff comes into operation 1st December, and up to that time importations will probably not be heavy until the low duties take effect. There may also be some disposition to re-ship such goods as are entitled to debenture, to bring them in under the low duties. The warehouse bill having gone into operation, holding out facilities for storing goods, and removing from importers the obligation to pay cash duties on arrival, causes large imports to go into warehouse; as, for instance, a cargo of sugar from Matanzas, of some 3,000 boxes, under the present law of 2½ cents per lb., would have to pay $37,000 duties. It goes into warehouse, and at 30 per cent. will probably pay but $13,000. The government will suffer loss by this operation, but it will swell the revenue of the new tariff. In the seven months which closed with July, the merchants of New-York

Digitized by Google

paid the government 11 million dollars duties. This was an immense demand upon commercial capital that will nearly cease under the new state of things. The demand for money from that source will, therefore, be much diminished, and the already accumulating saving in the great reservoirs of supply point to a greater degree of cheapness, more particularly that the rate is falling abroad, and the combined circumstances of increased exports, diminished importation, abundance of coin in England, and unusually low state of exchanges here for the season, indicate an import of specie from abroad. These circumstances may cause a greater deficit in revenues, prior to the new tariff, than has been anticipated. The quarterly revenues and expenditures of the federal government, for the last two years, have been as follows:—

REVENUES AND EXPENDITURES OF THE UNITED STATES.

| | Qr. ending Sept. 30. | Qr. ending Dec. 31. | Qr. ending March 31. | Qr. ending June 30. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **1845.** | | | | |
| *Revenue.* | | | | |
| Customs | 10,873,718 | 4,100,360 | 6,375,575 | 6,201,390 |
| Lands | 434,902 | 600,000 | 465,533 | 517,858 |
| Miscellaneous | 27,839 | 45,000 | 20,000 | 43,933 |
| Total | 11,336,559 | 4,745,360 | 6,881,108 | 6,762,182 |
| *Expenditure.* | | | | |
| Civil, &c. | 1,411,052 | 1,280,009 | 1,708,408 | 1,237,604 |
| Army | 3,277,996 | 1,806,829 | 2,647,368 | 1,801,009 |
| Navy | 1,906,206 | 1,668,899 | 1,578,631 | 1,073,902 |
| Debt | 638,589 | 901,858 | 6,191,797 | 860,550 |
| Total | 7,233,844 | 5,657,595 | 12,126,204 | 4,973,065 |
| **1846.** | | | | |
| *Revenue.* | | | | |
| Customs | 8,861,832 | 4,137,200 | 7,360,000 | 6,300,000 |
| Lands | 480,819 | 830,000 | 437,225 | 720,000 |
| Miscellaneous | 17,717 | 31,500 | 11,645 | 13,850 |
| Total | 9,360,469 | 4,998,700 | 7,808,870 | 7,033,850 |
| *Expenditure.* | | | | |
| Civil, &c. | 1,792,178 | 1,984,000 | 1,401,632 | 1,606,734 |
| Army | 4,211,931 | 1,654,394 | 1,955,787 | 5,757,314 |
| Navy | 2,331,359 | 1,541,051 | 1,056,745 | 1,520,593 |
| Debt | 121,054 | 524,365 | 69,733 | 496,097 |
| Total | 8,456,522 | 5,703,810 | 4,483,857 | 9,380,738 |

Up to the close of June, it appears the actual expenditure of the government had not been large on account of the war; having been less than $3,000,000 in excess of the same quarter of the previous year. During the month of July the expenditures were, it appears from the monthly tables of the Treasurer's reports, $2,200,000 in excess of the revenues. The money on hand in the deposite banks, August 1, were as follows:—

UNITED STATES DEPOSITE ACCOUNT.

| | Amount of deposites, | Outstanding drafts. | Subject to draft. | Transfers ordered From. | Transfers ordered To. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| February | $9,546,862 67 | $1,128,664 40 | $8,418,983 02 | $241,000 | $205,000 |
| March | 9,750,547 37 | 1,072,986 73 | 8,678,343 09 | 707,487 | 692,487 |
| April | 11,784,393 59 | 783,606 37 | 11,001,569 67 | 376,000 | 371,000 |
| May | 13,000,698 72 | 1,159,140 07 | 11,842,341 10 | 336,000 | 530,000 |
| June | 13,470,063 58 | 1,862,781 38 | 11,608,064 65 | 1,260,000 | 1,130,000 |
| July | 12,484,888 36 | 3,014,630 35 | 9,890,006 39 | 1,616,500 | 1,459,500 |
| August | 11,132,637 66 | 3,121,460 28 | 7,725,797 38 | 730,221 | 442,721 |

It appears, at the date of the last statement, that there was $1,179,879 on deposite with the Canal Bank, New-Orleans; and outstanding drafts drawn against for $1,267,182, being an overdraft of $87,302. There was, however, a sum of $312,500 ordered transferred from other quarters, to meet it. The treasury notes authorized, to the amount of $11,000,000, have not been issued, from which it appears that the

Digitized by Google

treasury had on hand, August 1st, $7,725,797 balance in bank, and $11,000,000 of notes, equal to $18,725,797, in excess of the ordinary revenues, to meet war expenditures, until Congress meets in December. The expenditures will probably take place, and the war be vigorously pushed, while attempts at negotiation for peace are being made. The message of the President, asking for authority to appropriate $2,000,000 to the facilitating of a peace, was well received by the whole country. The bill passed the House, and was defeated in the Senate by the Hon. John Davis, of Massachusetts, by the practice of one of those Parliamentary tricks which sometimes can frustrate the most important measures for the national welfare. The consequences may be only the continuance of the war some months longer, at a great damage to the national industry and welfare. The settlement of the Mexican question, on the basis of "equivalents," is probably the only means by which the affair can speedily be concluded. Mexico owes the United States $2,000,000 of adjusted claims, and probably $1,000,000 unadjusted. The expenses of this war, which she has thrust upon us, are at least $20,000,000, actual outlays, to say nothing of the damages which she should pay. If $2,000,000 in money are added, it will be equal to $25,000,000 paid and relinquished to Mexico, for which ample concessions of territory must be demanded. The line of the Rio Grande, to where it touches at 27° longitude—the parallel 30° N. longitude; thence following that line to the Gulf of California; thence down the middle of that gulf to the ocean, should at least be the southern boundary of the United States. This will give the United States the harbors, rivers, and outlets, in a manner similar to that by which England has the northern bays by the Oregon treaty.

The settlement of this question, in a manner to leave no room for future dispute, will remove the last obstacle to a long season of prosperity. The elements of trade and commerce have to adjust themselves to the operation of the warehouse and independent treasury bills; the action of which must retard, if not prevent the recurrence of revulsion through overwrought paper credits.

---

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England; with a Treatise on the Popular Progress in English History.* By John Foster. Harper & Brothers, N. York.

There is no task more agreeable to the lover of civil and religious liberty than to trace, with an able writer, the progress of the people through the gigantic obstacles of every age, towards a better understanding and nearer attainment of those inalienable rights which the God of Nations intended they should possess. But how greatly is that pleasure enhanced when the writer can soar above party and religious prejudices, and give us a minute and perfect mirror of the past.

The bane of English historical writing has ever been the general desire to subserve the purposes of the present, by the garbed statements of the bigot, the place-hunter, or the overweening aristocrat. Mr. Foster's work is unusually free from these defects; and although he seems rather inclined to attack that favorite dogma of Catholicity, *papa non potest errare*, yet, making every fair allowance, we should say that it is written in a lofty tone of impartiality. The first number of the series contains, besides a sketch of popular progress in England, the life of Sir John Elliot, one of the most celebrated statesmen and orators of the reigns of James I. and Charles I., and also the life of the great Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stafford. It will be remembered that Elliot was one of those undaunted patriots who then lifted their voices against the undue exercise of the kingly power; and that Wentworth was an aristocrat and courtier, whose occasional speeches in favor of the people must rather be attributed to his treatment by the former king, (for instance, his dismissal from the office of Keeper of the Archives,) than to any philanthropic sympathies. Both these great men are so identified with the events of their epoch, that their lives form a very appropriate introduction to those of the more violent revolutionary period, and of the bloody and tyrannical reign of the Protector.

Digitized by Google

*A Text-Book of Chemistry, for the use of Schools and Colleges.* By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of New-York, Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c. Harper & Brothers.

The art of Chemistry has, of late years, become so intimately blended with the daily pursuits of most mechanical business, that it is of a growing importance to all practical men, to be well acquainted with the theory. The art of calico-printing particularly illustrates the great advantages of an application of this art. The art of dying is probably as old or older, than the manufacture of tissues. It is, however, only of late years that many and various colors can be produced by the same materials, through improvements in art. It is true, to a certain extent, that many of the ordinary principles, causes and effects, of chemical combinations are, and have been, long known to practical men but little acquainted with the science of chemistry; and it is also true, that many theories of the same as applied to the arts by eminent philosophers, are known to practical men to be untrue. Theory is, however, daily assimilating itself to the practical application of known laws to useful results, and with the spread of the higher branches of the science among operatives, the greatest results may be looked for. The work of Dr. Draper is eminently calculated to forward this desirable result. It purports to contain an outline of the lecture delivered upon the subject at the university. It is intended as a manual, arranged in such division as practice has shown to be suitable for daily instruction, and embellished with numerous wood cuts.

---

*Expedition to Borneo, by H. M. S. Dido, for the Suppression of Piracy, with extracts from the Journal of James Brooke, Esq., of Sarawak, now Agent for the British Government in Borneo.* By Capt. the Hon. HENRY KEPPEL, R. N. Harper & Brothers.

Notwithstanding the great power of the English in the Indian and China seas, and the length of time they have had control in that region of the world, there appears to have been but little disposition, among either the government or the people, connected with it, to push discoveries or make explorations among the adjacent islands of the Malayan Archipelago. The settlement of New South Holland, resulted from the use of it as a penal colony; and its present importance has resulted from the multiplicity of the convict demands. An interest, it appears, has now been excited in the other islands through the extraordinary exertions and adventures of Mr. James Brooke. This gentleman commenced life, it appears, in the service of the East India Company, and served through the Burmese war, after which, on a visit to China, he imbibed the desire, which grew into a passion, to explore the hitherto comparatively unknown Indian Archipelago. To do this required extraordinary efforts. He returned to England, purchased the Royalist, belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron and Navy, picked a crew, and inoculated them with his views; he cruised for three years in the Mediterranean and elsewhere, until a perfect understanding of each other had sprung up. In 1838 he sailed on his own responsibilty for Borneo. The volume before us, comprising No. XVIII. of Harpers' New Miscellany, opens with, and is chiefly composed of the Journal of Mr. Brooke, embracing in a lively manner his numerous and thrilling adventures among that singular race, and the progress of events until he had consolidated and established a sort of sovereignty, and become the agent of the British Government. The agency of the Dido in the matter, was to aid in the suppression of the piracies in those seas, which are a great obstacle in the way of that development of the resources of the country, the extent of which Mr. Brooke describes in glowing terms. The work is of intense interest, and may be regarded as indicating a new feature in the extension of British power in India.

---

*French Domestic Cookery; combining Elegance with Economy.* Harper & Brothers, New-York.

This volume is translated from a French work entitled *La Cuisiniere de la Campagne et de la Ville.* If we consider for a moment the great difference existing in the cookery of all polite nations, we must feel assured that even in these there is much that is susceptible of improvement, and that all which tends to diffuse a knowledge of this art as practised in the civilized parts of the world, is of the utmost importance. It is only by examining the best recipes adopted in the culinary practice of every country that want of knowledge can be detected, and those ameliorations introduced which are most conducive to health, economy, and a refined epicurean taste. The heavy meals of animal food in which the Englishman almost invariably indulged, have of late years been very often superseded by the light, varied, and more wholesome *repas a la Francaise;* whilst the French on the other hand, owing to a greater intercourse between the two people, have overcome, in some degree at least, their characteristic indifference to roast beef, plum pudding, *et tout ce qu'il y a de solide.* But numerous instances might be adduced to show the advantages arising from the more general adoption of

Digitized by Google

the French *cuisine*. This nation has long regarded cookery as an art worthy of the exercise of "genius," and produced some great professors whose names will be mentioned with honor by the *bons vivants* of all ages. We are much pleased, therefore, to find in the work before us such a clear and comprehensive collection of their best and most national receipts; but besides, there is a full description, neatly illustrated by woodcuts, of their most curious and useful culinary utensils; with instructions for carving, and an interesting view of the German, Polish, Spanish, and Italian systems of cookery.

---

*The Redskins; or, Indian and Ingin: being the Conclusion of the Littlepage Manuscripts.* By J. Fennimore Cooper. Burgess & Stringer, New-York.

No class of writers occupy a more agreeable or desirable position in the ranks of literature than those successful novelists who have sought chiefly to illustrate the history, habits and traditions of their native land. They might well claim the brightest honors their country can bestow. But when they also succeed in making their best and happiest productions the vehicle of some great and hitherto unrecognised truth, or of the defence of some essential but obscured principles of justice, they are entitled to the measureless gratitude of mankind. Mr. Cooper has done much to raise and extend the social and literary reputation of the United States, both at home and abroad; he has presented to the world some of the most beautiful and graphic pictures of that eventful period in our history which will long serve "to point a moral or adorn a tale;" whilst his striking daguerreotypes of Indian life have awakened the deepest interest of foreigners, in all that relates to even the wildest and most sequestered parts of the country. Our majestic mountains, deep vallies, impenetrable forests, foaming rivers, and even our dreary prairies, are placed, by the gifted writer of romance, as in one panoramic view before their eyes; and they are lost in wonder at the magnificence and inconceivable extent of our territory. Such is the important service which Mr. Cooper has rendered us; and in noticing his more recent works, it would be strange, indeed, were we not to award him our tribute of respect and admiration. The volume of the Littlepage Manuscripts, now before us, is based upon those "anti-rent" troubles which, but a short time since, threw the country into a state of excitement. Although a "novel," in the general acceptation of the word, nearly all the incidents and colloquial matter spring from the difficulties between landlord and tenant; the hero, Frank, being one of the former "obnoxious" class of persons. The Indians are a friendly party, who by some ingenious means are introduced on his estate, and who act as a sort of protection to his family; the Ingins are the disaffected tenantry, who, with painted faces and calico dresses, not only assume the name but every peculiarity of the savages, except the courage that would enable them to put their designs into execution. The chief arguments of these anti-renters seem to resolve themselves into this simple proposition, that as they or their ancestors had obtained from their landlord leases in perpetuity at an almost nominal rent, and had occupied and cultivated these lands for a certain term of years, they themselves should become the absolute possessors of the soil, thereby abolishing the fee-simple, which they regarded as the residue of European feudality. Mr. Cooper has fully explained the fact, that these tenants, or rather their predecessors, had been amply rewarded (for after trouble) by large concessions of land from the landlord which had been held out as the inducements for its cultivation. The argument is so clearly in favor of adherence to existing engagements that we are somewhat surprised at the elaborate manner with which Mr. Cooper has sustained a point on which every sensible and intelligent man must concur. The book is, however, decidedly clever and amusing, contains many sprightly and laughter-moving conversations, and is interspersed with remarks which must tend greatly to enlighten those benighted men, whose motives of self-interest, or false views of liberty and patriotism, have blinded them to the fact, that in all ages and countries the relations of landlord and tenant must naturally exist. We trust that Mr. Cooper will take up, ere long, some important question upon which there is a still wider difference of opinion; for we feel assured that if he should then display but half the ability and soundness of reasoning that he has evinced in the discussion of this, he might render an infinitely greater service to the community.

---

*Temper and Temperament.* 1 vol. By Mrs. Ellis. Harper & Brothers, New York.

We are always highly gratified at receiving a copy of any work from the graceful and philanthropic pen of the gifted authoress of "the Women of England." In all ages a distinct understanding as to the chief duties of social life has contributed more or less to the well-being of society; but in the present stage of refinement, as these obligations have become more complex, and the subservience to conventionalism almost universal, they require the most conscientiously faithful and exquisitely delicate and skilful exposition. Those authors who would serve the world

Digitized by Google

by increasing human happiness, must look deeply into the heart of man; examine with jealous care the artificial influences by which he is surrounded, and well appreciate the lofty purposes of his creation. Such writers are alone capable of defining and illustrating the real duties and essential observances of modern and refined social life. They alone are worthy the glorious object of demonstrating to the world, that true happiness and distinction lie in the reconciliation of will and duty, and in the indulgence of those lofty and delicate traits of sentiment and character which should be regarded as the true tests of a more refined civilization. Mrs. Ellis has nobly enrolled and distinguished herself in this cause, and has produced several works which exercise a most salutary and agreable influence. The charming volume before us is another step in the useful course she has pursued. Both temper and temperament are so varied by worldly circumstances, considerations of health, education, and a thousand unknown causes, as to present a never-ending theme for speculation. The practical object of the above work is, however, to show the absolute necessity of making ourselves acquainted with every phase of the character of those with whom we come most in contact, or who exercise the greatest power over our destinies. The fair authoress gives a very interesting disquisition on temper and temperament, as relatively considered, and supplies two of the most touching stories or sketches we have read for some time. These are entitled the "Managing Wife," and "the Imprisoned Mind," and serve most aptly to illustrate her theory.

---

*Napoleon and his Marshals.* By J. T. Headley. Vol. 2d. New-York: Baker & Scribner. 1846.

We have canvassed at some length in previous numbers Mr. Headley's merits and defects as a writer; and the present volume confirms the opinions we then advanced. It would be difficult to find a subject better adapted to the author's powers. His forte is description—both scenic and adventurous—especially the latter. The idea was a happy one to group together the lives of the remarkable men who were so instrumental in carrying out the designs of Napoleon. It was a marked trait of the emperor—no small element of his success—that he was gifted with rare sagacity in the choice of his officers. Various in character as his marshals were, they were all endowed with brilliant qualities; and Mr. Headley has given us vivid daguerreotypes of their exploits, such as present their battles and Alpine marches with dramatic effect to the imagination. In many of the theories and speculations of Mr. Headley, we find it impossible to follow him. As a guide to reflection we hesitate often to commit ourselves to his suggestions; but as a painter and delineator of events and scenery we cannot but award him high praise.

---

*Coffee, Tea, and Chocolate; their influence upon the health, intellect, and the moral nature of man.*

This is the title of a small volume translated from the French of A. St. Arroman, and published by Towsend Ward, of Philadelphia. The writer quotes the opinions of several distinguished medical practitioners upon the subject. Many of their views are doubtless erroneous, and contrary to those entertained by the majority of experienced tea and coffee drinkers. But the opinion of Dr. Begin, with respect to the nature of tea, is so just and will be so generally recognised, that we cannot refrain from giving the substance of it. He says that it facilitates digestion, excites perspiration, and has been used for the cure of rheumatism and many diseases of the skin. Mr. Percival, another writer referred to, recommends it as calming nervous affections; whilst Monsieur Lemery awards it the still higher praise of augmenting the mental powers, giving activity and development to thought, and producing hilarity and contentment. Those, however, who are desirous of reading the ablest and most interesting dissertation we have yet seen on this delightful and salutary beverage, should read the pamphlet published some few months since by the Pekin Tea Company, New-York, wherein its various medicinal and moral properties are arrayed with a clearness and force which carry conviction with them.

---

*Memoirs and Essays on Arts, Literature, and Social Morals.* By Mrs. Jameson. New-York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846.

We are happy to see Mrs. Jameson's name on the title-page of a new volume. Her books are always suggestive, and possess that happy mixture of enthusiasm and discrimination which forms the most delightful *critices* on literature and art and life. Her Diary of an Ennuyée—hackneyed as is the scene of the book—abounds with freshness and originality. Her "Loves of the Poets" is a delightful compilation—the very romance of biography. "Characteristics of Women" is, however, the work upon which her fame rests. It contains more thought than any other work from a female pen of modern times. The intellect of Mrs. Jameson is decidedly masculine, but the spirit in which she writes is full of that delicate sympathy and chastened ardor so native to a woman's genius.

Digitized by Google

The work before us is worthy of her reputation. It contains a very artistic commentary on the career of Adelaide Kemble; a beautiful tribute to the memory of our own Allston; a noble essay on Woman's Mission, and several other characteristic papers. The publishers have issued the first number of Heath's Heroines of Shakespear—a series of exquisite heads, with the "Characteristics of Women," as the text;—an enterprise that cannot fail to succeed.

---

*Dolores.* A Novel. By HARRO HARRING. 1 volume, in 4 parts. Marrenner, Lockwood & Co., New-York.

The earlier scenes of this romance take place at *Buenos Ayres*, and the materials for the story are supplied chiefly by the sufferings, real or supposed, of the Unitarians, under the so called "tyrannous" *surveillance* of Rosas, the governor, "aided by the Jesuits," and from that spirit of reaction which followed his perhaps necessary severity, and, denouncing his power, called imperatively for the union of the South American provinces into the form of a republic. The heroine (Dolores) is a poetess and a patriot, whose impassioned verses are so distasteful to the government, and so well calculated to inflame the passions of the disaffected, that she is particularly careful to conceal her name. She writes some "Unitarian elegies," which attract the attention of the authorities, and excite their curiosity and desire of vengeance to such a pitch, that Signor Alphonso (her lover) is arrested on the mere suspicion of being acquainted with her name, and sentenced to a cruel death, for refusing to give her up to the dreadful punishments which await her. Some interesting scenes occur in the prison where he is confined, particularly that in which the beauteous heroine enters in disguise to take a last farewell of her lover. He had exacted, as the sole condition of allowing her to see him once more, a solemn promise that she would relinquish all idea of acknowledging herself to be the authoress. Her religious belief, indomitable patriotism, and elevation of mind, involve her in difficulties and adventures which, together with a free disquisition upon the political movements in South America some thirty years since, are the medium through which are conveyed the animus and aim of this work. We have mentioned the foregoing circumstances as they may be justly considered a fair indication of the contents of the volume.

---

*Sparks' American Biography.* Little & Brown, Boston.

We have received the 8th and 10th volumes of this extensive work, containing the Lives of Charles Lee, Joseph Reed and Nathaniel Greene, men who fought and toiled side by side with Washington, in the great cause of human freedom.

Generals Reed and Greene were alike characterised by their ardent patriotism and indomitable perseverance. They both rendered such valuable services to their country as justly to entitle them to its lasting gratitude, and upon that account, if no other, the minutest details of their lives will be read with interest; but the events of the period in which they were so actively engaged, are so striking, that the slightest incident which tends to throw light upon their character and motives, cannot be regarded as unimportant.

The life of Nathaniel Greene, written by his grandson, is prefaced with a complaint, which under the circumstances, we can easily excuse, that during the lapse of sixty years, the only tributes paid to the memory of the former by the general government, are one medal, two pieces of cannon, and the vote of a monument which has never been erected. We cannot reciprocate the author's opinion that republics are ungrateful.—Circumstances will occasionally arise to prevent even the most liberal governments from giving to *all* the honors which are due them, but such men as Greene, Read and Lee, will live in the hearts of a free people, and build there the *monumentum aere perennius*, which is the brightest hope of the patriotic and heroic defender of his country. These lives, though written by different authors, are all remarkable for a clear and earnest simplicity of style and minuteness of research, which serve greatly to enhance their value.

---

*Lord Brougham's "Lives of Men of Letters and Science, who flourished in the time of George III."* Second series. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

So much has been said and written with respect to Lord Brougham and his works, that it only remains for us to direct attention to his lives of Dr. Johnson, Adam Smith, Lavoisier, Gibbon, Sir Joseph Banks, and D'Alembert, contained in the volume now before us, to confirm the high opinion which all who have read his previous "Lives" must have formed *d'avance* of his treatment of these eminent subjects.

In his life of Dr. Johnson, we find little, if any matter of fact that is not already well known to the reading community; but his deductions are invaluable, and his terse, perspicuous, and pregnant style gives a novelty to incidents which had long ceased to interest us. These he has on various occasions very happily introduced to illustrate his views; and we conclude the reading of this biography with the impression that we have been gazing upon a minute and per-

Digitized by Google

fect daguerreotype of the man; that we have traced the cause of every peculiarity of his mind, manner, and conduct, and that we have arrived at the most correct possible opinion of his merits and defects as an author.

Indeed, Lord Brougham's literary criticisms are generally, as in this instance, so just, and his conclusions so well sustained by striking comparison and learned research, as to form, perhaps, the most brilliant and fascinating portion of his works. The life of Adam Smith is prefaced by a very able sketch of the rise and progress of ethical science; and the biographer having noticed some of the earlier works of that author, gives an excellent analytical view of the "Wealth of Nations," with a review and appendix, which cannot fail to engage earnest and general attention, as political economy has become a subject of study even amongst the great mass of the people. The other biographies lack none of the ability, interest, or accuracy of those we have just mentioned.

---

*Zenobia; or the Fall of Palmyra.* By WILLIAM WARE. 2 vols. New-York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1846.

The merits of this beautiful romance have long been acknowledged, both at home and abroad. It may now be regarded as a standard contribution to classic fiction. The subject is one of the richest and most affecting in history, and it has been treated with singular taste and judgment. The present edition constitutes the eleventh and twelfth numbers of Francis & Co.'s Library of Choice Prose and Poetry, and will make a most appropriate and acceptable addition to that popular series.

*The Statesman's Manual.* Edw'd Walker, New-York.

The 2d volume of this valuable compilation has been issued by the enterprising publisher. This volume brings down the messages of the presidents of the United States to the Mexican war message of May 6, 1846, being a complete collection of all the public addresses of all the chief magistrates of the United States from 1789 to 1846. There is appended to this volume a mass of historical, chronological and statistical matter relating to the offices of the Union, from the earliest times, together with an analytical index to the whole work, which much enhances its value.—Almost every public event can be referred to in a prompt and authentic manner.—There is also a synopsis of the constitutions of the several states, including those lately adopted by the people. The work is certainly one of great merit, and of a usefulness so general as to make it indispensable, not only to every library, but to every citizen of the Union.

---

*A Year with the Franklins; or, To Suffer and be Strong.* By E. JANE CATE. Harper & Brothers, New-York.

This small volume presents a light, pleasant sketch of one or two of the more agreeable and interesting phases of domestic life. It possesses little attraction in the way of plot or story, but is full of sprightly conversations, which will be read with pleasure by amiable young ladies and gentlemen who are desirous of being amused. To the former we would recommend it more particularly.

Digitized by Google

THE

# UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

# DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

Vol. XIX. OCTOBER, 1846. No. C.

## SLAVES AND SLAVERY.*

When we reflect upon the rapid progress of our glorious Union; the unrivalled increase of an intelligent and orderly population, among whom the aggregate wealth of the whole country is more equally distributed than in any other nation of the earth; and where the constant vigilance of multifarious interests, quickened by the superior intelligence of the masses, forms a safeguard against the permanent preponderance of any one class, to the injury and oppression of the rest; we become convinced, that upon this continent, under our institutions, the greatest sum of happiness is to be reached by the human family. The perfect equality which exists among the white race, and the conviction which rests upon every individual mind, that all which this world offers of wealth, honor and happiness, are within the reach of his own exertions, and are their reward, keeps active at the bottom of society that ever living principle of progression, which is constantly bringing to its surface the most active spirits of the community. By this means, that distinctive "lower class," which exists in all the countries of Europe, is continually broken up, and progresses equally with the whole nation. The mechanical and rural classes of Europe, which have been such for centuries—which have stood still in this era of steam, and present, in their customs, habits, and intelligence, scarcely any change from the rude ages, have no parallel in the United States. Those who immigrate from Europe, with the costumes, customs and characters of their ancestors, for centuries back, are soon lost in the advancing throng, and, if not themselves, their immediate progeny become as active, enterprising and intelligent, as the descendant of the first pilgrim. The red race, which once overran the soil, incapable of advancing with the civilization of the whites, refuses to amalgamate, and is driven back into the wilderness, as nation after nation becomes extinct. We find, nevertheless, in our midst, a race which does not advance; which, preserving its distinctive features, remains at the bottom of American society, increasing rapidly in numbers, without advancing in their intellectual or physical condition. They have increased during the present century 180 per cent. in the whole Union, and in the southern States, in a ratio greater than that of the whites, through the operation of natural laws, entirely unaided by any accession of numbers from without, but rather checked, by constant

* 1st. Message of the President, transmitting to Congress Despatches from the American Minister at the Court of Brazil. 2d. Report of the Secretary of State, with Correspondence of S. W. Slacum, late United States Consul at Rio Janeiro. 3d. Parliamentary Debate on Sugar Duties.

Digitized by Google

emigration. This class constitutes 16 per cent. of the aggregate population of the Union, and although less oppressed than classes occupying similar positions in Europe and in British India, are still for the most part in a state of predial slavery, a drawback upon the onward progress of the country, and a fearful blot upon the face of its society. It is an awful thing to reflect, that these beings were transported from their native Africa, to continue to blast, by their presence, the prosperity of that superior race of men, to whom from the remotest ages they have ever been hewers of wood and drawers of water, to form, in this advancing age, amidst the most thriving community, a vast body of people incapable of the improvement which pervades all around them. The first settlement of the Americas, seems to have been conducted on the principle of extracting from the soil its resources, through the aid of slave labor; that is, to require from the laborer the whole product of his toil, after the expenses of his maintenance had been deducted; or to enforce in the new countries the same conditions of serf labor that always existed, and in some cases still exists, in the countries of Europe and Asia.

The condition of slavery has existed from the remotest ages, and assumed different shapes under different circumstances, in all countries. In all of them, however, the object appears to have been the same, viz. the procurement by the superior class, of the products of the soil, or the natural wealth of the country, through the compulsory labor of another class, inferior either in power or intellect: a deficiency of the latter has frequently resulted from a long continued want of the former.

This description of slavery still exists wherever European governments have control; but in the most marked degree in Russia, Poland, Egypt, and British India, under the British government. The slavery in the latter is, perhaps, the worst on the face of the globe, if estimated by the ceaseless amount of human suffering that it occasions; and its consequences, the periodical famines which sweep millions to destruction. This slavery consists in the ownership of the land by the government, and the forcing of the occupant to yield up all its produce, except so much as is absolutely necessary to sustain life. The population of Russia is sixty millions of souls. Of these, 21 millions are the predial slaves belonging to the crown, and 23 millions are the absolute slaves of the nobles. The person and property of the slave are at the absolute and uncontrolled disposal of the master. Some of the nobles own more than 100,000 slaves each, and for these they pay a tax to the government of four rubles, or $2 50 each. The noble generally, as the easiest mode of profiting by the services of his slave, imposes an obrock or capitition tax upon him, of an average of 40 rubles or $25 each male living in the country. Those to whom he grants licenses to live in towns, or who have professions, pay as high as 1000 rubles or $625 to the owner, who may inflict corporal punishment at pleasure, but is himself punishable if a slave dies within 24 hours from the severity of the chastisement. Formerly an estate was valued according to the number of slaves upon it. Owing to the increase of the numbers of the latter, however, they have become less profitable, from inability to pay the tax. The greatest misery results from this state of things, and all kinds of punishments are resorted to, to force from the slave the necessary sum. The servility of the serf is as great as his sufferings, and, in addressing a person of consequence, he prostrates himself upon the ground, kissing the fringe of his garment. This is the existing state of slavery, and it is daily becoming worse, through the want of employment for the growing numbers of the slaves, and the continual subdivisions of the estates. In the Baltic provinces of Russia, and in Poland, the manner of employing the slave varies. In Poland, down to 1768, the mass of the people were the absolute slaves of the nobles, and a lord was subject only to a small fine for killing one. By the constitution of 1791, the servitude of the slaves was somewhat modified. At present, when a peasant marries, his lord finds him a cottage and farm stock, and for which, he must render service. He is not permitted to move from one section to another, or to leave the lands of his lord, until he has first discharged his debts to him, to do which, would require him to be in a state of prosperity that few ever real-

Digitized by Google

ke. In Egypt, under the celebrated Mehemet Ali, a much more systematic state of slavery exists. That vigorous chief has constituted himself the sole land-owner, manufacturer, and trader in his domains. The population is about 2,500,000, of whom 1,750,000 are fellahs, and are the personal property of the pacha, who enforces his right to the labor of every man, on his own terms. He owns all the mills and manufactories, and more than half of all the cattle, and other stock in the country. He has the land distributed every year, among the population, and specifies to every man the employment in which he is to engage for the year. The head cultivator of every district makes a division of the lands to be cultivated, and directs the kind of culture which each portion is to undergo: so much to support the cultivator, so much in cotton, rice, and indigo, and so much in wheat, &c. The first portion is given to the cultivator; of the wheat and grain, the pacha takes two thirds, and of the cotton, rice, indigo, sugar, &c., the whole goes to the government. The fellah is also required to buy every thing he wears of the government, at its own terms; that is, there is no edict to prevent him buying elsewhere, but there are "protective laws" to prevent there being any other manufactures to sell. The village tax-gatherer opens an account with each fellah, credits him with the produce he deposits, and charges him with the taxes levied, and articles furnished by the government. The accounts are balanced every four years. If the fellah is in debt, judgment issues against him. If there is an amount due to him, it is carried to the credit of some delinquent fellah: the result being, of course, that all goes to the government, which punishes those who, through misfortune, cannot deposit enough to meet its demands. It would be supposed, that such a system was as near the extreme of oppression as could well be: but it is only a *modified* form of the rule of England in India. M'Culloch states as follows:

"The assessment of the land revenue in Madras is, in every respect, quite as objectionable as the assessment established by Mehemet Ali in Egypt; and it would seem, indeed, that the pacha had had the land revenue code of the Madras Presidency before him when he framed his code. If there be any substantial difference between the two, that of the pacha, arbitrary and oppressive though it be, is entitled to *the preference*."

This honest admission certainly does not flatter the mildness of the English rule in India; and when we examine into its details, we find a system of oppressive slavery endured by the people of India, more intense than any ever inflicted upon a people in any other country. The plan is nearly the same as that which existed in India long previous to English domination. For a long period of time, an idea of the great wealth of the East was firmly implanted in the public mind. The country of India is indeed naturally fertile, and yields abundantly to the labor of man; but like all other countries, its real wealth is dependant only on that labor. When, however, the English agents first extended their control in Hindoostan, the most extravagant notions were entertained of the future advantage to be obtained from the trade. These high colored anticipations have, however, been utterly disappointed. The only wealth realized in that country, has been wrung by the most merciless extortion from the population. The monopoly of the China trade was alledged by the East India Company to be necessary, to enable them to maintain the Indian government. Under the Mogul Emperors, the system was, for the government to take half the gross produce of the soil. The officer appointed to collect these taxes, was called Zermindar, and his office was hereditary. They took half the produce from the Ryot or cultivator, and reserving one tenth for themselves, paid over the balance to the government. This ruinous taxation, while it impoverished the people, served to feed that profuse expenditure of the officers of government, which engendered the idea of the vast wealth of the country. When the English succeeded to power, and held a Mogul Emperor in prison, they found their dreams of wealth were to be realized only by a more vigorous execution of the old systems of oppression; and the faithfulness with which they enforced this power, has furnished the annals of

Digitized by Google

English rule in India with the horrors perpetrated by a Clive, a Hannay, and a Hastings, to say nothing of Arthur Wellesley. When, however, Lord Cornwallis succeeded to the government in 1793, he assumed that the Zermindar, who really was but the hereditary taxgatherer, was in fact the owner of the soil, with the view to create a class of large landed proprietors in the interests of the government. By this assumption, he reduced the ryots from the condition of proprietors to that of tenants at will. The condition on which the Zermindars were installed proprietors, was the payment of a fixed rent to the government, equal to the average of what they had paid for the five years previous to 1793; and this annual charge was made perpetual. This was considered a great boon to the people, inasmuch as that it fixed the amount the Zermindar was to pay, and it was assumed that therefore it fixed the amount that the Zermindar exacts from the ryot, which is very far from being the case. The tax demanded of the Zermindar was equal to 50 per cent. of the average product of the five previous years. It follows, if the ryot experiences a harvest worse than that average, he is irretrievably ruined. The government allows the ryot to occupy land, always less than 24 acres, but he finds his own seed and implements; and whatever the result of his labor may be, he must yield up a quantity equal to half of the average crops previous to 1793. The result is, the extremest misery and poverty; and in years of bad harvests, the most awful famines sweep myriads to the grave. This system appertains to the Bengal Presidency; that which obtains in the other provinces, is much more oppressive. It proceeds on the ground, that the government is the sole proprietor of the soil, and the ryot must pay the tax direct to the government officer appointed to collect rents. This person has power to impose fines and *flog the delinquents.* The tax varies according to the soil, from 12cts. to $18 per acre; the cultivator being liable to be turned out at will. And when, owing to bad crops, or other calamity, the poor wretch cannot pay his tax, he is hunted up and flogged, while the village he belongs to is charged with, and must pay his deficit. The land of the peasant is assigned him by lot, to hold during the will of the government; and under the penalty of yielding as much as that government requires, and of being responsible for the delinquency of others. The vast fortunes made in India, and spent in England, are acquired in the exercise of these extortions. 150,000,000 souls are laboring under the lash, with famine staring them in the face, to enrich the harpies sent thither from England by its government, "to make fortunes." This horrible slavery *en masse* is distinct from the personal slavery. This has but recently been fully exposed, in a series of letters published in London, from Mr. Adam. This slavery arises from many sources, viz., conquered races, sale of children by parents to escape famine; kidnapping children for the same purpose, importation of slaves from Africa, sale of freemen by themselves, to discharge debts, &c. From all these sources, there are 800,000 slaves, described by Mr. Adam as follows:

"The creatures in human form who constitute the agrestic slave population of that province (Malabar) are distinguishable from the rest of the human race by their degraded, diminutive, squalid appearance, their dropsical pot-bellies, contrasting horribly with their skeleton arms and legs, half-starved, hardly clothed, and in a condition scarcely superior to the cattle they follow at the plough. Domestic slavery is generally of a milder character than the former, though scarcely so for female slaves, from among whom are taken the concubines of the Mussulmans and Hindoos; they are consequently subject to much degradation and suffering, treated with caprice, and frequently punished with much cruelty."

These as well as the ryots are British subjects, subject to no laws except such as are approved of in London.

In thus recurring to those systems of slavery which exist on the largest scale under the leading powers of the earth, instances are adduced of the abject slavery in which occupiers of the soil are plunged when unable to resist the exactions of arbitrary rulers. Under the British Government in India, and in Russia, Poland, and Egypt, there are some 210,000,000 of absolute slaves, who have no right of property beyond a bare sustenance, and that

Digitized by Google

only when the means of sustaining life constitute a surplus beyond the demands of rapacious owners and rulers. In the United States, the slavery which exists is not that of conquered owners of the soil, ground under the exactions of invading rulers, but of the descendants of imported laborers, enjoying the same personal liberties as the free laborers in the British Islands, and always receiving the full measure of their wants in respect to food and raiment; not as the scanty surplus remaining, after yielding up the products of their toil to taskmasters, but as the object first to be cared for, and until they are satisfied, there remains no surplus for the profit of the master.

When the Americas were discovered, a great and fertile country, rich in natural wealth, lay before the new comers; but there existed no laboring people from whom to require an exorbitant proportion of the products of the soil. To supply this deficit, they resorted to the expedient of bringing thither the people who were to labor. The necessity of this mode of procuring laborers, led to a different form of slavery from that in other countries. Instead of, as in India, forcibly taking possession of lands, and compelling the occupants to yield up the produce, through the more vigorous execution of ancient and barbarous laws, the invader necessarily became the absolute master of the laborer he brought with him to subdue the new soil. The American possessions of Great Britain could not be made available, without a supply of laborers subservient to the interests of the colonists; and as early as the reign of Elizabeth, Sir John Hawkins commenced the business of transporting negroes from Africa, for sale to the West Indian proprietors as slaves.

The country whence the blacks are abstracted, embraces the vast region from 10° north latitude, to 20° south latitude, across the continent of Africa. This tract has been estimated to contain a population of from 60,000,000 to 80,000,000 of negroes, divided into numerous classes or tribes. Many of them that have been associated with Arabs or Europeans, are advanced in the useful arts, as the cultivation of grain and fruits, and taming domestic animals, with the exception of the elephant, to appropriate whose service to domestic use, requires a degree of ingenuity above the African, although common to most Asiatic nations. The labors are all performed by the females; industry among males being entirely unknown. Not one of these black nations ever possessed any literature, or even an alphabet, however rude; and the spoken languages are miserably poor. This is, and probably always will be, the case in Africa, notwithstanding that Egypt, at a very remote period, was the seat of science and art; and all the people of the Mediterranean, having intercourse with them, profited by the association, to raise themselves to the highest state of refinement. The nations of Africa, having equal intercourse during 3000 to 4000 years, failed, without a solitary exception, to raise themselves above the most brutal barbarism. Africa has failed to produce a single man, to which, as in all other countries, the people can point as a hero. Their religion is of a most ferocious and barbarous character. Idolatry in its most disgusting and degrading forms, is universal; some worship their shadows, with a lizard for the principal divinity, others hyenas, alligators, &c., before whom are immolated and devoured human victims. Cannibalism, which formerly existed to a most frightful extent, was checked by the cupidity of the captors, when advantageous markets were offered in America and the West Indies for the victims. It is still practised as far as respects the blood and heart of an enemy; and the teeth and small bones of a vanquished foe are among the most esteemed personal ornaments. From this mass of beings emanate the material of the modern slave trade; and the fact is self-evident, that their condition cannot but be improved by the change, quite as much so, as the people among whom they are introduced are degraded and injured by their presence. The internal wars of the African tribes are ceaseless, and conducted, for the most part, in a ferocious and cowardly manner; the object being to capture, formerly to devour, and latterly to sell into slavery. A village is usually surrounded in the dead of night and set on fire, and when the roused inmates seek to escape, they are overpowered and taken; or if they escape to the caverns of the mountains, they are smoked out when discovered, or the

Digitized by Google

wells are watched, and when driven down by thirst, they are taken. Then comes the selection. The hale and healthy of either sex, with children about six or seven years of age, are put aside by the merchant to go with the caravan to the coast; the aged and infirm, the infant at the mother's breast, the child under six or seven years of age,—to send them to the coast would be impossible; and if it were possible it would be without profit; to maintain them would be costly; to leave them to perish would be too cruel, even for the slave-hunter; they are despatched.—The caravan then sets out—men, women and children, half-naked, barefooted and weak, are driven on by the lash and the goad—the strong restrained from flight by yokes and chains;—they are marched 100 miles across the burning sands of the plain, and over the stony passes of the mountains. With disease of body, some drop down dead on the way; others, unable to keep up with the rest, are left behind to perish by a lingering death of hunger or thirst, or to become a prey to the wild beasts of the desert; and others are knocked on the head and put out of their misery. Multitudes perish in this way; and travellers who have visited the interior tell us that they can trace the march of a slave-caravan through the pathless wilderness, and that at the wells and watering-places thousands of human skeletons are bleaching and mouldering in the dust. On the way, the blacks are loaded with wax, ivory, &c.. which they carry on their heads.

In this way they reach the coast, where the slave trade, as known to Europeans, commences.

The stimulant to this operation was first, cannibalism; but when it was discovered that European nations would give desirable articles for the blacks, they were eagerly exchanged. Those articles were for the most part British goods, and all nations eagerly engaged in the traffic. French, Dutch, Danish, Spanish, Portuguese, and British, all competed for the trade, which was, up to the separation of the North American Colonies from Britain, not only lawful, but considered praiseworthy.

The settlers in the Southern States were naturally tempted by the example of the West Indian planters, to make use of these imported blacks in the service of field labor. In the Northern Colonies, where the soil was less fruitful, the profit attending the employment of this description of laborers was less; and objections to its continuance were earlier made. But even in the Southern States, the importation of slaves was early resisted by the Colonies. The imperial government, however, pertinaciously refused the royal assent to colonial bills for prohibiting the trade. These attempts to force the slave trade upon the colonies, were among the leading causes of dissatisfaction even among the Southern Colonies. The celebrated Edmund Burke, in his great speech on conciliation with America, states "her refusal to deal any more in the inhuman traffic of the negro slaves, as one of the causes of her quarrel with Great Britain." The first assembly of the State of Virginia, after its emancipation from the crown, prohibited the traffic; and in the first clause of the independent constitution of that state, "the inhuman use of the royal negative in this matter," is enumerated among the reasons for separation from the mother country. It has been demonstrated that slavery would very early have been abolished in the Colonies, but for its enforcement upon them by the mother country. Almost the first step of the American Congress, after the declaration of Independence, in 1776, was to pass a resolution against the purchase of African slaves. The powers of that body were not then equal to prohibiting the import of slaves, but most of the states framed laws laying the severest penalties on the importation of slaves, and on the foreign slave trade, that is, on the transportation of blacks from Africa to the West India Islands. At the formation of the federal constitution, the abolition of the African slave trade was made a part of the federal compact, or fundamental law of the Union. It was immediately prohibited, as also the importation of blacks into the Union, after Jan. 1808. From that moment down to the present, the African slave trade, as regards the United States, has ceased to exist. No blacks have been entered into the United States from foreign ports, and slavery in the United States exists in a modified and continually ameliorating form, like that in Russia, British India, and Poland; viz. as the original condition of a class of inhabitants brought to that condition

Digitized by Google

by the horrible oppression of their former rulers, who in this case were the British Parliament. The government and people of the United States have continually applied themselves to the best mode of treating a great political evil, growing out of the barbarities of the British Parliament; and to escape the increase of which, was one great reason of our successful resistance to the imperial government. The denunciations of William Penn, Anthony Beneset, and a host of American philanthropists, against the inhuman traffic, first met with response from the public mind in America; and from their writings, and from the debates on the subject, in the formation of the American constitution in 1787, the Clarksons and Wilberforces of England became instructed in the horrors perpetrated, not only with the sanction, but at the behests of the English government. Those persons succeeded finally in aiding the abolition of the trade by England in 1807; an event actually brought about by the colonial rivalry between France and England. The circumstances of that rivalry were explained by the answer of M. de. Champagny, the French Minister, in 1806, to Lord Lauderdale, on application of the latter for a joint abolition of the trade.

"That England," said he, "with colonies well stocked with negroes, and affording a larger produce, might abolish the trade without inconvenience; but that France, with colonies ill stocked, and deficient in produce, could not abolish it without conceding to England the greatest advantage, and sustaining a proportionate loss." At that time the proportion of negroes to whites, in the British colonies, was as 20 to 1; and in all other colonies, there were not more negroes than whites. Nevertheless, down to the peace of 1814, England, with her colossal navy, exercising the belligerent right of search, absolutely controlled the seas, and had it fully in her power to crush the trade to all other nations; the laws of the United States having effectually interdicted it to American citizens. The reports of the African Institution of London, show, however, conclusively, that the trade continued to be carried on, with constantly augmenting horrors, not only under English allied flags, but in British vessels, fitted out in London and Liverpool, for account of British slave traders. No sooner, however, did the peace of 1814 take place, than the Duke of Wellington broached the subject of continuing to England the right of search in time of peace, as the only means of suppressing the slave trade. That proposition was made at a time when, under the search exercised by England, African slave trade had attained a magnitude and a degree of atrocity never before equalled in the hands of British subjects. From that time, the claim on the part of England to the right of search, as the only means of subverting the slave trade, has been pertinaciously adhered to; and that after 30 years' experience has shown the utter inutility of the mode adopted by England to suppress the traffic. The United States Congress, under the new Constitution, immediately passed a law under date of March, 1794, forbidding the foreign slave trade under severe penalties. This was followed by a more stringent law, to the same effect, under date of May 10, 1800; and in April 1809, another law was framed, prohibiting the importation of any black, or other person of color, not being a native, a citizen, or seaman, natives of countries beyond the Cape of Good Hope; and the penalty of forfeiture of ship and cargo was inflicted, for the attempts to land such negro in the port of any state, which by law had prohibited it. The next law was March, 1807, which absolutely prohibited, after 1807, the importation of any negro, mulatto, or person of color, as a slave, *or to be held to service or labor;* and a penalty of $20,000 for each offence, on every person engaged, or aiding, or abetting therein, together with imprisonment of not more than 10, nor less than five years, with forfeiture of ship and cargo. The purchaser of any such slave to pay a fine of $800. In April, 1818, still further penalties were inflicted upon those engaged in the traffic; and finally by the act of May, 1820, it was declared piracy for any American citizen to be in any way engaged in the slave trade, as follows:

If any citizen of the United States shall

"Seize any negro or mulatto, not held to service or labor by the laws of either

Digitized by Google

of the states or territories of the United States, *with intent* to make such negro or mulatto a slave, or shall decoy, or forcibly bring or carry, or shall receive, such negro or mulatto on board any such ship or vessel, with intent as aforesaid, such citizen or citizens shall be adjudged a pirate; and on conviction thereof before the Circuit Court of the United States for the district wherein he may be brought or found, shall suffer death."

The same penalty is applied to any citizen of the United States serving in a foreign vessel engaged in the slave trade, for account wholly or in part of citizens of the United States. These laws have been effectual in preventing the introduction of blacks into the United States, on *any pretence*. As the states had been the first to suppress the direct slave trade, so were they the first to declare all enslavement of Africans, piracy. They did not, however, make the seizure of slaves bound to rival countries the pretext for sending those captured blacks to work on their own plantations as "apprentices." They, in truth, wished the blacks to remain in their native Africa. Accordingly, no sooner was the law of 1818 passed, than appropriations were made to locate agents on the coast of Africa for the reception of the captured blacks; and recently, in the case of the blacks of the Armistead, who revolted and ran away from their Spanish owners, the United States had them sent back to Africa.

This conduct contrasts strongly with that of the English government, which has in fact continued the slave trade down to the present moment, while it has filled the world with its outcries against the United States for not submitting to the right of search.

The Spanish and Portuguese, and the Brazils, have made treaties with England from time to time, to abolish the slave trade, and England has assumed the police of the seas to suppress the traffic. Nevertheless, the Brazils and the Spanish colonies have been continued to be supplied with slaves, as have the English colonies, with those which the English cruizers by capture prevented from reaching Cuba or Rio Janeiro. On the coast of Africa the trade has continued to increase, for obvious reasons, viz. the long use of English goods, rum and fire arms, by the Africans, has enhanced the demand for those articles, and the only material for supplying the demand is negroes, because the Africans raise nothing to exchange. The numbers of blacks sent to the coast are thus continually augmenting. The effect of the English interference has only been to enhance the sufferings of the slaves, from the means taken to avoid detection by the traders.

Money is not known on the coast of Africa, and the blacks are paid for with English cottons, hardware, powder, &c. manufactured in Manchester and known as "coast goods." A vessel from Liverpool arrives with such wares, and an agent makes a bargain for a certain number of blacks to arrive. The caravan makes its appearance from the interior, and the agent inspects the negroes, and chooses those whose health and strength induce him to believe they will outlive the passage, and become profitable to the merchant. Those whose weakly or sickly appearance induce him to believe they will not outlive the voyage, he rejects altogether; and these last are either put out of the way, or are left to perish on the coast by famine and distress. It has been calculated, that whatever may be the number of negroes embarked on the coast, an equal number perish previously at the seizure, on the march, or in the detention. They are now to be embarked, and in this the skill, promptness and good fortune of the dealers are necessary to success.

The manner of fitting out vessels for the coast is very complicated. United States vessels of from 150 to 200 tons, from superiority of their build, are selected and chartered at so much per month, to take passengers to, say Cabinda. On the coast a person appears, and offers a sum of money for the vessel, which is accepted. Casks of water, which have been concealed in the sand, are immediately put on board, and covered with mats. The paint and name of the vessel is changed; the passengers that came in her take command as officers and crew; from 500 to 700 blacks are put on board and stowed on the casks; the vessel gets under sail and makes the best of her way to the coast of Brazil, where, if she arrives, her freight is landed. This is the dangerous part of the transaction, and from

Digitized by Google

the time of embarkation to the arrival at Brazil the blacks undergo the greatest sufferings.

In the first place, whatever may be the size of the ship, the slave trader always takes on board one-fourth or one-third more negroes than the vessel is capable of holding. That is done, and always has been done, on true arithmetical calculations; it is done on the same calculations as those on which a person sending a pipe of Madeira to the East Indies and back, ships with it a quarter cask to make up the deficiency produced by leakage and evaporation. So with the slave trader; among those whom he selects there will be many whose constitutions show signs of disorders, which may break out and prove fatal during the voyage. Many sink under the inevitable illness produced by the change of climate, the change from exercise to confinement, or by the difference of temperature and other inconveniences which cannot be guarded against. He therefore takes supernumeraries to fill up the vacancies that occur by deaths on the passage.

If this cargo arrives at Rio, the profit on the whole transaction is immense. On the coast of Africa negroes are paid for in coarse cottons, at the rate of $18 for men and $12 for boys. The cost of 500, at an average of $15, is $7,500, and selling at $200 each in Brazil, amounts to $100,000.

When once in Brazil, they are turned on to sugar and coffee plantations, and treated as the interests of the owners, who pay so high for them, dictate. When they *leave* the coast, however, they have to run the gauntlet of the cruisers of all nations, particularly the English, whose officers have their wits sharpened by the prize-money they obtain, *per capita*, of the captured slaves. These poor wretches on board the English men of war suffer horrors quite as great as those they endured on board the slavers. The Rev. P. S. Hill, chaplain of H. M. ship Cleopatra, has published an account of 400 taken by that vessel in 1843. She was fifty days getting to the Cape with the victims, and during that time 177 of them died from the treatment they received from their liberators, who enslaved them finally as laborers in the English colonies at the Cape. Until very recently, the rule was to carry the liberated slaves to the British colonies, and sell them into slavery for a term of years, to pay the expenses of their liberation. By this operation a double purpose was served. The English officers got their reward, and the English plantations a fresh supply of laborers. The whole operation to the poor black was only the difference of serving on an English plantation instead of a Brazilian one. No doubt the cause of humanity was essentially promoted by the change in the destination. Under such circumstances, it is not to be wondered at, that slavers going in should never be captured. In that case, the English goods which furnish the means of buying the blacks would be forfeited. The officer would get no prize-money, and the English plantations no apprentices. This system of "apprentices," or rather the *name*, appears to have been changed of late, and they are now called "immigrants." The plan appears to be to carry the captured blacks to the English settlements in Africa, and then the naked savage, trembling with the dread of going back to be devoured or left to perish on the coast, is *asked* to emigrate to the English West Indies, where they are *hired* by planters *as voluntary* immigrants, on plans of the most improved philanthropy. The emigration of Indian Coolies to the West Indian islands, has also been encouraged by the English government, under certain restraints. Emigration takes place from the English possessions only, and when arrived at their destination, they enter into terms with the planters. When entered upon an estate, they cannot again leave without a certificate from the employer, giving a strict account of their conduct while in his employ. This certificate may be withheld from the poor Indian or negro until it suits the caprice or convenience of the employer, depriving him in the meantime of all means of subsistence. This is but one instance of the justice of the Cooley system. Many such evidences can be produced, which stamps it as one of the blackest and worst species of slavery, fostered and encouraged by the philanthropy and love Great Britain bears to the human race. On the arrival of a cargo of Coolies at Trinidad, a few weeks since, scenes occurred of the most atro-

Digitized by Google

cious cruelty and inhumanity—husbands separated from their wives, parents from their children, brothers from their sisters, and all family ties ruptured and disregarded by the sympathisers of the black race. As another evidence, we give a few of the rules lately adopted by the Governor of Trinidad:

"1.—It is recommended that no manager should allow Coolies to go on leave, without furnishing them with a ticket signed by himself, specifying the name, period of leave, and locality to be visited.

"4.—Coolies, whose contract has expired, and who refuse to renew with their late employers, are, notwithstanding, *not to quit their estates until they be first furnished with discharged certificates*, in which the due adjustment of their accounts is to be noted, together with any particularly bad or good conduct, for which they may, during the year, have been remarkable."

These are the free laborers of Great Britain. The idea of the voluntary emigration of blacks and Coolies to a country of which they never heard the existence, is sufficiently absurd in itself. So sensible is the English government of the equivocal position it occupies in relation to this palpable renewal of the slave trade, that on occasion of the debate on the sugar duties in July last, Sir Robert Peel remarked, that to grant to planters the right to engage the immigrants on the coast of Africa instead of at the islands after they arrive, would give rise to the suspicion of a revival of the slave trade.

Here, it will be observed, all the distinction arises from the engaging the blacks after their arrival or before they embark. The result is the same as that for which the slave trade was first commenced, viz: to supply the English West Indies with compulsory laborers. Mr. Entwistle remarked in the House of Commons:

"It appeared to have been admitted on all hands that there existed a strong and increasing necessity for immigration of labor into the West India colonies, and that without it they could not successfully cultivate their estates, or compete with the introduction of foreign sugars, either free grown or slave labor. It would then appear to be necessary that until such immigration of labor could take place, there should be a greater amount of protection given to them than afterwards."

In relation to this system, the following resolution was offered at the London Anti-Slavery Society:

"That this meeting, whilst objecting to the various colonial and governmental schemes already propounded for supplying the British colonies with laborers, admit the wisdom and necessity, so long as the present plan is permitted to exist, of confining immigration from Africa to the West India colonies strictly to the British settlements under the control of government. That this meeting, however, offer their decided protest against the regulation which authorizes the shipment of male laborers alone to these colonies, as manifestly injurious to the moral elevation and religious culture both of the emigrants themselves and the emancipated classes, among whom, for a time, they will be settled."

By this process England is continually transporting blacks from Africa to the West Indies. In the interior of Africa, slaves continue to be taken and sold to the traders for British goods—the sellers not knowing or caring whether they go to English plantations as "emigrants," or Spanish ones as slaves. Those captured by English cruizers, work on English plantations; and those which escape, working on Brazilian plantations. The original captors of the blacks get their pay, and continue to send down slaves to the coast. Nor are the horrors of the trade in any degree diminished in English hands; the proof of this exists in the fact that at the time blacks were imported into the United States, the best authorities placed the whole number which crossed the Atlantic annually, at 80,000. Lord Palmerston recently stated the number *now at* 150,000 *per annum*. The export of the blacks from the interior having increased like the staple export of all other countries. One of the earliest and most sincere advocates of the abolition of the slave trade, Sir T. F. Buxton, convinced of the utter hollowness of the British system, retired from it in disgust; and in his history of the slave trade, shows conclusively the utter failure of the whole scheme. He demonstrates that all which England has done has tended to increase slavery. He therefore concludes, that the trade will never be destroyed by the means hitherto devised. The African, until civilized, will never

Digitized by Google

cease to desire arms, ardent spirits, and other luxuries, nor to purchase them in exchange for men, which have ever been the great staple article of exportation from that continent. The true means of repression to be adopted, are to civilize, and Christianize, and colonize Africa, by which the native chiefs would cease to have an interest in dealing in human flesh. The English, and Great Britain are of opinion, that nothing but the grant, on the part of the United States, of the "right of search," is wanting to put an end to the traffic.

Cuba is now, and has been for a long time, alive to the evils of the trade. She is suffering in regard to it the same oppression that the United States as colonies suffered from Great Britain, viz. the continuance of the trade in accordance with the policy of the government, in opposition to the wishes of the planters. It has been the custom in the English Parliament to praise the administration of Gen. Valdez, and condemn that of O'Donnel, because it suits party purposes at home. It is not, however, true, that the trade was less under the former than under the latter. Under both it was greater than the planters desired; and in 1844 a memorial went up to the government at Madrid from the planting interests of Cuba for the suppression of the trade. It is curious to compare some passages of that memorial with that of a memorial sent to the English government by the Assembly of Virginia, in 1772.

**Virginia memorial, 1772.**

"The importation of slaves into the colony from the coast of Africa, had long been considered as a trade of great inhumanity, and under its present encouragement they had too much reason to fear *would endanger the very existence of his Majesty's American dominions*; that it retarded their settlement with *more useful inhabitants*, and the Assembly presumed to hope that the interests of a few would be disregarded when placed in competition with the security and happiness of such numbers of his Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects; and beseeching the Crown to remove all those restraints on the Governors of that Colony, which inhibit their assenting to such laws as might check so very pernicious a commerce."

**Cuba memorial, 1844.**

"That the trade prevents *immigration of white persons into the island*, notwithstanding the great encouragement given to such immigration.

I would say then, in conclusion, that the constitutional government of Spain, now re-established on a legal basis by the Queen's attainment of her majority, is called upon by the strongest motives to provide for *the security of this only remnant of our colonial empire*;—that they ought not to rest satisfied with sending out to Cuba—as if it were another Oran or Ceuta—*a simple military chieftain, ignorant and careless of his duty*, who can only plunder and ruin the Island, under the pretence of governing it. A more rational system of administration should be adopted. The privilege of appearing in the Cortes by regularly authorized deputies, should be restored to the Island, so that its interests, which are identical with those of Spain, should be fairly represented in the great council of the nation.

We would suppose that the Cubans had copied the Virginia memorial. The opposition to the trade in the island is so general, that the continuance of the trade in her case depends upon the mother country in the same manner that that with the English colonies formerly did on the British Parliament. The *Junta de Fomento*, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Municipality of Havana, have all protested in the strongest terms against the continuance of the trade. The fact is self-evident that the trade there, as in North America, can only reach its termination by the emancipation from the mother country.

In the English West Indies, as we have shown, the trade is virtually continued under Parliamentary regulations, from the "necessity of supplying the islands with laborers," and will so continue, as long as those islands are subjected to Imperial rule. It is a singular fact, that a very large annual importation is necessary, to keep up the laboring population of the British islands, because from extreme misery the blacks will not increase. Whether under the name of slaves, apprentices, or immigrants, starvation annually destroys numbers, who are reported dead of "epidemics." Notwithstanding the continual supplies, the number of blacks in the British W. Indies, stood 728,509 in 1823, 696,918 in 1829, and 673,953 were paid for in 1834. If we contrast this with the rapid increase of the numbers in the United States, the physical well-being of the latter demonstrates itself. If the blacks in Africa should increase in the proportion that the slaves of the United States evince, the export of 1,500,000 slaves per annum, would scarcely create a diminution in their numbers. The increase of the free blacks in the United States, by no means equals that of the slaves. The population, distinguishing the slave from the free states, has been as follows:

Digitized by Google

| | | 1810 | 1820 | 1830 | 1840 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Free States,.. | Whites,..... | 3,653,519 | 5,030,370 | 6,876,620 | 9,557,557 |
| | Blacks,..... | 125,378 | 122,362 | 149,814 | 175,588 |
| Slave States,... | Whites,..... | 2,208,785 | 2,842,341 | 3,660,758 | 4,631,998 |
| | Blacks..... | 1,272,019 | 1,659,514 | 2,178,828 | 2,628,115 |
| Total U. States population,..... | | 7,259,701 | 9,654,587 | 12,866,020 | 17,063,258 |

The increase of the blacks in the free states is exceedingly small; they were 3¼ per cent. of the white population in 1810, and but 1¼ per cent. in 1840, notwithstanding the constant accession from emancipation. In the slave states, the increase is very great. In 1810, they were 57 per cent. of the white population, and in 1840 it had increased to 58 per cent. This singular fecundity contrasts strongly with the slow progress of the free blacks, and with that of the West India blacks; and as far as rapid increase is proof of physical welfare, it speaks well for the condition of the southern slaves. It is owing, however, to the great care which the white owners take, in raising the young blacks. The best medical attendance is always employed, and white care and nursing, for the most part, carry the infant negroes through the croup, and other infantile diseases, which are so fatal to children generally. The time is now rapidly approaching when the expensive labor of slaves will no longer be profitable. The employment of slaves is inconsistent with that rigid domestic economy necessary to farm business; and every year the numbers of planting families, ruined by the improvidence and waste of the blacks, increases. As an instance of the decline in the profit of slave labor, the planters gave, in 1833, according to the Treasury tables, 324 million pounds of cotton for 36 million dollars, and in 1845, they gave 600 million pounds for the same money; that is to say, the whole expense and labor of 200,000 slaves, in 1845, was thrown away, as compared with 1833, and there is no chance of recovering the value.

With the deterioration of the lands, it is generally admitted, slavery must sooner or later cease, from economical principles. When the blacks shall have been thrown upon their own resources, the increase in their number will stop, and ultimately they must become extinct as a race on this continent.

In the English West Indies, on the other hand, the supply of laborers so rapidly diminishes, as to excite debate in the Imperial Parliament, on "the necessity of supplying hands," a manifest absurdity. If laborers exercise their free will, and are adequately paid for their labor, they will work. If the English government, through fraud or violence, seeks to induce so large an immigration into her colonies, that the prices of labor will fall, to the injury of work people, and to the benefit of her planters, the operation is, in fact, the slave trade in its worst form.

They bring blacks from distant countries, and "hold them to service," a transaction which for 30 years has been a penal offence upon the statute books of the United States. If the West Indies are left to their own resources, and British goods cease to be sent to Africa—until the nations of this continent are so far civilized as to be able to *produce* an equivalent by their industry, the slave trade will cease, and free and independent whites will settle the West Indies. The colonial policy of England, however, requires cultivation by serf labor, and those serfs must be imported in some shape.

Parliament is just now at its wits end, what to do with the West Indies. It cannot disguise the fact, they are suffering abominable hardships. They enforced them to buy blacks in the first place, and then compelled them to liberate them. The enfranchised blacks would not work; and the colonies require, if they are themselves to be held in bondage by Parliament, to be supplied with laborers; and this task has been undertaken by the Imperial government, at the same moment that, at the expense of peace and trade, and the law of nations, they have undertaken to liberate the world; and these laborers volunteer for the West India plantations, as English farmers in time of war volunteered on board the navy, at the *persuasion* of a press gang.

Digitized by Google

# HOCHELAGA.*

There is somewhere in our statutes a law making responsible, both in person and in pocket, the imitator of the marks of foreign manufacturers. And yet in spite of the manifest analogy, we read, both upon the title-page and cover of this book, "Hochelaga, or England in the New World, *edited* by Eliot Warburton, Esq.:" the "edited" in very small letters, and the Eliot Warburton in very large. At home, no doubt, the public are well aware that the author of the Crescent and the Cross has only lent his name to an anonymous author; but here—the effect of this typographical shrewdness is to delude the buyer into the belief, that Mr. Warburton has travelled in this country, and written this book. If the want of a copy-right law gives our publishers full liberty to plunder the foreigners, are they not, we submit it in all deference, bound to spare their fellow-countrymen?

In July, 1844, the *writer* left England for Hochelaga, the ancient name of Canada. After a pleasant voyage and a lively narrative, he brings us to Newfoundland, and goes ashore at St. Johns.

"We find other cities coupled with words, which at once give their predominant characteristic:—London, the richest, Paris, the gayest, St. Petersburgh, the coldest. In one respect, the chief town of Newfoundland has, I believe, no rival; we may therefore call it the fishiest of modern capitals."

The fishiest and the friendliest!—They drive him with fast trotters; they take him cod-fishing; they invite him to numerous dinners. Unfortunately he must depart; but he rewards them for their kindness by a sketch of the settlement, history, and trade of Newfoundland.

The ship sails up the mighty St. Lawrence, between many islands, past mountains and forest-covered banks, to Quebec.

"Take mountain and plain, sinuous river, and broad, tranquil waters, stately ship and tiny boat, gentle hill and shady valley, bold headland and rich, fruitful fields, frowning battlement and cheerful villa, glittering dome and rural spire, flowery garden and sombre forest—group them all into the choicest picture of ideal beauty your fancy can create, arch it over with a cloudless sky, light it up with a radiant sun, and lest the sheen should be too dazzling, hang a veil of lighted haze over all, to soften the lines and perfect the repose—you will then have seen Quebec on this September morning."

Doubly delightful was it to the poetical feelings of the tourist, to see the "red flag of dear Old England" waving over the citadel. He devotes, in consequence, an unnecessary number of pages, to inform the indifferent reader of the reason why it waves there, in spite of the valiant Frenchmen who built those walls, and dastardly Yankee sympathizers who lately strove to tear it down.

Viewing Quebec with the eye of an owner, every thing was bright and charming. Dinners and balls, at one of which we can almost see ourselves dancing near his friend, "the Captain," follow each other in quick succession;—together with numerous excursions to the beautiful lakes near the city, around which tower the sombre pine, the glassy beach, the russet oak, the lofty elm, each of their different hue; but far beyond all in beauty, the maple brightens up at the dark mass with its broad leaf of richest crimson—and where, "soft and faint over the surface of the water," is heard the song "*La Claire Fontaine*," the national air of the Canadian French. Hochelaga's chronicler is perfectly satisfied with Quebec.

In the middle of winter he starts with the captain on a moose hunt, which results in a sporting story worthy of Nimrod, or the Spirit. Leaving Quebec in a curricle sleigh, they reach, at the end

* Hochelaga; or England in the New World. Edited by Eliot Warburton, Esquire, author of the "Crescent and the Cross," in two parts. New-York: Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1846.

Digitized by Google

of the first day, a miserable hamlet of a dozen log-houses, which the selectman informs him was quite "in its infancy thirteen years ago." On they go in the dark, the snow falling fast; tumbling over cliffs, horses, sleigh and men piled together. At length they find the hotel of Monsieur Bowin—the last house before entering the wilderness. After a night on the floor, travellers, dogs, women, Indians side by side, they tie on their snow shoes, and plunge into the forest; the thermometer making thirty degrees below zero. At night they build a hut of pine branches, brick, bark and snow—with snow pillows against the walls, and a huge fire in the middle. They lie down, their feet close to the fire, half the party on each side of it.

"About midnight I awoke, fancying that some strong hand was grasping my shoulders:—it was the cold. The fire blazed away brightly, so close to our feet that it singed our robes and blankets; but, at our heads, diluted spirits froze into a solid mass. We were very warmly clothed, and packed up for the night, but I never knew what cold was till then.

"As I lay awake, I stared up at the sky through the open roof: the moon seemed larger, and her light purer, than I had ever before seen; her pale, solemn face looked down on the frozen earth, through the profound stillness of the night, like a presence. The bright stars stood out boldly in the sky, throwing back their lustre into the infinite space, beyond where man's feeble vision is lost in boundless depths. Overhead, the bare branches of the forest trees wove their delicate tracery against the blue vault, softening, but not impeding the view of its glorious illumination. It is impossible to describe the magnificence of the winter nights in Canada."

The day after the next, they reach the Ravage, or moose-yard, of which they were in search.

"At the bottom of a high, steep hill, the dogs were sent on ahead; and in a few minutes all gave tongue furiously, in every variety of currish yelp. By this time the snow had ceased falling, and we were able to see some distance in front.

"We pressed on rapidly over the brow of the hill, in the direction of the dogs, and came upon the fresh track of several moose. In my eagerness to get forward, I stumbled repeatedly, tripped by the abominable snow-shoes, and had great difficulty in keeping up with the Indians, who, though also violently excited, went on quite at their ease. The dogs were at a stand still; and as we emerged from a thick part of the wood, we saw them surrounding three large moose, barking viciously, but not daring to approach within reach of their hoofs or antlers. When the deer saw us, they bolted away, plunging heavily through the deep snow, slowly and with great difficulty; at every step sinking to the shoulder—the curs still at their heels as near as they could venture. They all broke in different directions; the captain pursued one, I another, and one of the Indians a third. At first they beat us in speed; for a few hundred yards mine kept stoutly on, but his track became wider and more irregular, and large drops of blood, on the pure, fresh snow, showed that the poor animal was wounded by the hard, icy crush of the old fall. In several places the snow was deeply ploughed up, where he had fallen from exhaustion; but struggled gallantly out, and made again another effort for life.

"On, on—the branches crash and rattle; but, just ahead of us, the panting is louder and closer, the track red with blood; the hungry dogs howl and yell almost under our feet. On, on, through the deep snow, among the rugged rocks and the tall pines we hasten, breathless and eager. Swinging round a close thicket, we open in a swampy valley with a few patriarchal trees from it, bare of branches to a hundred feet in height; in the centre stands the moose facing us; his failing limbs refuse to carry him any further through the choking drifts: the dogs press upon him; wherever his proud head turns, they fly away yelling with terror, but with grinning teeth and hungry eyes rush at him from behind.

"He was a noble brute, standing at least seven feet high; his large dark eye was fixed, I fancied, almost imploringly upon me as I approached. He made no further effort to escape or resist. I fired, and the ball struck him in the chest. The wound roused him; infuriated by the pain, he raised his huge bulk out of the snow, and plunged towards me. Had I tried to runaway, the snow shoes would have tripped me up to a certainty, so I thought it wiser to stand still: his strength was plainly failing, and I knew he could not reach me. I fired the second barrel; he stopped, and staggered, stretched out his neck, the blood gushed in a stream from his mouth, his tongue protruded; then slowly, as if lying down to rest, he fell over into the snow"

Both balls strike—our author is clearly a sportsman thus coolly to *drop* his

Digitized by Google

first moose. To the cold, fatigue, discomfort, he barely alludes. The deer was well hunted, and the story well told.

In the spring this stout gentleman leaves Quebec, passes up the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, and enters the territory of the greatest nation in all creation, at Niagara.

The volume on Canada is the best written of the two. The author is familiar with his subject, and writes from his heart. His powers of description are of a very high order. Nothing is amiss in his own dear Hochelaga—most favored of British provinces! Montreal is even a finer city than Quebec; the scenery on the journey thither is unsurpassed. the soil fertile, the settlers happy. The slow progress of the *habitans* (or their *in statu quo*) is almost preferable to the "rather hectic superiority of their southern neighbors; they are so light-hearted and so gay. The Canadians are loyal and public spirited; they do not repudiate. Their newspapers are superior in ability to those of the Union. The men are well-bred and manly; the women beautiful and fascinating. Canada can never be conquered by any force the Republicans can send against them. If at some remote period she should separate from the mother country, it will be without bloodshed, and by mutual consent. Even then, far from joining the Union, she will grow to be a great state, without mobs, without slavery, without repudiation, and remain a conservative check on the democratic and downward career of the States. So be it!

With these and a sketch of the religion, the trade and future commercial prospects of Canada, the first volume ends.

A book of travels is no place for didactic writing. We can find all the wars in the guide-books; the boundaries and statistics, are they not recorded in Worcester's Geography and Hunt's Merchants' Magazine? Paddle wheels and the "area of democracy" are not the only things that have been enlarged in this century. Travel books have risen from Madame Starke and Manning's Hand books, to Easton and the Eleven Sketches of Michael Angelo Titmarsh. We never see a chapter headed "Geography, Trade, Resources," without an inclination to slumber. What we want in a traveller are his impressions; how the people and the country strike him; these vary with the intelligence and observation of the writer--Geography, Trade, Resources, can be copied by a book-keeper. In this respect our stout, good-natured friend errs too much. The conquest of Canada, the late Rebellion, the trade of the provinces, the Oregon question, load a part of his book, which his own experiences would have filled much more agreeably. Let him be punished by being "*skipped*."

The second volume is on the United States. When, in looking over it, we perceived how small a portion of the country he had visited—the line of the Buffalo and Albany Rail-road in New-York, and the Atlantic coast as far as Washington, we were somewhat reminded of the time spent by Count Smorltolk in the preparation of his work on England.

"Have you been long in England?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Long—ver long time—fort-night—more."

"Do you stay here long?"

"One week."

"You will have enough to do," said Mr. Pickwick, smiling, "to gather all the materials you want in that time."

"Eh! they are gathered," said the count; "*they are here*," *tapping his forehead significantly.*

Hochelaga's remarks on the United States contain nothing that is new or of material interest. He is pleased with the people individually. He experienced nothing but hospitality and good-nature.

"They are brave, friendly, and hospitable; keen, intelligent and energetic; generous, patriotic; and lovers of liberty. Such are the people in whom we see 'the Promise of the Future;' even their very faults are necessary ingredients of character for the fulfilment of their great destiny; their virtues enable us to contemplate that destiny with less of dread.

"I have had the happiness of meeting with many Americans, who enjoyed so large a share of the good qualities, that they had no room for the civil ones: men by every thought and action deserving of



Digitized by Google

that proud title, 'beyond a monarch's gift yet within a peasant's reach'—the title of gentleman. It is a ple sure and a duty to express, as I do now, my heartfelt gratitude to some amongst them for their kindness and hospitalities."

Very satisfactory this, and very creditable to his feelings and his taste—'Sed non sic semper.'

The immortal Mrs. Gamp had for authority on doubtful occasions, an imaginary female friend, one Sarah Harris, who was always found at some preceding time, to have agreed with Mrs. Gamp's present opinion. Now, English travellers, that is, bookmakers, meet with an American relative of this convenient dame—one Jonathan Harris, we presume, who talks of blood and bowie knives, freedom and destruction, is all ready to "chaw up the Britishers," to spit tobacco juice, beat his negroes, and abuse his country too, if necessary. —This phantom meets our author at Ogdensburgh. The shape it wore, was that of a taciturn, sallow, austere-looking, middle-aged man, smoking without intermission, protected from the sun by the enormously broad brim of a white beaver hat, and adding the business of run-away slave-hunting to the pleasures of his town:—"when he saw me fairly landed, he for a moment removed the cigar from his mouth, and spoke—"I reckon, stranger, you have it to say now that you have been in a free country."

Once again, at Saratoga, our author encountered the apparition; this time it changed its form and tone:

"One day at dinner, at Saratoga, I met a man of very prepossessing appearance, with a good natured and cheerful expression of countenance, and a neat and unpretending style of dress; his manners and conversation bespoke him a gentleman. Pardon my nationality—I thought he was an Englishman. When we left the dining-room, we walked up and down for a little time under the verandah; in the course of conversation I asked him if he had been long in the country. He evidently was not offended by the question, and answered that he was an American, but had been a good deal in Europe. I was curious to know what he would say about the institutions of his country to a stranger; as he was evidently a man of education and refined taste. When we entered on the subject, he looked carefully about him, to see if he could be overheard, and then gave his opinion. With hatred sincere as it was bitter, did he denounce them; he confessed that he could not enjoy social liberty; that he dared not express his thoughts on such subjects to even his intimate friends, not because they really differed from him, but because they did not venture to agree; that he, and those who like him, possessed certain advantages in life, were ridden over by the meanest, lowest, most ignorant of their fellow citizens. An hour afterwards, he was the centre of a circle of smoking and expectorating republicans, joining in a sort of chorus of self-gratulation on their monopoly of liberty and their glorious institutions. This man, an individual, represented a class containing thousands."

Alas poor Ghost, and much to be pitied Harris! Why, if fearful of confiding such arrant nonsense to thine intimate friends, didst thou venture to trust an unknown stranger?

We have repeatedly run over the Northern and Western part of this country, in rail-road, stage and steam-boat; we have travelled with Englishmen, nay, have been taken for "Old Countrymen" ourselves, but never have we seen a specimen of the Harris genus; nor have we ever heard sanguinary and exulting sentiments expressed by ardent natives, drunk or sober, either to ourselves or to our friends; and we certainly have yet to encounter a party of Americans above the degree of hod-carriers, who publicly "join in a sort of chorus of self-gratulation on their monopoly of liberty." No; either this type of the *Yankees*, so frequently bepictured, had obtained such possession of the author's brain, that he really labored under an hallucination, and believed that he met it: —or the book, that was to be written, lay revealed upon his face, and some wags, for all Americans delight in jokes, he tells us, personated the character to mystify our good-natured and credulous friend.

Hochelaga will pardon us, if we quote one more *Harrisism*—so idle, as to need neither justification nor denial —as a proof that the man who runs over a country, must sometimes misread.

"The historical education of youth is guarded with the strictest attention; works

Digitized by Google

cleansed of everything which could militate against the only Catholic creed among Americans—that of their superiority in everything over everybody, are used, as the Romish teachers give the Douay bible to their pupils. Democratic ideas are instilled into their minds, as a portion of every sort of instruction. The man who might dare to propose freedom of political, as well as of religious opinion, would be looked upon with nearly as much horror as an abolition preacher in South Carolina."

Tobacco chewing and slavery, are staple topics. We detest them both, as cordially as the most bitter tourist could desire. An all-absorbing pursuit of money, is another national failing, although Hochelaga admits that it is spent hospitably and charitably, when earned. This is an accusation, by the way, which French and German writers always bring against England. The commercial class, then, is excited by the love of gain to the same struggles; for the golden spoil, their thousand vessels cross the sea, and their thousand manufactories spin and rattle. The nobleman has no object in seeking money; the pauper no hope of obtaining it. Here, few are born rich; none so poor, who have not the means of becoming so. When men must work, the sooner the work is done the better. The passion for wealth is universal, because the means of gratifying it are more numerous and easily attainable in America. We admit the charge of self-glorification. Boasting in a nation is in as bad taste as in individuals;—but when so universal, does it not at least argue content? Are we alone in our comfortable, loudly expressed good opinion of ourselves? Our Hochelaga tells us, that his form of government is "that which his honest conviction, and his experience assure him, is the best yet devised by man's finite wisdom." Does not every Frenchman who puts pen to paper, affirm that every thing is perfect in France, and nothing perfect anywhere else? In the May number of Blackwood's Magazine, we find a happy specimen of the style, in which the stately English Quarterlies and Monthlies talk of their country and her prowess. We cannot help quoting it. The April number contained the well-known article, "How they manage matters in the model Republic," in which this grand eloquence is very amusingly ridiculed—In the next number we find the following *fanfare:*

"Of the whole wonderful annals of our Indian empire, the campaign of the Sutlej will form the most extraordinary, the most brilliant, the most complete, and yet the briefest chapter. It is an imperishable trophy, not less to the magnanimity of British policy, than to the resistlessness of British valor. The matchless gallantry, felicity, and rapidity of the military operations against a formidable foe of desperate bravery, and overpowering numbers, thro' a tremendous struggle and terrific carnage—the blaze of four mighty and decisive victories, won in six weeks, proudly seal our prowess. The *spotless justice of the cause*—the admirable temper of its management—the almost fastidious forbearance which unsheathed the sword, only under the stern compulsion of most wanton aggression; and the generous moderation which has swayed the flush of triumph—nobly attest our wisdom in government. The character of a glorious warrior may fitly express the character of a glorious war, which has been *sans peur et sans reproche.* To record in our pages memorable deeds, which have added lustre, even to the dazzling renown of Britain, would be at any time but at present, we conceive is peculiarly a duty—"

And so on, quite in the western "Banner," or "Democratic" style. After this annexation, we think that Texas and California might pass unnoticed.

Taking us as a whole, the anonymous writer sees much to wonder at, but little to admire. His censures are abundant and severe; often just—sometimes absurd. We are brutes in slave-holding—pickpockets in our Indian affairs—tin pedlars on the Oregon question—highway robbers in Mexico. Oh! Hochelaga! after the tens of thousands butchered at Ferozepore and Sobraon, in annexing the Punjaub, can you condescend to notice our quiet and bloodless acquisition of Texas! Our government is at the best but a temporary expedient: the tyranny of a majority is worse than the tyranny of a despot: the confederation will infallibly break into three pieces, and some of us will have to see each piece a monarchy.—It may be so. This is not the place to discuss the Present, or to anticipate the Future; but whether Democracy is a mere expedient, or the last and best form of government, the world is

Digitized by Google

moving towards it. Civilization has passed through despotism and feudalism—it is passing into Democratism. America is in the van, and England follows faster than she thinks.

From Buffalo, through Utica, questioning and observing, almost infected himself, with the universal fever of activity; through Saratoga, where he sees specimens from every state of the Union, and learns to distinguish between North and South; through Baltimore and Washington, where slavery awakes his utmost ire,—he flies to Boston, where quiet, intelligent English looking inhabitants delight him. Leaving there in the steamer, he passes New-Brunswick, Nova Scotia, on his way to Halifax. Here History and Statistics again lay hold of him, and he sees future greatness brooding over the land.

The author of Hochelaga is evidently a military man. A Captain Warburton is favorably remembered in Boston society, and to him we probably owe the book. It is ably written, and has a gentleman-like tone, which is very pleasing. With the exception of the errors we have commented, and a few trifling absurdities; as that Pensylvania has acquired the title of the Empire State; soft shell crabs are a new species of the genus cancer; and Americans are ignorant of the pleasures caused by gun and rod; the work is marked by a common sense English view of manners and matters. It abounds in vivid sketches, and is well worthy of a reading.

---

## COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE RELATIVE ADVANTAGES OF CONSTRUCTING STEAM-SHIPS OF WOOD OR OF IRON, IN THE UNITED STATES, FOR OCEAN NAVIGATION.

From the natural position of the United States and the peculiar characteristics of the people, the science of marine architecture, by an inevitable consequence, claims a prominent rank in the pursuits of knowledge; and being so closely interwoven with all the great interests of the country, its cultivation and practical application will continue to be, what it ever has been, a subject of the deepest solicitude. Whether we consider it in relation to the mercantile or the naval marine of the country, it is equally important. The experience of all time is before us, and it remains to be seen how far the genius of the people will discover improvements, and add strength, beauty, velocity and durability to the naval and mercantile force of the country.

The introduction of steam as a propelling power, and its gradual but uninterrupted extension, open a new field for scientific labor, and stimulates the public mind to bold and untried achievements. That there should arise amidst the developments of sanguine minds much fancy and speculation, and theory and costly experiments, upon a theme so new and comprehensive, is just what might be expected. But even the failure of the most flattering anticipations, advances the science itself. Our ideas are corrected, by being driven from untenable positions to others more sound and practical. The best system is ascertained by experiment, and by experiment only. In this respect, it bears some analogy to the science of Chemistry, which has grown up, step by step, by slow but certain advances, until the elementary principles are more fully developed, and their application to the arts, and to manufactures, has conferred incalculable benefits upon the family of man. It is worthy of remark, that the fact of several iron steam ships having been constructed in England, is no ground for concluding, even supposing they suc-

Digitized by Google

ceed, that it will be equally advantageous to build of iron in the United States. In England iron is cheap, and timber dear. In this country timber is cheap, and iron dear. The first cost of a ship therefore depends not upon the material itself, with which it is constructed, but upon the price and facility of obtaining that material at the place of building. In this country, the cost of an iron built ship is about 30 per cent. more than the cost of a wooden built ship of the same dimensions. She ought, therefore, in order to stand upon an equally advantageous footing, in reference to the expense of construction with a wooden built ship, to be kept in repair in a sea-worthy condition, at 30 per cent. less expense, and to maintain a durability of 30 per cent. longer time, than a wooden built ship. A short time has elapsed since the first construction of iron steamers for ocean navigation, and so far, the result of experiment is by no means in favour of their durability, compared with timber built ships.

The Montezuma, a Mexican iron steamer, constructed at Woodside, opposite Liverpool, in England, was sent to New-York, together with the Guadaloupe, two years ago, for repairs. The Montezuma had been in service about three years. When in the hydraulic dry dock, I went to examine her condition. I found that between wind and water, there was a streak from stem to stern, where corrosion had taken effect; and the whole line was eaten in, from 1-16th to 1-8th of an inch, resembling a honey-comb. The cause of this effect is sufficiently obvious. The motion of the ship at sea, alternately dipping and immerging, and bringing the salt water under the action of a hot sun, produces a chemical decomposition of the liquor, evaporating the fresh water particles, and concentrating the muriatic acid; and thus forming a powerful solvent, constantly acting upon the iron plates. It may further be observed, that iron has a strong affinity for muriatic acid, which rapidly dissolves thin sheets of iron with which it comes in contact, and is forced by attraction and pressure into the cavities of the iron, expelling the globules of air and assuming their place, and thus breaking the strength of the iron just in proportion as the attraction of aggregation is overcome.

If so great an effect be produced in three years by the action of salt water upon the iron plates, and the remaining plates weakened in manner and measure similar to the dry rot in timber, the understanding can find no great difficulty in measuring with tolerable accuracy the *durability* of the ship. It will be borne in mind, that the last stage of consumption is far more rapid than the first, because the disease has penetrated the whole mass, its constitutional vigor is prostrated, and the living thing is already dead.*

I am aware that a new mode of galvanizing sheet iron has been brought before the public, and that high expectations of thus rendering it anti-corrosive are indulged. Undoubtedly it will check oxidation upon the body of the plate, but, beautiful as the operation is, I fear the grand difficulty will remain unremedied. Wherever a hole is perforated for rivets, or screws, or bolts, there the iron plate is already weakened in exact proportion to the number and size of the holes. The muriatic acid is invited, and it begins to feed upon and oxidate the whole ship. There is a mutual attachment, and they rush into each other's arms through a space not larger than a hair.

Another important result from the experiments that have been made, demands our notice; and that is, the impossibility of rendering a ship constructed of iron plates, riveted together from two to three hundred feet in length, as the case may be, water-proof. The rivets which fasten the iron plates to each other, or to the iron ribs of the ship, are the bearings which are to sustain the warping and straining of the ship at sea. By continual action, there being no elastic medium between

* I perceive, since writing the above, an article in the Commercial Advertiser of August 31st, from the New-Orleans Picayune of 23d August, stating that Santa Anna was about leaving Savannah in an English steamer, the Arab; and "that the Montezuma has been undergoing repairs, and was tried a few days since on a pleasure excursion, but was found to be *completely out of order*. How many causes combined to make her "out of order" completely, after having undergone repairs, does not appear; nor is there any intimation given that there is any probability of her ever again being in order. The facts stated indicate an early dissolution.

Digitized by Google

the joinings of the plates, a gradual, though minute opening, sufficient for the admission of water, is made throughout the ship; and I apprehend this much to be the case if there were no other wearing by the motion of the ship than that upon the rivets. The drawing of the head of a rivet, a screw, or a bolt through a plate, which I have seen, causes a leak not easily detected, and still less easily remedied. This fact, I believe, will be confirmed by the experience of all the iron steamers that have weathered the ocean.

The United States revenue iron cutter, the Legare, which I examined when under repairs, last year in New-York, is a very leaky ship. The openings of her plates, at the bottom of her keel, were, at least, half an inch, and they extended, more or less, from stern to stern, between each set of plates. Workmen were employed in forcing lead into the openings to stop the leaks, a process which, it appeared to me, would ultimately make the leaks worse than before. A ship constructed of timber is caulked between every streak of planking, from the keel to the upper deck. The aggregate of this caulking, thus distributed, constitutes an elastic body of considerable thickness, which yields imperceptibly to the heaving and rolling of the ship, without opening a seam or admitting water. In case of a leak, the ship is easily fresh caulked, and all necessary repairs made with great facility. But you cannot caulk an iron built ship; and from my own observation, I perceive that oxidation of the iron plates, both within and without the ship, commences the moment they come in contact with salt water; and of course the chemical laboratory is at work to affect leakages, and the ultimate consumption of the ship. The repairs of an iron built ship are far more difficult, and expensive, and ineffectual, than the repairs of a timber built ship. Few people can work in iron—almost every sailor can work up wood. The idea suggested by an Hon. Senator, that iron ships require no repairs, and will last almost forever, is entirely fallacious, and founded upon mistaken data, or the want of experience.

The formation of lamina, or thin scales upon sheet iron when exposed to the action of salt water, is a natural consequence, and becomes visible, more particularly after having been fresh painted. The oil of the paint loosens the oxidated scale, so that it peels off, leaving its original place upon the plate untouched by the paint, and ready for the repeated action of the muriatic acid. This is generally visible in a few hours after painting. The abstraction of every scale, it is easy to see, is a diminution of the strength of the ship.

The effect of temperature in the expansion and dilatation of all bodies, is a universal law of nature, and worthy of our consideration in the present inquiry. The same amount of heat has not the same effect on all bodies, inasmuch as liquids expand more than metals, and air form bodies more than either, and under the application of the same quantity of caloric. By the introduction of an intermediate body, that of quicksilver, the only metal that retains a fluid state at the atmospheric temperature, and confining it in a convenient instrument, known as a thermometer, and making that a general standard, we can graduate the relative quantity of caloric in any body, and, of consequence, measure the expansion and contraction of metals when exposed to different degrees of heat and cold, with sufficient accuracy to enable us to lay hold of important results in reference to iron built ships. By the attraction of aggregation, the particles of metals are held together in what is called a solid state, although philosophically speaking, there is no solidity about it. These particles approximate with infinite nearness, and yet never touch one another. The cavities of the metal are filled with innumerable globules of air, and the application of heat expanding the air, drives the metallic particles asunder in proportion nearly to the quantity of heat applied; so that if the heat be raised to a very high temperature, the hardest steel that was ever manufactured may, under the action of a blow pipe, be reduced to an impalpable powder, lighter than the atmospheric air, and will float in that medium like the small dust of the balance in the beams of a summer's sun.

But our immediate object is with iron only, and to inquire how far the general law of expansion and contraction bears upon the matter in hand. It may, however, be observed, that the expansion of

Digitized by Google

metals is not in exact proportion to the movements of heat applied. The strength of cohesion is weakened by every addition of heat, and, of consequence, a less quantity is necessary to overcome less resistance, and therefore, the same quantity added to high temperature, would occasion a greater expansion than the same quantity added to a low temperature. In view of this great and fundamental law of nature, I sometimes fancy in the morning that I hold the mercy of Jehovah in my hand, in the form of a razor. The application of heat only would at once reduce it to a liquid or æriform state in the very act of shaving. It would drop like water at my feet, or dance away upon the breeze.

A few years ago Dr. Ure, the author of a valuable dictionary upon practical chemistry, then in London, sent a message desiring to see me. I found him engaged in experimental philosophy, and perfecting a very ingenious steam valve, which acted altogether upon the principle of expansion and contraction. The expansion of the metallic arm, connected with the valve by the heat of the boiler, opened the valve in proportion to the degree of heat, and the refrigeration of the heat again closed it, so that the quantity of steam allowed to escape the safety valve depended entirely upon the temperature of the heat. I have no means at hand of ascertaining exactly what would be the expansion of an iron built ship, 300 feet long, for the addition of every 20° of heat, nor do I deem it necessary in the present inquiry; seeing the contraction under an equal degree of cold is equal to the expansion under a similar degree of heat, we can easily perceive that every particle of matter in an iron built ship is in ceaseless motion. The ship is all alive, a sea-serpent, a mighty snake, expanding and compressing its elastic folds at the bidding of an unconquerable and ever active agent.

### IRON STEAM-SHIPS OF WAR.

On this point we have no experience. The merchant marine affords but limited and unsatisfactory results. The iron steam-ships of war recently constructed in Great Britain, have not had time to demonstrate their properties and present us with experimental facts. We are thrown, therefore, upon the resources of the mind, and to the necessity of feeling our way to the most important purposes to which marine architecture can be directed.

The objections already suggested in regard to the *cost, durability, water proof, and expense of repairs* of the mercantile iron steam-ship marine, are common to all iron built ships. But with respect to ships of war, there are other objections, arising from the peculiar nature of their employment. A shot will penetrate the side of an iron built ship as well as of one built of wood. In that event the first thing that occurs to the mind is the difficulty of stopping the hole. A wooden plug is effectual in stopping a hole made by a shot penetrating the side of a wooden built ship; but in consequence of the shagged nature of an orifice made through an iron plate, it is quite impossible to exclude the water by a wooden plug. The opening may be partially stopped, but in action no time can be allowed to file away the indentations of the orifice and fit it to receive a plug, and a number of such openings would still admit sufficient water to flood and endanger the ship.

Whether the fragments of an iron sheet, carried into the ship by the force of the ball, would be more destructive than the splinters of a wooden plank, is a question which cannot be determined by any evidence of which I am aware; but it seems reasonable to suppose that the difference would be just that observable between an iron and a wooden ball. The iron fragments detached from a plate would be nothing less than a volley of shot sweeping through the ship, and doing more execution upon the crew than the shot itself.

Any thing like forcing in a considerable portion of the side of an iron built ship, would, I apprehend, be certain destruction, as no adequate means of repair would be had at sea. The ordinary means of repairing a wooden built ship under such circumstances, would utterly fail, and she must be left to the mighty ingushing of waters that would soon engulph her. In the present state of marine architectural science, it would seem, upon this brief view of the subject, that the risk is too imminent, the expense too large, the durability of the ship too uncertain, and the advantages

Digitized by Google

too problematical, to justify a departure from the established mode of constructing steam-ships of war in the United States.

Since the foregoing remarks were written, the steamer Britannia has brought to our aid, and in confirmation of the conclusion to which we had come, most important information, under the head of Portsmouth, August 14th.

"Some remarkable results have been produced by the experimental shot practice from the Excellent on the iron steamer Ruby, and it is expected the Admiralty will in consequence stop the building of iron and other vessels for the present. The shots which hit the Ruby, not only penetrated the side first struck, but in some instances passed through the other side, carrying with it whole plates of iron. In action, this would risk the total loss of the vessel, for on heeling over to leeward, such a body of water must rush in, that nothing would prevent her sinking with all on board.

"A representation of this important circumstance, arising from the recent trials, has been made to the Admiralty; and should further experimental firing prove that serious risk will be occasioned to iron vessels of war when exposed to the chance of being struck by heavy shot, it is doubtful if the Board will not abolish them as men of war."

From the fact that the result of these experiments were reported to the Admiralty, we may infer that they were made by its orders; and from the plain, straight-forward details presented to the public, there does not appear any ground to doubt their correctness. If they do not go far enough entirely to settle the question, they do go far enough to settle the impolicy of building iron steam-ships of war, with a weight of evidence so preponderating against their utility.

---

## MINSTRELSY; ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

It might naturally be supposed, on first glancing at this subject, that in a new country like ours, the attempt to move the sympathies of the people to a very warm appreciation of the rude beauties of ancient song, couched as they are in language nearly obsolete, must be attended with failure; but when it is recollected that we are mostly of Saxon origin, and have amongst us a large proportion of foreigners, who are more or less under the influence of traditional poetry, we must feel assured that the work of which we are about to give a short, and in some respects, hasty review, is one that is well adapted not only to excite the curiosity, but to awaken the deep interest of every intelligent reader. We all owe something to tradition; the very proverbs which afford such useful hints for the guidance of life, are often the burthen of some old ditty remembered long after the song has passed away.

Shakspeare, and other writers of his epoch, did not disdain the aid of ancient song, as may be seen from the frequent allusions to it in their works. But there are many other points of view which must lead us to regard most favorably the preservation of these old ballads. They are a strong bond of union amongst a people. Long before the sword of the warrior had been thrown aside for the pen, the minstrels flourished, and their poetry, relating the heroic deeds of some celebrated chieftain, or those dreadful domestic calamities in which the dark ages were so prolific, has been orally transmitted to the present day. These traditional poems exercise an important influence. They serve to recall a nation's past glory; its struggles, its predilections,

* Minstrelsy; Ancient and Modern. 2 vols., duodecimo. By William Motherwell. William D. Ticknor & Co., Boston.

Digitized by Google

its partialities, and its bitter enmities. They invest with thrilling interest the ruins of the dismantled castle or tower; the decayed oak, or the bleak field; which has suffered the daring attack, witnessed the plighted faith, or been strewed with the bones of fallen heroes. But above all, they throw a mystic charm around the land where they have had their origin; and render still stronger and more poetical the love of country, which is inherent in our nature. It cannot be denied that ancient minstrelsy possesses irresistible attractions, and is well worthy the attention of the scholar or general reader. Such has been the opinion of many learned antiquarians, who have devoted much time and laborious study to the collection and preservation of traditionary songs. It is, indeed, most desirable that the oral ballad compositions, anterior to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, should be traced to their origin, but this task has been found so difficult that it has been given up in despair. We have no doubt that most of them were founded upon fact, as their straight-forward simplicity and apparent truthfulness sufficiently indicate; and many of them on popular superstitions. The latter were sung, doubtless, to gratify that love of the marvellous which is ever a characteristic of a barbarous and ignorant people.

These ballads are generally of a sombre nature, and take for the most part the form of narrative. Mr. Motherwell divides those contained in his compilation (which is Scottish, and *therefore* a fair representation of this description of poems,) into the romantic and heroic ballads of that country. Under the former head he classes a highly interesting body of short metrical tales, chiefly of a tragic complexion, which, though possessing all the features of real incident, and probably originating in fact, cannot now, after the lapse of years, be traced to any historical source, public or private; and also "ancient song," which treats of incredible achievements by flood and field, and deals largely in the marvellous. The other class embraces all those narrative songs, which derive their origin from historical facts, whether of a public or private nature. The most striking peculiarity of all these ballads is, perhaps, their extreme license as regards both rhyme and metre. They appear to have set both at defiance. Mr. Motherwell, and indeed most other writers on the subject, account for this by the simple fact that they were intended to be sung, not written.

The minstrels laid particular emphasis on the defective syllables, or filled up each inharmonious lapse by instrumental accompaniment. There are certain other traits peculiar to these old songs or ballads, which the author has carefully pointed out to the reader. The minstrels had nearly all the same mode of despatching a combat, which they sang with a brevity perfectly astonishing.

"But he pulled out a bright browne sword,
And he dryed it on the grasse,
And soe faste he smote at John Seward,
I wis he never rest.

Then he pulled forth his bright browne sword,
And dryed it on his sleeve,
And the first good stroke John Seward stroke,
Childe Maurice' head he did cleave."

The incidents are almost invariably given, as in the foregoing verses, the combatant coolly and deliberately drying his sword on the grass; and, after the first successful thrust, wiping the blood off upon his sleeve. Another remarkable feature of these songs is the frequency of the very poetical fiction of the bush and briar springing up from the respective graves of the two lovers, (who have been interred side by side) and fondly entwining, as the strongest indication of their enduring passion through life. We extract the following illustration from a ballad, entitled "Earl Robert," who was poisoned by his mother just after he had been married. The fair bride was so shocked by the news, which she received at the wedding-party, that her heart, if we may credit the minstrel, "did break in three." And then the lovers were straightway conveyed to their last earthly resting-places.

"The one was buried in Mary's kirk,
The other in Mary's quire;
And out of the one there grew a bush,
From the other a bonnie briar.

And thir twa grew, and thir twa grew
Till this twa craps drew near;
So all the world may plainly see
They loved each other dear."

A similarity, nay, identity of expres-

Digitized by Google

sion, is to be found on all occasions where the same events are to be described; and this is not only the case with regard to English and Scotch minstrelsy, but, as Mr. Motherwell remarks, with respect to that of many of the northern nations of Europe. It has been justly stated, that these points of resemblance served as so many "landmarks" by which oral poetry has been the more easily committed to memory, and certainly they account, in some measure, for the extraordinary accuracy with which the most ancient songs have been preserved.

We might produce quotations, *ad infinitum*, for the purpose of demonstrating various surprising identities of style and circumstance; but it would lead us far beyond the limits of this article. In the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James VI., oral poetry began to yield to that afterwards composed for the press; and the former became almost the exclusive property of the lower classes. In Scotland, however, feudality was longer in existence, and the great nobles there still retained their minstrels. The written compositions are, as may naturally be supposed, far more elegant, though often greatly inferior to the traditional, as regards force and simplicity. The bright days of chivalry gave a great impulse to the creation of the more refined of these ballads, and the crusade furnished incidents which have not been surpassed in dramatic effect by the most heroic or daring achievements of any previous period. Mr. Motherwell is of opinion that the romantic ballad was legitimately descended from the heroic, as it broke forth with splendor when any country arrived at a certain stage of refinement. Upon this point there is a great difference of opinion, one writer ascribing it a Scandinavian, another an Arabian, and another an Armorican origin; whilst others have claimed this distinction for Normandy and Provence.

An able writer in the "Foreign Quarterly," thoroughly familiar with the subject, whilst reviewing Mr. Paris's compilation of the *Romans de Garins le Loherain*," says, that "many wild theories have been started by those who have sought the *origin* of romance, and who would fain discover among one particular people only, that which must have been common to all." The French writers on this subject have generally commenced with a previously imbibed prejudice, that their own country alone must have the glory of the invention, and that unless they establish this position they will have labored in vain. He enters into a close examination of their pretensions in this respect, which he completely upsets, by showing that so far were they from supplying England with romances, that country furnished them with several, at an early period, which were translated into French, and are now extant. He denies that the Normans possessed any predominant taste for these "*chansons de geste*," and sustains most satisfactorily the views entertained by Mr. Motherwell. We cannot refrain from giving an extract from "The Weary Coble o' Cargill," a ballad never before published. The last few verses are so remarkable for their powerful and simple expression of remorse, and at the same time so characteristic of the poetry of which we have been treating, that we may well stand excused for introducing another mere fragment.—The story is, that a butler, living at a place called Stobhall, (Scotland.) crossed the river Tay one night, to see his ladie love, who resided at Kercock.—Whilst there, another fair dame, in a fit of jealousy, scuttled his "coble," or boat, and he was consequently drowned in returning. The infatuated girl exclaims, in the depth of her agony and despair—

"There's ne'er a clean sark gae on my back,
  Nor yet a kame gae in my hair;
There's neither coal nor candle licht
  Shall shine in my bower for ever mair.

At kirk nor market I'se ne'er be at,
  Nor yet a blithe blink in my e'e;
There's ne'er a ane shall say to anither
  That's the lassie gar'd the young man die."

With this we shall take leave for the present of these older songs of the minstrels, and proceed to a consideration of the body of romances which, it has been shown, are their legitimate offspring. These are pervaded by a new and more delicate vein of sentiment—partly owing to the progress of refinement, and partly to political causes, which have had an undeniable influence upon the lyric poetry of the whole world. It would be interesting

Digitized by Google

to trace the gradual transition of minstrelsy into that state in which it has been more recently found. But let us be satisfied, here, with one of those modern songs composed in the true spirit of the days of chivalry :

THE CRUSADER'S FAREWELL.

The banners rustle in the wind,
  The angry trumpets swell;
They call me, lady, from thy arms,
  They bid me sigh farewell.

They call me to a distant land,
  To quell a Paynim foe;
To leave the blandishments of love,
  For danger, strife, and woe.

Yet deem not, lady, though afar
  It be my hap to roam;
That e'er my constant heart shall stray
  From love, from thee, from home.

No! in the tumult o' the fight,
  'Midst Salem's chivalrie,
The thought that arms this hand with death
  Shall be the thought of thee.

There are many very beautiful ancient and modern ballads and romances throughout this work, but their extreme length precludes our making any further extracts. We have rapidly presented some of the most striking features, both of oral and written song; and we can only express our regret that we have neither time nor space to illustrate all their peculiar phases by the quotations this interesting and valuable work so abundantly supplies. We refer the reader to the volumes before us, in the full confidence that they will amply repay the most diligent perusal.

---

## WHAT IS TRUTH?*

This interrogatory, applied to our political controversy, must, to a great portion of the people, who, for obvious reasons, are little accustomed or inclined to analytical investigations, prove to be, we think, almost as difficult of solution as it was to the ancients, considered with reference to their various and conflicting systems of philosophy. The difficulty in the latter case, however, was attributable in a great measure to the abstract nature of the subject itself; with us it arises from other causes, and is not so much owing to the obscurity of the questions discussed, as to the manner in which they are generally treated.

When it is recollected how necessary, and yet how rare, is the exercise of a close discrimination to distinguish the true from the false, in heated party disputations; to what a lamentable extent it has become the custom among politicians to suffer themselves to be influenced rather by men than measures, rather by *partyism* than patriotism; that their private interests are often too much involved in the fate of the object of their praise or censure to admit of disinterested action; and moreover, how prevalent and effective demagogueism, in all its varieties, has become, it need excite little surprise that the number of those is comparatively limited, whose habits of reasoning and means of information, relative to such subjects, will enable them to arrive at conclusions in any degree intelligible or satisfactory.

The consequence is, the positions of parties are undergoing changes as constant, if not as regular, as those of the seasons; and the policy of government it subjected to fluctuations as disastrous as they are sudden and violent.

The single fact, that, within the space of five years, an overwhelming majority of the people announced by their votes the adoption of the doctrines of one great party, and that in two short years subsequently, with a still more dedecided unanimity, they arrayed them-

* 1st. Acts and Resolutions passed at the first session of the 29th Congress of the United States, published by authority. 2d. Sections adopted at the New-York Constitutional Convention.

Digitized by Google

selves under the banner of another, proclaiming diametrically opposite principles, will ever stand as a striking, if we may not add, disgraceful proof. Indeed, a stranger in our country, one unacquainted with the peculiarities of our government, and judging from appearances only, could hardly be charged with committing a very heinous oversight in embracing the opinion, that the people, on some occasions, were making a mocking of their institutions, and, in mere wantoness of freedom, were "playing such fantastic tricks," in imitation, on a higher scale, of 'village militia, who, to bring their systems of organization into ridicule and contempt, or from a spirit of sheer foolishness, sometimes convert their elections into the broadest burlesque, by selecting their officers from among the least considerable persons in the community. And it must be confessed that the election of certain individuals to high places, during some of our memorable campaigns, would go very far to favor such a supposition.

This condition of things, which has existed from the earliest days of our republic, shows how totally unfounded and unsettled is the public mind on fundamental principles of government, and is strongly indicative also of the vast importance to the people of something like a radical change in the character of their political teachings.

In many matters pertaining to civil government, we afford signal examples of the force of habit and the slavery of the human mind to long established customs. We are still prejudiced in favor of theories, which, hereafter, will be pronounced a disgrace to any other era than the gloomiest of those barbarous times in which they had their origin. We have proved unfaithful stewards. The glorious principles which our Declaration of Independence proclaimed and our arms established, we have hitherto failed to turn to the most profitable account—we have been unjust to ourselves—we have placed our attention too much upon what *is and has been*, and neglected to consider sufficiently what *ought* to be and may be. To speak plainly, the people of this country are most deplorably and scandalously remiss in applying their strong practical sense to two great subjects, which of all others it behooves them to regard with unremitting vigilance—we mean the sciences of municipal government and political economy. The extent of this apathy we confess surprises us. If it were confined to the nooks and corners of the back-woods, and to the more unpretending classes in point of education, its existence could be as readily explained as palliated. But when we see men, and unfortunately, they are numbered neither by units, tens, nor hundreds, in high and responsible public stations, continually betraying so 'plentiful a lack' of information, as would often appear in the highest degree ludicrous, were it not utterly disgraceful, concerning the very first rudiments of these important subjects, we turn instinctively to watch, with increased anxiety, the efforts and progress of "the Societies for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," and are constrained to believe that their labors are yet far from becoming supererogatory, and that the "lower orders" by no means afford the only prolific field for the exercise of their very commendable zeal and beneficence. "Knowledge before oratory," is a precept that appears to find but little favor with too many of our political aspirants.

To the intelligent Democrat, who is accustomed to read the Congressional debates, or who possesses the fortitude to undergo—as a sheer matter of duty—the self-infliction of perusing Whig newspapers, it would be needless labor to point out examples as proof of this.

But the Whigs are not alone guilty of these political solecisms. The Democrats have sins to answer for, neither small nor few. Their "mission" is a most glorious one; and they are chargeable with the unpardonable vandalism of not knowing it;—at least, they seem to be so, or how happens it that at this late day, after a lapse of three-score and ten years of our national existence, that party—the great American party—the party of enlightened freedom—the party that was, and is, to establish the true principles of civil government and political economy—to found a government, for the first time since the "fall of man," entirely on principles of reason, justice and philanthropy—how happens it, we ask, that this party has hitherto failed to obtain that commanding majority of the

Digitized by Google

great body of the people which the righteousness of its principles so richly merits? How happens it that the false and mischievous doctrines of Whiggery are yet able to maintain so powerful an antagonism to the party of truth and justice? How happens it that Democracy still requires so much legislation, so frequent a remodelling of constitutions?

The truth is, that superior as we are to all other nations, ancient or modern, in our political institutions, and eminently excellent as they indisputably are in themselves, yet nevertheless, we hesitate not to say, that from the adoption of our constitution to the present day, from Washington to Polk, the principles of genuine democracy have never yet been carried into complete practice in this country. We have been most egregiously deceiving ourselves in mistaking words for things, sound for substance, shadows for realities. In some instances we have misapprehended if not perverted the meaning of terms. The word "freedom," for example, so constantly upon the lips of all, we suspect, is seldom correctly understood. Unless we greatly err. independence of foreign power, and the rejection in our governments of regal and aristocratical institutions, comprise the idea generally attached to that word. That, to be sure, is a great deal, but after all it is but half the truth. True political "freedom"—that freedom which at once affords us the greatest security with the greatest liberty, is what we have never yet been fully blessed with. That we have the ability as well as the right to "govern ourselves," without the oppressive incumbrances of kings and lords, is a truth palpable to the mind of every individual in the country. The *quo modo* and the *quantum* are, however, questions—especially the latter—rarely taken into consideration, and still more rarely correctly answered; yet how absolutely necessary it is that they should be perfectly comprehended—for what is more absurd, and at the same time more hazardous to the prosperity of the country, than that men should take upon themselves the vast responsibility of denouncing or championing measures of government and political parties, and of summarily pronouncing upon their fate, when they themselves would be exceedingly puzzled, either to give the why and the wherefore, or to advance a rational opinion as to the proper character with which a free government should be invested. In such cases free suffrage loses half its virtue; and its continued exercise fails to produce that improvement in the service of self-government, which we have a right to expect at the hands of intelligent freemen.

The annual legislators in all the states have had too much power, and most of their time has ever been occupied in dispensing favors to the few. If we look over the ponderous *tomes* that are the result of every session of the legislatures, through all the gradations of towns, cities, territories, states and the federal government, we are struck with the large portion applicable to individuals only, and the small attention that the public good has received. In analyzing their acts, we find nothing of positive good effected, but what a fundamental law in convention might not have permanently produced. During the last twenty years that the New-York constitution of 1825 has been in operation, a large portion of the public attention, and a very large proportion of the labor of annual legislatures, has been occupied with corporations, which have been called into existence, not only in accordance with the constitution of 1825, but in some cases in defiance of its express terms. The abuses which grow out of the powers, real and usurped, of the state legislatures, have been a constant source of contention; and more than one election has turned upon their validity, and the people have condemned them. Twelve years ago, the gubernatorial election turned almost exclusively upon the question of monopolies of every kind and degree; and the term monopoly was applied in its broadest sense to all acts of incorporation. The triumph of Gov. Marcy over Mr. Seward, in 1834, was clearly owing to the belief that all exclusive and partial legislation would cease. There can be no question but those acts which create monopolies are of unmixed evil; that they are subversive of the sacred rights of men; are calculated to create artificial inequality in human conditions; to elevate the few and depress the many; and their final operation is to build up a powerful aristocracy, and strike at

Digitized by Google

democratic government. Notwithstanding that that opinion of the people was so clearly expressed in 1834, subsequent legislators did create monopolies, and in violation of the terms of the constitution, did squander the public money upon those monopolies; and direct state taxation, in spite of the princely revenues of the canals, necessarily resulted from that treasonable violation of the fundamental law of the state. The lesson and experience growing out of those mal-practices of annual legislatures, has made the prohibition of all corporations by legislative enactments, necessary in the new constitution. Instead of allowing the legislature to pass general laws by which all persons may become associated for any purpose, by complying with its provision, the constitution itself should specify the conditions, and place the whole above the caprice of annual assemblies. The details of the public service may, with less danger, be entrusted to temporary law makers, governed by local interest and individual attachments, when the people have placed beyond their reach those great principles of public economy, the truth of which is readily recognised by the sagacity of the people.

It is a very common error, (mistaking the means for the end) that politics, like divinity, is, and necessarily must be, a permanent profession—a trade—to be followed as a regular employment, and that the country, to keep up the necessary *quantum* of government, is for ever destined, periodically, to undergo universal and violent convulsions, demoralizing and brutalizing as they are to the popular mind. Indeed, the notion seems to be very prevalent that the physical prosperity of the country would be arrested, that is to say, that our crops would cease to grow, the winds of heaven refuse to waft our ships from port to port, our merchants be deprived of the means of selling or exchanging their goods, our mechanics fail to obtain employment, the rapid march of science be abruptly stayed; in short, that all the various wants of man would at once and for ever go altogether unsupplied, unless, forsooth, at an annual expense of scores of millions, we continue to keep up a system of perpetual legislation, "never-ending, still beginning," piling up, year after year, laws upon laws, Pelion upon Ossa, until the very contemplation, the bare idea of the huge, chaotic and monstrous mass, is getting to be positively frightful.

What, then, is the remedy? As we have already hinted, the chief cause of all our national difficulties arises from the unaccountable ignorance which so generally exists on the subject of what should constitute the legitimate functions, the precise duties, the true character of a free government. This being the main obstacle to our greater prosperity, the remedy is obvious Just so soon as the great majority of the people shall once have a correct understanding of this matter, the Democratic party, or in other words, political truth and justice, will become immovably and for ever established. The true theory of the whole subject lies in a nutshell.

It has been often very clearly shown by able writers, and every man's common sense, on due reflection, will confirm the correctness of the reasoning, that when government secures to the citizen his "natural rights," "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," it performs its *whole* duty; that to whatever degree it transcends that plain boundary, to such a degree it usurps power and becomes oppressive and unjust. That is the simple solution of the entire mystery.

Let that idea be strictly acted upon in this country, and a greater revolution in the actual working of our government would be immediately wrought, than that which was produced by the establishment of American Independence. Such an "Iliad of evils," moral and physical, would be put to instant flight, and a change so wholesome and renovating effected, as would appear absolutely magical, and such as would deprive our "Transcendental Reformers" of half their arguments, if not their flippancy. But we will illustrate this by a recurrence to first principles.

Let a colony of a thousand families be selected from all classes of our citizens, and established in some unappropriated country, in independence of all the world, having at the outset no laws nor government whatever, except the recognition and acknowledgment of private property; now, if they were all peaceable and honest members of society, they would require no other restraints whatever than public opinion

Digitized by Google

and the action of their own consciences. For "government like dress," as has been happily remarked, "is the badge of lost innocence."

After selecting their various occupations, the farmers would dispose of their crops where they could sell, or barter them to the best advantage; the mechanics would dispose of their skill in the same manner; and every individual and class of society would so conduct their business and callings, as would seem to them the most profitable and agreeable. But it is not at present very probable that so numerous a community will ever be found, at least before the millenium, whose members will all be either peaceable or honest. The fairest flower is attended with the sharpest thorn. Virtue must be contrasted with vice in order to display its full value and beauty. All such herdings of frail humanity will inevitably afford examples of each, under every variety of aspect. There will be found uprightness and refinement, as well as knavery and brutality among the poor; and unobtrusive benevolence, as well as oppression and repulsive arrogance among the rich. There will be found the dexterous sharper, and the easy dupe; specious imposture in contact with blind credulity; feebleness struggling against power; integrity and innocence against treachery and fraud in every form.

This community, then, correctly comprehending the exact measure of their wants, will delegate honest, intelligent men to a convention to form a simple constitution, establishing courts of judicature, through the agency of which the injured citizen may obtain speedy and just redress for his grievances. This done, the important question then arises—and this is the point to which we wish to direct the particular attention of the reader—what more in the way of government would such a community require? What would be the necessity for additional law-making? And above all, what possible pretext could they have for anything like annual legislation? They are amply secured in the full possession of all their rights; they are under no earthly restraint in acquiring wealth and happiness to their heart's content. What more, then, could they in any way demand from the hands of government? But in truth government has nothing now to give, whatever might be demanded. It could confer no further favor; it could bestow no especial benefit upon one individual only by the especial robbing of another. Should the organs of government, therefore, in an evil hour, so far forget the nature of their duties as to attempt to "encourage" a particular branch of trade by bounties, restrictive or "protective" laws, or to confer favors by acts of special incorporation, it would not only be a most unwarrantable travelling out of the sphere of the proper functions of government, but it would be a total and most atrocious perversion of its essential nature. The whole end and aim of its establishment would be lost sight of, and its power for good very greatly diminished. Instead of maintaining the character of a palladium of the liberties of the people, it would at once become their betrayer and destroyer. It could therefore have nothing whatever to do with any such matter. Should the wants of such a community, however, require works of internal improvement, private enterprise would supply them, and on the safest and best possible terms; but government must not, ought not, and we repeat, could not, in any way interfere with the private occupations of the people.

What folly it would be, then, in the members of such a society to establish and keep up a system of perpetual legislation, to go through the expensive process of enacting every twelvemonth a batch of laws, for which they could not only not have any possible honest use, but the direct tendency of which would be evil, and nothing but evil, and that too in superaddition to the incalculable mischief that would necessarily ensue from the hordes of idle drones, voracious office-seekers, and turbulent demagogues, which the system would incidentally, but inevitably produce?

If our illustration and reasoning are not at fault, it is easy to see what should be the character of our government. And by the simple comparison of what we have with what we ought to have, we are enabled to form some idea of the disastrous frequency and the flagrancy of the instances in which our governments—state and national—have passed beyond the limits of their legitimate action.

Digitized by Google

## THE INDIAN LOVER.

I.

I AM a wild Lenappé chief,
  And love the bloody game of life;
See yonder sumach's crimson leaf!
  'Tis paler than my scalping-knife;—
Neosho's torrent wild I stem,
  Outstrip in speed the tameless roe,
And round the war-fire chaunt the hymn,
  The death-song of my hated foe.

II.

But when the war-whoop on the plain,
  And on the hill, is heard no more,
I snap my scalping-knife in twain,
  And hie me to yon wigwam low;—
I rob the eagle of his plume,
  And gather flowers from the grove,
Strip from the musk-deer his perfume,
  And bear them to my dark-eyed love.

III.

I tame the spotted fawn for her,
  And pluck the fleece from mountain-goat,
And weave, on tendons of the deer,
  Bright garments of the wild duck's throat;
I seize the wildest mustang steed,
  And lead him trembling to her door,
And string upon the slender reed
  The scalp-lock of my hated foe.

IV.

I dreamed some rival at her door
  Had left his love-gifts rich and rare;
I hold whoe'er he be, my foe,
  And bid him of my wrath beware!
I am a wild Lenappé chief,
  And love the bloody game of life;
See yonder sumach's crimson leaf!
  'Tis paler than my scalping-knife.

Digitized by Google

# THE ELEMENTS OF MORALITY; INCLUDING POLITY.*

From the acknowledged talent and learning of Mr. Whewell, as well as from some of his former publications, we were prepared to think well of the work before us. We took it up with the expectation that it would be our pleasure to speak in its praise; we did not expect, indeed, to find it characterized by a very high order of philosophical ability, but we had no doubt it would be imbued with a spirit of pure devotion to the cause of science, and that its principles (being as we supposed those of the great Butler) would be sound. Most sadly have we been disappointed. Whether the author is a pensioned or unpensioned defender of the Establishment; whether he has been rewarded beforehand or only dazzled by the glittering prospects of a mitre in expectancy, or whether he has spontaneously uttered his own sentiments, the fact itself is abundantly clear, that he has betrayed as blind a devotion to party as we have ever seen manifested in a professedly scientific work. No one can read it carefully, without being impressed with the conviction, that it was written with the special design to uphold the union of Church and State, and to maintain all established things. This is, incontrovertibly, its great scope and purpose. In order to accomplish this object, the most odious dogmas of Hobbes, which we had hoped were exploded forever, have been revived and sent forth to the world again. We wonder that a work containing doctrines so servile, should have been suffered to circulate among us, without meeting with the stern rebuke and condemnation which it deserves, from every free people and every free press in the world.

The reader who fails to notice the party object and bearing of the work, will find himself involved in the most inextricable perplexity and confusion; for the foundations and landmarks of moral science have been broken up and confounded, in order to prepare the way for the introduction of despotic principles in both Church and State. This is the one ruling spirit and design which binds all its heterogeneous materials together. Every thing which has seemed capable of lending any support to such an object, has been pressed into the service, without regard to logical consistency or scientific method. Hence the Elements are made up of the odds and ends of all schemes, whether ancient or modern; they embrace the germs of all systems, whether true or false,—while nothing is discussed, nothing is developed, nothing is illuminated. All is dark and confused; except the one clear and manifest design to uphold and support arbitrary and despotic principles, in order to preserve and perpetuate the union of Church and State.

If the work in question had proceeded from an obscure individual, we should here dismiss it as unworthy of further consideration; but as it comes from one who occupies a high position in the world of letters, it calls for a more extended notice at our hands. This we shall proceed to give it. We gladly embrace the opportunity to vindicate the noble science, which has been so rudely invaded and laid waste, as well as to discuss some of the most profoundly interesting problems in the science of morals. We would roll back, if possible, the immense masses of undigested learning, with which the author has overlaid and oppressed the whole region of moral science, and endeavor to restore some of its great truths to their original form and beauty.

The first thing which strikes us, on opening the book before us, is the bold attempt to deduce the elements of morality from certain axioms, according to the beautiful method of geometry. He evidently supposes that the truths of science are deduced from axioms or self-

* The Elements of Morality; including Polity. By William Whewell, D. D., author of the History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences. In two volumes. New-York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff-street. pp. 401 and 426.



Digitized by Google

evident propositions; but this is a mistake even in regard to the philosophy of his own favorite science. The truths of geometry are deduced from its definitions, and not from its axioms: the properties of a circle and of a triangle flow from the definitions of a circle and of a triangle, and not from any self-evident truth, nor from any combination of such truths. Indeed, no truth, in any department of human knowledge, can be deduced from axioms or self-evident propositions.

We should not judge Mr. Whewell, however, with any degree of severity, for not seeing this great negative idea of the Baconian philosophy; for it is a subject to which neither Brewster, nor Brougham, nor Hallam, nor Macauley had even attempted to do justice: its immense value and importance has been entirely overlooked by them. It has fared much better in the hands of Playfair, and Herschel, and McClaurin. It has also been exhibited, to a certain extent, by Locke and Stewart; but it has never been developed and illustrated with that fulness and variety of detail, which its vast importance in regard to almost every branch of science demands. We shall recur to it, perhaps, in some future number of our journal; at present we must return to our author.

The elements of morals are, then, to be deduced from certain axioms, "Analogous, in morality, to the axioms in geometry." Now, where are these axioms to be found? Shall we look for them at the beginning of the book, where the axioms of geometry are always placed? If so, we shall be sadly disappointed; for in that place there are no axioms, nor any thing like them. Where shall we find them then? Thanks to the author for answering this question; or we should never have been able to solve it for ourselves. They stand in no particular relation to the great body of truth to which they are supposed to lead; and if, in our unaided researches, we had passed over them a thousand times, we should never have suspected them of being self-evident truths. They are simply the five propositions contained in articles 269, 270, and 271, of the "infinite series" to which they belong.

And when we have found them, what are they? Are they like the axioms of geometry, self-evident truths? or, like the definitions of that science, clear intuitions of the reason? So far from this, they are clumsy statements of various systems of morals, which have been advocated by different philosophers. This may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless strictly true. We can dwell upon this part of our subject, however, only long enough to verify our remarks in relation to one of his *self-evident* truths.

This self-evident proposition, as it is called, is a one-sided and fragmentary view of the great system of Butler. It is presented in the following terms: "We have seen that the idea of Purity implies the contemplation of mere appetite and desire, as the Lower Parts of our nature, which are to be governed by, and made subservient to, the Moral Sentiments and Reason, the Higher Parts. We may state this as a Moral Principle, that the *Lower Parts of our Nature are to be governed by, and subservient to, the Higher.* This is the Principle of Purity." Now, we do not object to this principle as truth; for we believe that it is, when properly understood, most profoundly true. It is the great leading idea of Butler's system of morals, under whose "dark and crabbed style," as Mackintosh calls it, there is contained, as Dr. Chalmers has more truly said, "the most precious repository of ethical principles extant in any language." If Mr. Whewell had taken the solid gold of Butler, and beaten it out into shining leaf, as many a modern author has done, in order to adorn his pages, we should have uttered no complaint; we should have admired his wisdom.

But the use which he has made of Butler's philosophy, is far different from this. In the first place, the great leading idea of that system is set forth as a self-evident proposition, "analogous to the axioms of Geometry;" though it required the most profound analysis, on the part of its author, to render it intelligible, and cause its deep truth to be seen. By a severe and rigid analysis, Butler showed what is meant by the higher and lower parts of our nature, and without this analysis his doctrine would not have been even clear to the mind. It has acquired the suffrages, we believe, of the great thinkers who have devoted themselves to the study of moral philosophy; but

Digitized by Google

it still has many and violent opponents. Dr. Wardlaw, for one, entirely misconceiving it, and supposing it to come into conflict with the doctrines of revelation, has declaimed eloquently against it, and thereby led many astray. And there are others, who, blindly imagining that to speak of "the supremacy of conscience," is to derogate from the absolute authority and glory of divine revelation, have looked upon the scheme of Butler as heathenish and profane. Others again, including all your Benthamites *in morals*,* will stare at you if you announce such a doctrine, and ask what is meant by higher and lower parts of our nature? Is not the desire of happiness the sole spring of action? To such persons, the great principle of Butler, so far from being self-evident, appears simply a gross absurdity. With them, the greatest happiness principle, (the very principle Butler labored to overthrow,) is the self-evident dogma, from which all the rules of morals are to be deduced: all talk about higher principles they set down as transcendental jargon. In view of these things, it is difficult to say whether it is the more amusing or amazing, to witness the undaunted hardihood with which Mr. Whewell assumes the principle of Butler as a self-evident truth. We know of nothing parallel to it, in all our literature, except the conduct of Bentham, who assumes the diametrically opposite principle as self-evident, and then proceeds to deduce "the elements of morality" from it, as if it had never been called in question. What a delightful oblivion, in both cases, of the whole history of moral science!

Having assumed the principle of Butler as a self-evident truth, Mr. Whewell proceeds, "I hope I may once more refer to the Analogy of Geometry; and remind the reader, *that all the controversies which turn on matters below the axioms, do not affect the superstructure built upon them.*"—p. 9. Now, this is very true, in regard to Geometry: no disputes can shake its axioms; they "look down with scorn on the Sophist;" but what shall we say of Mr. Whewell's axioms in morals? We do not deny their truth; but we will say, what we had supposed was known to every moral philosopher, that unless the matters which lie below them are true, his whole system of rules deduced from them, rests on a hollow and false foundation. No matter what questions we may raise respecting the nature of "the evidence of the Axioms and definitions of Geometry," we must adopt the axioms and definitions themselves; for the sufficient reason, that they are necessary truths, which no human mind can deny. But not so with Mr. Whewell's moral axioms. Unless the analysis of Butler be correct, his system is false. Mr. Whewell has most grossly deceived himself by a false analogy; and assumed, as self-evident, the very thing which, above all others, is to be established. Mr. Bentham might have done the same thing; he might have contended, "that men may dispute and wrangle as much as they please about matters which lie below his axioms, such, for instance, as the existence of conscience; but this cannot disturb the axioms themselves, or shake the superstructure built upon them."—p. 9.

This is not all. The matter will appear still more strange, when we consider the object of Mr. Whewell in thus setting out from self-evident truths or propositions, in order to deduce a system of rules from them. We shall state this in his own words: "The construction of the elements of Geometry," says Mr. Whewell, (still pursuing his analogy,) "besides being the creation of a precious and imperishable body of scientific truth, was the first step in the philosophy of geometry." The author distinguishes, it will be perceived, between the elements of geometry and the philosophy of geometry. In like manner, he distinguishes between the elements and the philosophy of morality; and it is his avowed object, to deduce the former from certain unquestioned and unquestionable axioms, in order that he may prepare the way for the latter. Thus, "it seemed to me," says he, "that the construction of the elements of morality ought to precede any attempt to settle the disputed and doubtful questions which are regarded as belonging to the Philosophy of Morality."—p. 8. Mr. Whewell evidently

* We do not wish to be misunderstood; for, as a legal reformer and jurist, we entertain the highest respect for Bentham.

Digitized by Google

regarded this as a grand undertaking: "the difficulty of constructing a solid system of morality," says he, "may be expected to be, in some degree, great, in proportion to its great value and extensive bearings, when once constructed."--p.7. One of these great advantages is, that it will lay the foundation for a true system of moral philosophy. It is with this view that our author declines, as he supposes, the questions of moral philosophy, and confines himself to self-evident truths, and rigid deductions from them. Thus the elements of morality are constructed: out of these elements the true system of moral philosophy is to arise; and yet one of the self-evident truths from which they are deduced, is neither more nor less than a partial statement of Butler's system of moral philosophy! It must be confessed, that this is a very novel method of settling all the disputed points in moral philosophy, namely, to assume a system of moral philosophy; to call it a self-evident truth; to deduce the elements of morality from it; and then, out of the elements thus deduced, to reconstruct the system from which they are drawn.

This is not all. According to Butler, virtue consists in acting in conformity to the dictates of conscience, to "the moral sentiments and reason;" or, in other words, virtue consists in obeying the superior principles of our natures rather than the inferior, whenever there is a conflict between them. Now, this is assumed by Mr. Whewell as *one* of his axioms; and yet, supposing it to be true, (and we do not doubt its truth,) all his other axioms are included in it. It is not a co-ordinate principle with them; it comprehends them all. Every man's conscience, for example, or his reason and moral sentiments, teaches him that he should speak the truth; that he should obey the law of the land; that he should render to each man his due; and that he should love his fellow man. Hence, we cannot conform to the highest principle of our nature without conforming to Mr. Whewell's four other great axiomatic principles—the principles of *truth*, of *order*, of *justice*, and of *benevolence*, in so far as they can be followed. The two of these rules which precede, and the two which follow, the great principle standing midway between them in his *enumeration*, are merely branches of that principle, and not co-ordinate principles with it. This principle has been mutilated, it is true, by Mr. Whewell, and called "the principle of purity," in opposition to common usage; but still as it is in itself, and as it should be preserved in its integrity by every disciple of Butler, it is the great luminous centre from which all inferior rules emanate. It is usually spoken of among philosophers, not by the name of "the principle of purity," but by that of "the supremacy of conscience;" a very inconvenient principle, by the by, for those who, like our author, would, in all cases, as we shall hereafter see, enforce an unqualified and passive submission to human laws.

We now proceed to notice another very remarkable feature in the work before us. No intelligent person can read it carefully, without being struck with the arbitrary arrangements of thought which occur on almost every page. If the author had not told us, that he wished us to understand that he had "tried to make it a work of rigorous reasoning," we should have supposed he had proceeded in his work with the most complacent disregard of the rules and trammels of logic. Thus, to select a few examples out of an immense multitude, the author says, "The rules of action may *command* actions as means to an end; thus: Steal not, *that thou be not whipt*." Now, any other person who had not fallen out with the natural order of things, would have supposed, that the whipping is the means, and the prevention of stealing is the end, on the part of the lawgiver. Not so with Mr. Whewell: he supposes that the "command" thou shalt not steal, is given in order to prevent whipping. Equally rigid is the logic, by which he proves that "moral rules exist necessarily." "Man must act with reference to parents, wife and children, *therefore there must be families*."—p. 57. This is an assertion which we select from a string of equally arbitrary propositions. If Mr. Whewell had just inverted this order, and deduced his premises from his conclusion, it would have been far more satisfactory to ordinary minds. If he had said, "there must be families, and therefore we must act with reference to parents, wife and children," we

Digitized by Google

should, for our part, have been better pleased with his logic. But Mr. Whewell, it seems, is not disposed to say any thing in a natural way; and hence, he concludes, that "we must act with reference to parents, wife and children" —(what! before we have them?)— therefore we must have them. It seems to be a matter of great indifference with the learned author, whether he arranges his ideas in one order or another; whether he represents things as standing in one relation to each other, or in the diametrical opposite relation. He tells us, for example, that "the internal actions, desire, affection, intention, will, point to external acts; they have acts for their objects, and *derive their character and significance, as right or wrong,* from the *external acts to which they thus point.*"—p. 158. Let the reader be not startled by this astounding announcement; for it is merely "an element" of morality, which by no means excludes the contradictory element. It does not, for a moment, prevent our author from coming round to the common sentiment of mankind, that *external acts derive their character and significance as right or wrong, from the intention from which they proceed.* For he tells us, and with an equal air of auracular authority, that "the volition which aims at theft is morally wrong. The intention which points to the theft is also morally wrong. The desire of that which belongs to another is morally wrong. *These internal acts are wrong, even if the external acts do not take place.*" Nay, he even informs us, that "External actions, as the motions in our limbs, and the motions thereby produced in material things, and in the state of other persons, are not our actions, except so far as they are the consequences of our intention and will. When we have willed, what follows is a consequence of laws of nature, extraneous to us; and *derives its character of right or wrong,* so far as we are concerned in it, *from the will, and that which preceded the will.*" Now, we shall say nothing about the strange philosophy implied in both of these passages; we intend merely to notice the *strange* fact, that the internal act not only derives its moral character from the external act, but the external act also derives its moral character from the internal act. We might notice many other things of the same kind; but we must proceed to consider points of deeper and graver import. In considering them, we shall see that our author has not only changed the natural order of particular thoughts and principles, but that he has also seized whole departments of human knowledge, and transposed and inverted them in the same arbitrary and sovereign manner.

To ascertain and define the relations which subsist between morality and the laws of the land, is a great problem, in the solution of which the least inaccuracy may be attended with serious consequences to the best interests of man. In his attempts to throw light on this great problem, Mr. Whewell has begun wrong, proceeded with the utmost embarrassment and comparison, and ended in the most despicable of all solutions. We intend to make these positions good.

Our best philosophers have, and for good reasons, supposed that the principles of morality should be considered before the law of the land; because they are higher and more sacred in their natures. But Mr. Whewell does not like this arrangement; he finds it *necessary to his purpose,* to treat of the municipal law first, and then of "*morality which depends*" upon the law of the land. His *avowed* reason for this bold innovation is very remarkable. "We must treat of Rights before we treat of Duties," says he; "for as we have said, the terms which express Rights are necessarily employed in laying down moral rules."—p. 72. Now, although the term right is used in Blackstone's Commentaries, as well as in Butler's Moral Philosophy, it does not follow that it is, in both cases, used in the same sense. A man may *have a right* to do many things under the law of the land, which are not *morally right* in themselves; and, *e converso,* many things *are right* in a moral point of view, which the law of the land does not enjoin, so as to establish *legal rights* upon them. The idea of the *morally right,* and that of *a legal right,* are perfectly distinct, and cannot be identified without leading to the utmost confusion of thought and expression. Hence, there was no necessity of explaining *legal rights,* and giving us a treatise on the municipal code, in order

Digitized by Google

to enable us to understand the rules of Morality. If the author had undertaken to treat of the human spirit, would he have introduced the subject with a learned dissertation on ardent spirits and all other subtle fluids which go by the same name; because the *term which expresses them must be employed in treating of the human spirit?* If so, it would have opened a wide field for the peculiar genius of the author; and we should have had a perfect counterpart to the work before us: a learned treatise on physics as a *necessary* introduction to the study of metaphysics!

But the real inducement which has led Mr. Whewell to adopt the method in question, is far more powerful than the reason assigned for it. It is to exalt "the Establishment" and all established things. It is to restore the "Leviathan" in all the plenitude of his power. It is truly amazing to see, how little regard the author pays to great principles of morality, when they stand in the way of his reverence for the law of the land. Throughout his "elements of morality," it seems to be one perpetual struggle to exalt the law: all things good on earth seem to proceed from it as well as the emoluments of its supporters, and opposition to it excites a more lively indignation than the most flagrant outrages against the eternal principles of truth and justice.

"Thus," says our author,—

"Rights being established, wrongs, the violations of these Rights, excite a stronger feeling than the mere privation or interruption of our gratifications. Rights, being assigned to each person by Rules to which the common Reason of mankind assents, we resent the violation of these Rights not only as an assault upon an individual, but as an aggression upon all mankind. When we receive a wrong, we know that we have with us the resentment of all our fellow-men, at the infraction of a Rule which all acknowledge. *We entertain our resentful emotions with complacency;* they become strengthened and rooted by this conviction of general sympathy. *The anger which we feel, is no longer the impulse of our individual feelings:* IT IS AN AFFECTION OF THE COMMON HEART OF MANKIND. We not only entertain our wrath; *we cling to it as something good, and admire it as something laudable. We deem our indignation to be virtuous.*"—p. 78, 79.

Now, let it be borne in mind, that all this holy wrath is excited, not by a violation of morality, but by a violation of *established* rights. This is not all. If nothing were established by human laws, our moral sentiments could not be outraged; because human laws are necessary, it seems, to develope the moral sentiments.

The sentiments, the wrath and the indignation, of which the author has just spoken, he calls, "Jural Sentiments;" and he informs us, on the same page, that they

"*Are the germs of Moral Sentiments*, of a larger and deeper import. The Sentiment of Indignation against Wrongs, when expanded and unfolded by habitual thought, leads us to the condemnation of all dispositions which tend to produce Wrongs. All such dispositions are disapproved of, *as immoral.* In like manner, the Sentiment of Rights, when extended and unfolded by the thoughts of what is due to others, as well as ourselves, (and the author repeatedly asserts that we can know what is due to others or to ourselves only by the law of the land,) produces a Sentiment of Obligation, and hence a Sentiment of Duty, or, as it is often termed, a Sense of Duty."—p. 79.

Now, here we have the genesis of the sense of right and wrong: the pedigree of our moral sentiments; "*without the existence of the State, we have no rights:*" they are all derived from the law of the land; we get angry when these are violated, and we nurse and cherish and cling to our "wrath as something good." And well we may, for it is the germ of our moral sentiments, and it only requires to be "entertained," "expanded and unfolded," in order to open out into the awful sentiment of Duty. If this be the true origin of our moral sentiments, Mr. Whewell has certainly done right in beginning his "Elements of Morality" with the Commentaries of Blackstone, and in concluding them, for the greater perfection of the moral sentiments, with the Equity Jurisprudence of Story. Indeed, these learned works, these beautiful outlines, should be placed in the hands of our little children, in order that their moral sentiments may have an opportunity to expand and come into conscious life, in the only possible way, under "the gladsome light of jurisprudence," instead of being left to struggle in vain

Digitized by Google

after a perception of moral rules independent of established law. With such views, it is no wonder that our author should have commended so highly a practice which he has ascribed to the "ancient Romans," to wit: that of inculcating upon children, "*in the earliest years of life*," the "Laws, and the Maxims and Formulæ of Laws." This is a theme on which he delights to dwell.

"The familiarity with the Law," he continues, "thus generated, joined with a belief that the Roman Law was the perfection of justice, constituted a moral education for the Romans. In like manner, the habitual use of expressions implying moral qualities and moral sentiments, calls up moral notions and moral sentiments in those who thus learn the language of morality. *But moral notions and moral sentiments can have no definiteness and fixity, except the rules by which their objects are determined are definite and fixed;* AND THESE RULES ARE LAW AND CUSTOM. Each successive generation, deriving its education from the existing Laws and Customs of the Nation, and being imbued with a belief that these Laws, and the Maxims which they imply, are right and just, will transmit the same education to the next generation. And *thus the stability and consistency of the state will be preserved.*" —p. 151.

Truly, it must be confessed, that before the coming of Dr. Whewell, the world was in as great darkness with respect to the true mode of training up little children, as it was in regard to the true order and method of teaching the rules of morality. Most Christian parents have been weak enough to suppose, that the law of God might serve the purpose of moral instruction, nearly as well as the law of the land; and that the Bible is as good an instrument for the development of "the moral sentiments" as is Blackstone's Commentaries. When this shall be clearly shown to be a mistake, however, we trust that the work of that learned commentator will be introduced into all our infant schools and sunday schools, as well as into all schemes of parental government.

It is in perfect conformity with the above views of the glory of law *as it is*, that our author has repeatedly declared, "That among the most powerful Springs of Human Action is *the Desire of Civil Society*, and *that man cannot exist as man except he exist in Civil Society, under the sway of Rules of Action really enforced by some of the Members of the community.*"—p. 143-4. This is a legitimate consequence of the doctrine already noticed; for if the moral sentiments of man are generated, in the way described, by the operation of the laws of civil society, it follows that without such laws, he would be devoid of moral sentiments, and consequently not an accountable being. In one word, he might exist independently of civil society, but not as man; for he would have no moral sentiments. Lord Monboddo has told us how the monkey became a man; our author has given another process by which we, existing as mere animals, have been raised to the rank of human beings. It is by the operation of the law of the land, which establishes Rights; these beget "Jural Sentiments," which are gradually developed into a Moral Sense, or Sense of Duty!

In strict accordance with his favorite doctrine, he tells us, that—

"Moral rules *must* be expressed by reference to men's rights; and thus they necessarily depend upon rights actually existing. Further, it has been stated, (94) that Men's Actual Rights are determined by Positive Law; Men's Rights in each Community are determined by the Positive Law of that Community. But the Laws of different Communities are different; and the determination of Men's Rights by various States are different. Personal Security, Property, Contract, Marriage, are regulated by very different rules in one State and in another. Private war, Slavery, Polygamy, Concubinage, have been permitted by the Laws of some States, and many other practices which are forbidden by our Laws. And it seems to follow from this, that Morality, *which depends on the Laws*, must prescribe different Rules in the States in which such practices are permitted, and in those in which they are forbidden."—p. 76.

Now, before we proceed to notice the author's extraordinary attempt to reconcile this language with the doctrine that "moral rules are universal and unchangeable," we shall present our own views of the manner in which the honor and glory of moral science are to be preserved from the influence

Digitized by Google

of such assumptions. If moral rules must be expressed by reference to rights existing under the law of the land, we shall not deny, that they are as fluctuating and changeable as those rights. Thus, it not only "seems" to follow—it clearly and irresistibly follows, from the position in question.—We would maintain the immutability of moral rules, therefore, by denying the proposition from which such an inference is fairly deduced. Indeed, it is scarcely possible to construct a more wild and reckless proposition than that on which the author has based so much of his reasoning. We are utterly amazed and confounded, that any teacher of morality should have the unparalleled hardihood to assert, that "moral rules must be expressed by reference to men's rights," as established by the laws of the community.

Let us look at this assertion in the light of the author's own teaching.—Mr. Whewell has given various moral rules: such, for example, as that "we should love man as man;" that "we should always speak the truth;" that "we should act in conformity with the higher principles of our nature rather than the lower, whenever they come into conflict." Now, not one of these moral rules is expressed with any reference to the law of the land, or to any right existing under it. In innumerable instances we may act in opposition to the dictates of conscience, without violating any right secured by human law. The moral law binds us to tell the truth; but yet we may, in many ways, violate this principle, without interfering with any right established by the civil code. The same remark is perfectly true of other moral precepts laid down by Mr. Whewell; such as, "Be not angry; bear no malice; do not lie; do not deceive; do not lust," and various others. They are expressed without the least shadow of reference to the law of the land.—They relate to the inmost recesses of the heart; the law of the land has nothing to do with them. How is it possible that our author could, in view of such things, assume the atrocious dogma in question, and send it forth to the world with an air of oracular authority as if it were not to be questioned?—The truth is, that he was so earnestly engaged in glorifying the laws of the land, that he seems to have forgotten all he had ever said and all he had ever known.

Of our author's five great moral rules, there are only two which are expressed with reference to the law of the land; namely, the principle of justice and the principle of order.—These two principles, as they are explained by him, do, indeed, make only one. "We may state this also as a Moral Principle," says he, "that each man is to have his own; and this we may term the Principle of Justice."—And he also says, "Justice requires us to give each man his own, and Law alone determines what is each man's own. If we draw inferences from the notion of Justice without taking account of the traditions of Law and History, we shall be led to contradiction and confusion." His great principle of justice, then, requires us to give each man his own, as it has been ascertained by "the traditions of Law and History." Hence, it is included in his principle of order, which "implies a conformity to positive Human Laws."—p. 193. Now, in his learned attempts to show that moral rules cannot be expressed except in relation to human laws, he draws his illustrations from the rules of justice, and then adds, that by "the like reasonings we should be led to other Moral Ideas."—p. 153. It is in this very satisfactory and philosophical manner that our author demonstrates that not only the rules of legal justice, but all moral rules whatever, must be expressed with reference to the law of the land.

Let us now notice the manner in which he attempts to reconcile his dogma, that moral rules must be expressed with reference to legal rights, with the fact that moral rules are immutable.—He admits, that "*it seems*" to follow from this dogma, that moral rules are as variable as the legal rights upon which they depend; and he even asserts, over and over again, that "the morality of the individual depends on his not violating the law of his nation."—p. 83. Now, in order to reconcile his scheme with the immutability of moral rules, which does he deny—the dogma or the conclusion which "*seems*" to flow from it? He neither denies

Digitized by Google

the premises nor the conclusion.—Surely, then, he must deny the immutability of moral rules? No, he does not deny that either; he holds them all together, and reconciles them in a manner peculiar to himself. Let us look at this specimen of logic:

"Moral rules" (says he) "exist necessarily; they are necessary to the action of man; they result necessarily from the possession of Reason. From this *it seems* to follow, that Moral Rules must be necessary truths, flowing from the moral nature of man; and that, therefore, like other necessary truths, they must be universal and unchangeable. And accordingly, moralists have constantly spoken of Morality as a body of fixed, immutable, universal truths."—p. 77.

Thus, moral rules depend on legal rights; and hence it follows that they must vary with those rights; and yet they flow from the moral nature of man, from the bare possession of reason, and, therefore, it follows that they are universal and unchangeable! Now, he demands of himself, "How are these two opposite doctrines to be reconciled?" and he answers—

"They are thus reconciled. The *Conceptions* of the fundamental rights of man are universal, and flow necessarily from the Moral Nature of man: the Definitions of these rights are diverse, and are determined by the laws of each State. The Conceptions of Personal Security, Security, Property, Contract, Family, exist everywhere; and man cannot be conceived to exist in a social condition without them. The Rules by which Personal Safety, Property, Contract, Families are maintained and protected, are different in different communities, and will differ according to the needs and purposes of each community. The Rules of Morality are universal and immutable, so far as they are expressed in terms of these Conceptions in their general form: it is always our duty to respect the Personal Safety, the Property, the Contracts, the Family Ties of others. But if we go into those details of Law by which these conceptions are in different communities differently defined, the Rules of Morality may differ. In one country the wayfarer may morally pluck the fruits of the earth as he passes, and in another he may not; because when so plucked, in one place they are, and in another they are not, the Property of him on whose field they grew. The Precept, *Do not Steal*, is universal; the Law, to pluck is to steal, is partial."—p. 77.

It is very remarkable, that in treating of the rules of *right* we should so often hear of "*rights*," and of "*rights*" only. Now, it may be true, if you please, that our notions of "the fundamental rights of men" are exceedingly vague, and that we can know the "rights" any man has only by looking at the law, and seeing what it guaranties to him. No one pretends to deny, that all the rules in relation to the rights of men "must be expressed with reference to the law of the land," so far as those rights are established by the law. The question is not whether *legal* rules respecting our legal *rights* must be so expressed, but whether "moral rules" concerning what *is right*, must be expressed with reference to the law of the land. It must be confessed, that in setting out with *rights*, instead of the *morally right*, the learned author has most skilfully adapted his premises to his foregone conclusion. We would remind him that morality is something more than an observance of contracts; and that the good man has something more to do in this life than merely to abstain from infringing upon the legal rights of his neighbor. The precept, "thou shalt not steal," is only one of the ten commandments;—it by no means embraces the whole moral law.

The question is not, we repeat, about "rights," but about *right*. Let the author show that we can have no notion of what is *right*, independent of legal enactments, and he will show something to the purpose; but while the point in hand relates to "moral rules," it is flying wide of the mark to lay one's premises on "fundamental rights."—When "moralists have spoken of morality as a body of fixed, immutable, universal truths," they have not referred to men's rights, but to that which *is right* in itself, absolutely, and independent of all law. On this subject we beg leave to read the learned author a lesson out of Hobbes himself:—"The laws of nature," says the philosopher of Malmsbury, "are *immutable* and *eternal*; for injustice, ingratitude, arrogance, pride, iniquity, acception of persons, can never be made lawful."—Leviathan, Part i., Chap. xv. This is a generous and noble sentiment, when compared with the low and despicable philosophy of Mr. Whewell.

It is the worst feature of this philoso-

Digitized by Google

phy, that it betrays no confidence in the importance of the distinction between right and wrong. It regards morality as "flexible," as unstable and fluctuating, while law alone is "fixed." Moral distinctions exist, it is true, according to this philosophy, but they can lead to no rule of human conduct. If we would know what we should do, we must in all cases turn to the law of the land; and it is in reference to this, that all our moral rules must be most reverently expressed. "Thus," it is emphatically said, "we cannot have justice without law. For justice requires us to give to each man his own, and law alone determines what is each man's own. *If we draw inferences from the notion of Justice, without taking account of the traditions of Law and History, we shall be led to contradiction and confusion.*" The same reasoning, he tells us, may be applied to other fundamental ideas.—p. 153. It is true, then, that we have general conceptions of truth, justice, mercy, and goodness; but if we would know what things are true, or just, or merciful, or good, he would send us to the statute book!

In his choice phraseology,—"All truths include an Idea and a Fact. The Idea is derived from the mind within, the Fact from the world without. In the Instance of Rights," (be it observed that he professes to speak of moral rules,) "of which we are now speaking, the Idea, or conception of the Right, is supplied by our consciousness of the Moral Nature and its Conditions; the Fact, or Definition of the Right, is supplied by the Law of the Society in which we live, and the train of events which have made that law what it is."—p. 77-8.

In spite of the obscurity in which Mr. Whewell has contrived to envelope most of his elements of morality, one thing is sufficiently plain; and that is, that the law of the land is the supreme rule of conduct. Our moral nature may furnish us with ideas and conceptions, but not with truths; for "all truths include an Idea and a Fact." The great dictates of Truth, and Justice, and Mercy, exist, it is true: but we can deduce no moral rules for them. The attempt to do so, would "lead to contradiction and confusion." They must be linked to facts, supplied by the laws of the land, before they become truths and safe guides of conduct. Moral rules must relate not to the law of God, but to the law of the land. It is repeatedly asserted by him, that external facts or laws, supplied by human government, "are necessary to moral agency;" that "moral action cannot take place" without them.

The doctrine here advanced, is precisely that of the philosopher of Malmsbury. Hobbes did not hold, as it is commonly supposed, that there is no law higher than the law of the land; he conceded that the law of God is higher, and more worthy of our regard. And he allowed every man to follow it, when it did not come into conflict with the law of the land; nay, he even conceded, that if any person knew the law of God to be contrary to the law of society, he should follow the former in preference to the latter; but he contended, that it was unsafe and unwise for a man to set up his own private judgment against the decisions of the state. He merely endeavored to establish the will of "Leviathan" as a practical rule, and not as theoretically the best or most perfect. Such was the philosophy of Hobbes; and such precisely is the philosophy of Mr. Whewell. "Hobbes," says Warburton, "was the terror of the last age, as Tindell and Collins are of this; and every young churchman militant would try his arms in thundering on Hobbes's steel cap." We wish to see how the same doctrine, which then roused the indignation of the Christian world, will be received, at the present day, by the Church militant.

(To be Continued.)

Digitized by Google

# MORNI AND ETHNEA.

## A LEGEND OF ST. COLUMBA.

Barren and desolate as yonder isle appears now, it once was the favorite spot of nature, where, with a prodigal hand, she scattered her sweetest and brightest flowers, and blessed the soil with richness and fertility. The stranger on the shore would pause in admiration of its beauty; and, as his eyes wandered from the enamelled carpet of flowers which sloped to the edge of the water, and blushed in its silver depths, to the arched vistas of trees, laden with the fruits of summer, and flinging their perfume on its breeze as it passed, he could have deemed that paradise was given back to earth again, its avenues guarded by the spirits of the lake, and every flower and tree nurtured by the breath of an eternal summer.

Nor is it as a lovely garden alone, sleeping in the embrace of nature, and resplendent with her brightest gifts, that we are to view yonder island. Its exceeding beauty awakened the desire of possession, and it became the seat of royalty and power. A stately castle rose among the trees, inhabited by a powerful monarch of that period. No way-worn minstrel ever passed that castle, without sharing its hospitality and shelter; and though centuries have swept over that island, blasted and deserted, the time has been, when the harp pealed forth its melodious strains, and from the lips of the hoary minstrel rose the inspiring deeds of the ancient day, the praises of warriors, and those legends of enchantment, which lent the feats of war and the vows of love the charms of supernal influence. But vanished, like the mist of morning, are the grandeur and beauty of the isle; the harp of the minstrel is silent now as the tongue which once responded to its strain; the curse of a spirit hath withered every flower, and shorn every tree of its beauty; and the castle, which once towered in pride and strength, hath not left a trace behind, but lies in ruin beneath the waters.

The king had but one child, a daughter, the dearer to him for that she was his only one. Ethnea was the pride of his youth and the gladness of his old age; he loved her with even more than the strength of a father's heart, with a fondness which sought her happiness alone, and a tenderness which partook of the softer character of maternal love. Nor in beauty as in goodness, was Ethnea undeserving of her father's affection. Every harp, which sounded at the banquet, forgot its stirring tale of war and knight, and sent forth its strains in praise of that beauty, which entranced the gaze of the minstrel even while he sang. Princes and warriors sued for her hand in marriage; and a successful rival was he, who obtained the favor of Ethnea even for the dance. She was, indeed, the fairest flower of the isle; but love, in his pilgrimage, paused in his flight to rest upon so sweet a spot, and while he sojourned there, the eye, which sparkled with the light of youth, became dim, and the cheek, on which nature had breathed her brightest hue, became pallid, as though touched by the finger of death.

Among the various suitors who pressed for the hand of the princess, was one favored by Ethnea above all. The predilection of the maiden was confirmed by the king, who regarded Morni as a warrior brave and skilful beyond his years. The hand of his daughter was betrothed by the king to the young prince, and the day was appointed for their nuptials. But, ere the hour arrived to stand before the altar, the arm of death hung, like a pall, above the fated youth; and the love of Ethnea left to the unhappy maiden but the tear, the sigh, and the murmur of despair.

But a few days previous to that appointed for the bridal, Morni, in com-

Digitized by Google

pany with others, was sailing on the lake. When they left the castle, the sky was bright and cloudless, and spread like a sea of sapphire above them, calm and motionless. The warm haze of noon hung around it like a shower of gold; and through the bright air darted the sun-beams, like arrows of light from the golden quiver of day. But anon there rose a distant mutter of thunder; the calmness of the air was shaken, as by a giant's tread; the black-clouds sprang from the mountain heights, like spirits chained in their caverns, whose hour of freedom was given for destruction and retribution to man; in silence they overspread the heaven; quenched the light of the sun with their dull and grave-like mass, and launched upon the air a thick and impenetrable darkness. The breeze which, with the softness of summer, had barely strength to ripple the wave, swept by them with the swiftness of a tempest, lashing the water into crested foam, and bearing on its wing the sultry breath of the pestilence. A flash darted from the clouds, spreading the ghastly light of a moment through the black heavens, which hung above them as one vast sepulchre; and the peal which followed, with a crash which quaked the earth, seemed to rend asunder the mighty mass, only to reveal its depths of darkness and of terrors.

The bark tossed like gossamer upon the heaving waters; and, as the prince and his companions beheld *O'Donoghue's white horses riding on their lofty crests, despair sat on each pale brow, and silence on every lip. Above and around them, the tempest pealed with a strength which laughed to scorn their puny efforts at escape, and a rage, which seemed to proclaim an anarchy of the elements. As they looked on each other, their lips, white and bloodless, quivered in that agony of terror, which shuns the question of hope, and fears to speak its own dark secret of despair. As men, who in the thunder hear their doom pronounced through heaven, and re-echoed on earth, awaiting the final moment, they sate in that rigid calmness more terrible than the immobility even of death, when the scanty relic of life retreats before despair to its citadel—when the breath flutters feverishly on the lip, and the sunken lightless eye needs but the closing hand to seal it in darkness for ever. The hands of some were locked in the desperate struggle between the faint hope which yet lingered in their hearts, and the certainty of death which lowered in every cloud, and spoke in every peal; while others rallied their remaining strength to mutter a prayer, ere they sank for ever, and turned their ghastly faces to that heaven, whose lightnings gave them the livid hue of death. A moment more, and a huge wave struck the laboring bark. On all sides the water poured in with the strength of a torrent, and she sank with her gallant crew for ever.

Boats had pushed off in all directions from the castle, for the relief of the sufferers; and, as the retainers rushed forward to man them with a loyal devotion to the prince, which shrank not even from certain death, the monarch promised a generous bounty from his own hand to him whose valour should rescue the prince Morni. They struggled, but in vain, against the waves. They could advance but a small distance from the shore; their baffled energy seemed but a sport to the waters, which rose around them as with the conscious omnipotence of element; and, despairing of success, they saw their prince go down.

But what was the generous sorrow of these brave and hardy followers, to the abandonment, despair, and madness of Ethnea. From her turret she had

* The legend of O'Donoghue is popular throughout Ireland. According to tradition he was a celebrated chieftain, remarkable equally for his warlike feats as the virtues exhibited during time of peace. Seated at a banquet one day, among his nobles and subjects, he was prophesying the injuries and degradation which awaited his country, when, suddenly rising from the table, he walked in the direction of the lake, which yielded not to his pressure, and having reached the centre in safety, immediately disappeared from the presence of his companions, who watched him from the shore. The prevailing superstition is, that on every May-day morning, (the anniversary of his departure,) he rises from the wave to revisit his ancient domains. His appearance is an omen of a rich harvest. Mounted upon a milk-white steed, he is preceded by an immense wave of foam. The chieftain, in his annual visit to "the glimpses of the moon," is supposed still to retain his martial habiliments; his snowy plume floats backward from his steel casque, like the foam of the wave on which he rides, while a light scarf flutters gracefully on his arm, whose color is that of the cerulean which reflects it. To this day, "O'Donoghue's white horses" is a proverb throughout Ireland.

Digitized by Google

watched the bark, which bore her lover, float on the sunny wave, as buoyantly as the sea-bird, when it rests its weary wing, and dips it in the silver lymph. The heavens spread above them like a world of smiles, and the rich light, which curtained heaven and earth, seemed as though the reign of day had become eternal, and the sceptre of night was broken, which brought darkness and rest to man. With boding eye she had watched each cloud as it slowly rose, and added its dark mass to the tempest which gathered in silence, and burst in fury. In terror she gazed upon the flashes which seemed to blazon their doom upon the sky in characters of fire. She heard the mighty boom of the wave, as it burst upon the shore in deep and stern reply to the thunder. She saw the light bark swallowed by the waters, which roared and swept around her, like a monster eager for his prey. Her senses became darkened and confused. The sky floated before her as an ocean of liquid fire. The thunder pealed in her ear, and the remorseless wave swelled around her with a resistless, suffocating strength. In her delirium, she murmured a prayer for the soul of her lover, and was borne senseless from the turret by her maidens.

The tempest had passed, and the waters again slumbered in peace. The veil of darkness fled, like mist before the returning beams of the sun; and the azure of the wave was once more tinged with the showered splendour of his light.

As Morni lay, cold and lifeless, beneath the waters which engulphed him, he felt, as from some supernatural source, a principle of animation suddenly pervading his frame, which restored to him consciousness, feeling, and the power of motion. But with the acquisition of life he felt that his nature was changed. The fresh and buoyant wave seemed now to him the element of life alone; he rode on it as with the swiftness of wings, and loved to seek out the mysteries and secret wonders of its unrevealed depths. The sun possessed no longer for him the gladness and the inspiring joy he knew as man; and its warmth and light he felt he could endure through the dim medium of the wave alone.

Yet with this change of nature there still clung to him one feeling, which linked him with that he had abandoned. The image of Ethnea was yet graven on his heart; the memory of their vows had not passed away with the doom which severed them; and, though wandering between the dark realms of death and those which revealed the path to a new nature and existence, his thoughts strayed back to the bower of Ethnea, where, by her side, he once more spoke of their bridal, and heard the enchanting melody of her lute.

To feel the recollections of earth still retaining their freshness, the impulses of humanity still warm within his heart, and its feelings and affections still hanging around him, like the fragments of a nature doomed and accursed, was a constant torture, which rendered Morni blind to the pageants and wonders which swept past him in this new world enveloped in clouds of azure light, and deaf to the spiritual harmony which seemed to rise from the emerald caves of the waters, floating in soft and voluptuous measures from the lips of Naiads, or rushing with the power of a tide from the tortuous cavities of the sea-shell.

As thus he lay, distracted between the visionary charms of his new-existence, and the memories and affections which still bound the wanderer to earth, a strain reached him, floating towards him with such gentle harmony, as made him deem it was the waves discoursing music, and rising with such full, yet mellow power, as to challenge the melody of mortal lip, and breathe on the ear the spell of an unknown world. The sounds grew stronger, and with their strength the melody became sweeter. Above, below, around, gushed the soft strains, as though every drop of the azure mass had been transformed into spirit, and inspired with the harmony of its new creation.

As the sounds approached, the minstrels became visible. Thousands upon thousands, like the swift messengers of the tempest, sped their way on their outspread crystal wings, the brow of each decked with the blossoms of the sea-flower, wrought into a garland; and the light robes, which hung with a vapory grace around their forms, were

Digitized by Google

woven from the mist and sunbeam, which alternately hovered around their silver realms.

As with one impulse, they paused before Morni, and, laying their garlands at his feet, sang, with a softness which invaded his senses with a dreamy power, the following:

There's a world of light far, far from thine eyes,
Where a quenchless sun illumines the skies;
And the crystal spreads like a silver sea,
When it sleeps in the moonlight peacefully—
Down! down to the depths! away!
Where the emerald darts its ray;
And the soft wave murmurs its dirge-like lay.

Beneath us are couches of pearls so white,
That they seem to have lain in the pale moonlight;
They are spread for thee, and light be the sleep
Which closeth thy lids in the azure deep!
Down! down to the depths! away!
Where the emerald darts its ray;
And the soft wave murmurs its dirge-like lay.

The wealth of the insects' coral isle
Sends a blush thro' the wave from its crimson pile,
Which pilots us in our arrowy flight,
When we tempt the wave in the gloom of night.
Down! down to the depths! away!
Where the emerald darts its ray.
And the soft wave murmurs its dirge-like lay.

And thy dreams shall be woven of beauty and light,
As they speed thro' our regions of chrystal bright;
And the sun of the morning shall rise to thine eye,
Like an orb, whose light never sets in the sky.
Down! down to the depths! away!—
Where the emerald darts its ray,
And the soft wave murmurs its dirge-like lay.

Then, away! where the coral and emerald lie,
Like the emulous hues of a sunset-sky;
For the evening dawns, and the moonlit-sheen
Will guide to the throne of our Naiad-queen.
Down! down to the depths! away!
Where the emerald darts its ray,
And the soft wave murmurs its dirge-like lay.

As the strain died away, the trance of Morni passed. He started from his recumbent posture: the garlands still lay at his feet, and the spirits knelt as before one whose favour they sought, and whose power they acknowledged. On a sudden, he felt himself invested with a form resembling theirs, and arrayed in the light, cloud-like drapery which enveloped them. The wings already fluttered at his back, tempting his flight through the unsearched depths which lay before him. Their buoyant strength raised him from the ground, and, preceded by the spirits, he was borne onward with a speed which challenged that of the wind. As he flew, his heart acquired fresh and unknown impulses of his new nature; he exulted in cleaving with the swift penetration of an arrow the massy waves, as they gathered before and around him in his progress, and bearing the gurgling water, as it rushed past him, uttering its deep, mysterious harmony, as though it rose from the sacred lips of nature. But, though a spirit in form, and sharing the subtle influences of his nature, his heart wandered back to the presence of Ethnea, and poured forth its rich tribute of idolatry and love.

The spirits at length paused in their flight, and the veil, which had hitherto obscured the vision of the prince, was now withdrawn, to reveal a prospect whose beauty vied with the fantastic decorations of art, and exceeded the endless variety which nature has so prodigally lavished on the vale, the mountain, and the stream.

They stood before a vast and magnificent palace, whose agate-walls resembled one continuous sheet of light, as they caught the calm, fixed radiance of the moon, and flashed back the sparkling waves, which burst in showers of silver. The glistening pile seemed to have risen, the creation of a moment, the workmanship of spirits. Not a seam or partition could be seen upon the walls; but like an eternal bulwark they stood, for ages past and to come, defying the rage of tempest and wave, and wrought of one solid and impenetrable mass. In the great space, which spread before it, were clustered flowers of every hue and fragrance, as much surpassing the fertility of earth, as the gorgeous edifice in strength and splendour exceeded the perishable efforts of human art. Around it waved a rich forest of trees, whose foliage sparkled like the emerald, and whose fruits, depending from the boughs in the weight of plenty and luxuriance, vied with the delicate blush of the coral. Flower and tree appeared to have bloomed in the ceaseless sunshine of a thousand summers; no worm was there to blight the verdure of the leaf, nor storm to rend the fruit from its undying stem. It was a paradise of the wave, sleeping in the rainbow hues of its own element. The entrance to the palace was one rich unvaried path of pearl, conducting to a lofty flight of steps strewn with flowers, which glowed like a carpet of damask. Beneath the crystal portico of the palace were spread couches of the same material, inwrought with

Digitized by Google

emerald, on which reclined the aëry forms of spirits, some lost in the voluptuous dreams of their resplendent world, and others answering the murmur of the wave with the soft, delicious melody of the lyre.

As the spirits winged their flight toward the palace, they waved to Morni, who stood entranced as before wonders raised by a magician, to follow them; while, as they flew among the trees, or floated on the flowers with a step so light, as neither to wake their fragrance, or brush the down from a single leaf, their voices once more swelled in their wild lay;

"For the evening dawns, and the moonlit sheen
Will guide to the throne of our Naiad queen."

The spirits started from their couches, and the lyres responded to the notes, which announced their approach. As Morni reached the portico, a dizzy faintness pervaded him; he felt the measure of his flight was staid; that, though a spirit, he stood beneath the spell of a superior power; and the tears of his earthly nature streamed from his eyes as he became conscious that his wings were folded, and himself bound, as by a chain, to the spot. But, while he wept, an eye rested on him, which tears had never stained, and whose brightness sparkled, like the gems of the element she ruled. A moment more, and led, as a captive, by that bright company, whose track he had followed with the speed and lightness of a bird, he was conducted into the spacious hall of the palace, and stood before the throne of their Naiad-queen.

Silent and trembling he stood before the form which filled the throne. The submission of those around him, and the sceptre she waved as she issued her commands, bespoke her queen of this rich and mysterious world. As he raised his eyes in fear of reproof, the soft, yet intense light of her's fell on him. He shrank beneath the glance, even though a smile played upon her lip. Such radiance never beamed from mortal eye; and, in terror, he awaited the doom he momently expected to be pronounced by the avenging spirit.

She waved her sceptre, and the spirits vanished; but anon, in the distance, gushed the tremulous melody of the wave, and the responding lyres of the airy minstrels.

"Why weepest thou?" said the Naiad, in a tone of sweetness, which never yet hallowed a lip of earthly nature, or rose from the strings of its most finely wrought instrument; "bewailest thou that sad doom of earth, which claims thee as her child, and locks thee in the coldness and decay of her eternal embrace? Or dost thou weep——?"

"That I have loved, bright queen," interrupted Morni, "and am miserable;" and, as he spake, he fell on his knees before the throne, and clasping his hands to his eyes, the tears once more gushed through them.

"Thine," replied the Naiad, "are the first tears which have ever stained my crystal floor, or mingled with the element I rule."

"Pardon! pardon!" said the distracted Morni, stretching out his hands imploringly; "Nature claims her debt, even though she exacts it from the very soul. What to me is the dazzling splendor of this thy world, which pales the moon and her sparkling retinue, and fixes on itself the stamp of heaven, and the smiling protection of a God?—What to me is the eternal, though joyless light, which, like some subtle flame, beams around thee forever, yet never waxes more dim or weaker,—which floats above and beneath thee in one inextinguishable mass; the ruling element of thy world, the pervading principle of its creation? What to me?—Yet pardon, fair Queen—give me to revisit earth, once more to see its flowers, and hear the murmur of its summer wind—give me," he added, in a subdued tone, "once again to clasp Ethnea——"

"But for me," rejoined the Naiad, "thou hadst died in the dread tempest, which this day swept my realm, and gave thy companions to their dreary fate.—Of all, thou alone wert rescued."

"And wherefore?" enquired Morni, in a tone of despair, his hands locked together, and his head hanging on his breast—"wherefore was I saved from death to be the slave of misery? Wherefore was I deprived of the nature in which alone happiness awaited me, and made the denizen of this mysterious world, where the sense of death and decay which still clings to me, is rendered more loathsome to the earth-born, from the immortality

Digitized by Google

which pervades thy realm and beams on the brow of every spirit; where, like a wanderer, whose path leads to some bright oasis, I stand alone and isolated: no lip to answer the tones of joy and wonder which tremble upon mine, and quiver within my heart; no eye to roam with mine through the broad, unmeasured fields of beauty, or share the gladness which beams in every glance. Bright queen, I am, indeed, alone——"

"Not where love is thy companion," replied the Naiad.

"Alas!" answered Morni, "that remained behind, as in mockery, while the image has been torn from me.—Like the sun, it has passed from the eye, but left behind it a light, which consecrates even its departure."

"Speakest thou, fair youth, of the Princess Ethnea?" said the Naiad.

"'Twas she whom I loved, from whom I was torn ere I could call her mine," answered Morni, with a fervor which spoke of grief even more than despair; "and whom now I mourn amid all the beauty which could inspire forgetfulness of earth and her fairest daughters."

"And in a world like this," rejoined the Naiad, "where spirits are thy companions; where immortality has broken the shaft of death, and scattered the ashes from the urn of decay; where we count not time by the decline of light to the tomb of darkness, but feel around us an eternal day, bright and endless as the sky it springs from; where the tears, which fret the cheek of earthly beauty, the groans of human suffering, and the measures of hate or discontent which pollute the air of your upper world, and rise to its heaven in rebellion against its God—are unheard and unfelt; but instead we hear the ceaseless harmony of the wave, and the joyous chaunt of spirits. And is it in a world like this, thou weepest because thou hast been taken from one whose waters are corrupted with the tear which agony mingles with them?—whose flowers bloom in the morning sun, only to close their leaves in darkness and decay as he leaves them chilled in the air of night?—a world where even woman, the star of your heaven, the idol of your eye, and the passion of your heart, pales, withers, and drops into the grave, like a blossom from its stem;—a world on which death hath set a seal, inviolable and eternal;—an empire, whose boasted lord is compounded of dust, and whose fretful reign, to the eye of immortality, is but the glow and extinction of a spark."

"I tremble to hear thee," replied Morni; "the lips of an immortal speaks with the terror and the truth of death. I weep not that I have left the earth or am freed from the nature, whose law was decay, and the penalty of whose brief enjoyments was dust. I weep that I loved——"

"The love of a spirit, as it is power, is more lasting than that of woman," said the Naiad.

"There is the thought," answered Morni, "which weighs upon me, like a curse, in this new world. From the holy intercourse of spirits I am severed; the impulses which springs, like an exhaustless fountain, in an immortal bosom, I can never know. I feel myself an outcast—a wanderer——"

"'Twas love which rescued thee from death," replied the Naiad, "and love which commanded thee before my throne."

"Love!" repeated Morni, in astonishment, "of whom?"

"The love of her who rules these realms—at whose feet thou kneelest," answered the Naiad; and while she spoke, a tenderness, like mist upon the moon, dimmed for the moment the jewelled lustre of her eyes.

"Nay, mock me not, I pray thee, fair queen, for I am miserable," exclaimed Morni, as he started to his feet, and with a wildness, partaking of the unconsciousness of the dreamer, gazed around upon the sparkling walls, which, as in mockery of the darkness and confusion stealing on him, still poured down their rich and massive columns of light—"Thou—a spirit!—a queen! to love one born of earth!" he cried, still looking around him in bewilderment.

(To be Continued.)

Digitized by Google

# LITERARY LARCENIES.

(Concluded.)

Sir William Dugdale possessed the minutes of King James's Life, written by Camden, till within a fortnight of his demise; as also, Camden's own Memoirs, which he had from Hacket, the author of the "Life of Bishop Williams;" who, adds the chronicler Aubrey, "did *filch* it from Mr. Camden as he lay a dying!" It is stated that the renowned Pinelli Collection was the product of skill in an art which lies more in the hand than the head; and Sir Robert Saville, writing to the founder of the Bodleian Library, appointing an interview for Sir Robert Cotton, cautions him that, "if he held any book so dear that he would be loath to lose it, he should not let Sir Thomas out of his sight, but set the book aside beforehand." A precaution adopted by a friend of Bishop Moore: one calling on him found him busy in *hiding his best books*, and locking up as many as he could; on inquiring the reason of his odd occupation, the Bibliopolist replied, "the Bishop of Ely dines with me today!"

We will now subjoin a few instances of poetical imitations, or similarities, which we find collated by D'Israeli, and also an agreeable writer in the Southern Literary Messenger. We have already alluded to the great Grecian Epic Poet, as being of pre-eminent *original* genius; but it has been justly remarked by Scott, in his Introduction to the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, that it is fairly matter of speculation whether Homer is entitled to be considered so altogether beyond the reach of suspicion as an imitative poet, since it is unreasonable to suppose that the rich maturity of the divine art in which he became so eminently distinguished, could have sprung into full-grown existence all at once—it being far more probable that even he possessed a certain standard of design in the ruder attempts of preceding writers. To commence with Gray, in his "Ode to Spring," he has the following line:

"The attic warbler pours her throat;"

and we are favored with something remarkably analogous in the "Essay on Man."—Ess. iii. v. 33:

"Is it for thee the linnet *pours her throat?*"

Again: In his beautiful "Ode to Adversity," Gray addresses the power thus:

"Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best—"

The expressions employed in the foregoing have been deemed amenable to poetical criticism by Wakefield, but probably he has after all been permitted to enjoy his opinion undisturbed, as we find Milton, in his great Epic, adopts very similar language:

"When the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance."

Perhaps Shakspeare's prolific muse has been more laid under contribution by literary filchers than any other writer of modern times; for instance, it is apparent that Pope's oft-quoted lines,

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies,"

were but another rendering of the same thought, expressed scarcely less forcibly, by the great dramatic bard—

"From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed."

And in *Hamlet* we have another instance, in the line,

"The iron tongue of midnight has tolled twelve."

And Young, it will be remembered, has the somewhat similar lines—

"The bell strikes one; we take no note of time,
But from its loss; to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man," &c.



Digitized by Google

Rogers has doubtless availed himself of Gray's beautiful stanza, in his *Elegy:*

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed—
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed;"

for in his pleasing little poem, "The Wish," he presents us with the following:

"The swallow oft beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest."

Goldsmith's well-known lines,

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long,"—

were evidently stolen from Dr. Young, who, in his "Night Thoughts," says:

"Man wants but little, nor that little long."

That beautiful though hackneyed line in Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope"—

"Like angel-visits, few and far between,"

is borrowed almost literally from Blair's "Grave," where we have—

——————"its visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between;"

yet in a review of the "Pleasures of Hope," this fine thought was highly praised for its *originality.*

Anacreon *Moore* has been charged with liberal plagiarisms upon Beranger, no less than being a close copyist of some of his other cotemporaries in vernacular verse, a detailed account of which was given in Blackwood, some years ago, by Maginn; exhibiting a series of specifications amounting to *sixty-five!* Even our favorite Tennyson has, in his "Miller's Daughter," proved himself but a paraphrastic translator of Anacreon, while he also has but marred the expressive lines of Byron in his description of Zuleika, which reads as follows:

"Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel—until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight—
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of loveliness," &c.

Tennyson's Love Song runs,

"How may full-sailed verse express,
How may measured words adore
The full flowing harmony
Of thy swan-like stateliness,
Eleanore?
The luxuriant symmetry
Of thy floating gracefulness,
Eleanore?" &c.

But to return again a moment to Pope and some of his cotemporaries; we ought to mention that his editors charge him with "a palpable plagiarism from Flatman, an obscure rhymer of Charles II.'s time, in his sublime ode, 'The Dying Christian to his Soul.'" Many of his expressions, as well as ideas, in his "Essay on Man," were abstracted from Milton; and against his celebrated "Essay on Criticism," Lady Wortley Montague has preferred a far more serious accusation: she writes, "I admired Mr. Pope's 'Essay on Criticism' at first very much, because I had not then read any of the ancient critics, and did not know *that it was all stolen.*" The fine moral poem of the "Hermit," by Parnell, is taken from Martin Luther's tale of a hermit, who murmured against the decrees of Divine Providence. What Sterne has *not* plagiarized, we shall not stay to notice, notwithstanding he counterfeited most excellent coin. He has been charged with pilfering from Burton, Rabelais, Montaigne, Bayle, and others; his seventh *posthumous sermon* is in a great part cribbed, word for word, from a previous divine, yclept Leightenhouse, 1697.

Another instance of close resemblance occurs in Gray's celebrated "*Elegy;*" so remarkable is the analogy, that one is constrained to suspect it a *free* rendering from the Latin Bard:

"Nam jam non domus accipiet te læta, neque uxor
Optima, nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
Præripere, et tacitâ pectus dulcedine tangent."
[*Lucretius.*

"For him no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy house-wife ply her evening care,
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envious kiss to share."

There is a slight parallel between the foregoing and the beautiful bursts of pathos in Thompson, which we subjoin; but even these lines are said to be an imitation of a passage in the "*Iliad:*"

Digitized by Google

"In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing and the vestmost warm:
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence—alas!
Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home."

The plagiarism of Campbell from an elder poet, Vaughan, is worthy of being cited; we must content ourselves with a single stanza, however, from each:

"When o'er the green, undeluged earth,
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine;
How came the *world's gray fathers* forth,
To watch thy sacred sign."

[*Campbell.*

"Still young and fine! but what is still in view
We slight as old and soiled, though fresh and new:
How bright wert thou, when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burning, flaming arch did first descry;
When Zerah, Nabor, Haram, Abram, Lot,
The youthful *world's gray fathers*, in one knot,
Did, with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!"

The occasional conceits in this black-letter bard, coupled with his earnest straight-forwardness and sincerity, compensate us for the absence of the rich embellishment of Campbell.

We cannot forbear quoting from the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," Byron's well-known lines on the death of Kirke White; because the most beautiful figure in them seem evidently copied from Waller, the celebrated minstrel of the times of the "Merrie Monarch." We commence with Byron:

"Unhappy White! while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came, and all thy promise fair,
Has sought the grave to sleep for ever there.
Oh, what a noble heart was here undone,
When science's self destroyed her favorite son!
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit:
She sowed the seeds, but Death has reaped the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low!
So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart:
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast!"

Waller's stanzas which express a similar sentiment, are as follows:

"Chloris, yourself you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
That like a spirit with this spell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die
Espied a feather of his own
Wherewith he'd wont to soar so high.

Had Echo with so sweet a grace
Narcissus' loud complaints returned,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burned."

Speaking of Lord Byron, we might here quote a paragragh from Goëthe, which may be new to some:

"The tragedy of *Manfred*, is a most singular performance, and one which concerns me nearly. This wonderful and ingenious poet has taken possession of my *Faust*, and hypocondriacally drawn from it the most singular nutriment. He has employed the means in it which suits his object, in a particular manner, so that no one thing remains the same; and on this account, I cannot sufficiently admire his ability. The re-cast is so peculiar, that a highly interesting lecture might be given on its resemblance, and want of resemblance, to its model—though I cannot deny, that the gloomy fervor of a rich and endless despair becomes at last wearisome to us. However, the displeasure we feel is always connected with admiration and esteem. The very quintessence of the sentiments and passions, which assist in constituting the most singular talents for self-commentary ever known, is contained in this tragedy."

Touching poetic coincidences, it may not be amiss to notice the somewhat remarkable fact, and one, perhaps, not very generally known, that there have been three poets of the respective names of Walter Scott, Samuel Rogers and James Grahame, before the excellent authors of "Marmion," "The Pleasures of Memory," and "The Sabbath." Specimens of their published works may be found in Mr. Southey's "Later English Poets;" and they all three existed (we cannot say flourished) between the later part of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—the very (dark ages) of English poetry. Walter Scott was the author of the "History of the Right Honorable Name of Scott," often quoted by his greater

Digitized by Google

clansman, Sir Walter; but his verses are very humble. Mr. Samuel Rogers was a parson, and published, in 1782, two volumes of ordinary familiar epistles; but they trod very closely, in point of time, only upon our venerable contemporary's first work, the "Epistle to a Friend." Mr. James Grahame the first, was a Scotchman, like the author of "The Sabbath," and being such, his whole works are preserved in Dr. Anderson's collection of the poets. We do not mean to imply that *plagiarism* is to be laid to the charge of the three immortals, who thus unwillingly seemed to have appropriated both names and reputations so similar, but at any rate they may be styled the *duplicate poets.*

"Dryden," says Warburton, "borrowed for want of leisure; Pope for want of genius; Milton from pride, and Addison through modesty. The same critic has collated some half-dozen instances of remarkable parallels between the "*Cato*" of *Addison*, and *Tully*, and *Lucan*; and when he would impart to his subject *a terrible grace*, he borrows from Shakspeare.

Lauder, the author of two ambitious but unsuccessful tomes, entitled "*Poetarum Scotorum Musæ Sacræ*," has assailed the literary reputation of the "blind old master of English song," in a volume which was afterwards roughly handled by Drs. Johnson and Bentley; being conscious it was no slight act of temerity in him to attempt the impugning the integrity of such a name, he commences his work in the following apologetic strain, assuring the reader that "he had no intention to derogate from the merits of the author of 'Paradise Lost,' to whom great praise is due for so beautiful a structure; *even if it should be proved that a good part of his materials were borrowed from his neighbors;* but it cannot be denied that he is considerably indebted to the following productions: 'Sarcotidos Libri Quinque,' published by Masenius; 'Adamus Exul,' a Latin Drama, written by Grotius; and, lastly, to a volume of poems published in the same language by Andrew Ramsay." A strong resemblance, to say the least of it, is discernable both in structure and thought in the parallels he has adduced; and yet we are reluctant to endorse the opinion of this literary censor, preferring rather to adopt the rejoinder of one of the poet's defenders, "admitting that Milton *took* many hints from these writers, yet the great whole of a splendid and magnificent epic poem, the connexion of reference of part to part, are undeniably his own." We ought to mention, however, that our worthy friend Lauder, in the eagerness of his zeal against the great Poet, has actually committed *forgery himself*, by ascribing to Milton a line which no one has yet discovered in his works! Every one is acquainted with the affecting story of that ill-starred son of genius,—poor Chatterton: at the early age of 16, he became absorbed in literary pursuits, and, as it subsequently appeared, overflowing with poetic imagination; while no less singular was his fancy for obsolete and black-lettered MSS., which he afterwards imitated with great exactness in transcribing his *Rowlie Poems*, purported to have been written in the 15th century, and discovered in an old chest at Radcliffe church, Bristol. One of the most deeply interesting biographies we ever read was that of Thomas Chatterton. His brief and hapless career was crowded with touching events; and well do we remember dropping a tear when viewing the house in Brook-street., Holborn, which witnessed the fatal tragedy of his suicidal death. The literary forgeries of Chatterton were induced by the cold neglect with which he found his own avowed original effusions were received; and yet it is known he was soon suspected of fraud from certain discrepancies which appeared in them; but, notwithstanding he pleaded guilty to the charge, there have not been wanting among the learned to advocate the authenticity of the *Rowlie Papers.*

The next instance of grand literary larceny that occurs to us, is that of Samuel Ireland, of Shaksperian notoriety. It is doubtful if such devout consternation and enthusiastic admiration were ever before enkindled among the cognoscenti and dilletanti of the civilized world.

This notorious literary impostor was early distinguished for his enthusiastic devotion to Shakspeare; the slightest scrap of ancient writing referring to that great name, was, to Samuel Ireland, a treasure of priceless worth. What effect upon his nerves the posses-

Digitized by Google

sion of an autograph of the immortal bard produced, may be easily imagined by the reader,—he became intoxicated with delight. The precious relic, which purported to be a mortgage-deed betwixt Shakspeare and one Michael Fraser, was viewed with such raptu-rous and soul-engrossing veneration by all the antiquaries of the day, "that it took several days," continues the narrator, "before any one became sufficiently composed and calm to inquire whence the document emanated." Young Ireland, (the son of the aforenamed,) the discoverer, accounted for its appearance by alledging that he found it among some ancient records in the possession of a gentleman of fortune, but whose name he had been charged to preserve in inviolable secrecy. This but imparted a deeper interest to the matter, and the cry was, on all hands, like that of poor Oliver Twist, "*for more.*" Byng and other literary amateurs conjectured that a rich mine of Shaksperian wealth had been struck, and they became ravenously impatient for its further exploration. With such powerful stimulus these sanguine expectations soon became realised, and presently the following documents greeted the delighted vision of the learned:—Shakspeare's "Profession of Faith," a "Letter to Lord Southampton," a "Letter to Anne Hatherway," some "Poetic Epistles to the same," and a "Letter to Queen Elizabeth," and some "Original Plays." Even that sage veteran, Dr. Parr, proved a most willing victim to the delusion, and even published a certificate of their authenticity. The Earl of Lauderdale, Valpy, Boswell, and even Pinkerton the historian were also among the honorable names as vouchers to the same manifesto; and yet these papers, instead of being two centuries old, ultimately proved to be but the fabrication of a lad of eighteen, a few hours before. In his "Confessions," young Ireland admitted, in extenuation of his fraud, that he was incited to the act from the pleasure it afforded his father. The penalty of his imposture was, however, anything but enviable, for the name of Ireland soon became synonymous with obloquy, and a life of voluntary exile paid the forfeits of his folly. We ought to add, that the merit of detection belonged to John Kemble, whose critical acumen respecting the writings and genius of the great dramatic poet, proved in this instance more than a match against the sagacious credulity of the greatest men of letters of his time.

There was a curious work published in 1688, entitled "*Momus Triumphans,*" devoted to the exposure of the plagiaries of the English stage: but with such cases of *petit larceny* we shall not meddle, having already discovered more instances of fraud, on a grander scale, than we shall have the space to cite.

It is related of the French poet, Despartes, on being accused of having availed himself very liberally of some of the Italian poets; so far from denying the charge, when a book appeared upon the subject, entitled "*Rencontre des Muses de France et d'Italie,*" he frankly replied, "had I known the author's design, I could have furnished him with a great many more instances than he has collected!"

Here we have a literary sinner who affects no disguise, at least, of freebooting. He seems to suffer as little compunction for his detected crime, as if the eighth canon of the decalogue never had existence. But we think we have already selected sufficient instances of the various kinds of literary misdemeanors; although Psalmanazar's ingenious and learned fraud, or the daring artifice of Ireland, scarcely exceed in impudent audacity the case of one Pinkerton, a voluminous writer, who published, 1786, in two volumes, "*Ancient Scottish Poems, never before in print, but now published from the MS. collection of Sir R. Maitland,*" &c. Pinkerton maintained that he had found the MSS. in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, and among his correspondence, it is stated, he alludes to the circumstance with admirable coolness. We may mention one other variety, however, that of authors selling their names to be prefixed to works which they never even read; take the following case: Sir John Hill, as we learn by a recent writer, "once contracted to translate Swammerdam's work on insects, for fifty guineas;" after the agreement with the bookseller he recollected that he did not understand a single word of the Dutch language, and as no French edition then existed, he sought another to assume his task,

Digitized by Google

and succeeded in effecting an agreement, it is true, with a translator, for just one-half the sum he was himself to receive; strange to add, however, the second translator was found to be in precisely the same situation as his employer. The consequence was, that a third was finally engaged to accomplish the work, and, to the disgrace of literature, at the meagre remuneration of 12 guineas; so that while the *actual* translator, the modest drudge, whose name never appeared to the world, broke, in patience, his daily bread, our pseudo-author was allowed to feast upon the spoils, luxuriously regaling himself as a reward for his imposture.

Mark Akenside first published his "Pleasures of Imagination" anonymously; and very soon after, (*mirabile dictu!*) another scribe, of the name of Rolt, who published a "Dictionary of Commerce," actually had the impudence to go over to *Dublin* and publish an edition of that fine poem with his own name attached *to it as the author;* which the literary freebooter accomplished for some time with impunity, having derived considerable emolument from its sale, and being everywhere hailed as the *ingenious* Mr. Rolt.—Poor Akenside at length heard of the caper, and came out with a genuine edition, exposing the fraud. Dr. Campbell, of St. Andrews, Scotland, wrote "An Inquiry into the Original of Moral Virtue," the MS. of which he consigned to his friend Mr. Innes, who not only exceeded his commission by publishing the work under *his own name* as the author, but before the imposition was detected, acquired considerable fame and even promotion for his (supposed) great merit! The celebrated Dr. Blair's early poem, entitled "The Resurrection," while in manuscript, having been copied at college for the use of his private friends, in a short time after appeared in a pompous folio, to the utter amazement of its despoiled author, with the name of Mr. Douglas appended to its title, and arrogantly dedicated to the Princess Dowager of Wales! The "Man of Feeling," by Mackenzie, was also originally published under the assumed name of Eccles, a clergyman, (we blush to write it,) who borrowed the MS. on pretence of perusing it. This rogue succeeded to such an extent in his imposture, that the real fabricator found at first great trouble in establishing his just claim to its authorship before the world. The true authorship of "*Gil Blas*" has not only been made the matter of speculative inquiry, but a recent writer in Blackwood has even ventured to dispute the claim of Le Sage to its paternity, asserting strong grounds for the belief of its having been the production of a Spanish scribe, Don Antonio de Solis!

Dr. Johnson says, "it is not difficult to conceive of such kind of fraud to be practised with successful effrontery; the filiation of a literary performance being difficult of proof, there being seldom any witness at the birth." The writer from whom we quote did not himself incur any great risk in this matter, however, as his progeny evince a strongly-marked identity; and

> "Shakspeare's magic could not copied be,
> Within that charmed circle none durst walk but he."

A somewhat similar theft, although on a grander scale, was perpetrated by the notorious Sir Everard Home, who, it will be remembered, under pretext of making a catalogue of them, procured from the Royal College of Surgeons the loan of the splendid life-labor manuscripts of John Hunter, forming ten large folio volumes. After much patient waiting and many bootless inquiries for said catalogue, it was at length confessed by this redoubtable literary corsair, that *he had burnt a large portion of them*, alledging that he did so in accordance with the expressed wish of Dr. Hunter. The grief and consternation that ensued upon such an unaccountable proceeding, was in no degree lessened by the discovery, and subsequent *confession* on the part of Sir Everard, that he previously *stole* the valuable materials of Hunter, from which he compiled his boasted Essays before the Royal Society, which being produced with such astonishing rapidity and frequency, very naturally excited suspicion, and ultimately led to the betrayal of the fraud. By the way, the name of John Hunter reminds us of another case of plagiarism: about four years ago there was a paper in the British and Foreign Medical Review purporting to be a review of the character and writings of John Hunter, ascribed to the pen of Dr. W. B. Carpenter, a distinguished member of the

Digitized by Google

English faculty, but which in reality was a transfer of "A Review of the Genius and Writings of Milton," by William Ellery Channing, each being substantially the same throughout—and for the most part *verbatim et literatim*—the principal change consisting in that of the proper name. Many such instances of *abstraction* might also be given, such as that of Lord Francis Gower's late novel, "an exposé" of which is to be found in the London Athenæum; also the novel entitled "Separation," we believe ascribed to the pen of Lady Charlotte Bury. But what shall we say of the case of the eloquent German critic, Schlegel, and the *poetical license* of the metaphysician, Coleridge! the latter delivering in London, about 1813, a course of lectures on the Greek drama, resorted to the easy expedient of *translating* the published lectures of Schlegel on the same subject, which were delivered some four or five years preceding; so *literal*, indeed, were his renderings, that, could we afford the space, it might prove not uninteresting to place these erudite productions side by side;—this is not the sole instance of "*boning*" with which this renowned writer is chargeable.

In 1823 a visit to England was made by a singular individual named Hunter, a "native American," who, though it appears certain he professed to be what he was not, was undoubtedly a man of considerable abilities. This he evinced in his remarkable production—a pure fabrication—entitled "Memoirs of a Captivity among the Indians of North America, from childhood to the age of nineteen, with anecdotes descriptive of their manners and customs," &c. The work contains a highly romantic and interesting narrative of his alleged wanderings among various tribes of the Red-men, which at first not only was regarded as a faithful picture of Indian life, but procured for him an introduction into the best literary society, and enlisted for him the sympathies of the philanthropic, who eagerly sought to aid him in his professed object of aiming to bring about their civilization.

As we approach later times, we find many bills of indictment pending against literary transgressors. We might begin with a well-known name, that of Dr. Beattie; we refer to his frequent interpolations from other writers in his splendid work, "The Castles and Abbeys of England;" also Britton, an exceedingly popular, and little suspected, though a thorough-going pilferer, whose numerous works are on architecture, antiquities, &c. Mr. B. is a regular *book-maker*, in the most idiomatic sense of the term, and he affords a singular instance of how far the unsuspecting credulity even of London can be imposed upon by the fraudulent artifice of a literary pretender. We might also refer to the forgeries of Alberti, at Rome, who fabricated a number of pretended poems of Tasso, a year or two ago; whose ingenuity, however, became overtasked by the critical acumen of the Duke of Tuscany, to whom he offered them for sale.

Locke's Moon Hoax was another, though a somewhat different species of literary fraud, of the first magnitude, evincing, however, as it did, great adroitness and scientific skill; it deceived many of the most discerning, and even was translated into several of the tongues of the Eastern continent. Several curious instances of *refuciamento* might also be cited, but we must forbear, simply mentioning, by the way, the practice of certain prominent publishers not far distant, who sometimes adopt, with their re-publications, a process with their books a little akin to that fabled of the well-known Procustean bed, in their benevolent desire of *adapting* English works to the American market.

One other case we might be excused referring to, not altogether out of point, is that of Eaton's *Life of General Jackson*, which appeared some few years ago in Philadelphia, and which having been re-published shortly after in Ireland, with the name of *O'Connell* substituted as the author, was actually again re-published in the city first named, with that alteration as an *original* production.

The curiosity of the reader may possibly be well-nigh exhausted; but we must be allowed, in closing up our desultory gossip, the indulgence of a little further latitude. We doubt if the literary *faux-pas* of the once celebrated chemist, Accum, whose esteemed work on "*Chemical Tests*" is known to the scientific in both hemispheres, will be new to many, and so we give

Digitized by Google

it. He published a work on Poisons, entitled, "*Death in the Pot*," which at first bid fair to yield its author a moderately good revenue of fame and fortune, but for the discovery which was soon made, that it consisted of a series of pilfered pages, torn out of old books in the British Museum; he was tried upon a criminal suit for felony, and although formally acquitted, yet so strong was the circumstantial evidence of his guilt, that he was compelled to decamp off to Russia, we believe, or somewhere near the Antipodes. Among the liberal professions respectively—law, physic, and theology—many curious facts also might be cited; but about theology we must have little to say—of physic, less—and law, the least. Before speaking of the mysterious parallels which may be found to exist with the Biblical Commentaries of such divines as Dr. Adam Clarke, and his approved pioneer, Dr. John Gill, we subjoin the following extract from the Preface to Ingram Cobbin's Condensed Commentary:

"All the commentators have drawn largely from the fathers, especially from St. Augustine; and most of them have made common property of Patrick, South and Whitby. Henry has made very free use with Bishop Hall and others, and Scott has again enriched himself abundantly from Henry; Poole exhausted the continental writers, while Gill, unlike the others, acknowledges his obligations to his 'Synopsis.'"

The number of commentators is great; yet if the *uncopied* portions were to be collected, they would scarcely, perhaps, occupy a single duodecimo.

It was a curious mistake that a celebrated English clergyman recently made; in printing his Phillippic against Theatres, he actually was found to have copied it wholly from another writer, without the slightest acknowledgment. Bunn detected this, and printing the article from *both in parallels*—simply asked what faith could be reposed in the reverend pilferer.

It will perhaps be recollected that, a few years ago, a work appeared, printed in London, under the title of "Anecdotes of Napoleon," and, would it be credited, that this wonderful production was neither more nor less than a compilation literally rendered from the German, of a Life of Frederic the Great, the name of the emperor being substituted for that of the latter. And a still more recent instance of unmitigated fraud, which might be mentioned, is that by Captain Marryatt, in his late work, "The Narrative of M. Violet," in which some wholesale plagiarisms have been perpetrated upon two of our own authors, Kendall and Gregg, each of whom printed portions of their personal adventures across the great western Prairies, and in northern Mexico, in advance of the publication of their highly interesting and valuable works; the former in the pages of the New-Orleans Picayune, and the other in the Arkansas Intelligencer, where this respectable freebooter laid siege to them. Some amusing anachronisms, however, have been detected in these interpolations by the Captain, which, in addition to the obloquy consequent upon these disclosures of his theft, have brought upon him no very enviable share of retribution in the literary world. Nor is it any palliation of the offence to cite instances of similar depredation by the literati of our own land; such as those of certain prominent members of the medical fraternity, both in our own and a neighboring city, so emulous of the palm of scientific and literary distinction. One instance of this kind being a series of appropriations from a work by Dr. Southwood Smith, of London, which supplied the subject matter of a lecture. If, therefore, with the writers in medical literature among us, some few cases of moral obliquity exist, a no less anomalous condition of things may be found among the like class in the "city of brotherly love," where a similar indifference to the distinctions of *meum* and *tuum* is still found to prevail.

Mary Howitt's just complaint against the incursions of a spurious translation of Miss Bremer's beautiful fictions, presents another recent instance how far every honorable consideration is sacrificed to a peccant thirst for gain. This estimable authoress has proved the piratical reprints in question to have been not, as they profess to be, translations from the original Swedish, "but from a poorly-executed German rendering." The same writer also speaks of another felonious act of the same individual—the reprint of Mr. Muzzey's "American Maiden" in London, under the title of the "English Maiden" (with

Digitized by Google

his own name) in his preface to which, he has the mockery to write that, "*in it he has been careful to inculcate the morality of the Bible!*"

But should we not bring to a close this black catalogue of literary crimes? In conclusion, therefore, we would just hint one or two facts little known; and first—that of our own Franklin. Having had ocular and tangible evidence, we can speak confidently of the circumstance: an English edition of *Cicero de Senectute*, with annotations, appeared in London about the time of Franklin's mission to that capital, as *translated by himself*, with his portrait annexed, when it is well-known he was incompetent to such a task. The translation was really made by Logan, who founded the Philadelphia Library; and we regret also, that against one of the proudest names of which any country can boast, another literary peccadillo should be recorded: we refer to his undoubted plagiarism upon Jeremy Taylor's polemical discourses—his beautiful parable against "Intolerance," which Franklin has incorporated verbatim into his works without the slightest acknowledgment; while even Lord Kaimes, in quoting the extract, gives credit for it to Franklin. It is as follows:

"And it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun. And behold a man bent with age, coming from the way of the wilderness leaning on a staff: and Abraham rose, and met him, and said unto him, 'turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night: and thou shalt rise early in the morning and go on thy way.' And the man said, 'Nay, for I will abide under this tree.' But Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned and went into the tent, and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, 'Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, creator of heaven and earth?' And the man answered and said, 'I do not worship thy God, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a god, which abideth always in mine house, and provideth me with all things.' And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon the man, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness. And God called unto Abraham, saying, 'Abraham, where is the stranger?' And Abraham answered and said, 'Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name, therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness;' and God said, 'have I borne with him these hundred and ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?'"

It seems, indeed, almost like high treason to speak against such a name as Franklin's; and but for a similar feeling of reverential regard, we should be tempted to canvass the claims of Hamilton to the authorship of the "*Farewell Address of Washington*," and the many *foreign* interpolations of the "*Declaration of Independence*;" notwithstanding even Jefferson is said to have held its authorship in such high esteem, as to desire it to be inscribed upon his tomb as the production of his pen.

Having thus taken a brief glance at some of the more flagrant cases of literary fraud, in closing our desultory chapter we are tempted to inquire whether there is such a thing in existence as absolute moral honesty. The earliest indications of childhood afford us no very conclusive evidence in its behalf, however guileless the incipient knavery, while among the unsophisticated rangers of the forest wilds, similar developements of a natural law of *secretiveness* are no less observable. The governing impulse of the robber seems, indeed, but the exuberant outgrowth of the very principle, otherwise known by the less objectionable epithet —covetousness; and we cannot but conclude that he must be an ingenious sophist who can adduce any substantial reasons against their positive identity. If, then, they are convertible terms, it is solely to our conventional usage we must ascribe the fact, that both are not alike visited by penal enactment, or rather the strange anomaly, that while the one case takes prominent rank in the category of crime, the other is regarded at worst but as a negative virtue. How far such a course may conflict with our notions of abstract justice, we leave the reader to decide, since to both we admit any eager, if not an equal, proclivity.

"In the crowd,
May it please your excellency, your thief looks
Exactly like the rest, or rather better;
'Tis only at the bar, and in the dungeon,
That wise men know your felon by his features."

Digitized by Google

# HAYDN'S APPRENTICESHIP.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(Concluded.)

When he had ended she took his hand, which frightened him not a little, and leading him into the parlor, said, in a gentle voice: "Come, Mr. Haydn, it is all very well, and I believe my father has good intentions towards you! He meddles with everybody's affairs, and has a fancy for taking any poor fellow in the house, whom he believes to have something good in his head. He has spoken to me a great deal of you, and be sure that he will help you on, for he has very high acquaintances. But you will have to yield a little to his caprices; for he is sometimes singular."

Joseph protested that he would willingly yield, and Nanny continued: "And you must mind me, for after all I rule the house, and even my father must do what I wish. But now, be not ceremonious; it is a long time to dinner, and you must feel hungry after such a walk."

Joseph could not deny it, and asked for a slice of buttered bread and some water.

"Ah!" said Nanny, laughing, and tripped out of the room. She soon returned, followed by the apprentice boy, who carried cold meats and cakes, a bottle of wine and some glasses, a load almost too heavy for the poor fellow, who dared not to complain, for he was accustomed to Miss Nanny's strict government.

Nanny looked very pretty as she arranged the table, filled Joseph's glass, and invited him to help himself to the cakes and other nice things before him.

He did so, at first very shy; but by degrees he recovered courage; and as Nanny pressed on him several glasses of wine, he ate quite heartily, making the observation mentally, that if Miss Nanny Puderlein was not so learned, or of such high birth as his respected patroness, Mlle. de Martinez, she might, in respect of youth, beauty and graceful manners, rival the highest ladies in Vienna.

When, after some hours, Mr. Wenzel Puderlein came into the room, he found Joseph very cheerful, with beaming eyes, and cheeks glowing like roses—already deeply in love with the pretty Nanny.

—

Joseph Haydn lived several months in the house of the celebrated hairdresser, in the Leopoldstadt of Vienna, and nobody in the glorious imperial city knew what had become of the poor, but gifted and amiable young composer and musician! It was in vain that his few friends—the young Baron Swieten, and even Metastasio, inquired after him; Joseph seemed to have disappeared altogether. Mr. Wenzel Puderlein kept his abode with him a secret, and wondered, like the rest, and lamented his loss, when his high patrons asked him if he knew where Joseph could be? He thought he had good reason and right to practice the virtue of silence, for the first time in his life, since his object was Joseph's happiness. But nobody should help him—*he alone* would do every thing; and even his protegé should know nothing till his happiness was firmly grounded.

Joseph was entirely satisfied, and happy that he could devote his time without interruption to the study of Sebastian Bach's works, and to the composition of quartettos; that he had enough to eat, and could see every day and chat with the pretty Nanny. He did not perceive that he lived almost as a prisoner in the house of Puderlein; that he was confined during the day to his nice little room, or the small garden behind the house, and that only in the dusk of the evening he had permission to walk out with Puderlein and Nanny. He did not wish to see other company than a few of the nearest neighbors,

Digitized by Google

who knew him only by the name of Mr. Joseph. Every Saturday he cheerfully delivered the stipulated number of minuets, landerl, and waltzes to M. Puderlein, which he was requested to compose for the week. Puderlein took these pieces to the manager of a celebrated dancing saloon, who paid him for each complete minuet two conventions florins for a waltz, one and a half, and so on. M. Puderlein locked this money scrupulously in a chest, to use it in due time for Joseph's benefit. For this purpose he urged Joseph to greater works, and to the completion of something that might be worth making, to the public.

Joseph answered, "this quartetto—when it is finished, may be ventured as an essay. With the help of God, I hope to make something good of it!—but what editor will take it, as I am not a gentleman by birth—and have no patron to whom I can dedicate it."

"We will see about that," smiled Puderlein; "finish the thing first, without neglecting your dances! I tell you a wise man begins with little and ends with something great. Have good courage."

Joseph worked as hard as he could, but was every day more enamored of the beautiful Nanny; and Nanny seemed equally fascinated with the handsome black-eyed boy. Wenzel Puderlein was a close observer, but as every thing went on innocently, he let the young people alone, only scolding them sometimes when Haydn forgot his compositions, or Nanny her housekeeping, in idle love-making.

But there was another person who looked on not so quietly.—M. Ignatz, the apprentice, thought he had a prior right to Miss Nanny's affection. Heaven knows with what justice, for it belongs to the impossibilities for girls of fourteen in Vienna to number their lovers.

Is is certain, however, that M. Ignatz was filled with rage when he saw pretty Nanny and Joseph so much together. Often he felt tempted to throw his powder-bag and curling-iron at them, while he heard them singing tender duetts. Nanny had a delightful voice, and being fond of music, was Joseph's most attentive scholar.

The exasperated rival could at length no longer endure the torments of jealousy. One morning he went to his master, and betrayed what he thought was a secret, the love of the two young people. How surprised was he when M. Puderlein, instead of going into a passion, and turning Joseph out of the house, only smiled, and said, "What you tell me, M. Ignatz, I have long known, and it is all very well so."

"No; it is not well!" cried Ignatz, after a silence of speechless astonishment. "No, it is *not* all well, M. Puderlein! you know, that I—I—have loved your daughter for years."

It was M. Puderlein's turn to be surprised, and he replied, very angrily,—"Not a word I know—nor will I know a word of such a thing! *You* love my daughter? Go, take your powder-bag and curling-irons and attend to your customers, and indulge yourself no more in such flights of fancy. My daughter will have nothing to do with you, nor I either, I assure you."

"Oh! you spoke not always thus, M. Puderlein! There was a time when you and your daughter"—

"Hold your tongue, and begone!"

"M. Puderlein! You are a man of honor. Be just to my long and faithful services. I always took your part, when I heard any one say,—'Puderlein is a silly old stingy fellow!' I always said, 'It is not true'—even when it was true."

"Have done with your talking!"

"M. Puderlein, be generous! I entreat you, on my knees, let me have your daughter for my wife?"

"You shall have a box on the ear to bring you to reason!"

"What!" exclaimed Ignatz, jumping up from the floor, where he was kneeling—"a box on the ear—to me! me, a free tradesman of the hair-dressing community!"

"And if you were a king, and if you were an emperor—and if you had a golden crown on your head, and a sceptre in your hand—here is my own house—I am master, and I repeat that I will give you a box on the ear, if you behave no better."

"Well, very well," replied Ignatz, insolently, "M. Puderlein, we are separated! I will instantly leave this treacherous house, and you and your wig-blocks! But I know how to revenge myself! When misfortune comes upon you, and your faithless

Digitized by Google

daughter, and that stripling musician, then think of me."

The apprentice left the house full of plans of revenge. M. Puderlein was very angry; Nanny laughed; Joseph was in the garden thinking only of his quartetto, on which he was just then engaged.

—

M. Wenzel Puderlein saw the time approaching, when the attention of the whole imperial city would be drawn towards him as the protector and fosterer of a great musical genius. The dances Joseph had composed for the dancing-masters in the Leopoldstadt, had been heard already in the saloons of the aristocracy; and they were praised everywhere for their lightness, grace, and youthful animation! But all the gentlemen and ladies asked in vain after the name of the composer; nobody knew him; and Joseph himself had no idea what a sensation his little compositions were creating. Puderlein knew it, however, and looked forward anxiously and impatiently for the completion of the first quartetto.

At last the manuscript was ready; Puderlein took it, hurried with it to the printer, made arrangements for the publication; using, for this purpose, the funds he had received for Joseph's dances. Haydn, who knew that his whimsical protector took care of his interests, left every thing to him, commenced a new quartetto, and had soon almost forgotten the old one.

—

M. Ignatz, on his part, had forgotten nothing; and wished for nothing more than to play a trick on M. Puderlein.

An occasion was soon found. His new principal sent him one morning to the Baron Von Furnberg, to dress his hair.

The young Baron Von Swieten was there, and talking of the brilliant ball, the night before, at the Princess Esterhazy's, and the beautiful new dances of the unknown composer. In the enthusiasm of his praise he went to the piano and played part of a waltz which Ignatz recognised as Nanny's, which Joseph had composed for her.

"I would give fifty ducats!" exclaimed the Baron, when Von Swieten had finished, "if I knew the *name* of that composer?"

"Fifty ducats?" said Ignatz, aloud, "your honor, excuse me—your honor! I believe I can tell you his name?"

"If you can do it with certainty, the fifty ducats shall be yours!" said Von Swieten and Furnberg.

"I can, your honor! It is Joseph Haydn."

"How! Joseph Haydn!—what do you know of him?" cried the two young gentlemen. The hair-dresser told what he knew of Haydn's life in Puderlein's house, and took care to represent his ancient's principle as miserly and tyrannical.

"Horrible!" exclaimed his hearers, when Ignatz had finished his narration. "This old hair-dresser keeps the young man hidden from the world—makes him work for his gain, and shuts him up like a prisoner! We must deliver him!"

Ignatz failed not to tell them, they would thus do a very charitable action, and gave them instructions how to manage matters with young Haydn, in case M. Puderlein should be at home.

The young Baron Von Swieten determined to go instantly to his favorite, and engaged Ignatz to accompany him. The hair-dresser felt very proud while seated in an elegant coach opposite the Baron, and driving to the Leopoldstadt.

When they arrived at Puderlein's house, the Baron leaped out of the carriage, entered the house, and went upstairs, to the room where Joseph Haydn was busily engaged at his new quartetto.

How great was the surprise of the youth when he saw his aristocratic visitor! He was unable to utter a single word, but bowed low to his noble guest, in silence.

The young Baron was all the more earnest and kind. He told him how his friends (of whom Joseph knew nothing) grieved about his disappearance. He spoke of the general admiration his compositions had excited, and told how many inquiries had been made after the gifted composer. At last he concluded, "your fortune is now made; Baron Von Furnberg, a great patron of the arts, my father, and myself—all will assist you. We will introduce you to the Prince of Esterhazy! Make ready to leave this house, and deliver yourself as soon as possible from the tyranny of the covetous hair-dresser."

Digitized by Google

Joseph did not know what to reply, for his surprise increased at every word young Von Swieten said. At length he answered, stammering and blushing, "Your honor is mistaken, in believing that I am treated in this house in a tyrannical manner. On the contrary, M. Puderlein treats me as his own son, and his daughter loves me as a brother! He assisted me when I was helpless and alone without any means of support."

"Be that as it may," interrupted Von Swieten, impatiently, "in this house you cannot stay longer. You must come out into the world! Must take another place, suited to your talents. Tell that to your landlord. To-morrow the Baron and I are coming for you."

Saying this he embraced the young Haydn, eagerly left the room and the house, and returned to the city; Joseph stood rubbing his forehead, not knowing if all this were a dream or reality.

But pretty Nanny had listened in the kitchen, and with terror, heard all; she ran in tears to her father, when he came home, and told him what had passed. He was not a little disturbed. But he soon composed himself, and with sparkling eyes ordered his daughter to follow him, still weeping.

He went to Joseph's room. Joseph hearing him coming, opened the door, and was going to tell him what had happened.

But Puderlein pushed him back into the room, went himself in, followed by the weeping girl, and cried, "Stay, barbarian! where are you going?"

"To see you," answered Joseph—"I was going to tell you—"

"No need of that!" broke out Puderlein, "I know all!—you have betrayed me, and you are going to leave me like a vagabond."

"Nay, nay, M. Puderlein! Listen to me." "I will not listen! Your rebellion is clear enough! so is your treachery to me, and to my daughter. Oh, ingratitude, see here thy image! I loved this youth as a son of my own! when he was helpless I took him under my hospitable roof. I have dressed him; I have nourished him; I have trimmed his hair with my own hands; I have cared for his fame, and my reward for all this is, that he betrays me and my innocent child. Aye! this weeping girl, whom you have deceived!"

"For heaven's sake! M. Puderlein! listen to me! I will not leave you! I will not be ungrateful—I will thank you all my life for what you have done for me."

"And will you marry this girl?"

"Marry," repeated, Joseph, quite astonished, and stepped back several steps—"I marry your daughter?"

"Who else? Have you not told her that she was handsome—that you loved her!—have you not been openly her admirer?"

"Certainly, but—"

"No buts! You must marry her, or you are a vile traitor! Think you that every stripling may tell a virtuous maiden of Vienna that she is handsome, and that it will be permitted? You are very much mistaken; among our girls the golden age still reigns. They do not flirt with every one—they throw their nets not out for every one; they wait modestly till the *one* comes, who says to them that he loves them, and will marry them; and thus it is, that the Viennese damsels are the cream of the whole world. You told my daughter that you liked her, and that caused her to believe you wished to make her your wife? and she said to herself—I will love and marry him. She loves you—and now you will forsake and disgrace her?"

Joseph was silent. Puderlein continued: "And I—have I deserved such ingratitude for *this?*"

At these words, Puderlein took out of his pocket a roll of paper, opened it, and brought it near Joseph's face. Joseph uttered a slight cry of surprise—for he saw, elegantly engraved, the words, "Quartetto for the violin, violincello, and tenor violin, arranged by Joseph Haydn, composer and piano-player at Vienna. Vienna, 1751."

"Yes," cried Wenzel Puderlein, as he saw Haydn's delight at this surprise, "Yes, open your eyes; that is what I have done with the money I received for your dances! I have paid for paper and presswork to make you able to come out as a composer before the public. I have done still more—I have, through my high patrons, obtained you the appointment of organist to the Carmelites. Here is your appointment; and now go, barbarian, and

Digitized by Google

plunge my daughter and myself into misery!"

"Joseph did not go, but with tears embraced M. Puderlein, who tried to push him back, while his protegé held him fast. "M. Puderlein," cried Haydn, "listen to me! there is nothing false in me! Let me call you father! Give me Nanny for my wife! I will marry her, I will love and honor her all my life. Ah! believe me, I am not ungrateful!"

M. Puderlein became more quiet; he sank into the arm-chair and called to the young couple: "Come hither, my children, kneel down before me, that I can give you my blessing! This evening shall be the betrothal, and four weeks hence we will have the wedding."

Joseph and Nanny kneeled down before M. Puderlein, and he blessed them, and they all wept a great deal. That same evening all was mirth at No 7, on the Danube, in the Leopoldstadt, for the organist, Joseph Haydn, celebrated his betrothal with the beautiful Nanny, only daughter to M. Wenzel Puderlein, citizen and house proprietor in the Leopoldstadt, Vienna.

—

The young Baron Von Swieten and Von Furnburg were very much disturbed, when they came the next morning to deliver young Haydn out of the hands of M. Puderlein, to find him the betrothed of the pretty Miss Nanny. They made urgent representations to him, but Joseph stood firm, and kept his word, as an honest man, to M. Puderlein and to his bride.

It is true, that he afterwards found this step had been a precipitate one, but he never repented it; and when his terrestrial muse played too many discords, he sought and found comfort with the celestial companion, who, ever young, and fresh, and lovely, walks with the true artist through life; to him she showed herself so propitious, that after centuries have passed—generations, as they advance, will pronounce Haydn's name with pious and joyful emotion.

M. H.

---

## SONNET.

By the Author of "The Yemassee," "Guy Rivers," &c.

### ALL MORTAL PERFORMANCE BUT PROGRESS.

If, in the progress of the years, we make,
  Ourselves, fit progress, we make sacrifice
Even of the loved performance, and forsake
  The well-plann'd purpose for some new device.
We burn the fruits of study to begin
  Anew our edifice; and, day by day,
No sooner do we well fit progress win,
  Than we fling down our tools and turn away.
It is a 'prenticeship we still pursue,
Not doing, but just learning how to do:—
Our progress lies in knowledge of our tools,
  And a becoming liking for their use;
No doubt, if we obey the master's rules,
We shall be summon'd to some future task,
  Let us but learn, he cannot well refuse,
And this, if well we learn, 'tis quite enough to ask

Digitized by Google

## A DREAM OF THE WORLD.

By R. S. S. Andros.

The spirit waved her wand :—On either hand
Hamlets and cities rose, and all the land
Stood thick, or so it seemed, with structures grand

And piles magnificent. Here golden dome
In mockery flashed the dazzled sunbeam home ;
There marble column grew, and fountain's foam

Mirrored the sky in many-colored light :
While temples reared their spires from vale and height,
Pointing the soul to Heaven. But as the sight

Dwelt longer on the scene, its seeming caught
Another aspect, and by palace wrought
With curious workmanship, where sculptured Thought

Spoke from the marble, and divinest Art
Bade grace and beauty into being start,
Stood the low cottage, and not far apart

The meaner hovel, through whose thatch-made roof,
The Sun, sole friend that kept him not aloof,
At times let in his golden-colored woof

To bind the broken soul ;—but oftener far
Stole in the autumn rain, or freezing air,
Or the cold glimmer of a winter star,

Whose faint dim light but served the more to show
How much of desolation dwelt below—
That watched to weep or slept to dream of wo,

The spirit spake :—From cot and hovel came
Man worn with suffering, woman pale with shame,
And childhood, on whose brow was writ the name

Of want and sorrow. There were those whose toil
Had gathered wealth from distant sea and soil,
Delved the deep earth and robbed its hidden spoil,

And in their turn been robbed. From out their eyes
Pale Hunger stared, and Life ebbed forth in sighs
Mingled with prayers and curses, till the skies

Groaned with sad echo. Their rough hands had made
The Earth a realm of beauty, and arrayed
Its fields in fruitfulness, and overlaid

Its surface with fair homes, and gorgeous towers,
And fairy palaces 'mid quiet bowers,
And perfumed gardens, where the happy Hours

Digitized by Google

Paused in their flight. Torrent beneath their skill
Became a golden tide. The rock-ribbed hill
Fell at their mandate, and the forest still,

That for unnumbered years had stayed the cloud
In its career, and braved the tempest, bowed
Prostrate to their behest; and navies proud

Floated upon the sea—but not for them;
They delved the earth, and gathered gold and gem,
But crown and coronet and diadem

Gleamed on the brows of others. Haughty Pride,
Nursed in base indolence, and Power, allied
To meanest vice, and Wealth, that ne'er had sighed

Save for new pleasures—these—that never felt
On their soft cheeks the burning sun, or knelt
At the strong oar, where arctic tempests pelt

The ice-bound bark—reclining at their ease,
Revelled in spoils of far-off climes and seas,
While they who won them fell upon their knees,

And bent them as they passed.—The while I gazed,
Her magic wand the wondrous spirit raised,
And on the sight, half-horrored, half-amazed,

Hovel and hut were opened, and within
Sat Manhood pale with grief, and Childhood thin
With pain and famine. Misery and Sin

Grew in embrace, and Old Age wasted slow
With watch and hunger, wept such tears of woe
As old eyes only weep. By pallet low

Leaned the faint mother watching o'er her child
Dying for bread—and as the helpless smiled,
And gasped its last weak breath, half-mad, half-wild,

She started up, covered her eyes, and then
Uttering a prayer that Death would strike again,
Laughed loud and fell, and spake no more. And men,

Who dwelt in palaces, passed by that day,
Looked on the scene—the mother where she lay
Beside her dead—and then—went on their way.

Digitized by Google

# HUMAN CLOTHING, DYEING, AND CALICO PRINTING.*

THE great objects for which nine tenths of the human species are toiling through their probationary state are food and raiment, and they have been improved in quality and enhanced in quantity, in proportion to the advance of civilization. Articles of clothing are now at the command of the lowest members of society, which, but a century since, were scarcely within the reach of crowned heads. It is somewhat remarkable that nearly all the great inventions of modern times, the most singular triumphs of the human intellect over matter, have tended to promote the production of clothing, by substituting machinery for labor, and economy in time and outlay in the manufacture of wearing apparel. In the production of our food very little advance has been made in the same direction. That is to say, improvements have indeed been made on the rude implements of husbandry common to former ages, but the amount of manual labor necessary to bring forth a certain quantity of food has not been materially diminished. On the other hand, through the exercise of his intellect, man has been enabled to work up the five great raw materials, wool, flax, hemp, silk and cotton, into a limitless variety of clothing, adapted to all tastes, ages, climates and conditions, in a continually increasing supply, and at the same time comparatively dispensing with manual labor. In considering these facts, we find something analogous to the condition of our first parents, when they incurred the Divine displeasure. From that time forth, they were to provide themselves with food and raiment. Adam heard the Divine mandate—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread"—but "unto Adam also and to his wife, did the *Lord God make coats of skins and clothed them.*" The progenitors of the human race were clothed by the Omnipotent Power and sent forth to procure their own food.—This he has procured by the unremitting exercise of his physical powers, while the divine part of his nature has mostly contributed to the multiplication of clothing. In the earlier stages of the human race, the animals slain for food furnished incidentally the materials for clothing. To detach the wool, and to form it into a cloth, as a substitute for skin, was a great advance, and to transfer the colors of the vegetable kingdom to their clothes, so as to relieve the monotony of the natural color, would soon suggest itself. Even savages, unacquainted with cloth or its manufacture, stain their persons with vegetable dyes. The art of cloth manufacture has, however, in the last century, made more rapid advances than during the previous five thousand years, and this has been through the exercise of the human intellect. The great inventions in machinery that have taken place in the last 50 years, have wonderfully increased the production of cloths. In fact, cotton may be said to have become important as an article of clothing, only in that period, and solely through the aid of machines, perfected in different countries. The cotton gin of Whitney first made the raw material available, and the card machine of Whitney, of which John Randolph remarked, that it seemed to act as if animated by a soul, promoted the carding; the jenny of Hargrave, and its improvement by Arkwright, gave the means of spinning, and the steam-engine of James Watt, furnished the power to move these wonderful machines. With these mighty laborers, vast quantities of cloth have been furnished of almost every variety of texture, and every quarter of the world has been supplied with suitable clothing. Not less wonderful have been the improvements in the art of dye-

* Practical Treatise on Dyeing and Calico Printing; including the Latest Inventions and Improvements: also, a Description of the Origin, Manufacture, Uses, and Chemical Properties of the various animal, vegetable and mineral substances employed in these arts; with an Appendix, &c. By an Experienced Dyer, assisted by several scientific gentlemen; with Engravings on steel and wood. Harper & Brothers, New-York.



Digitized by Google

ing and printing those cloths. To give them a variety of bright and permanent colors, the science of chemistry has been drawn upon with eminent success, and each advance in that science has been fraught with increased facilities to the dyeing process. In the case of dyeing and printing calicoes, it happens, however, that it has had to encounter the greatest difficulties from government oppression, both in France and the United States, as well as in England. It was not until 1736, that the restrictions imposed by the Parliament of England against wearing printed fabrics were repealed; and in 1750, only 50,000 pieces of printed goods were made in England, often the warp was linen, there being no means of spinning cotton strong enough for that purpose. The printing of cotton was introduced into Lancashire about the year 1770, and from that time the business progressed. The quantity printed in England was accurately ascertained up to 1831, by means of the tax imposed on all printed goods. By the returns, the yards made in 1796 were 20,621,797; in 1814, 124,613,472; and, 347,450,299 yards in 1830, of which amount, 199,799,466 yards were exported, and 148,650,833 retained for home consumption. The tax on printed cottons was removed in 1831, since, when, the quantity made has not been so accurately ascertained. The exports in 1845, had, however, risen to 310,850,697 yards, or nearly as much as the whole production in 1830; 500,000,000 yards is probably the English production now, and 175,000,000 that of the United States. The product of these two nations is therefore 675 millions yards, against 22 millions in 1800; or from 1¼ yards each inhabitant of both countries, the production has increased to 16 yards per head. This large production has been accompanied by a great and continuous fall in prices. The average export price from England was, in 1820, 27 cts. per yard, and in 1845, 9 cts. per yard; and the quality of the latter was greatly superior to the former. These results were brought about solely by improvements in science in different countries, in spite of the discouragements of the governments. As, for instance, in England, up to 1831, as we have stated, an excise tax was laid upon every yard of printed goods made in the United Kingdom. This tax was 3½d. or about 7 cts. per square yard, and yielded a duty of £2,022,258; in 1828 a drawback was allowed on all goods exported, and this drawback amounted in the same year to £1,360,069; the balance, £662,189, or about $3,000,000, constituted a direct tax upon all British prints consumed in the United Kingdom. The drawback thus allowed on exports, has been appealed to in this country by those who misunderstood its motive, as a proof of any allowance made by the British government to undersell American prints. The tax on the consumption of prints, was, however, the least evil with which the manufacturers had to contend. In order to levy the tax, it was necessary to prevent all printing of goods, except under a license from the government, and when allowed, a revenue officer was stationed in the works to pry into and overlook all its operations. In addition, there were heavy duties on color material. Notwithstanding these oppressions, the manufacturers made great progress. In the United States, the government, since 1815, has adopted a more effectual mode of preventing the growth of calico printing as a separate business. It is by imposing a tax upon the printing cloths, in order to protect the cotton spinner; as, for instance, the present tariff levies a duty of six cents per yard on the white cottons, and of nine cents per yard on printed; that is to say, the American cotton printer is obliged to pay six cents, or 100 per cent. more for the cloth to print than his English rival. This is called protection. Now, in spite of these oppressions, England, France and the United States, have each contributed to the common stock of knowledge, inventions and improvements, which have produced the results we have witnessed in the vast increase of production and decrease of price. The inventions and discoveries are of three classes—1st. The preparation and working up of the raw material into white fabrics. 2nd. In the machinery for transferring designs upon the cloth—and, 3dly. The chemical preparations for imparting brilliant and durable colors to those designs. In the first class are embraced the cotton gin of Whitney, a native of Massachusetts, who obtained his patent, 1792. Up to that time, the labor of cleaning cotton

Digitized by Google

from the seed was so great as to make the article too costly for cultivation, and not more than ten million pounds were then produced in the United States.—This first made the raw material available to any considerable degree. The next operation, that of carding the cotton, was facilitated by the invention of the card machine, by an American citizen. By this the old laborious process of sticking the cards by hand was superseded and cylinder cards introduced. These two inventions were essential to supply the spinning jenny of Arkwright, driven by the steam-engine of Watt, with the raw material for spinning, and the power-loom of Dr. Cartwright for weaving the yarn into cloth. Each one of these inventions was necessary to the other, and each greatly accelerated the production of cloth, and the diminution of the amount of manual labor requisite in the production of clothing. While the supply of cloth was thus undergoing this prodigious increase, the art of printing it, although of very ancient origin, first sprung into importance. The old mode of printing the cloth, was for the operator to stretch the cloth upon a table before him, having in his hand an engraved block, to which he applied the color, and then pressed it with his hands upon the cloth. In making the next impression, he was careful to place his block so that the figure should match the impression already made. This was a slow process, and was improved by applying mechanical power to the blocks by a contrivance that was a substitute for twenty expert hands, that is to say, one hand with the machine would do the work of twenty without it. The wooden blocks were superseded in 1785 by metallic cylinders. The entire surface of the cylinder was engraved with the required pattern, which was a very expensive operation, but the machine did as much work in a few hours as formerly occupied weeks. A complete revolution was effected in this matter by Mr. Jacob Perkins, of Massachusetts, who invented the mode of engraving the pattern upon a small steel cylinder, called a die. From this cylinder the pattern is transferred over the entire surface of a copper cylinder, and any number of them may be made at a small expense from one die, and worn cylinders are easily renewed. This new invention, introduced in 1808, gave a great impulse to the business. The next great improvement was in the means of printing several colors at one operation. At first only one color could be imparted to one pattern on the cylinder; within five years, five colors more were printed at one operation. While these great improvements were progressing in the means of producing cloth, and imparting designs to it, advances no less astonishing were made in the production and application of colors. This latter branch of the business is perhaps the most scientific and interesting of all, and is well worthy the study even of those who have no connexion with calico printing as a business.

We have briefly sketched the leading events that have conspired to produce such wonderful results in the manufacture of cotton. It is to be observed, that each and all of the great inventions and discoveries in all the branches, were the results of individual genius in all countries. The United States, England and France, have all contributed the most important elements in the manufacture. The contributions of France have been mostly in chemical discoveries, and in the application of profound science to useful purposes. With them the principles of calico printing have been profoundly studied by the eminent chemists, who, educated in the Parisian schools of science, are kept constantly employed by the manufacturers in experimenting upon colors; as thus, to obtain good colors upon goods, it is indispensable that it be of a pure white; to obtain this, the old process of bleaching cotton required *three months*. M. Berthollet, of Paris, in 1785, first introduced chlorine as a bleaching agent, by which the process has been reduced to a few hours instead of months. This process was carried to England by James Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine, as applied to factories. The modern bleaching powders are the result of that discovery. It is self-evident, that one of the inventions and discoveries that has been made in either branch, has done more for the advance of manufacturing than all the government encouragement ever dreamed of. To make manufactures progress, it is only necessary to disseminate the knowledge of all its departments, to spread among the

Digitized by Google

people the information. So far from this, the selfish mole-like policy of protection has been to bury in the bosoms of a few wealthy men the *secrets* they buy from needy inventors, and to tax the public for their support. A new era has now dawned upon the world, and perfect freedom of enterprise, with dissemination of knowledge, are about to give an impulse to manufactures greater than ever. The great inventions to which we have above alluded, have been confined to comparatively few persons. The world at large knows nothing of them. Thousands, who would be attracted to such employments by becoming interested in the wonderful details, are ignorant of their existence. In this view, we hail with pleasure the appearance of the work of which the title is at the head of this article, and to which we are indebted for some of the facts above mentioned. We have read the work with intense interest, and regard it as of more importance to the success of manufactures in this country than the most skilfully contrived tariff, even if such laws have the good effect some statesmen ascribe to them, which, however, we deny.—The book skilfully connects the interesting science of chemistry with the practical operations of the dye-house.—Hitherto the former has been in the hands of philosophers, and the latter in those of practical men, who were apt to regard with distrust the speculations of the book-men. In the work before us, the practical dyer becomes the scientific chemist. All that is useful in the science, becomes at once familiar to the workman. Before giving a few extracts, highly interesting to the general reader, we will take from the author's preface the plan of his work.

"In the following treatise the author has endeavored—

1. To reduce the whole theory of dyeing to the utmost simplicity and accuracy.

2. To classify, arrange and define colors, in order to enable those who are pursuing the related branches of study, as well as the artist, to comprehend more easily the nature of each particular hue, tint and shade, and the relation it bears to the primary elements of light, darkness and color.

3. To elucidate each particular subject in such a manner as, it is hoped, will impart substantial knowledge to those seeking it, and at the same time exhibit those shoals toward which so many have been attracted by erroneous deductions and false conclusions.

4. To set forth the *actual* properties, characters and uses of the various Animal, Vegetable and Mineral substances employed in dyeing and the auxiliary arts; and

5. To define the various chemical and technical terms employed in the dye-house, print-work, &c."

The promises contained in the preface, are well kept in the text, and the whole subject matter is made not only useful to the practical dyer, but from the manner with which it is treated, awakens an interest in the community at large. In opening the nature of the dyeing process, the author remarks—

"Did each dye-drug impart its own color to cloth, and did there exist a sufficient variety of these drugs for the various shades of colors, dyeing would be a very simple art, as it would only be necessary to dissolve the dye-stuff and impregnate the goods. But so far from this being the case, if we except indigo, there is scarcely a dye-stuff that imparts its own color to goods; nay, the most part of the dye-drugs used have so weak an affinity for cotton goods especially, that they impart no color sufficiently permanent to deserve the name of a dye. These circumstances render dyeing sufficiently intricate, and make it more dependant upon science; indeed, it is only by the nicest arrangement of a few chemical laws, that the dyer is enabled to turn to advantage the various coloring matters of which he is in possession. When the dyer finds that there is no affinity between the goods and any coloring substance which is put into his possession, he endeavors to find a third substance, which has a natural attraction for the cloth and coloring matter, so that by combining this substance with the cloth, and then passing the cloth through the dyeing solution, the coloring matter combines with the substance which is upon the goods, and constitutes a dye.—This third substance used, and which acts as an intermediate, combining two inimical bodies, is termed a mordant, from the French *mordre*, which signifies, to bite, from an idea which the old dyers had that the substances bit or opened a passage into the fibres of the cloth, giving access to the color. And although the theory of their action is now changed, the term is still continued, and perhaps further investigation will prove the term most applicable."

"The bases or oxides which are in general use, and which appear to succeed best, are alumina, the oxides of tin, and iron;

Digitized by Google

the first two are colorless, the peroxide of the latter is a light brown, and imparts to white goods a buff or nankeen color, which in many cases affects, to a considerable extent, the color of the cloth, a circumstance which must also be attended to by the dyer. Indeed, the principal part of all dyeing operations is the proper choice and application of mordants, there being a chemical union between them and the coloring matter; a new substance is formed, not only differing in properties but differing in color from any of the originals; consequently, a very little alteration in the strength or quality of a mordant gives a decided alteration in the shade of color. However, it gives the dyer a much wider field for variety of shades; at the same time a less number of coloring substances is required; as, for example, logwood alone gives no color to cotton worthy the name of a dye; yet by the judicious application of a few different kinds of mordants, all the shades from a French white to a violet—from a lavender to a purple—from a blue to a lilac—and from a slate to a black, are obtained from this substance."

"If a white piece of cotton be put through a dilute solution of chloride of tin (red spirits,) and from this put through a weak decoction of logwood, the coloring matter of the wood will be immediately precipitated, changing its hue to a violet color, very little of it combining with the cloth, and probably very unequally; but if the piece be thoroughly washed from the chloride of tin previous to putting into the logwood, the coloring matter of the wood will combine with the cloth, or rather the metallic base which is on the cloth; and provided the logwood solution corresponds with the strength of the mordant, the liquor will be left colorless; but the piece will be a light brownish shade.—If a little of the chloride of tin be now added to the liquor, its effects upon the logwood will be the same as if the piece had been put into it without being washed, but with this difference, that the coloring matter is in combination with the cloth, upon which it is not only changed to a violet color, but is rendered insoluble in water, and sufficiently permanent to constitute a dye. The substances thus added to the colored liquor to change and fix the colors are termed *alterants*, in the technical language of the dye-house *raising*: because it brightens the color. Alterants and mordants are often spoken of as two distinct substances; but the only distinction is the mode of applying them. In some instances distinct substances are used. In the process detailed above, a little alum would do as well as the tin; or if a particular bluish shade were wanted, a little pyrolignite of alumina; but in almost all cases the mordant may also be used as the alterant."

Having stated these general facts, the work proceeds with an historical and minute detail of the different mordants and their effects as discovered down to the present time, and proceeds with the most approved method of dyeing each color. In relation to Turkey-red, we have the following:—

"In 1806, Reber, at Mariakirch, furnished the finest yarns of this dye, and M. Koechlin became celebrated for his Turkey-red cloth. This gentleman has immortalised his name in the annals of calico printing, by the discovery which he made in 1811. It consists in printing upon Turkey-red, or any dyed color, some powerful acid, and then immersing the cloth in a solution of chloride of lime. Neither of these agents singly affects the color, but those parts which have received the acid, on being plunged in chloride of lime, are speedily deprived of their dye, and made white by the acid of the liberated chlorine. This is one of the beautiful facts in the chemistry of calico printing,

"For this process a patent was obtained in England, by Mr. James Thomson, of Primrose, near Clitheroe, in the year 1813; and the same gentleman, in 1816, took out a second patent for a very useful and happy modification of the principle of the former one, namely, for combining with the acid some mordant, or metallic oxide, capable, after the colors were removed, of having imparted to it some other color. This laid the foundation of that series of processes, in which the chromic acid and its combination have since been employed with such great success."

We are necessarily confined to short extracts on the different branches; but we extract the following interesting sketches of the origin of some dyes; first, in relation to Lac-dye.

"Stick-lac is produced by the puncture of a peculiar female insect, called *coccus-lacca* or *ficus*, upon the branches of several plants, which grow in Siam, Assam, Pegu, Bengal and Malabar. The twig becomes thereby incrusted with a reddish mammelated resin, having a crystalline-looking fracture. The female lac insect is of the size of a louse; red, round, flat, with 12 abdominal circles, a bifurcated tail, antennæ, and six claws, half the length of the body. The male is twice the above size, and has four wings; *there is one of them to 5000 females*. In November or December the young brood makes its escape from the eggs, lying beneath the dead body of the mother; they crawl about a little way, and fasten themselves to the bark of the shrubs. About this period the branches

often swarm to such a degree with this vermin, that they seem covered with a red dust; in this case, they are apt to dry up, by being exhausted of their juices. Many of these insects, however, become the prey of others, or are carried off by the feet of birds, to which they attach themselves, and are transplanted to other trees. They soon produce small nipple-like incrustations upon the twigs, their bodies being apparently glued, by means of a transparent liquor, which goes on increasing to the end of March, so as to form a cellular texture. At this time, the animal resembles a small oval bag, without life, of the size of cochineal. At the commencement, a beautiful red liquor only is perceived, afterwards eggs make their appearance; and in October or November, when the red liquor gets exhausted, 20 *or* 30 *young ones bore a hole through the back of their mother*, and come forth. The empty cells remain upon the branches. These are composed of the milky juice of the plant, which serves as nourishment to the insects, and which is afterwards transformed or elaborated into the red coloring matter that is found mixed with the resin, but in greater quantity in the bodies of the insects, in their eggs, and still more copiously in the red liquor secreted for feeding the young. After the brood escapes, the cell contain much less coloring matter.—On this account, the branches should be broken off before this happens, and dried in the sun. In the East Indies this operation is performed twice in the year; the first time in March, the second in October. The twigs incrusted with the radiated cellular substance constitute the *stick-lac* of commerce. It is a red color, more or less deep, nearly transparent, and hard, with a brilliant conchoidal fracture. The stick-lac of Siam is the best."

Next in relation to indigo we have a curious historical anecdote, beautifully illustrative of the manner in which government protection has aided manufacture.

"Of the early history of indigo little is known, neither is it known when it was first used as a dye-stuff. The Greeks and Romans used it as a paint, under the name of Indicum. Its value, as a dye-stuff, was not known in Europe till nearly the close of the sixteenth century, when it was imported from India by the Dutch; but English legislators, for a long time, prohibited its use in Great Britain under severe penalties. These prohibitions continued in force till the reign of Charles II., and the reason consisted in its being considered a corrosive substance, and capable of destroying the fibres of cloth, and therefore calculated to injure the character of the dyers. This opinion, no doubt, sprung from the strong and interested opposition given to its use by the cultivators of the woad, which was then regarded as an important branch of national industry.*"

After describing some chemical operations, the work proceeds:—

"Some practical dyer may indeed be inclined to ask, *what those already noticed have to do with dyeing?* We are sorry that with respect to some of them, we cannot give any satisfactory answer to the question; but the same question was asked, when chemists first intimated that chromic acid produced yellow salts when combined with lead; yet this simple hint has completely revolutionized various departments of dyeing, as we shall have occasion to notice, when we come to treat of the mineral coloring matters in next chapter; and the action of chromic acid upon indigo, as already observed, has been both a source of annoyance and advantage to the dyer. Previous to the use of alkaline substances with the salts of lead, dyers seldom could get an evenly *chrome* green; the chromic acid being set at liberty acted upon the indigo which was upon the yarn, destroying in part the blue color, after which the green was all light yellow blotches.—These annoyances are still felt where the new process of working the lead solution with an alkali is not practised. But this same action of chromic acid upon indigo has been taken advantage of by calico printers, when they want a white pattern on a blue ground. The pattern is printed upon the cloth with the oxide of a metal which yields its oxygen easily to other substances, such as *copper* and *zinc;* the

* "When Indigo was first introduced, only a small quantity was added to the woad, by which the latter was much improved; more was afterwards gradually used, and at last, the quantity became so large, that the small admixture of woad served only to revive the fermentation of the indigo. Germany thus lost a production by which farmers, merchants, carriers and others acquired great riches. In consequence of the sales of woad being so much injured, a prohibition was issued against the use of indigo by Saxony, in the year 1650. In the year 1652, Duke Ernest, the Pious, caused a proposal to be made to the diet by his envoy, *that indigo should be entirely banished from the empire*, and that an exclusive privilege should be granted to those who dyed with woad. This was followed by an imperial prohibition of indigo, on the 21st of April, 1654, which was enforced with the greatest severity in his dominions. The same was done in France; but in the well-known edict of 1669, in which Colbert separated the superior from the inferior dyers, it was stated that indigo should be used without woad; and in 1737, dyers were left at liberty to use indigo alone, or to employ a mixture of indigo and woad."

Digitized by Google

goods are afterwards dyed blue by passing them through the vat; but the parts upon which these metallic salts are printed, resist the dye, by a process which will be presently described, so that the piece, when finished, is a blue ground with a white pattern."

We have made extracts as far as our limits will allow, in order to illustrate the varied and interesting matter contained in the volume. We have, however, not alluded to the chapters descriptive of the late inventions in the machinery for imparting colors to designs. We have before stated that it is only very recently that more than one color could be imparted by one operation. Chapter IV. contains a description of a machine patented in 1843, for printing five or more colors at once, by a most ingenious method. When we reflect upon the results of science, the multitudinous elements called from all quarters of the world, and combined with wonderful skill, according to the learned experience and triumphant genius of the citizens of all countries—the heart sickens at the gross folly what should lead legislatures to suppose that those results are in any degree to be attributed to the absurd restrictions imposed by them on trade. The true encouragement to manufacture is the spread of knowledge. Our author has well remarked in his preface as follows:—

"Dyers who achieve the distinction of good workmen are accustomed to estimate their abilities by the contrast which exists between themselves and the newly initiated journeyman; they rarely or never contemplate the wide field which lies unimproved if not unexplored before them.—Indeed, some of them are so injudicious as to boast of their capabilities, their expertness and their knowledge; and it is not uncommon for such to indulge in petty jealousies, and to endeavor to conceal the *secret* of their mode of producing a certain result. Follies of this sort have not been confined to journeymen; an employer has been known to complain that his workmen are inefficient, when at the same time he was stealing, as it were, from one part of the dye-house to another with the very materials which it is their business to understand and use, in covered vessels, lest some one should learn what is the nature of the process whereby he produces, through their labor, a desired result. He thus exacts of them the advantages of knowledge, while doing his best to retain them in ignorance. While such narrow views are prevalent we may regret, but cannot wonder, that years have been spent—we should rather say wasted—in persevering and costly efforts to discover *what was long before well known to all who thoroughly understood the scientific principles of the art.* This same ignorance of principles often renders both masters and workmen the dupes of a class of impudent knaves, who hawk about *valuable secrets* at so much apiece."

Nothing can be more true; and at the same time, he asks Congress to protect him against others that do know the secret. The day for those follies is rapidly becoming "obsolete." The time will come, when manufactures will be pursued for the mere sake of the pursuit, as chemistry is now studied philosophically.

The advance of manufactures does not exist in the creating of monopolies with large capital, that may deal out small wages to a dependent class of workmen, while the lucrative offices created by the concentration of large joint stock capital form the means of providing for the needy relatives of influential directors, at salaries which cannot be paid by a fair business. The large profits necessary to the support of the expensive establishments of the chartered corporations can only be derived from the labor of many persons, in the same manner in which splendid governments are supported only by the excessive taxation inflicted upon an unrepresented population. The question arises, are they necessary? and common sense answers, no. Disseminate knowledge among the people, and, throwing the trade open, give the industrious with small capitals a chance equal to that of corporate monopolies. The spirit of these monopolies is opposed to advance in science, because with every improvement their large investments in machinery, &c., become depreciated, and their profits endangered. On the other hand, where the genius and enterprise of individuals have free scope in all the subdivisions of the different branches of the business, the whole improves with an accelerated movement. The new inventions supersede the old, and the public come promptly to profit by the success of the individual.

Digitized by Google

# THE BROKEN HEART.

## A TALE OF HISPANIOLA.

By S. Anna Lewis, Author of "Records of the Heart."

"Ed èra 'l ciélo all' armonia sì' 'atento,
Che nón si vedèa in ramo móver foglia;
Tanta dolcérra avéa pièn l' àere, 'e 'l vento."
*Petrarch.*

"Dim—dim—I faint—darkness comes o'er my eye—
Cover me—save me—God of Heaven! I die!"
*The Dying Alchymist.*

## CANTO I.

I.

Full many a tale of wo is thine,
Bright Island of the Southern Sea,
Of vows that should have been divine,
And woman's speechless agony—
The pangs of sorrow's ruthless darts—
The hecatombs of trusting Hearts:
Thou hast no mighty names in song—
No famed recorders of thy wrong—
No Tweed—no storied Helicon—
Colossus—neither Moslem Pile,
Nor gilded Temple of the Sun,
To consecrate thy name, bright Isle!—
Thou hast nor classic memories,
Nor border songs of ladies fair,
Nor spirit-stirring Chivalries;
But thou hast Records of Despair,
And tales of deep, enduring Love,
As ever minstrel's fancy wove.

II.

Oh! what is there like that deep grief,
That finds, nor seeks on earth relief!
That stands from sympathy apart,
Unto its own fond broodings wed,
Feeding upon the writhing heart,
As the Promethean Vulture fed!
'Tis as the Aspic's poisonous stings—
Piercing into the heart's fine strings—
The loathsome death-worm o'er us creeping,
Ere we within the tomb are sleeping.

III.

The zephyrs sleep in Nieva's Vale—
On wave and wold each rougher gale—
While every ear along the grove
Bends down to drink the notes of Love,
And the low warblings of Despair,
That on the balmy evening rise
Like diapasons of sweet sighs.
The minstrel is a maiden fair,
With delicately moulded form,
As ere was wrought by Grecian Master—
Dark eyes through which the soul beams warm—
A cheek of purest alabaster—
A step, once in her native dells
Far lighter than the young Gazelle's—
A smile with more than Hebe's spell—
A voice soft as the Syren's shell,
Or tones, to Hourie's harp-strings given,
To welcome warriors brave to Heaven.
She wears the wandering Gipsy's dress,
She sweeps the wandering Gipsy's lute—
But those who gaze on her distress—
Sorrow so eloquently mute,
Know they behold no Gipsy maid,
In those habiliments arrayed.
The tiny foot her garb exposes,
And crimson slipper close encloses—
Her fairy hand and jewelled fingers—
Her brow, where pensive beauty lingers—
Her modest mien and movement free,
Betray too well her high degree.

IV.

Beneath the solemn Yew all day
She pours some melancholy lay,
Nor raises once her pensive eye
To greet the lingerers passing by;—
Nor heeds the needful, glittering pelf,
That at her fairy feet they throw,—
Her thoughts seem never bent on self,
She only thinks and sings of wo—
Of sighs, and tears, and slighted troth—
Stern Fate's irrevocable darts,
And woman's worth, and wrong, and wrath—
Love's faithless vows and broken hearts—
These best befit her mournful lute,
Which on all other themes is mute.

Young dark eyed maidens from the hill
Come down and sit by moonlit rill—
Hidalgos from rich domicil
Linger along the balmy lea,
To list her love-born minstrelsy;
And when on violet bed reposing—
Kind slumber her soft eyelids closing
They slowly, solemnly draw near,
And pitying view the sleepless tear,
That o'er her cheek unbidden flows
From the perennial fount of woes.

Kind-hearted damsels seek her there,
And bid her to their cots repair—

Digitized by Google

To flee the noontide's burning ray;
But with a sigh she turns away,
Serenely weeping—singing—roams,
Where never rude molester comes;—
'Tis as some halo of blest light
Encircles her by day and night,
Within which evil dare not come,
Or aught save guardian Nymph or Gnome;
The Tempest even shuns her form—
God shields the hapless maid from harm!

V.

Three weary years have rolled away
Since first they heard that pensive lay,
Yet none know from what shores she came,
Or why, or what may be her nam:—
They only gather from her song,
That she hath loved and suffered wrong.
Some deem she came from Spanish lands,
And others from Ausonian strands
Opine that she hath followed over
The dangerous sea for some faithless lover.
Some ween Count Gamba, to whose gate
At midnight she is seen to go,
And weep, and murmur strains of wo,
Hath some part in the maiden's fate;
And some frown on this foul suspicion,
And prate about her low condition,
As lofty souls could only be
Found clad in garbs of high degree.—
Some guess she is the Spirit pale,
Of maiden murdered in that vale,
By a false lover long ago;—
They guess, and guess—yet nothing know.

VI.

When vesper bells are tolling loud,
She seeks the Temple with the crowd,
And strives to chant the holy creed—
To count aright each amber bead,
But rightly never can succeed—
Why wander thus her thoughts away,
When to the Virgin she would pray?
Why steals her eye to Gamba's seat?
Why hangs it on his lady sweet?
Why glistens through her lashes jet
The crystal tear
When he is near,
Like dew-drops on the violet?
Then slides along the drooping lid,
And steals adown her cheek unbid,
As if it sought from the dark fount,
Where it so long had been confined,
Above the troubled brim to mount,
Some clime of sunnier light to find?
She's ever at Confessional,
Yet lingers—falters in the hall,
And turns away without confessing,
As something on her soul were pressing,
Which she would tell to Priest nor Heaven,
Tho' sure by both to be forgiven.

---

## CANTO II.

I.

'Tis eve—soft lies the Indian sky,
Not as this cold, bleak, Northern clime
E'en in its most congenial time
Of summer melting melody,
But with one golden gush of light,
As Heaven had centered all its smiles
Within those soft aerial isles,
To luminate the sultry night,
When languid Beauty wanders forth
To breathe the breezy, balmy air,—
Arouse her ivory limbs from sloth,
And decorate her raven hair
With pearly flowers,
From fragrant bowers,
Which ever bud and blossom there,
And smile beneath seraphic care.
Fond echo sleeps on rock and hill,
The nightingale's sweet voice is still
Beside the silent, silver rill—
No breath awakes the drowsy palm,
And all, save Sorrow's breast, is calm;
Or the wild, beating hearts of lovers,
Who silently along the glades,
Await beneath the leafy covers
The footsteps of responding maids,
To breathe to them a last farewell,
Or plight the vows they love so well.
Oh! if there 're moments in this life
When guardian Angels hover nigh,
And banish Sorrow, Pain, Fear, Strife—
Fill the breast with stainless Purity—
When to the longing soul is given
A foretaste of the bliss of Heaven,—
It is when young hearts pure and high,
Meet under Heaven's approving eye,
Afar in some sequestered grove,
Or by some soothing water-fall,
And blend thought, fancy, feeling—all—
In the Omnipotence of Love.

And wan the mournful maiden now
Across the balmy valley flies,
The cold, damp dew upon her brow,
The hot tears trickling from her eyes—
The last that Fate can ever wring
From her young bosom's troubled spring.
Swift 'neath the blooming myrtle she
Glides onward o'er the moonlit sea—
By many a Mausoleum speeds,
And tomb, amidst the tuneful reeds,
Yet falters not—she feels no dread
When in the presence of the dead—
Alas! what awe have sepulchres
For hearts that have been dead for years—
Dead unto all external things—
Dead unto Hope's sweet offerings,

Digitized by Google

While with its lofty pinions furled,
The Spirit floats in neither world.
She gains at length the holy fane,
Where death and solemn silence reign—
Hurries along the shadowy aisles,
  Up to the altar where blest tapers
Burn dimly, and the Virgin smiles,
  'Midst rising clouds of incense vapors—
There kneels by the Confession Chair,
Where waits the Friar with fervent prayer,
To soothe the Children of Despair.

Her hands are clasped—her eyes upraised—
Meek—beautiful—tho' coldly glazed,
  And her pale cheeks are paling faster;
From under her simple hat of straw,
Over her neck, her tresses flow,
  Like threads of jet o'er alabaster,—
From which the constant dews of night
Have stolen half their glossy light.

II.

"Father! invoke of Heaven the aid
And pardon for a dying maid—
Peace for a soul that finds no rest,
Nor craves it now but with the blest.
The light is fading from mine eye,
  An icy chill is at my heart,
The time hath come for me to die—
But ere my Spirit hence shall fly,
  A tale of Wo I would impart,
Which I would have thee breathe to none
But Gamba's ear when I am gone.
My home is o'er the deep, blue sea,
  Where Love and Beauty are divine—
Our being—breath—eternity,—
  I am a hapless Florentine,
Of noble birth and title high—
But mine was a false Deity,
Worshipped too early and too well—
It fled, but left its fatal spell—
Alas! how fatal, these pale cheeks may tell!

Mine is no tale of murder dire,
Committed in revengeful ire,
And woman's fit of frenzy brief,
But one of deep, enduring grief,
That fosters enmity 'gainst none—
If so—dark deeds I might have done;
For I have watched full many an hour
Gamba reposing in his bower,
And stood beside the couch of her
Who made this heart a sepulchre,
And might have shorn her thread of life—
Perchance have been my Gamba's wife!
But in my heart arose no strife—
My sin hath been to love too well—
To cherish hope I could not quell.

Words are too weak to tell to thee, [bliss—
  Father! my young heart's dream of
It was a holy fantasy
  Sent down from other world's to this,
To win my Spirit from pale toys—
Encircle it with Heavenly joys—
A lovely—blest—eternal ray,
Extinguishing each lesser light,
As the effulgent god of day
  Eclipses all the stars of night.
All treachery from my soul was hidden,
And earth lay beautiful as Eden,
That is, if I could ken beyond
  The realm of my own loving heart,
Where Gamba's image, dear and fond,
  And bright, illumined every part,
And drew my young enraptured thought
From all it ever loved or sought.
I took no pleasure in my lute—
It hung for aye unstrung and mute,
Save when it woke for Gamba's ear
The themes that Love delights to hear;
I gazed no more on the blue sky,
Drinking ethereal minstrelsy,
As was my wont in days gone by;
My Amaranths to ruin run—
My Pencil that renown had won
And high applause, now traced no line
But Gamba's face and form divine.
I placed his picture on the wall,
  Where Raphael's sainted Mary hung,
And drank the praise, unknown to all,
  That through the storied gallery rung:
I lined my walls with likenesses
  Of my adored from side to side—
I traced his features on the trees
  Along the sunny Arno's tide—
I peopled with them vale and grove—
Them in my fine embroidery wove—
I worshipped—drank—and fed—and lived
    on Love.

III.

Alas! that vision passed away,
Fleet as the Iris' melting ray,
And left me desolate and lone—
Lone as despair's departing moan;
Lone as the solitary flower
That blooms and dies in desert bower;—
Lone as the dead within the tomb,
Where never ray awakes their gloom.

IV.

Kind Father! frown not on this tale
  Of woman's love and woman's wo,
For love is woman's bane and vale,
  And woman's Paradise below;—
Yes! Love is manna sent from Heaven
  To feed the weary, famished heart,
That through the desert waste is driven
  Of this life's cold and selfish mart;—
It is the magnet of the mind,
  Where turns the compass of the soul,
Which way soever blows the wind,
  However high the billows roll—
A bright ray of the Deity,
  That over sunless chaos burst,
Lighting all space eternally,
  Still blissful, bounteous as at first—
The loadstar of both Heaven and earth—
Created ere creations birth.

Digitized by Google

V.

Allured by high ambition's wiles,
Count Gamba sought these Indian Isles
To seek a sumptuous home for me,
Some lovelier spot beyond the sea—
Then hither was to hasten back,
And bear me o'er the liquid track,
A wedded bride
Here to abide;
But he on whom my heart relied
Crossed not again the dangerous tide.

Th' appointed nuptial day went by,
Yet Gamba's vessel drew not nigh,
Neither came missive o'er the sea
To mitigate my misery.—
I cannot tell the pangs I felt—
How oft before the cross I knelt—
Life—Light—Hope—faded from my sight,
And my sick heart within me died,
Upon that faithless—fatal night
That should have made me Gamba's bride.
I gladly would have sought the sea,
That severed far my love from me,
And from some high Leucadian steep
Have made a second Sapphic leap,
And sought that rest the world denied,
Beneath the deep oblivious tide.

VI.

At last the tidings came that he
Had wed a lovely Indian maid,
Of fortune and of high degree
Forgetful of his Eminade,
Who would have bartered Paradise
For but one glance of his bright eyes—
Ay, would have yielded life—Heaven—all,
To be one hour his menial.
Alas! that woman ere should give
Her young heart wholly to another,
Who may for her a few days live.
Then love as fondly any other;
While like the dove she mourns her fate,
But never finds another mate.
From dire misfortunes we may rise,
And cleave again the upper skies—
May fly the scenes of fear and dread—
Forget to mourn the hallowed dead—
With calm serenity may learn
The cold world's heartless sneers to spurn;
But when love's keen envenomed dart
Enters into the tender heart—
Hope—Effort—sunny skies are vain—
Its founts will never clear again;
'Tis as an incubus had laid
Its paralyzing finger there—
Suddenly every quick pulse stayed,
And breathed on it the dead-sea air.

VII.

At first delirium seized my brain,
A strange, wild sense of burning pain
Shot through my heart and every vein—
And in the mad-house I was cooped,
Where like a fettered bird I drooped:
Yet 'twas some solace unto me
To sit and hear the maniac's cries,
Which through my cell ran constantly,
And wild as demon harmonies;—
To list the prayer—the moan—the sigh—
Of those who willed, but could not die:—
It was some happiness to know
I was not all alone in wo.

VIII.

It passed—and I was free again,
But not from Sorrow's wasting pain;
I had full liberty to stray
Along the Arno's limpid way,
And sit at leisure on its brim—
They humored well my every whim,
But deeper plans absorbed my mind,
Than their philosophy divined;
I strayed, regardless of my fate,
To Roncesvalles' storied Strait,
There plied the Gipsy's tuneful art,
Then sought the idol of my heart
Beneath his lovely Indian sky,
That I might near him live and sigh,
Tho' poor, alone,
And all unknown,
Even to him for whom I die.

IX.

Thou know'st it all—my tale is done—
My feeble strength and breath are gone,
And I can only offer thee
Thanks for thy prayer and sympathy—
Implore thee to return this ring
To Gamba when I am no more,
And tell him all this suffering
That Eminade for Gamba bore—
It is the pledge he gave to me
To seal love's vows of constancy
In our own lovely Italy—
I pray, too, thou'lt restore to him
This gold, which at my feet he threw,
When lingering at Nieva's brim,
To list the lute I swept for him,
And me unrecognised to view.
I have bedewed it with my tears,
Till scarce the hue of gold it wears—
I've worn it nearest to my heart,
And now 'tis hard from it to part;
But I would have him see the token,
And life-drops of the heart he's broken!"
She said, and cold, and stark, and pale,
Rose—vanished from the Friar's sight,
Along the aisle and through the vale,
Like some ethereal form of light,
And never more,
Along that shore,
Nor in that blooming Indian glade,
Was seen or heard the mournful maid!

Digitized by Google

# MODERN ENGLISH POETS.

We resume our comments on the new work of Miss Fuller, the "Papers on Literature and Art." One of the soundest, most clearly written of them all, is the one devoted to the chief of the great bards of England, who have illustrated the nineteenth century. The few present active writers, the Brownings, Tennysons, Miss Barretts, are disposed of in other articles. This is occupied with the preceding generation, the picked men of an illustrious era; and for convenience of grouping, and for the benefit of a classical device, our authoress has chosen the exact number of the Muses. We may find some matter of magazine gossip, in following her footsteps.

First of the sacred nine is Campbell, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," a title which the poet having had dinned into his ears for half a century, got tired of at last. It would cause him to fume at any time to be thus spoken of, says a wag in one of the magazines, who took a melancholy pleasure in reading the jest for the last time, inscribed on his coffin-plate in Westminster Abbey. Miss Fuller, had she been fortunate enough to have visited England in his life-time, would have been sure of a welcome. In all that she says of Campbell, she does not even mention the pelled Pleasures of Hope! To the grace and spirit of Gertrude, she does all due honor, for it touches her sentiment on the side of her sex, and for a similar reason springing out of that mine of poetry and philosophy, which dictated "Woman in the Nineteenth Century;" she thinks nobly, too, of the matronly Constance, in the poem of Theodoric. But the glory of Campbell is in his lyrics, and our authoress sounds the clarion note once more of the "Address to Kemble," which all will agree with her, in ranking among the finest productions of the poet. Macready, it is well known, is in the habit of ekeing out his theatrical speeches with mottos from this poem, and well he may; for the words spoken in behalf of actors, have neither been so frequent or so eloquent, that this could be omitted,

> "His was the spell o'er hearts
> Which only acting lends.—
> The youngest of the sister arts,
> Where all their beauty blends:
> For ill can poetry express
> Full many a tone of thought sublime,
> And painting, mute and motionless,
> Steals but a glance of time.
> But by the mighty actor brought
> Illusions' perfect triumphs come—
> Verse ceases to be airy thought,
> And sculpture to be dumb."

Miss Fuller notices the want of continuous power, the flow of which in the genius of Collins, Shelley, or Coleridge, may be said to resemble the fulness of the fountain; while Campbell's inspiration may be compared to the single flight of the arrow. Campbell, she says, has no purpose; his best effusions read like occasional snatches. True, there was this limitation, but it was a limitation of the man's genius itself, and could not well have been otherwise. No purpose or determination could have altered the matter. Decision of character would only have made it worse. Upon certain conditions Campbell might have become more voluminous; he might have left his mark on more booksellers, but he would not have been greater. There was a certain amount of poetic oil in him to be expended, and when this had blazed out in his few great odes, the flame was extinct. To what purpose to burn artificial tapers, after the heaven-lighting volcano was extinct? Yet this and similar complaints are often enough made, to be worth answering. If Campbell had always written with a purpose, he would have been a comparatively dull poet; little read and speedily forgotten. Why is Miss Fuller forgetful of the "Pleasures," and mindful of the odes? The former was done with a purpose, the latter were not. Akenside is a case in point. He has left a few short poems that may be read, and a long one that no one attempts. He had a purpose, nevertheless, a most invincible purpose; he

Digitized by Google

went to work like a sage with a bust of Plato, probably, before him; he remodelled his poem carefully, he published two different versions at different periods of his life, (making bad worse as usual in such cases, where the sobriety of age corrects the energy though with the license of youth) and the fate of the learned Doctors "Toils" rather than "Pleasures of the Imagination," has been that nobody reads his book as many times as he wrote it. If Campbell had set to work with a purpose, he would have been duller than Akenside. His genius was a rare plant, not destined to blossom every day. There were probably long level passages, extensive table lands in his life, in which Campbell was dull, perhaps occasionally lashing himself into a little spurious vitality by his spleen—his conversation for the most part being bigoted and malevolent, not seldom profane and indecorous, at some glorious moments the "splendid bile" overflowing in some rich ode, some note of inspiration like "Ye Mariners of England." There was another poem that Campbell should have written with the "Soldier's Dream,"—the "Burial of Sir John Moore." That too was the one "bright consummate flower" of the author's poetical life. Take that away from the published remains of Charles Wolfe, and nothing remains. Campbell should never have written much, not so much even as he did. His strength, like that of the ancient tribe of Israel, after he had done several things which could be counted on the fingers, should have been to sit still. Never was a pension, the temptation to learned indolence, more wisely bestowed, than upon Campbell, if we except the much cavilled at liberality of the little pittance bestowed upon Tennyson. Even with the pension, Campbell would occasionally drivel. Without it, the fate of Haydon might have been his, a lifelong struggle between mediocrity and the public. The claims of the Punch Bowl, the time destroying inventions of company or society, editing magazines, travels to Algiers, could not fill up the vaccuum. He must stuff Time's Wallet with "Pilgrims to Glencoe."

Maudlin magazinists in this favored land, in like manner bawl out lachrymatory howlings in the newspapers, periodically, on the sad fate of Halleck, condemned to the "drudgery of the desk's dead wood," and prophecy the Epics and Don Juans were it otherwise. No one believes this to be gammon, the effusions of vaporous sophomores, or ladies begging stanzas for albums, more than the much honored poet himself. The good sense which has ruled over his verses has inspired him to leave them alone in their glory. If Halleck were to forget himself, read essays on decision of character, or take the prefatory advice of friends to get at our volume every now and then, he would bury his reputation alive. His friends, instead of calling upon him to commit this literary suicide, should pray for the life of John Jacob Astor, and for the perpetuity of the little Temple of Mammon and the weighty ledgers in Prince-street. The immeasurable Propontic fulness which "ne'er feels retiring ebb," belongs only to the great poets of inexhaustible vitality. There is a limit to the exuberance of even their powers. Call not then upon poets of the Campbell school for more.

Second of the nine commemorated by the gentle Margaret, is Moore; but what can a lady know of Anacreon? Yet of that universal classic joy which springs up the symbol of youth and happiness, whether symbolized by the juice of the grape or "the hour when fond lovers meet," she is a participant, cherishing all the wealth of the bounteous Pan. This paper, with the universal, the cosmopolitan love of letters, bears a tinge of personality which, in the name of the fair critic, we would repudiate. She thinks the charm of Moore will fade as he grows old. Gray hairs on Anacreon, the old rogue himself, in his prodigal generosity of sentiment, gave this stick to his critics, are destructive of all sentiment. We cannot see the sequitur. If poets grow old, their works do not. There is no old age, save such as mellows old wine in Love's Young Dream, 'Wreathe the bowl with flowers of soul,' or 'to ladies a round boy.' There may be something in this to the coteries of May Fair who have stiffened over the piano, and grown tremulous singing, "When Love was a Child;" they may sigh for the era of Little, and the raven locks of those early days, the "quaffing, laughing, and unthinking time," and be quite willing to have them back again in place of the polished

Digitized by Google

baldness and "silver wires" on the brow of the Laureat. But what has this new generation in America to do with the decay of Tom Moore? There is no decrepitude in type or old age in sentiment. The virgins and youths, the Horatian audience he wrote for, of the past race, live again, and will live in ever renewing cycles. The case is not so bad, my fair critic. What say you to Anacreon himself; he grew old, lived till towards ninety, and died with a phthisical affection, or as it is poetically apologued, choked to death with a grape stone; he was a venerable fellow, and moreover he is dead and buried long since, with twenty or thirty centuries on the back of him. If there was any outlawry for youth and wine, any statute of limitations in the title deeds of poetry, it might be pleaded here; but Anacreon yet lives, and Miss Fuller, like the Margarets of other days great in history, the Queens and Princesses, we will venture to say, reads him in the original. Still is the Athenian cicada musical to her ear. With an ocean between us, we do not care for Thomas Little's Old Age: it is Anacreon Moore we care for; and when the corpse is interred and the biography written, it will be Thomas Moore, Esq., who shall be dead and buried, and not he who sung the Melodies.

Walter Scott succeeds. It has got to be the fashion—one of those fashions of literature which perpetually pass and repass in society, like the wear of a garment or the cut of a beard, to undervalue his poetry, perhaps because it was once overvalued. Its effects will be remembered while the youth of this generation is remembered, for Marmion and Fitz James were names which stirred the young soul like the sound of a trumpet. They will not die, notwithstanding the persevering efforts of a school of imitators, who have of late years been endeavoring to bring them into disrepute. They are filled with the stirring strains of the old ballad age, called once more into existence, like echoes from a horn suddenly sounded in the exulting highlands. Miss Fuller sees Sir Walter (stout Sir Walter, bless him, God!) reflected in some of these poems more directly, we cannot think completely, than in the novels. Her appreciative remarks will lead many to study these poems, aye, even by the side of Wordsworth and Shelley. "Good and great man! More and more imposing as nearer seen; thou art like that product of a superhuman intellect, that stately temple, which rears its head in the clouds, yet must be studied through and through, for months and years, to be appreciated in all its grandeur."

Crabbe, we fear our authoress has loved little; she adopts the common criticism, or rather stumbles over it. She would have been better and more characteristically employed in removing the impediment. He is with her the cold man of science, the harsh justiciary of the poor, and nothing more. Now, the very intensity of Crabbe's painstaking in the midst of these novels should lead the critic to suspect something else, since there can be no such self-sacrifice without love. Crabbe was a lover of his kind, a participant during youth and poverty, of the sorrows of the humblest; in better days, when he was the friend of Burke, and inmate of a ducal castle, moderate still, laboriously securing a good name, yet insensible to the noisy harlotry of fame, passing twenty years of his literary life unheard, unseen by the public—in his life, in his writings, he impresses us deeply as the profound humanitarian, not the skin-deep sentimentalist. It is an error that Crabbe's writings are all gloom. Among his tales are the most genial, quaint, benevolent pictures in the language, and hence the admiration for him expressed by such men, representing the manly character in all its moods, as Charles James Fox and Sir Walter Scott. The latter was delighted with the stories of Quaker Courtships and Lovers' Journeyings. Call over the list of English poetical story-tellers, and see if Crabbe can be spared.

There is a world of meaning in the next remark upon Shelley—"I turn to one whom I love still more than I admire; the gentle, the gifted, the ill-fated Shelley." Miss Fuller has elsewhere recorded her early obligation to the wind-harp of Shelley. His ethereal tones and unearthly melodies came to our Pythoness full of the inspiration of the woods and fields, the undefined but mighty harmonies of the spirit land. So should Shelley be read in the luxuriance of mid-summer, amidst the

Digitized by Google

bounteous prodigality of nature, the throbbing pulsations of plants and trees, the soft sighing of the celestial ocean of air. Read in the lecture room, turned into a subject of didactic essay, submitted to the scalpel of reviewers, or made a parlor book of, under the glare of Argand burners, would be a cruel and unhappy torturing of the genius of Shelley. He is to be loved, not talked of. Heaven forbid that he should be discussed in a literary *soiree*. We first made the acquaintance of "Alastor: or the Spirit of Solitude," in a scene,—a well wooded mountain, which, though thousands of miles from any spot ever trodden by the feet of Shelley, might have inspired his most literal descriptions in the poem. Neither rock, nor cliff, slumbering trees, or veiled sunny water, were wanting. The insect life fluttered responsive to the verse; the wind swept wildly, how impotently against the rock, the image of human will contending with fate, a passing cloud would temper all earth's joy with momentary gloom.

"The rivulet,
Wanton and wild, through many a green ravine,
Beneath the forest flowed. Sometimes it fell
Among the moss, with hollow harmony
Dark and profound. Now on the polished stones
It danced; like childhood laughing as it went:
Then, through the plain in tranquil wanderings crept,
Reflecting every herb and drooping bud
That overhung its quietness.
* * *
Lo! where the pass expands
Its stony jaws, the abrupt mountain breaks,
And seems, with its accumulated crags,
To overhang the world: for wide expand
Beneath the wan stars and descending moon
Islanded seas, blue mountains, mighty streams,
Dim tracts and vast, robed in the lustrous gloom
Of leaden-colored even, and fiery hills
Mingling their flames with twilight, on the verge
Of the remote horizon. The near scene,
In naked and severe simplicity,
Made contrast with the universe. A pine,
Rock-rooted, stretched athwart the vacancy
Its swinging boughs, to each inconstant blast
Yielding one only response, at each pause,
In most familiar cadence, with the howl.
The thunder and the hiss of homeless streams
Mingling its solemn song.
* * * *
'Tis the haunt
Of every gentle wind, whose breath can teach
The winds to love tranquillity."

We are no enthusiasts for the vague, so called transcendental school of poetry—there is no race of impertinents more intolerable than the bastard imitators of Shelley. Their impotent endeavors to span some intellectual void with their slender filaments of thought, remind us of Nat. Lee's vision in Bedlam,

"I saw an unscrewed spider spin a though t
And walk away upon the wings of angels."

Poor Nat. Lee, for talking of such things, he found himself in Bedlam; for actually doing them, bardlings in Boston and elsewhere, are encouraged to go at large, breaking loose even from the pinafore, their maternal parent unconscious that they are out.

But Shelley stands alone, and when all which we cannot admire in him, as suggested by our authoress, the infidelity, the war with the world, the unwholesome shadows of private calamity are blotted out, yet something remains for love. With men, or society, or himself, he may be at war—who is at peace? but of Nature, Shelley is an acknowledged interpreter, one of the Druidical priesthood of the Poets. In a genuine tone, says our authoress, "The rush, the flow, the delicacy of vibration in Shelley's verse, can only be paralleled by the waterfall, the rivulet, the notes of the bird and of the insect world.—While reading Shelley, we must surrender ourselves without reserve to the magnetic power of genius; we must not expect to be satisfied, but rest content with being stimulated. He alone who can resign his soul in unquestioning simplicity to the descant of the nightingale, or the absorption of the sea-side, may hope to receive from the mind of a Shelley the suggestions which, to those who know how to receive, he can so liberally impart."

In none of these Papers on Literature and Art, is a calmer, more philosophical spirit of judgment, the characteristic of the volume, exhibited, than in the estimate of Byron as a man, and Coleridge as a poet. Writing of the latter in connexion with Southey and Wordsworth, she is not dismayed by the unsatisfactory form of his writings, their obvious incompleteness in form, but obeying a true poetic instinct, she pronounces him "far more suggestive, more filled with the divine magnetism of intuition than they." Byron's per-

Digitized by Google

sonalities and misanthropy go for little with our authoress; his literary merits are summed up in a comprehensive sentence. "There are many beautiful pictures; infinite wit, but too local and temporary in its range, to be greatly prized beyond his own time; little originality; but much vigor both of thought and expression; with a deep, even a passionate love of the beautiful and grand." When these remarks on Byron were first published, they were accompanied in the magazine with an apologetic note from the editor, as if they had been strange heresies—and they will be read like truisms. We trust this suggestion will not be lost upon the critics who will doubtless be disposed to cavil at the hard opinions expressed in the chapter of the present volume on American Literature. If any one doubts now, a few years hence may correct his judgment. Miss Fuller looks upon books from a high standard, to which the public has not yet travelled, a height indeed to which few of an author's contemporary critics reach.

Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, conclude the nine. They are written of worthily and with admiration. Of Southey, more and more warmly is written, than is commonly written. "Never has Christianity," (says Miss Fuller, of Roderic) "spoken in accents of more penetrating tenderness, since the promise was given to them that be weary and heavy-laden." There is enough in this paper alone, on the Modern British Poets, of which we have given an imperfect summary, to improve the taste and educate the heart of the new generation. It is a guide to profound wealth in the mine of English poetry. The purity of the style, the greatness of the thought, entitle it to be carefully studied; and as a further tribute to its originality we should remember, that it was first published some ten years since, in which time the popular judgment of the authors enumerated, has not a little cleared up.

Books like this of Miss Fuller's, are of eminent service to the country at this time, when its mind begins fairly to waken to the new task in literature which lies before it. Never has there been so fair a field to be reaped. Europe and the old world lie exhausted; America is fresh, new in the resources of her unpainted scenery, her institutions, her developments of individual life and character. But as yet, America is distrustful of her powers, lacks reverence for the true ideal of the country, has not yet been led "to take unto the height the measure of herself." She looks wistfully to the shores of Europe, is more familiar with Alps than Alleghanies, more at home in London than New-York; sends her painters to Germany, her sculptors to Italy, and her actors to England. This will, however, end. A sensitive, intellectual, prosperous people, cannot be content long to live the life of Absentees on their own soil. They will throw off these old ties and associations, with the first movements of the new generation, on the stage of active life. Already the ideal begins to be dimly seen, and its realization to be craved for. The authors of the country begin to point the way. Emerson has sown seed in the soil, which will start up and expand to glorious fruitage. In the addresses of Mathews, there is a sagacious instinct of the true demands of Nationality, an unshrinking conviction, an inevitable truth, which will be acknowledged in the familiar watchwords of the time. Miss Fuller always brings words of faith and life on this theme. "Truth," says she, "is the nursing mother of genius. No man can be absolutely true to himself, eschewing cant, compromise, servile imitation and complaisance, without becoming original, for there is in every creature a fountain of life which, if not choked back by stones and other dead rubbish, will create a fresh atmosphere, and bring to life fresh beauty. And it is the same with the nation as with the individual." Worthily said, TRUTH, THE MOTHER OF GENIUS.

Digitized by Google

pages marked incorrectly 321



# FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

COMMERCIAL and financial affairs have not changed in their immediate aspect during the month. The anxieties in relation to the state of the war in Mexico have sufficed to prevent the return of much disposition to embark in commercial enterprise. Strong hopes have, however, been entertained, that a speedy settlement of the Mexican question would take place. It was well known that the chiefs who surrounded Santa Anna were in favor of a prolonged defensive war. 1st, Because they hoped for European aid; 2d, because they feared that a state of amity and commerce would lead to the gradual ascendency of the more vigorous Anglo-Saxon race, and that the nationality of Mexico would sooner be absorbed in time of peace than war; and 3d, because they hoped, by prolonging the war, that its great expense and attendant evils to American commerce and trade would make it so unpopular, as to compel the American government to make peace on almost any terms. Events have, however, somewhat changed their aspect. So far from deriving aid from Europe, Mexico receives hints of the necessity of coming to terms. The war in the United States is so far popular as to draw to the invading armies numbers sufficiently great to overrun the important points of Mexico, while the instability of its government is such as to bring about a revolution and restore Santa Anna to the head of affairs, at a moment when the victorious and advancing armies of the United States were preceded by the olive branch of peace. Simultaneously with this event, it is known that the chiefs who surround the restored dictator have changed their views, and from a war tone are sounding a peace note. The interests of England are clearly for a speedy peace between the United States and Mexico, because the war jeopardizes the success of the measures adopted by the last Congress, more particularly the tariff. If, through a panic, gotten up by the aid of the war, the new tariff should be disturbed, and the protective principle restored, a great blow would be inflicted on the international commerce. A restoration of peace in the present aspect of affairs would be attended with a season of such unexampled prosperity, as to give permanence and a great triumph to the principles carried out by the last Congress, and a modification of the still high duties would result from the accumulation of a surplus that the new tariff would not fail to produce in time of peace. The commercial policy now adopted by the English government makes it of the greatest consequence that they should use their influence with Mexico to accept the offers of the United States government. The protectionists and desperate politicians, both in the United States and England, hope through the aid of the war, to restore the exclusively protective feature of the old tariffs. This desire evinced itself in the closing scene of the last Senate, when the peace bill was defeated by one of the most disgraceful of parliamentary tricks on the part of a Massachusetts' Senator.

The face of affairs throughout the commercial world is such as to afford reasonable ground for anticipating a long season of prosperity. The short harvests of Europe and England are, indeed, unfavorable, in so far as that the industry of the agricultural laborers there is rewarded with less than its usual product. It is nevertheless true, that, taken as a great whole, the product of food in England, the United States and Western Europe, is equal to the demand. In years of generally abundant harvests the supply is in excess of the wants—and a great portion of the products of the United States is not only lost by being unavailable, but the manufactured productions of European industry suffer under a similar influence. When a deficit, whether caused by excessive demand or diminished product occurs in England and Europe, that circumstance, as it were, calls into being a great source of wealth in the United States by making its agricultural industry available, and reacts beneficially upon European labor by



Digitized by Google

requiring its proceeds in payment. Such a deficit now manifestly exists, caused as well by an enhanced demand for food as insufficient crops. The great increase in the manufacturing and commercial industry of Western Europe has doubtless enhanced the demand for food: and the diminution which most of the tariffs of Europe have undergone, greatly facilitates dependence upon the farm produce of the United States. The fears in relation to the English harvest were, at the latest dates, ripened into convictions of failure, more particularly in relation to the coarser grains, including potatoes, and the purchases were becoming animated at advancing prices. Notwithstanding the state of affairs in England, so high were prices on the continent, that considerable shipments of bonded grain were being made to the Mediterranean and the north of Europe. The prices in England had ranged weekly as follows:

AVERAGE PRICE OF GRAIN THAT REGULATED THE DUTY IN ENGLAND.

| | Wheat. | Barley. | Oats. | Rye. | Beans. | Peas. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| May 2, | 56s. 5d. | 29s. 8d. | 23s. 7d. | 32s. 5d. | 34s. 11d | 33s. 10d. |
| May 9, | 56 8 | 29 7 | 23 9 | 33 5 | 35 8 | 34 7 |
| May 16, | 57 0 | 29 4 | 24 1 | 33 5 | 35 11 | 34 11 |
| May 23, | 55 5 | 28 10 | 23 8 | 34 6 | 36 0 | 34 6 |
| May 30, | 53 4 | 29 4 | 23 9 | 32 4 | 35 10 | 34 2 |
| June 6, | 52 10 | 27 8 | 23 4 | 32 10 | 35 10 | 34 10 |
| June 13, | 52 0 | 27 1 | 23 8 | 32 4 | 35 8 | 34 9 |
| June 20, | 51 5 | 27 3 | 23 3 | 33 4 | 36 4 | 32 6 |
| June 27, | 52 2 | 27 4 | 23 6 | 32 7 | 37 6 | 35 0 |
| July 4, | 52 10 | 27 6 | 23 8 | 33 3 | 38 5 | 35 5 |
| July 11, | 52 3 | 27 7 | 24 3 | 33 11 | 37 11 | 35 3 |
| July 18, | 50 10 | 27 10 | 23 0 | 36 5 | 38 4 | 36 4 |
| July 25, | 49 11 | 27 2 | 23 5 | 29 9 | 38 9 | 36 10 |
| August 1, | 47 5 | 26 11 | 23 5 | 28 2 | 39 3 | 35 11 |
| August 8, | 45 2 | 26 9 | 24 0 | 29 8 | 39 8 | 35 3 |
| August 15, | 45 1 | 27 3 | 23 3 | 30 7 | 39 6 | 36 0 |
| August 22, | 45 11 | 27 5 | 23 3 | 30 10 | 39 9 | 36 9 |

The prices continued to decline down to August 8, at which time the fears in relation to the new crops began to affect prices. The fall which took place after June 19, was mostly the effect of the removal of the duty. The following is a statement of the comparative prices of wheat, the duty on wheat and on United States flour, with the prices of flour in Liverpool and of wheat in the leading markets of Europe.

PRICES IN ENGLAND.

| | U. S. Wheat per 70 lbs. | Duty per qr. | U. S. Flour. in bond. | Duty. bbl. | Corn. 480 lbs. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | s. d. | s. | s. s. | s. d. | |
| April 11, | 10.3 | 18 | 25a26 | 10.10 | 35a38 |
| " 19, | 10.3 | 17 | 25a26 | 10.2½ | 37a39 |
| May 30, | 9.9 | 16 | 23a24 | 9.7 | 36a40 |
| June 19, | 9.8 | 17 | 21a23 | 10.2½ | 32a36 |
| July 4, | 8.6 | 5 | 26a28 | 3.0 | 29a32 |
| August 19, | 9.3 | 8 | 27a29 | 4.9½ | 32a36 |
| Sept. 4, | 8.0 | 10. | —a28 | 6.0 | 36a37 |

PRICES OF WHEAT.

| | Dantzic. | Stettin. | Hamburg. | Odessa. | N. York. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| April 11 | 46a47 | 47a48 | 49a50 | 30a35 | 118a126 |
| " 19 | 49a50 | 47a48 | 46a48 | 28a— | 118a125 |
| May 30 | 45a48 | 46a47 | 45a47 | 28a31 | 87½a1.0 |
| June 19 | 42a46 | 44a46 | 45a47 | 26a30 | 95a100 |
| July 4 | 44a48 | 45a46 | 46a48 | 23a29 | 95a100 |
| August 19 | 44a46 | 44a45 | 44a45 | a— | 92a97½ |
| Sept. 4 | 48a50 | 44a46 | 26a30 | ..... | 95a100 |

The average price of grain in England, and at all the continental ports, was, it appears, 13.36 cents in the middle of August, or 40 cents higher than in New-York at the same time. The duty on American flour was, August 19, 5*s*., or $1.20 per barrel less than June 19, and the price of the flour in bond was 6*s*., or $1.40 per barrel higher. The price of bonded flour in Liverpool, compared with that at New-York at the same time, was as follows:—

| | April 11 | May 30 | June 19 | July 4 | Aug. 19. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Liverpool | $6.00 | 5.64 | 5.28 | 6.60 | 6.70 |
| N. York | 5.50 | 4.50 | 4.25 | 4.06 | 4.00 |
| Excess | .50 | 1.14 | 1.03 | 254 | 2.70 |

The margin was a large one at the date of August 19, and the arrival of the packet of that date stimulated an active demand, and prices rose to $5.00 per barrel. The prospect is now of a large foreign market for American breadstuffs, and one that will yield remunerating prices, notwithstanding the immense production. The supply of breadstuffs in the United States last year was very large, so much so that prices sank to points lower than ever before known, until the English demand in the fall stimulated a great rise. That in its turn has caused a prodigious increase in the supply which,

Digitized by Google

up to the middle of August, this year, exceeded, at the great outlets, very nearly by 8,000,000 bushels or 1,000,000 *quarters of wheat*, the supply of last year. That enormous supply pressed upon the market up to the moment of realizing a most prolific harvest. The state of affairs now in Europe, as presented in the above table, is such as to afford an outlet for a very considerable portion of the abundant supply. The result must be an important accession to the means of the Western farmers. The amelioration of the new tariff of 1846, is such as to allow of the returns of the sales in a shape most desirable for the supply of the wants of the producers of those breadstuffs, more particularly that the abundance of money in England is perhaps greater than ever before. The circulation of the United Kingdom was as follows :—

SPECIE AND CIRCULATION OF THE BANKS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

| *Circulation.* | June 20 | July 18, |
|---|---|---|
| Bank of England, | 19.693.238 | 20.367.435 |
| Private Banks, | 4.457.140 | 4.410.329 |
| Joint Stock, | 3.128.190 | 3.089.431 |
| Irish Banks, | 3.508.655 | 3.390.060 |
| Scotch " | 6.972.026 | 6.686.491 |
| | 37.759.249 | 37.943.746 |
| *Specie.* | | |
| Bank England, gold, | 12.592.402 | 12.875.243 |
| silver, | 2.412.757 | 2.457.702 |
| " coin, | 6.82.419 | 636 482 |
| Total, | 15 688.579 | 15.946.427 |
| " Irish Banks, | 2·415.002 | 2.266.786 |
| " Scotch " | 1.152.807 | 1.147.397 |
| Grand total, | 19.256.388 | 19.363.610 |

The specie in the bank up to August 8, had further advanced to £16,144;508, and exchanges were still in favor of England, indicating gold to be 0.78 per cent. dearer in London than at Paris, and 0.57 per cent. dearer than at Hamburg. The reduction of the American tariff had imparted great confidence to the manufacturing interests, inasmuch as that it came in aid of the reduction of their own corn duties. The object of that reduction was to ensure cheap bread to the operatives, and the new United States tariff opened the door to the payment of that cheap food in the products of their labor, instead of disturbing the finances of the commercial world by forcing the gold of England to the north of Europe for the purchase of food there. The happy amelioration of the tariffs of both countries has removed from a deficit harvest its financial evils. The great fabric of the British finances, and through that the commercial credits of the world, are no longer dependent upon the state of the harvests. The trade in corn has already become one of barter, like that of all other articles of commerce. The cotton trade of the South is also measurably emancipated from the terrors of a short harvest, and prices of the great staple no longer shrink and fall as fears increase in relation to the crops. Cheap food, the great element of a prosperous home market, is felt to be secured through the admission of the redundant crops of America. It appears, however, from the returns of "Burns' Glance," that the foreign cotton trade of England has not, during the past six months, been so flourishing as last year. The greatest decline in the exports has been to the Hanse Towns. The export of printed calicoes thither was only 1,294,622 yards against 16,301,078 yards in the same time last year. The falling off has also been to China, of white cotton 24,000,000 yards, and in printed to the Mediterranean it has been considerable, as well as to Buenos Ayres. The export of dyed and white cotton to the latter place was for the first six months of 1845, 7.603,895 yards, and this year only 1,214,063 yards. This is the result of intervention to promote commerce!

EXPORTS OF COTTON GOODS FROM GREAT BRITAIN IN THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF THE FOLLOWING YEARS.

| | | 1842. | 1843. | 1844. | 1845. | 1846. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Calicoes dyed, | yards, | 119.954,125 | 145.295.119 | 152.080.368 | 135.338.502 | 128.087.137 |
| " white, | " | 184.617.758 | 253.381.621 | 276.722.671 | 300.038.150 | 291.921.039 |
| Muslins, | " | 1.509.573 | 1.822.487 | 1.579.086 | 2.060.032 | 2.030.855 |
| Total | " | 305.481.456 | 400.699.227 | 430.382.125 | 457.436.684 | 422.039.031 |
| Laces, | " | | 56.681.856 | 42.101.331 | 42.513.294 | 37.666.787 |
| Velveteens, | " | | 840.425 | 866.178 | 866.797 | 981.824 |
| Yarn, | lbs. | 57.726.906 | 62.301.964 | 55.044.134 | 54.692.551 | 64.159.568 |
| Thread, | " | 937.959 | 1.324.182 | 1.315.203 | 1.283.502 | 1.170.203 |

Digitized by Google

The export from England has been less than in any year since 1843. The portion sent to the United States has been as follows,

EXPORTS OF COTTON GOODS FROM ENGLAND TO THE UNITED STATES IN SIX MONTHS.

| | 1842. | 1843. | 1844. | 1845. | 1846. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Calicoes dyed, yards, | 13.476.140 | 3.562.312 | 5.096.137 | 6.802.634 | 6.359.608 |
| " white, " | 3.929.101 | 1.953.857 | 4.300.878 | 7.963.443 | 5.356.950 |
| Muslins, " | 222.439 | 268.658 | 238.262 | 416.068 | 196.166 |
| Laces, " | | 2.191.381 | 2.580-825 | 4.232.490 | 1.857.350 |
| Velveteens, " | | 98.420 | 167.960 | 82.719 | 131.443 |
| Yarn, lbs. | 25.840 | 77.625 | 32.440 | 32.983 | 72.328 |
| Thread, " | 199.690 | 135.260 | 274.821 | 319.779 | 275.046 |

There has been a considerable decline this year, it appears, in the exports to the United States. The importation of white cotton is more than in 1842, under the 20 per cent. duty, and of prints less. For the year 1845, the treasury tables show a total import into the United States of 11,262,418 yards plain cottons, and an export from England to the United States, in the same time, of 13,294,385 yards. Those figures would show some little smuggling for the benefit of printers. The decline in the general foreign trade of England arises from political events in some quarters and the high prices of food in others. Both these causes are in process of removal. In the United States every thing favors a large development of internal trade for the coming year, and the receipts on the great avenues of commerce indicate that business has thus far been active. The following illustrates the receipts for the first six months on the great works of New-York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan. The figures are as follows :

TOLLS ON THE PUBLIC WORKS OF N. YORK, PENNSYLVANIA, OHIO AND MICHIGAN, FOR THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF THE CURRENT YEAR.

| | 1845. | 1846. | Increase. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pennsylvania canals, | 621.071 | 651.206 | 30.136 |
| New-York, " | 1.223.080 | 1.350.318 | 127.238 |
| Ohio, " | 252.027 | 307.121 | 55.094 |
| Michigan Rail Roads, | 85.673 | 200.914 | 115.241 |
| Total four states, | $2.181.851 | 2.509.559 | 327.768 |

The aggregate increase upon these state works, is 15 per cent. The Michigan rail roads, for the sale of which to private companies of eastern gentlemen, laws were passed at the last session of the state legislature, shows the greatest increase. On all the roads, however, the increase of tolls arises from the greater quantity of produce sent down than from merchandize going up. The Pennsylvania canals delivered at Pittsburg, to the first of August, merchandize as follows:—

CERTAIN GOODS ARRIVED AT PITTSBURG, VIA CANAL, TO AUGUST.

| | 1845. | 1846. |
|---|---|---|
| China ware, lbs. | 2.686.551 | 2.689.949 |
| Coffee, " | 4.221.289 | 5.317.669 |
| Dry Goods, " | 11.897.370 | 5.966.702 |
| Muslins, " | 4.892.864 | 1.921.640 |
| Groceries, " | 3.022.686 | 3.211.994 |
| Hardware, " | 6.472.632 | 3.854.550 |
| Hats & shoes, " | | 786.987 |
| Tobac. man. " | 770.398 | 319.605 |

There is a great decline in many articles sent west. This is partly owing to a diminished business, and partly to the fact that a large portion of the New England business which formerly went west from Philadelphia and New-York, as distributing points, now goes directly from Boston over the western roads, by which operation the manufacturers save the commissions they formerly paid the merchants of these two cities. This is the effect of the late tariff, and is a self-evident one; as, for instance, if New-York has the lead as a commercial city, and the largest assortment of foreign goods is to be had here and at Philadelphia, it is necessary for the manufacturers to send their goods to find sale among the general assortment. When, however, the tariff breaks in upon the assortment and forcibly keeps certain goods out of the market, the manufacturers are ena-

Digitized by Google

bled to compel the dealers to go to Boston for their supplies, an operation which the cheap travel facilitates, and the extent of which is manifest in the increased magnificence of the steamers plying between the two cities. This is further indicated in the fact, that while the Pennsylvania returns show a decline in the weight of merchandize sent west, dry goods more particularly, the weight of merchandize received at Buffalo, via canal, has increased from 22,956 tons last year to 29,664 tons in the same period this year. The delivery of certain articles of produce on the New-York canals, at Buffalo, with Pennsylvania, at Pittsburg, and via the Mississippi, at New-Orleans, have been as follows:—

| | | Buffalo. | Oswego. | Pittsburgh. | N. Orleans. | Total, 4 points. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Flour, | lbs. | 744.580 | 190.825 | 65.452 | 836.324 | 1.837.181 |
| Wheat, | bush. | 1.500 931 | 163.081 | 3.690 | 1.210.764 | 2.878.466 |
| Corn, | " | 724.325 | 240.589 | 1.805 | 3.484.212 | 4.450.931 |
| Pork, | bls. | 56.240 | 8.077 | 13.551 | 369.216 | .505.718 |
| Beef, | " | 24.278 | 8.492 | | 36.008 | |
| Wool, | lbs. | 3 461.380 | | 2 203.246 | 124.300 | 5.788.926 |
| Butter, | " | 2.482.373 | | 227.195 | 148.700 | 2,858.268 |
| Cheese, | " | 175.962 | | 138.386 | 2.296.300 | 2.610 648 |
| Lard, | " | 3.191.141 | | 2 042 956 | 27.443.000 | 32.676 091 |
| Bacon, | " | 2.044.271 | 482.016 | 17.364.964 | 31.240.000 | 51,131.256 |
| Oats, | bush | 178.320 | | | 761.076 | 939.396 |
| Tobacco, | lbs. | 2.158.645 | | 18.021.488 | 74.256.000 | 94.435.133 |

In comparing the bread-stuffs delivered this year at these points with the same time last year, we have results as follows:

| | Buffalo. | Oswego. | Pittsburg. | N. Orlns. | Tot. 1845. | 1846. | Increase. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Flour, lbs. | 324 940 | 133.959 | 41.338 | 533 312 | 1.033.549 | 1.837.181 | 803.632 |
| Wheat, bush. | 509.484 | 17.702 | 60 | 193.277 | 720.523 | 2.878.486 | 2.157.943 |
| Corn, " | 672.340 | 5.031 | | 1.172.892 | 1.850.282 | 4.450.931 | 2.606.658 |

Reducing the flour to wheat, the increase is equal to 6,161,575 bushels of grain, a most enormous increase. The Indian corn will probably find an outlet sufficiently encouraging to induce constantly increasing supplies.

The tables carefully compiled by Messrs. Wright & Lewen, cotton brokers, Hanover-street, New-York, present the following comparative summary of the crop of cotton for the last and former years:

CROP, EXPORT, CONSUMPTION OF COTTON IN THE UNITED STATES, AND STOCK ON HAND AT THE CLOSE OF EACH YEAR.

| | | EXPORTS TO | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Crop. | G. Britain. | France. | North of Europe. | Other ports. | Total export. | U. States consumption. | Stock. |
| 1839 | 1,360,539 | 798,418 | 242.243 | 21,517 | 12.511 | 1,074.689 | 276,618 | 52,444 |
| 1840 | 2,177,835 | 1,246,791 | 447,465 | 103,232 | 78,515 | 1,876,003 | 295,193 | 58,442 |
| 1841 | 1,634.945 | 858.762 | 348,776 | 56,276 | 49,480 | 1,313,277 | 297,288 | 72,479 |
| 1842 | 1.683.574 | 935,631 | 398,129 | 79.956 | 51.531 | 1,465,249 | 267,850 | 31,807 |
| 1843 | 2,378,875 | 1.469,711 | 349.139 | 117,794 | 76.493 | 2,010,129 | 325,129 | 94.486 |
| 1844 | 2,030,409 | 1,202,498 | 282,685 | 69.053 | 75,254 | 1.629.490 | 346,744 | 159.772 |
| 1845 | 2,394,503 | 1,439.306 | 359,357 | 134.501 | 150,592 | 2,083,756 | 389,006 | 94,126 |
| 1846 | 2,100,537 | 1,102,369 | 359,703 | 86,692 | 118,028 | 1,666,792 | 422,597 | 105,626 |

At New-Orleans the most marked evidence of the great improvement in agricultural exports presents itself in the following figures, showing the value of the produce received at that point, via the Mississippi and its tributaries, for the four years ending September 1:—

VALUE OF PRODUCE RECEIVED AT NEW-ORLEANS.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1842-3 | 53.728.054 |
| 1843-4 | 60.094.716 |
| 1844-5 | 57.199.122 |
| 1845-6 | 77.193.464 |

Here is an increase of 20 millions of dollars in one year, mostly in farm produce, and that valued at the low prices which have ruled during the past year at all the ports.

These figures present the great wealth of the internal trade. Money matters are also in a sound condition. The best indication of the state circulating credits may be found in the comparative returns of the New-York banks, of which the leading features are as follows:—

Digitized by Google

BANKS OF NEW-YORK, SHOWING THE LOANS IN MAY, 1846, AND THE LEADING FEATURES FOR AUGUST.

| | Loans May 1846. | Loans August 1846. | Specie. | Circulation. | Deposites. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| American Exchange Bank, | 2,334,796 | 2,398,721 | 512.544 | 226,432 | 1,282,931 |
| Bank of America, | 3,524,869 | 3,440,723 | 883,741 | 205,683 | 1,232.661 |
| " Commerce, | 4,598,821 | 3,912,730 | 591,498 | 209,650 | 2,351,669 |
| " New-York, | 2,057,312 | 2,109,423 | 477,728 | 397,502 | 1,393,904 |
| " State of New-York, | 3,406.696 | 3.934,424 | 1,016,691 | 296.971 | 2,936.633 |
| Butchers and Drovers, | 1,254,836 | 1,267,588 | 121,441 | 258,699 | 544,195 |
| Chemical, | 861,399 | 853,759 | 84,626 | 250,366 | 518,671 |
| City, | 1,371,205 | 1,341,214 | 94,056 | 147,737 | 692,875 |
| Fulton, | 1,157,736 | 1,067,671 | 120,371 | 229,820 | 521,109 |
| Greenwich, | 331,205 | 358,528 | 35,264 | 107,406 | 164,625 |
| Leather Manufacturers, | 1,204,078 | 1,001,478 | 142,716 | 224,051 | 426,674 |
| Manhattan, | 1,959,773 | 1,739,323 | 300,162 | 50,029 | 862,157 |
| Mechanics, | 2,876,483 | 2,721,399 | 669,612 | 474,829 | 1,063,489 |
| Mechanics Association, | 531,704 | 488,729 | 114,930 | 300,029 | 516,218 |
| Mechanics and Traders, | 444,803 | 424,495 | 66,081 | 138,303 | 258,266 |
| Merchants, | 2,762,135 | 3,011,713 | 1,073,124 | 335,164 | 1,858,139 |
| Merchants Exchange, | 1,587,074 | 4,596,210 | 119,583 | 208,092 | 578,658 |
| National, | 1,366,953 | 1,248,231 | 247,367 | 209,222 | 567,874 |
| Dry Dock, | 388,667 | 383,661 | 12,783 | 52,284 | 26,509 |
| North River, | 1,166,771 | 1,089,882 | 126,205 | 310,627 | 704.414 |
| Phenix, | 1,638,467 | 1,700,136 | 309,449 | 317,332 | 746,810 |
| Seventh Ward, | 930,437 | 937,308 | 93,783 | 217,903 | 406,613 |
| Tradesmen's, | 913,486 | 942,360 | 99,009 | 188,146 | 480,312 |
| Union, | 2,042,819 | 2,309,722 | 420.824 | 372,606 | 1,037,217 |
| Total City Banks, | 40,812,445 | 38,279,448 | 8,040,886 | 5,728,883 | 21,166,813 |
| " Country " | 31,778,986 | 30,373,038 | 632,423 | 12,156,603 | 6,943,740 |
| Grand Total, | 72,591,431 | 68,652,486 | 8,673,309 | 17,885,486 | 28,110,533 |

The quarterly movement of the city banks for the last two years and a half, are as follows, as compared with the country banks.

| | LOANS. | | | SPECIE. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | City Banks. | Country Banks. | Total. | City Banks. | Country. | Total. |
| 1844. | | | | | | |
| May, | 52,129,817 | 28,031,251 | 70,161,068 | 8,485,563 | 970,598 | 6,456,361 |
| August, | 44,229,837 | 27,394,092 | 71,623,929 | 9,189,079 | 1,004,895 | 10,191,774 |
| November, | 42,203,519 | 30,288,277 | 73,091,796 | 8,082,277 | 885,815 | 8,968,096 |
| 1845. | | | | | | |
| February, | 36,235,242 | 30,647,856 | 66,883,098 | 5,887,446 | 1,005,790 | 6,893,236 |
| May, | 39,958,323 | 30,910,963 | 70,869,286 | 7,252,272 | 866,052 | 8.118,324 |
| August, | 41,533.898 | 28,645,368 | 70,179,266 | 7,972,218 | 937,309 | 8,909,527 |
| November, | 44,163,470 | 30,616,965 | 74,780,435 | 7,874,030 | 810,515 | 8,884,545 |
| 1846. | | | | | | |
| February, | 42,866,558 | 29,031,022 | 71,897,580 | 7,899,330 | 762,053 | 8,361,383 |
| May, | 40,812,455 | 31,778,986 | 72,591,431 | 7,291,447 | 880,977 | 8,171,624 |
| August, | 38,279,448 | 30,373,038 | 68,652,486 | 8,040,886 | 632,423 | 8,673,309 |

| | CIRCULATION. | | | DEPOSITES. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| May, | 5,636,642 | 12,704,389 | 18,365,031 | 22,659,407 | 8,083,882 | 30,742,289 |
| August, | 5,936,172 | 12,155,192 | 18,091,364 | 23,466,876 | 5,290.236 | 28,757,112 |
| November, | 6,231,272 | 13,920,947 | 20,152,219 | 25,208,490 | 5,183,132 | 30,391,622 |
| February, | 5,526,199 | 12,977,204 | 18,513,403 | 21,745,847 | 4,230,399 | 25,976,246 |
| March, | 6,086,582 | 13,494,961 | 19,581,543 | 25,742,122 | 2,683,845 | 28,425.967 |
| August, | 6,143,649 | 12,317,561 | 18,461,410 | 21,511,479 | 6,135,041 | 27,636,520 |
| November, | 6,419,014 | 15,206,225 | 21,625,239 | 27,154,113 | 4,619,878 | 31,773.991 |
| February, | 5,995,568 | 15,164,419 | 21,159,987 | 24,362,319 | 5,292,082 | 29,654,401 |
| May, | 6,313,506 | 14,952,986 | 21,266,492 | 23,650,719 | 7,217,618 | 30,868,337 |
| August, | 5,728,881 | 12,156,605 | 17,885,486 | 21,226,807 | 6,843,746 | 28,110,553 |

The circulation of the city banks remains uniformly steady. It has not in the period embraced in the table varied $900,000, while that of the country banks, following the course of luxuries, has fluctuated more than three millions, and was at the August return very nearly the same as at the same date in 1844. The loans present the greatest peculiarity. Those of the country banks are near two millions higher than in August last year, while

Digitized by Google

those of the city banks are near three millions less, being nearly as low as in February, 1845, when the government, transferring its money to other cities for payment of the loan, had thrown the balance heavily against this city. The usual course of trade is for the city banks to expand from May to August, and for the country banks to contract. This year, under the war apprehensions, the reverse has been the case, and the city loans are probably six millions less than they would have been but for the breaking out of hostilities. The expenditure of the federal government has also continued to exceed its revenues, and the deposites have diminished during the month. There were in the city at the close of August $3,821,099 against $3.924,984 at the close of July. The aggregate deposites had from $11,132,638 fallen to $9,8;6,461. The issues of treasury notes, under the act of June, amount to less than $1,000,000. The whole state of affairs in the financial world is such as to make it a propitious moment for the operation of the hard money principles of the new Independent Treasury law, if peace can speedily be effected. The effect of the war thus far has been to contract the circulation of credits without producing any great quantity of floating government paper. The quantity of specie in the country is large. The New-York banks hold $8.000.000, which is amply sufficient to meet the calls of the importers to discharge their duties in the precious metals, more particularly that those duties will be low, as, for instance, an invoice of 1000 boxes of sugar under the present tariff requires from the importer a cash payment of some $12,000, which payment is in bank credits that subject the institution to a demand for specie to that amount. After December, the payment on the same quantity taken out of warehouse will be but about $4,000, actually drawn from the bank and paid to the government. The demand upon the commercial capital, under low duties, must be greatly less than under high ones, and, as a consequence, the release of the capital of small importers from those requirements will off-set what stringent, if any, might arise from paying the low duties in specie.

---

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*Liddell & Scott's Greek-English Lexicon*, with corrections and additions. By Henry Drisler, M. A., Adjunct Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College, New-York.

This is indeed a great book. To say that it is vastly superior to any Greek-English Lexicon hitherto published, either in this country or in England, is to give but a small idea of its merits. The work professes to be "based on the German work of Francis Passow," and those who know any thing of Greek Lexicography, know how sure a basis Passow is. But Messrs. Liddell & Scott's Lexicon is any thing but a mere translation of Passow's work, with additions and corrections. They saw clearly that his system of Lexicography was the only true one; but he had not lived long enough to complete the work which he understood so well, and they wisely proposed to themselves the task of carrying it on. And well has that task been accomplished. With a diligence and enthusiasm rarely exhibited out of Germany, and of which, certainly, we hardly suspected the present race of English scholars to be capable, they read up carefully the later authors, to whom Passow's labors had been largely extended, and wrought in the materials thus obtained in the very spirit of Passow himself, so far as the *idea* of the Lexicon is concerned. So far as the result could be obtained by pains-taking labor, every article in this Lexicon is a *history of the usage of the word referred to*, the earliest authority being given first, and latter ones added, as far as possible, in historical order. The great advantage of this system is so obvious, that not a word need be said in its favor. The student who gets his first impressions of a word from Donnegan's Lexicon, for instance, if he get correct significations at all (which is a mere chance,) will get them confusedly thrown together without reference to the different periods of their use;

Digitized by Google

while in the work before us, they follow each other in an order always intelligible, and precisely that which the actual wants of study require. But the merits of the work as a book for students, do not stop here. A strict arrangement of the matter is observed throughout; first, the grammatical form, then the root, then the interpretation and examples, and lastly, special remarks on the prosody, when necessary. Irregular tenses are placed in their own alphabetical order—a necessary aid to young students.

All that we have said thus far applies to the *English* edition of the work before us. We are delighted to find that Mr. Drisler has made the American edition greatly better and more available for practical purposes than the English. By additional reading, and by the judicious use of the late valuable general Lexicons of Pape, Rort and Palon, &c., as well as of numerous special Lexicons, he has made very valuable additions to the list of common words, as well as to the significations and examples. Mr. Drisler's greatest improvement, however, consists in the "insertion, in alphabetical order, of the proper names occurring in the principal Greek authors." This measure, which has the full sanction of Passow himself, is so obviously advantageous and even essential in a Lexicon intended for the use of students, that it stands in no need of the elaborate justification which Mr. Drisler gives to it in his preface; all good teachers, and countless students, good and bad, will bless him for the hard work that he has spent upon it. He has gone through a Herculean task in the mere division of the proofs of the work—his additions have been made in the spirit of German honesty and thoroughness—and he has entitled himself to rank among the best of the busy workers in classical literature, who are now bringing the name of American scholarship into good repute in the world.

The mechanical execution of this great book is something of which even the Harpers may be proud. The type is new and of a beautiful cut; the arrangement of the page is neat and satisfactory to the eye; and the paper is of the finest—not whitv-brown cotton stuff, spreading the ink in every direction, but clear and strong, yet thin enough to allow of the compression of 1700 pages into wonderfully small and portable limits. No book of the sort has been produced in this country, and very few abroad, that can compare with it in beauty and finish. There must have been an immense outlay of capital in the preparation of this Lexicon, but we are sure that it will be well rewarded; no long time can elapse before such miserable compilations as Groves', and the better, but still vastly inferior Lexicon of Donnegan, will give place to Harper's edition of Liddell & Scott. No high school or college can maintain its *caste*, that does not introduce the book. The price of the work is only five dollars—less than half that of the English edition.

---

AMERICAN TABLEAUX. No. 1. *Sketches of Aboriginal Life.* By V. V. VIDE. Buckland & Sumner, New-York.

This neat volume is decidedly the most unpretending that we have received for some time past. As the author very justly admits in his preface, it lays no claim to the respect and confidence that are shown to authentic history, nor does it anticipate the ready favor accorded to high-wrought romance.

He attempts, however, by a series of pictures, in some degree drawn from fact, and touched with a poetic and attractive pencil, to render the reader more familiar with the general features of early American history, and of the national peculiarities and customs of our aborigines. The author presents us accordingly with a story entitled, the "Aztec Princess," (the events of which occur in the reign of Montezuma,) together with the "Flight of the Katahba Chief," and "Tula, or the Hermitess of Athabasca."

From a hasty perusal of these, we are inclined to think most favorably of his talents; but we leave the reader to judge how far he has accomplished the object he has had in view.

---

*Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil; with English notes, critical and explanatory, and a Metrical Index.* By CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D. Harper & Brothers, New-York.

This is decidedly the best edition we have seen of the Bucolics and Georgics of Virgil.

So much has been said and written at various epochs and by the most accomplished writers, of the sweetness of his pastorals, and the majesty and extreme elegance of diction by which his "agricultural poetry" is characterised, that it might well be deemed superfluous for us to dwell upon those unrivalled beauties which have been long acknowledged by the whole world.

The annotations of Mr. Anthon are of the most comprehensive, elaborate and useful description. He begins them by a sketch of those customs, habits and events upon which these poems are chiefly founded, and descending gradually to the *minutiæ* of his subject, removes all serious difficulties in the way of the student, and enables him to read with the greatest pleasure and advantage. It would appear from the researches of this and other learned compilers, that originality is only comparative.

Digitized by Google

There is a vast number of Greek passages from the works of Homer, Theocritus and other authors, to which Virgil seems to have helped himself much in the spirit of our modern writers; but these plagiarisms (if we may so call them) he has almost made his own, by their happy adaptation, and the charms of a truly poetic genius.—Some of these verses are, however, so little marked by the distinctive features of beauty or grandeur, that it is almost an insult to his shade to suppose he should have been indebted to them for any portion of his writings. We have much pleasure in recommending this admirable work for the use of all those who may wish to acquire a knowledge of the language.—It is comprised in one handsome volume, and does great credit to Professor Drisler, the gentleman by whom the proof sheets were revised, as well as to the establishment from which it has emanated.

---

*Martin the Foundling.* By EUGENE SUE, No. 1. Harper and Brothers, New-York.

The enormous success of the "Wandering Jew," and the great sensation occasioned not only by its subject matter but the uneqalled skill and power displayed by the writer of that wonderful romance, have raised high expectations as to the nature and merits of his new work, which is now being issued monthly from the press. We do not wish to anticipate the reader by a sketch of the story so far as we have just read, much less to pronounce a conclusive opinion, until we shall have received the last number of the series. This much, however, we may state for the benefit of those who would know whether it is well worth reading, that the first part is deeply interesting; that it abounds in those picturesque scenes, startling incidents, and novel mysteries which, in the works of Sue, rivet the attention, and lead us on from page to page with alternations of pleasure, doubt, and thrilling expectation. We understand that Eugene Sue retired to the country for the purpose of writing this story, and certainly, if we may judge from its commencement, he could not have been in a more appropriate place.

The first scenes are laid in the woods, or rather forests of *Sologne*, amidst huntsmen, poachers, outlaws and *gens d'armes;* and his descriptions seem to partake of the freshness and rural charms that surrounded him.

The work is dedicated to the accomplished and fascinating Count D'Orsay, whose reputation as a man of fashion, is equalled only by that of Beau Brummel, but whose great genius for the sister arts of painting and sculpture, is now, perhaps, for the first time, made known to the United States, by this cordial and friendly tribute of admiration from Eugene Sue.—The present number contains several pictorial illustrations of a high order of excellence, and the translation is remarkable for that grace, freedom and accuracy, which betoken a profound knowledge of the French language, and much elegance and facility of diction.

---

*Father Darcy, by the author of "Two Old Men's Tales," "Mount Sorel," "Emelia Wyndham," &c.* Harper & Brothers, New-York.

This is decidedly one of the most tedious novels we have read. Though not devoid of some strong features of interest, it is so interspersed with tiresome description and irrelevant conversations, that it requires considerable perseverance to read it from begining to end. It is founded upon those Catholic conspiracies which troubled the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and terminated in the discovery of the gun-powder plot in that of James the First.

This period would have afforded the best possible materials for a novel; but instead of enlivening incident, we have here frequently the merest common-place and most vexatious details. The author seems to have had a peculiar predilection for the description of costume and drapery, and accordingly we are but too abundantly supplied with elaborate details of dress and appearance, at moments when our thoughts should be directed to matters far more important to sustain the interest of the romance.

The historical personages are portrayed with unusual fidelity; though we cannot coincide with the author in the eulogies he has passed upon Elizabeth, one of the most selfish, tyrannical and heartless monarchs that ever sat upon a throne. That she favored Protestantism was entirely owing to the determination of the people to embrace the new religion, and she sided with it simply to increase her popularity with her subjects.

The name of Father Darcy is one of the *aliases* of Henry Garnet, provincial of the English Jesuits; and of this gentleman, the writer gives a very skilful portrait.—Some of the other characters are well represented, and there are many passages throughout the work, which in themselves are very striking and beautiful. These only lead us to regret, that so much genius and power have not been more happily directed in the construction of a plot, and as to the most judicious means of sustaining it. The author seems to possess every requisite of an excellent writer of romance, but that comprehensive judgment that would enable him to make the most effective use of the talents with which he is endowed.

Digitized by Google

*The Evils suffered by American Women and Children; the Causes and the Remedy.* An Address. By Miss C. E. Beecher. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

The foregoing is the title of a discourse read by the authoress at several meetings of her own sex in Cincinnati, Washington, New-York, and other large cities.

She begins her discourse by a touching allusion to the "heart-rending situation" of vast multitudes of American children, and further intimates, that were she to reveal it in all its horrors, it would raise such an outcry of odium and indignation, as would impede all efforts to remedy the evil. She then calls attention, in a startling manner, to the *data* of the last census, from which it appears that we have nearly a *million* of adults, who can neither read nor write, and more than *two millions* of children (arrived at a fit age to receive instruction) who are utterly illiterate and without schools. Miss Beecher gives a full *exposé* of the evils of the present school systems, and then enters into an elaborate dissertation upon the great disadvantages endured by that praiseworthy class of females who are struggling to support themselves by their own honest labor. Her view of the mental and physical effect of the Lowell factory system is not by any means flattering.

Wages there average $1.75 a week, and as to the "large sums placed in the Saving's Bank," it is found that but one thousand females out of the six thousand, have made any deposites; and that the average amount of each deposit does not exceed $100 for three years of unremitting labor. The philanthropic authoress pays a just tribute to the high character of her fair countrywomen; and her plan of amelioration is to establish zealous and intelligent female teachers throughout the land, by means of individual subscriptions. In the same pamphlet she presents an address to the clergymen of the United States. Her great experience, talent and benevolence, should win the support of all true friends of popular education, and of that neglected class whose cause she has so nobly espoused.

---

*What is Christianity.* By Thomas Vowler Short, Bishop of Sodor and Man. Stanford & Swords, New-York.

It cannot be disputed that, notwithstanding the vast progress of mankind during the past century in science, literature and art, and despite the preaching and example of hosts of the most pious and learned divines, there exists an extraordinary amount of ignorance with regard to the real spirit and effect of Christianity. Some fancy that religion consists in practising the external observances of a particular church, and others, forgetting the effect of example, insist that, as it resides in the heart alone, they are therefore warranted in throwing aside all forms of public worship as despicable and unnecessary to salvation. But there are a thousand points of worldly conduct upon which a more perfect knowledge of the true spirit of this unerring guide is much needed. We are consequently pleased to find a volume like the present devoted to the elucidation of this vital subject, and devoid of those narrow sectarian prejudices which tend so often to impede the success and general usefulness of religious publications. It is written in the simple, earnest, and amiable style of a good pastor, whose sole object is the salvation of those committed to his spiritual charge.

---

*Blanche of Brandywine; or September, 1777.* A Romance, combining the Poetry, Legend and History of Brandywine. By George Lippard. 3 Nos. Zieber and Co., Philadelphia.

The period of American history chosen for the scene of this story, will ever supply the most abundant materials for the use of the novelist. The tyranny of the British troops, the frequent violation of all the rights of person and property, and the deeds of heroism by which the soldiers of the people have transmitted their names to posterity, are never ending themes for comment and description, and suggest to the writer of fiction, a thousand new and thrilling combinations.

The principal female character of this romance possesses all those charms by which a heroine is elevated above the common race of mortals, and frequently commands our admiration and sympathy. She is descended by her mother, from an old and distinguished family named Frazier, which resided in the highlands of Scotland, and some of whom were murdered in 1745, and their mansion burned to the ground, for their adherence to the cause of the Pretender. Her mother and uncle escaped to this country, and having preserved some jewels, the sole residue of their former wealth, they purchased a large piece of land in Brandywine. The father of Blanche, John Walford, was the owner of a property called Rock Farm, in the immediate neighbourhood, from which however he was ousted, by the villainous machinations of his brother Philip.

Both families, with the exception of the mother, who died of a broken heart, are thrown amidst the bloodiest scenes of the Revolution, some of which as described by the author, might well make the blood freeze with horror.

There are many romantic and deeply interesting features of this story, that we regret being unable, in consequence of

Digitized by Google

limited space, even to sketch with a light pencil. This cannot surprise the reader, for there is such a crowd of events and characters introduced, that the unity of the story seems to have been somewhat neglected.

Several of the conversations are exceedingly amusing, and two or three of the portraits very skilfully drawn.

Altogether as a picture of the Revolution, with the attendant evils of civil war and domestic confusion, this work possesses considerable merit, and will be read with interest by all who may commence its perusal.

---

*The History of Civilization, from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution.* By F. Guizot, Prime Minister of France: 2 vols. D. Appleton & Co., New-York.

What varied requisites, what profound knowledge, judgment and taste, should that writer possess, who aspires to the accomplishment of the glorious and most difficult task of unfolding the ample page of history from the earliest ages, and displaying to the world the means by which we have arrived at our present state of intelligence and refinement, with every difficulty, political, physical, and accidental, which has arrested or retarded our progress? There can be no doubt that many of those historical events which appear to the superficial observer to have most kept us back, have in reality served but to advance mankind towards that goal of comparative perfection at which he is destined to arrive. No ordinary mind should attempt the treatment of such a subject, and few indeed could hope to render this great service to the world. The sound deductions of the comprehensive, acute, and cultivated intellects of a Guizot or Lord Brougham alone are worthy of its extraordinary magnitude and importance. There is no more powerful means of arriving at correct and practical opinions respecting government, questions of international policy, systems of religion and literature, than a deep study of those writings, which enable us to form just conclusions of the effect of past events, and popular and kingly feelings or prejudices upon the progress of civilization. We therefore hail this work as a *desideratum* in literature, and trust that it will be extensively read in the United States.

It is arranged in a course of lectures—the best possible means of conveying instruction, and the whole series was read, we believe, when M. Guizot was *professeur* in one of the colleges of France. The author informs us that he originally gave a course of lectures upon the progress of civilization throughout Europe, but finding that he was obliged by the immense area over which the subject extended, to neglect many details essential to its elucidation, and thereby cause a good deal of misapprehension, he was induced to limit the present course to France.

After explaining the various other reasons which had led him in some measure to contract his subject, he justifies himself still further by the following remarks, which give such a correct idea of the value of this work as a means of acquiring a knowledge of the intellectual and moral progress of the world, that we cannot refrain from quoting them:

"It appears to me that by studying the history of civilization in one great European nation, I shall arrive more quickly at the desired result. The unity of the narrative will then, indeed, be compatible with details; there is in every country a certain national harmony which is the result of the community of manners, laws, language, and events, and this harmony is imprinted in the civilization. We may pass from fact to fact without losing sight of the whole picture; and lastly, though I will not say it can be easily done, it is yet possible to combine the knowledge necessary for such a work."

The various subjects of which he treats, from the *lex Romana* to the passing but preparatory notice of Charlemagne, which concludes the second volume, and leads us to anticipate a deeply-interesting chapter with regard to the effect of his reign upon the national progress, are arranged with the utmost perspicuity. The style of this work is terse, rapid, and vigorous, never tiring the reader, nor careless of the great object which M. Guizot professes to have had in view. We shall look forward with pleasure to the receipt of the succeeding volumes.

---

*Margaret; or the Pearl.* By Rev. C. B. Taylor, M. A. Stanford & Swords, New-York. 1 Vol.

This volume introduces the reader to a very amiable and religious circle, which may be justly called the type of a large and better portion of society in England.

It is replete with simple and religious conversations, more remarkable for their tendency to encourage and sustain the best dispositions of the mind and heart, than for deep thought or happy power of expression. The author has, however, given them a certain amount of interest, by calling frequent attention to the characters of his story. There is no attempt at the construction of plot, or to supply novel and thrilling incident, unless, indeed, we may except the "old manuscript," which gives the history of the Pearl, and which has suggested a portion of the title. This book is very neatly bound and printed, and will be read doubtless with pleasure by those who are religiously inclined.

## GOSSIP OF THE MONTH.

We have thought that we might add to the efficiency of the "Review," without detracting from its dignity, by lending it a lighter feature than it has been wont to wear, in a brief record of the passing events of the month, which will afford the necessary scope for a notice of many important matters, the arts and sciences to wit, that should certainly not be overlooked in any periodical aspiring to usefulness. In *reviewing* these valuable and elevated subjects, we think that we do no more than fulfil our functions, for it were, indeed, but a limited understanding of our duties, to confine the pages of the Review to merely political and literary topics. With this brief, but we hope satisfactory explanation of our object, we shall make it our pleasant office hereafter to collect into orderly arrangement, and duly publish, our skimming criticisms and lively comments on the current matters of the month, and trust that our readers will find in our paragraphs

> "—— a fit array
> Not too mean nor yet too gay."

We regretted that we were compelled, by a pressure of important matter, to omit in our last number a notice of the opening of our Metropolitan Theatre.

The influence of the drama upon the morals, manners, and literature of every civilized nation, is too great to be disregarded by those who are desirous of aiding the intellectual progress and increasing the happiness of the world. It can be rendered the means of accomplishing much that is good and glorious, or a source of almost irreparable evil. It reflects with unrivalled accuracy the characteristic predilections of the people and the exact stage of refinement to which they have attained. The affairs of the drama might well engage the profound attention of the philanthropist or philosophic writer. How great then must be the responsibility of theatrical criticism, and important that it should be pervaded by a truthful spirit, and characterized by a lofty intelligence and love of all that is excellent and ennobling in art or true in nature. We do not fancy ourselves possessed of all the indispensable requisites of a good critic, but in anxiety for the success of the classic drama and the proper direction of its varied influences, we acknowledge no superior. We shall present to our readers, from time to time, such remarks as we may think adapted to promote these great objects, trusting that we shall always adhere to that strict impartiality without which criticism is but a name, and histrionic reputation a bauble, which may be easily won and as easily lost.

> "Till this be learned how all things disagree;
> How all one wretched blind barbarity."

The first new performer of reputation who appeared at the Park, was Mr. Collins, of the "London and Dublin theatres," a personator of Irish characters. The friends of the drama, with the inimitable representations of the lamented Power fresh in their recollection, were not likely to countenance or support any "counterfeit presentment" of those sterling qualities by which his acting was distinguished. A portion of the press seemed rather prejudiced against Mr. Collins during the early part of his engagement; invidious comparisons were drawn, and he had to encounter difficulties seldom experienced by an actor of talent on his first appearance amongst us. But the good feeling and taste of the public eventually decided in his favor, and he has been highly successful. Mr. Collins is a thoroughly good and accomplished Irish comedian. We do not compare him to Power, for on some points he is decidedly inferior; but judging independently of his merits, we should say he is the best on the stage. We have seen him in all his prominent characters, Paudeen O'Rafferty, Terence O'Grady, the Irish Attorney, O'Callahan, Teddy the Tyler, &c., and it is but fair to say that there was scarcely a good point lost by him during his entire performances. He possesses a pleasing person, sweet voice, whether for singing or declamation, and that inimitable accent vulgarly called "brogue," which tells you in unmistakeable terms that he is an Irishman.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean succeeding during the early part of September, drew good houses, and appeared in all those leading Shaksperean and other characters in which they are considered to excel, but which require the highest dramatic power and happiest physical organization. Mr. Kean sustains a great number of the best parts within the range of the drama, and playing them all creditably, is one of the most constant and useful *stars* that can appear in the absence of the great meteors of the stage. His personations are characterized by a refined judgment and studied grace of manner, but he possesses little of that electric power which distinguished the

Digitized by Google

good old school to which his father belonged. Without this *divinus instinctus* or enthusiasm, no actor can reach the summit of his profession, but when possessed of this, if accompanied by such industry as that of Mr. Kean, he may attain the brightest of all rewards which the public delight to bestow on their especial favorites.

"'Tis taste, 'tis genius, 'tis the heavenly ray,
Prometheus ravished from the car of day."

Mr. Kean, like the elder Vandenhoff, is too cold and artificial. He often succeeds in working up the feelings of the audience to a high pitch of excitement, but invariably misses the final *coup* which converts speculative admiration into the warmest enthusiasm. It cannot be denied that he labors under some great disadvantages.

His person is diminutive, his physiognomy ill adapted to most of his parts, and his voice hard, sometimes extremely harsh, and incapable alike of expressing with the happiest effect the softer passions of the heart, and those violent emotions which require the exercise of high dramatic power.

But with all his defects, Mr. Kean is a credit to the profession. He has evinced great perseverance, and a laudable ambition in the most arduous of its walks, and is really a good and finished actor.

In some few of his readings he has not been excelled, and one or two characters he has made peculiarly his own. The Gamester is, we believe, considered one of Mr. Kean's best efforts, but the play is not to our taste. It is entirely devoid of those lively contrasts which prevent even the deep tragedies of Shakspeare from palling on the ear, and which are so true to nature. Riches and poverty, joy and sorrow, life and death, are in this world side by side; and why should they not so meet on the stage, and elicit the same sentiments of alternate happiness and despondency by which life is rendered more tolerable or harder to be endured! It has been asserted that the lesson conveyed by the fate of the Gamester is rendered more effective by the gloom which pervades this tragedy; but we think that the absence of the lighter phases of dramatic composition, however good the moral, tends on the contrary to neutralize the praiseworthy design of the author. Contrast in a play, as in a picture, heightens the effect of the objects contrasted; and the moral of the Gamester would, we contend, have been still more beneficial if the play were to begin with some brilliant, amusing, and gay scenes of fashionable life.

But what shall we say of Mrs. Kean, whose graceful representations have won so many wreaths of triumph from the cold audiences of England. She does not often, it is true, disturb the "even tenor of her way" by extraordinary mental or physical effort, nor endanger the sweet magic of her voice by the higher flights of her genius depicting the mighty passions of the soul; but when she does so,—when she chooses to exert those mental and physical powers with which she is so eminently gifted, she invariably elicits the most unbounded applause. Her figure is admirably adapted to some of her best characters. In Ion, that sweetly classic and most elevated of all her favorite impersonations, every line is breathed with the most exquisite perception of the countless beauties of the text, and every movement recalls those graceful pieces of sculpture which the ancients have left to the admiration of posterity, and which serve at once as models of ideal beauty and worthy representations of the noble youth of Greece and Rome. In almost every *role* she took during her engagement, she fully sustained her previous reputation as a finished actress. Being doubtless of opinion, with Madame de Sevigne,

"Qu'il n'y a rien de beau comme le vrai."

she seldom o'ersteps the modesty of nature.

Her style is easy, natural, and singularly graceful. There is no straining after effect, no vulgar ambition. It is to be regretted, however, that her voice is weak, being generally lost on about two-thirds of the house, and that consequently many entertain an erroneous impression of her acting.

*Edwin Forrest.*—The town was entirely taken by surprise by the sudden announcement of the appearance of Mr. Forrest, September 14th, when, indeed, no one knew of his arrival in America. His coming was anticipated, and the good ship Rochester had not entered the bay five minutes, before worthy John Povey was aboard, on behalf of the Park Theatre, with unconditional offers of engagement, and Mr. Forrest was "under bonds" to make his appearance the Monday following, before he had set foot on land again. Mr. Simpson certainly displayed in this instance a vigilant activity which augurs better days for "Old Drury;" and let us hope this ebullition of managerial enterprise may not react into the whilome indifference to public taste, which contents itself with taking what first comes and neglecting much better that may be had. Mr. Forrest opened in "King Lear," and an audience assembled in spite of the melting heat of the weather, which, in numbers and enthusiasm, must have filled the largest measure of his expectations.

Digitized by Google

The dense mass present seemed to have some especial object in view beside banqueting on the performance of this gifted actor, and symptoms broke out, before the rising of the curtain, of some such disposition. Forrest's name was frequently repeated, accompanied with cries of "Hail Columbia," and when at last the scene drew, and presented to their longing eyes the well-remembered form and features of our national tragedian, a shout burst forth from box, pit, and gallery, which for intensity and duration surpassed any thing we had ever before heard in a theatre. The honored actor rose and bowed profoundly, but, as if indifferent to his acknowledgments, the deafening roar still went on and gained in strength and volume.

It was evidently meant that its echoes should cross the Atlantic, to abash and confound the pack of English curs, "Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart," which had lately showed their teeth and malice at sight of the envied excellence of our American actor, whose marked superiority could not be brooked in silence. This demonstration was well conceived and as well executed by the audience which crowded the Park Theatre on the return of Forrest, and there was a haughty dignity in the mode of rebuke which well became the American character. The play at length went on, and never was an audience more intent, and never did actor better deserve such homage by the thrilling portraiture he drew of the follies and griefs of the broken-hearted Lear. It would delight us much to wander sippingly, bee-like, from flower to flower of his exquisite delineation of Shakspeare's grandest effort, but our space and not our will refuses. Our remarks must be general, and directed rather to the *ensemble* of Mr. Forrest's performances than to the minuter details, whose novel beauty and excellence would consume whole volumes of eloquent commentary. We attended his impersonations of King Lear, Othello, and Hamlet, and were not more fascinated by his inimitable acting, than struck by his unexpected improvement.

We recollect distinctly Mr. Forrest's acting in 1830, which was then remarkable, and filled our theatres to suffocation. His style was chiefly impassioned, and he gave to the utterance of the wilder emotions and passions of our nature a stormy vehemence, which appalled by its fury and attracted by its truth. The masses particularly were captivated by the natural grandeur of his acting, which owed nothing, then, to the refinements of study or to elaboration of ornament. At this period Mr. Forrest overlooked entirely the development of all the subtler shades of character, and failed utterly in the delineation of the tenderer emotions. It was then supposed by the best judgments that his style was determined, and that to the end of the chapter our tragedian would excel chiefly in the terrible expression of the stronger passions for which his herculean powers so well fitted him. Had Mr. Forrest's genius been less, these predictions would have been verified. But as years went on, his acting steadily improved.

By degrees he began to evoke the secret spirit of his impersonations, and give to its capricious and varying phases a vivid and startling reality, which doubly enhanced the spell of his acting, and revealed the intellectual acumen of the player. Stranger still, this giant-actor, whose furious bursts of simulated passion have made whole audiences recoil in fear, gradually learned to subdue the hoarse thunder of his magnificent voice into tones of such tender sweetness in the well-feigned revelation of the gentler emotions, as to draw tears from every eye. His pathos was so natural, subdued and touching, as to become irresistibly affecting. Those who had followed him, admiring and wonder-struck, through these alternate and marvellous unfoldings of his ripening powers, thought at last the *ultima thule* had been reached, and that they beheld in him the last perfections of a truly great actor, whose natural genius, sharpened by experience, and refined by study, had given form and shape to its brightest exhalations and left nothing more to hope, as there was nothing in his acting to desire. His recent performances at the Park Theatre have proved the utter fallacy of these convictions, for, like his great master, having exhausted all old familiar modes of stage-painting, he has imagined new.

It would be a labor of love to enter, as we have said, on a critical examination of his admirable conceptions and still more wonderful execution; to expatiate on his new readings, and to express our fervent admiration of his noble bearing, his graceful gesture, his harmonious intonations, and on every light and shade of the faultless portraits, he throws off with such consummate skill as to fill us nightly with wonder and delight. But we must confine ourselves to the simple statement of the marked novelties we recognize in Mr. Forrest's acting since his return, which may possibly serve his future biographer in tracing what we have so crudely attempted, the progressive growth of his rare talents to the fulness of maturity. Whilst the early fire of the tragedian has lost nothing of its heat, it has acquired from passing through the lens of longer experience, a concentration which gives it ten-

Digitized by Google

fold effect. His passion is now displayed with an intensity which arouses the spectator to involuntary sympathy, and awakens responsive throbs in every heart.

Throwing aside the conventionalism of the English stage, which has transmitted tragedy clothed in the stiff manner and pretentious stride of the Kemble school, he walks the stage with rare dignity, but in a natural gait, whilst his manner wears a simplicity so real that the audience is cheated into a momentary belief that they are looking upon scenes of actual life, and not the "counterfeit presentments" of the stage. These delicate shadings which lend "a grace beyond the reach of art," are the genuine inspirations of a keen sensibility and the acute mind of genius. To say that Mr. Forrest is the only living representative of Shakspeare is saying very little; for without quarrelling with the mental capacities of English actors, it is indubitable that not a single one of them has the mere physical requisites in shape or power. There is not one that can stand up, and "say to all the world this is a man;" and no matter what the intellect of the actor, his physical inability to realize the conceptions of his author renders him incompetent, and certainly no rival to the American tragedian, who has been so liberally endowed by nature with a person entirely adequate to express all that his original and daring mind can in its boldest flights conceive. Whilst the English nation may justly boast of their immortal bard, have we not reason to be proud of the only actor who can give to his creations "a habitation and a name?" The esteem in which he is held, and the crowds which flock to the theatre, are the best proof that his country rejoices in his splendid talents; but

"come what may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day."

The public of New-York are still surprised and pained to see the persevering malice of certain journals which have for years past followed the career of Mr. Forrest with the spiteful expression of their private grudges. This is unworthy, and must do more to compromise the character of these journalists, whose duty is stern impartiality, than their ingenious detraction can possibly impair the fame of the actor.

—

*Samuel Lover.*—Ere the publication of the present number of the Review, this gentleman will probably have made his first bow to an American audience, in a species of entertainment that he seems adapted, above all the celebrities who have visited our shores, to render brilliantly successful. He intends to give a series of lectures, enlivened by anecdote and musical interlude, illustrative of the history, habits, traditions and national characteristics of his native land. Carleton, Mrs. Hall, and several other writers, have recently endeavored to portray the peculiarities of the Irish; but the first, like the mere *farceur* of the stage, has exaggerated every defect, displaying the so-called "wit of the people" at the expense of their common sense, and their vices to the prejudice of their goodness of heart.

Mrs. Hall, following in the wake of most English writers on the subject, has but too often mistaken effects for causes, thereby attributing the miseries of the Irish, rather to innate depravity and natural indolence, than to the misgovernment of the country. Lover, on the contrary, in his stories of the peasantry, has depicted them as they are, and possessing almost every phase of the national character, he has been enabled to reflect with matchless accuracy all their redeeming, as well as defective traits. This gentleman's accomplishments are as various as they are fascinating.

A charming poet, excellent novelist, skilful composer, and able painter, he is petted and applauded wherever he goes. Surely he must have plucked the Four-leaved Shamrock, which, according to his celebrated song, enables the possessor to weave such varied spells. If Mr. Lover had composed no other song than this, it would have secured him an enthusiastic reception, for it breathes the pure spirit of philanthropy which pervades all his writings. Mr. Lover is, in private life, an agreeable and finished gentleman: his manner is frank, unassuming, and cordial, and both his person and conversation are sufficiently bland and jovial to sustain the impression which has preceded him.

—

*New Theatre.*—We learn with great pleasure, that a new theatre will be immediately built on the Astor Place, the best site unquestionably in New-York:—first, because it is perfectly isolated, so that in case of fire no other property would be endangered—second, it will thus present two or more striking *facades* to public view, favored by a situation so open and unencumbered—and thirdly, by possessing at least two different ways of ingress and egress, it will enable the largest audience to enter or leave the theatre in a few minutes time. The ground is taken, we understand, and the plan of the building is under discussion. We hope great attention will be given to the interior arrangements, so as to unite elegance with far more convenience and comfort than any of our present theatres offer to their visitors.

Digitized by Google

*Arrest of the Mayor.*—No one who has visited New-York, or remained in Broadway, if only for half an hour, can be ignorant of the danger to which those who have more money than wit, are subjected at the mock auctions with which this beautiful street is infested. The worthy Mayor had long tried the ordinary, means but without effect. Copper was still vended for gold, pewter for silver, and cotton for linen. At last he thought of a device which was considered the most effectual to which he could have recourse. He employed men in front of these dens of fraud with placards on their shoulders, cautioning the unsophisticated, to "Beware of Mock Auctions." This must have put many on their guard, though it did not oblige the auctioneers to close their premises.—One of these persons, bolder than the rest, lodged a complaint against the Mayor for having damaged his trade and hurt his interests. The Mayor was thereupon arrested, and was compelled to give bail of $500. The complainant, we understand, thinks himself entitled to 20,000 dollars indemnity. The whole affair, however amusing to the public, suggests some grave and gratifying reflections. It shows the necessity of a law that will reach the great evil complained of, by which so many poor and honest men are cheated of their hard earnings; and it evinces, on the other hand, a feature of our institutions, of which we may justly be proud. When have we heard of a Lord Mayor of London being arrested for so slight a transgression of the bounds of his duty? Never. There is a spirit awake in this land which examines with jealous care the slightest sin of irregularity or excess on the part of our public officers, and slack for those who are devoid of the intelligence or integrity essential to the just fulfilment of their duties.

—

*Abuses of the Prison System.*—The annual report of the Prison Association presents for consideration and reform some serious evils in our system of imprisonment. It complains in earnest terms, that a class of persons not convicted of any crime, are received into our penitentiaries as being diseased or destitute, and that as a prisoner is never dismissed until he asks to be discharged—if he choose to remain and be supported at the public expense, his object can be easily obtained.—This, however, seems to us the least important cause of regret; for wretches who would prefer staying in such a receptacle, are unfit to mingle again with even the common herd of mankind.

But there is one dreadful feature of imprisonment, both in this and European countries, at the sight of which the humane and better portion of society must start back with horror. We mean the promiscuous association of prisoners, by which the bad are rendered worse and the comparatively good become irrevocably depraved. They render the prison or penitentiary the school of vice and every species of infamy which the ingenious villain can invent or the daring robber put in execution.

—

*The Californians.*—This month the regiment destined for California, numbering about 700 men, resolved, like the pious Æneas, *exire locosque explorare novos*, sailed for that country. So many difficulties had been experienced both in its formation and in preparations for the voyage, that we sometimes doubted the success of the expedition. When the troops were on Governor's Island, mothers, sisters, and fair cousins, sought the recruits daily with tears in their eyes, beseeching them to remain, and numbers, overcome by their entreaties, took advantage of what has been facetiously termed the "baby act," and obtained their dismission. These are certainly no great loss, for not only were they generally under age, but deficient in fortitude and those other manly qualities essential to a pioneer in a hostile country like California. We understand that a great many highly respectable young men joined the regiment. Amongst these we may mention seven clerks from a great commercial house in this city. There can be no doubt that the expedition has been a *dernier resort* to a great many discontented and unemployed persons, and that it has rid the city of a few hundred idlers who were neither useful to themselves nor a credit to their friends. We have little faith in most of the complaints made against Col. Stephenson, the commander of the regiment. Those who are placed at the head of undisciplined men like these, and whose duty it is to make soldiers of them, can alone know the various obstacles which arise, and the amount of dissatisfaction whichever moderate drilling occasions.

We have now but to express our best wishes for the brilliant success of the expedition.

Digitized by Google

THE

# UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

# DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XIX. NOVEMBER, 1846. No. CI.

## THE NEW-YORK CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

THE labors of this august body were brought to a close on Friday evening, the ninth day of October last, at seven o'clock, after a session of 131 days.—The result of its labors will be submitted to the people for their approval or rejection on the 3d instant, when it will probably receive their sanction by an overwhelming majority. The opportunity is offered us to express our views of the proposed Constitution to our readers before the final vote is taken; and we feel that we shall in no respect be chargeable with departing from the legitimate province of a national magazine, in devoting a portion of our columns to the deliberations of the Convention, although its immediate labors were designed for the State of New-York alone. Many of the principles which this Convention have proposed to incorporate into the fundamental law of the State of New-York have been, or must in due time become, the subjects of political controversy and agitation in every state in this confederacy; and the disposition which has been made of some of them by this body, may be merely an anticipation of the action of sister states, whose political experience is less mature, or whose efforts at constitutional reform have been less successful.

These considerations, together with our desire to lend whatever aid we can furnish towards effecting the favorable reception of the proposed Constitution, by those whose votes may control its destiny, will be our excuse for inviting our readers' attention to a brief analysis of such of its contents as specially deserve consideration.

Before proceeding, however, with this analysis, it is proper to refer to two unfortunate circumstances connected with the process of the Convention which can hardly be too much regretted. By the law under which this body was called together, the members were directed to submit their labors to the people at the general election in November. They felt that three or four weeks at least were necessary for the people to have the subject under consideration before voting upon it; and hence their deliberations were confined to the working days between the 1st of June and 9th of October, within which period they were to submit a report, whatever might be their state of preparation. The absurdity of such a restriction had not probably been realized until it became apparent, as the time for the termination of their labors drew nigh, that the Convention must inevitably leave a large portion of its work entirely untouched, and a much larger portion imperfectly executed.

It was not considered, doubtless, when the original law was passed, that a Constitutional Convention has to deal almost exclusively with abstract and fundamental principles of government—any and all of which required, for their

Digitized by Google

prompt and wise application to the existing condition of political society in this State, the most commanding intellectual abilities, enlightened by a profound political philosophy and a large political experience Nor was it realized, perhaps, that no State in the Union could furnish forth one hundred and twenty-eight such men who would be competent to enter into council, and without farther maturing their opinions by debate and reflection, sit down and indite such a Constitution as would wisely embody the political experience of the people they should represent.—It therefore happened, as it must have happened in any other state, and as it was to have been expected to happen in New-York, that the delegates chosen to remodel the Constitution were quite unstudied, and immature upon a large proportion of the topics submitted to them. Many were obliged to commence their examination of the most important questions after they had been submitted in Convention, and every one who has ever experienced the birth and developement of a new principle in his own mind, and the slowness with which one yields entire confidence to it and all its consequences, will readily understand how improper and perilous a step it was to force such a deliberative body as this to conclusions by process of law—that its inevitable effect would be *constringere verba non res.*

It requires a long time for any large deliberative assembly to become familiar with the views of its members; to discuss them in public and in private, and by discussion to bring out controlling considerations; to realize their importance; to disabuse each other's minds of existing prejudices; to learn when and what prejudices are to be conciliated; to receive or propagate the philosophy by which the body should be moved in common, and to which all will agree in looking, as to a controlling centre. For all these results, the period allowed to the New-York Convention was entirely too short. They required at least a year; and if they had been at liberty to occupy thus much time, we have no hesitation in saying, without meaning in the least to disparage the present result of their labors, that the Constitution they would have furnished, would have been speedily accepted by nearly every State in the Union, as well as by the people for whom it was prepared, as the most perfect code of fundamental law ever offered for the government of civilized society.

This error to which we have alluded, however, is to be charged upon the Legislature which prepared the law calling the Convention; and the Convention are, therefore, in a great measure, if not entirely, innocent of its consequences.

The other unfortunate circumstance connected with the process of the Convention, the Convention itself was solely responsible for, and it is the only incident in their labors which is unworthy of them in every point of view, in which it can be estimated. We refer to the prohibition of written reports by the several committees, setting forth reasons which led them to the conclusions they should recommend. It has always been our impression that the primary purpose of raising committees in legislative bodies is to subdivide the labors of their constituent body, so that the facts connected with any topic requiring legislative action, should be digested, arranged in a convenient shape, and where practicable, estimated by the committee, in order that the burden of this preliminary labor should be spared the rest of the assembly. When the report of the committee is thus made up and presented, it enables the aggregate assembly to glance through and appreciate the points with comparatively little labor, and become qualified for final action much more speedily, than would be possible without this wise division of labor. Quite otherwise appears to have thought the New-York Convention. They deliberately pronounced it an act of disrespect to the house, for a committee to present, in writing, a single reason in favor of the legislation they advised the Convention to sanction. We have carefully examined the debates to which this absurd restriction gave rise, and have failed to realize the force of any single argument in its favor, while the circumstances under which the proposition was initiated and adopted, have satisfied us that the motives which instigated it were discreditable in the highest degree to those through whose immediate in-

Digitized by Google

strumentality it was effected. We are only susprised that others, whose motives were above suspicion, should have been found to support it, without perceiving its folly and the inconveniences it would involve. Instead of studying up the various questions submitted by the committees quietly from their reports, every man was, in consequence of this restriction, obliged either to investigate each case at length himself, or to listen to a lengthy, awkward, and necessarily imperfect exposition of it in the debates, or vote without understanding the question at all. A sad waste of the time of the Convention, was the inevitable consequence, as should have been anticipated from a procedure so entirely at war with all usage, with common sense, and with the common and sacred purpose of every faithful reformer in the Convention.

We have pleasure in turning from these, the most painful incidents in the history of this Convention, to consider the fruits of its labors. Of them we entertain the most exalted estimate, and most cordially unite with Mr. Hoffman, a delegate from Herkimer, in his declaration, made as the labors of himself and associates were drawing to a close, on the last day but one of the session, "that this Constitution contains more excellent matter got together by this Convention than any Constitution on the whole earth."

To justify this estimate, we propose briefly to enumerate some of the effects it is designed, and, we think, destined to accomplish.

I. *It will secure a more free and fair representation of the people in the making, and in the administration of the laws.*

1. By reducing and decentralizing political patronage. It withdraws from the Executive and Senate the appointment of all judicial and nearly all administrative officers, and provides for their election by the people. All the judges, save justices of the peace, are made elective, as are also, the Secretary of State, Comptroller, Treasurer, Attorney General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Canal Commissioners and Inspectors of State Prisons. The horde of leeching inspectorships of commodities, is annihilated by the following clause which should immortalize this Convention, if all its other labors had been fruitless:

"§ 8. All offices for the weighing, gauging, measuring, culling or inspecting any merchandize, produce, manufacture or commodity whatever, are hereby abolished, and no such office shall hereafter be created by law; but nothing in this section contained, shall abrogate any office created for the purpose of protecting the public health, or the interests of the State in its property, revenue, tolls, or purchases, or of supplying the people with correct standards of weights and measures, or shall prevent the creation of any office for such purposes hereafter."

Indirectly, also, a multitude of subordinate offices, civil and military, are annihilated, or their choice made unavailable for purposes of party organization.*

We are of the opinion that the elective principle has been unwisely extended to some of those officers whose duties are purely administrative, and too unimportant to deserve or require the whole voting community to lay aside their private affairs to investigate the fitness of candidates to discharge those duties. The inconvenience to accrue from this source, however, will be comparatively trifling and easily remedied. The evils to be cured are numerous and oppressive.

2. By dividing the State in single Senate and Assembly Districts, the delegate is brought nearer, and is made more directly responsible to his con-

* The extent of the reforms in this direction effected by the late Convention was strikingly presented in the course of a few remarks made by Mr. Cambreleng, one of the delegates from Suffolk county, on the last day of the session, when he announced his intention to support the New Constitution. The passage to which we particularly refer is as follows:—"Should we, because there are defects and errors in some parts of the structure—can we feel at liberty, for that reason, to reject the whole fabric? Would gentlemen vote against a Constitution which rests, as this does, upon a popular foundation—a Constitution which, for the first time in this country, had been placed upon such a foundation? Yes, (said Mr. C.,) I declare that this is the first in the whole world which rests purely upon the popular sentiment. It was the first in which the Executive, Legislative, and Administrative departments of government came directly from the people themselves. Every other fundamental law in the whole Union made some portions of administrative government the offspring of executive or judicial authority;—this was the first which makes all emanate directly from the people themselves. Every article was founded upon popular sentiment, and he should go heartily for it, with all its defects; for those defects were merely those of extent and language—in principle, it was sound from beginning to end, and in every respect."

Digitized by Google

stituency,—thus realizing more adequately a perfect theory of political representation.

We object, decidedly, to the abbreviation of the Senatorial term from four to two years, which the Convention has proposed. We have on a previous occasion stated our preference for longer legislative terms, and we are still unable to realize the wisdom of the course pursued by this Convention, or of the tendency which seems to exist generally throughout the country, to shorten the tenure of office. We are aware that it springs from a wise inclination on the part of the people to increase the accountability of their officer and representative.—The error consists in supposing, as modern politicians seem prone to suppose, that the more dependant an officer or representative is upon his constituency, the more valuable and faithful will be his service, and that his dependence and accountability will increase as the term for which he is appointed, is shortened, neither of which propositions do we believe to be correct. Our grounds for this conviction may furnish an interesting topic for consideration when we can give it our undivided attention. At present we must content ourselves with the simple expression of our regret, that the Convention should have made this one, we believe the only, step backward in the philosophy of government; and we also regret, exceedingly, that the sessions of the Legislature were not limited to once in two years, unless for special cause.

3. It will farther perfect our popular representation by placing restrictions upon the appropriation of State power and credit, to private uses.

The immense political patronage to be swayed by the predominant political party, under a loose construction of the old Constitution, and the exercise of which has furnished forth already some of the darkest and most revolting pages in our political history, render any commendation of the provisions upon this subject in the new Constitution entirely superfluous. To protect the credit of the State, and the honor and property of its citizens from the improvidence or corruption of legislators, was the primary and controlling motive of the people in calling for constitutional reform, and due guaranties upon this subject should serve more than any other to purify the popular representation, by removing a giant brood of temptations to its corruption.

The Convention have provided in the first place, as follows, against the contraction of public debt:—

"§ 8. No money shall ever be paid out of the Treasury of this State, or any of its funds, or any of the funds under its management, except in pursuance of an appropriation by law; nor unless such payment be made within two years next after the passage of such appropriation act; and every such law making a new appropriation, or continuing or reviving an appropriation, shall distinctly specify the sum appropriated, and the object to which it is to be applied: and it shall not be sufficient for such law to refer to any other law to fix such sum.

"§ 9. The credit of the State shall not, in any manner, be given or loaned to, or in aid of any individual, association or corporation.

"§ 10. The State may, to meet casual deficits of failures in revenues, or for expenses not provided for, contract debts; but such debts, direct and contingent, singly, or in the aggregate, shall not, at any time, exceed one million of dollars; and the moneys arising from the loans creating such debts, shall be applied to the purpose for which they were obtained, or to repay the debt so contracted, and to no other purpose whatever.

"§ 11. In addition to the above limited power to contract debts, the State may contract debts to repel invasion, suppress insurrection, or defend the State in war; but the money arising from the contracting of such debts shall be applied to the purpose for which it was raised, or to repay such debts, and to no other purpose whatever.

"§ 12. Except the debts specified in the tenth and eleventh sections of this article, no debt shall hereafter be contracted by or on behalf of this State, unless such debt shall be authorized by a law for some single work or object, to be distinctly specified therein, and such law shall impose and provide for the collection of a direct annual tax to pay, and sufficient to pay the interest on such debt as it falls due, and also to pay and discharge the principle of such debt within eighteen years from the time of the contracting thereof.

"No such law shall take effect until it shall, at a general election, have been submitted to the people, and have received a majority of all the votes cast for and against it, at such election.

"On the final passage of such bill in

Digitized by Google

either house of the Legislature, the question shall be taken by ayes and noes, to be duly entered on the journals thereof, and shall be: 'Shall this bill pass, and ought the same to receive the sanction of the people?'"

The following excellent provisions upon the subject of corporations are destined to diminish likewise the legislative patronage incalculably in addition to the vast advantages in other respects, with which every wise statesman will perceive them to be endowed.

"Corporations may be formed under general laws; but shall not be created by special act, except for municipal purposes, and in cases where, in the judgment of the Legislature, *the objects of the corporation cannot be attained under general laws.* All general laws and special acts passed pursuant to this section, may be altered from time to time or repealed. * *

"The Legislature shall have no power to pass any act granting any special charter for banking purposes; but corporations or associations may be formed for such purposes under general laws."

We have italicised a provision in the first section, which we fear portends an infinity of litigation and legislative pettifogging. It found a place there, we suppose, from the want of sufficient time for the members to become sure that they saw and appreciated all the important consequences that could result from adopting the strict rule, which in time they will find would have been the wise one.

II. *The new Constitution will diminish local and special legislation.*

The private and special applications to the Legislature have so multiplied under the present Constitution of New-York, that it is almost impossible to secure the thorough discussion and passage of any law of a strictly general character. Special laws occupy over four-fifths of each volume of the laws which have been published in this State for several years past. The fact that the Legislature has the power to listen to and grant such applications, is the foundation of the difficulty; it explains why that body is occupied incessantly from the commencement to the close of its annual session in the passage of special acts, and finally rises year after year with a calendar of three or four hundred bills, including usually all of a general and strictly public character, not disposed of for the want of time. It accounts also for the selection of delegates to the Legislature, with no qualifications for the duty, save pliancy and obedience to the instructions of the particular interest or clique for whose purposes, and by whose agency they obtain their election.

These evils, we trust, will be materially mitigated under the proposed Constitution, by the operation of several of its provisions, of which the following are the most important:

1. No bill can pass without the assent of a majority of all the members of both Houses.

2. No private or local bill, which may be passed by the Legislature, shall embrace more than one subject, and that shall be expressed in the title.

3. Corporations—not municipal—are to be formed under general laws, where their objects can thus be attained.

4. "The Legislature shall have no power to pass any act granting any special charter for banking purposes, but corporations may be formed for such purposes under general laws."

5. The credit of the State is not in any manner to be given or loaned to, or in aid of, any individual association or corporation.

The most important provision of all to be made in the Constitution against special legislation, was, unfortunately, stricken out. That would have made the State liable to be prosecuted in courts of law. This mode of enforcing the payment of State debts would have furnished a righteous protection to honest State creditors, from the indifference or ignorance of the Legislature, and to the Legislature a measure of protection against the corrupting influences of dishonest creditors, and relieve that body from a weight of business which can only be disposed of in a legislative assembly at the expense of neglecting graver and more widely interesting legislative duties.

III. *The proposed Constitution must inevitably secure a more speedy, pure, and economical administration of justice, for the following, among many other reasons:*

1. It provides for an entire separa-

Digitized by Google

tion of the judicial from the legislative power, so that the people of New-York may have no apprehension for the future of beholding their Senate engaged in the passage of unconstitutional laws, and then converting itself into a Court of Errors, to establish the constitutionality of such laws by solemn adjudication as a Court of Final Appeal.

2. It makes the judges of all the courts elective by the people, and for a term in no case exceeding eight years —securing thereby in the incumbent accountability to his constituents—to the people, judges without reference to the partisan schemes and policy of a central appointing power, and also an opportunity to be rid of an objectionable officer, without waiting for his superannuation. For reasons which we have stated on a previous occasion, we believe this change will bring to the bench a higher average of merit than the bench has been, or is likely to be, illustrated by, under the appointing system.

We sincerely regret that the State judges should have been made elective from judicial districts, rather than by general ticket from the whole State. It is a clear departure from the principle upon which the doctrine of popular elections is founded; and will render the exemplification of the elective principle, as applied to the judiciary, less triumphantly successful than its friends could have wished. The error, doubtless, occurred, in part, from the desire of the minority party in the Convention to secure the occasional election of an officer from their numbers to the bench, and partly from an entire misunderstanding of the vital distinction between a representative and a judicial officer. Nothing is clearer than that the smaller the constituency, the more adequately can it be *represented* by the delegate of its choice, and that dividing the responsibility of representing a constituency between two or more delegates weakens the accountability and fidelity of all; and so far disqualifies them for their representative function. But a judicial officer is not a representative officer. He is simply an interpreter of the laws. It is most important that he should *not* take any opinion from the shades of public sentiment about him, except those pervading sentiments, favorable to public morality and virtue, which are unchangeable. By multiplying the judges, to be elected by a constituency, their accountability is not divided nor weakened a particle. Judicial responsibility is only divided by multiplying the judges who occupy the same bench in the same case. On the other hand, there is a clear injustice to a large portion of the State, who are obliged to receive a judge to determine the law for them in the court of last resort, who is elected from a district, comprising only an eighth, and that, perhaps, in a remote part of the State, and who is only accountable to that faction of the State for his official conduct. The determination of the Convention upon this subject was demonstrably undemocratic, unjust, and inexpedient, even to those of our Whig friends, through whose instrumentality it prevailed, and who are counting upon its casual patronage.

3. Another purifying and economising change proposed in the judicial system, and one worth all the expense and labor of the Convention, is embodied in the following provision:

"§ 20. No judicial officer, except justices of the peace, shall receive to his own use any fees or perquisites of office."

This one section will do more than any other change without it, could possibly have done, to exalt the dignity, self-respect, and public character of the judiciary—to secure prompt and definitive action upon cases in litigation—to discourage litigious and sinister proceedings on the part of mischievous clients, or their lawyers—to discountenance and eradicate unnecessary form and technicality in our system of legal procedure—to discourage ill-considered, or procrastinating appeals — to cheapen necessary litigation, and finally to elevate the character of the legal profession, the members of which, as a body, have far more influence for good or for evil upon the institutions and opinion of the community they inhabit, than the same number selected from any other class or pursuit.

4. The improvement in the judicial system, to which we have referred, is farther secured, by the abolition of Courts of Equity, as distinct judicial tribunals, and the combination of law

Digitized by Google

and equity jurisdiction in the same officers.

The merit of this change consists rather in the tendencies it will establish, than in the direct results it can accomplish. It will tend to do away gradually with the absurd distinction between law and equity, and to occupy the judiciary simply with the administration of *justice*, by destroying the constant temptation which besets separate jurisdictions, to enlarge their powers.

"If," as we have previously had occasion to remark in this journal, "a single officer administered both codes, he would have a constant desire to unite them, and step by step the differences would merge, as they have grown up, until finally, the name only will be left to perpetuate the distinction."

It is not hazarding much to say, also, that the necessity of administering both codes, will make the judges themselves more accomplished and liberal-minded lawyers.

5. The testimony in equity cases is to be taken in like manner, as in cases at law, and the interminable, expensive and unsatisfactory examinations now required to be made before Masters and Examiners, are to be dispensed with, thus guaranteeing to the parties the privilege of having the witnesses give in their testimony in the presence and within the observation of the court.

6. The district judges may be migratory, and pass from county to county each successive term, or as the Legislature may determine. In this way a dangerous form of judicial favoritism to the bar may be, in a great measure, prevented—local or sectional prejudices escaped by the judges—a larger acquaintance with the range and operation of the law in its application to the wants and condition of society, acquired by them, and a check given to that familiarity on the part of the bar and suitors, with the chance infirmities of judges, which is calculated to weaken the moral authority and due credit of the tribunal over which they preside.

7. The Legislature is required at its first session, after the adoption of this Constitution "to provide for the appointment of three commissioners to *revise*, *reform*, *simplify*, and *abridge* the rules of *practice*, *pleadings*, *forms* and *proceedings* of the Courts of Record of the State, and report thereon to the Legislature from time to time."

The duty of these commissioners wisely executed—and to attempt it, is to secure an incalculable improvement upon the present system of judicial procedure in the State of New-York—would, by the aid of the judicial organization proposed by the Convention, render the officers of the law, ministers of justice, instead of being what they are now too frequently forced to become legalised instruments of oppression.

8. It is likewise wisely provided, that the "laws and judicial decisions shall be free for publication by any person." For the destruction of the infamous monopoly of this privilege, held at present by individuals, every class of the community should be grateful, but most especially the legal profession, upon whom, of course, it has weighed most directly and oppressively.

We have chiefly to regret in the proposed judiciary system, in addition to the objections we have already alluded to, that the army of local justices of the peace had not been disbanded by the construction of a simpler system of county justices, who should pass from town to town throughout their counties, and be occupied exclusively with judicial business. The merit of such a change, we are assured, was appreciated by the Convention, but was not availed of, through fear of awakening the hostility of some four or five thousand justices and their dependants, against the new Constitution. The only excuse for neglecting this change, furnished the best evidence of the propriety of making it.

We have also to regret that the judiciary organization for the whole State had not been made uniform. There was no propriety in excepting New-York city from the good or the evil consequences of the system which is to prevail over the rest of the State. But notwithstanding these, to us, serious mistakes, we are satisfied that not only the State of New-York, but the whole country, will have matter for congratulation in the adoption of the judiciary plan we have been considering.

IV. *The financial credit of the State will be effectually and permanently se-*

Digitized by Google

*cured, and her existing debts fully provided for.*

To these ends the new Constitution provides that the State shall contract no debt exceeding $1,000,000, unless to meet the exigencies of insurrection or war, except for some single specified object, and with the express approval of the people, signified by a direct vote; and a direct tax must at the time be levied sufficient to pay the annual interest of said debt, and extinguish the principal within eighteen years.

It was for such a guaranty, that the necessity for a Convention was first experienced; and though other reforms of perhaps greater intrinsic importance have been superadded, yet to those who have shared in the heat and labor of those long and painful controversies, in the camp and on the plain, in the Legislature, and before the people, growing out of extravagant notions of public improvement and expenditure entertained generally by our political opponents, and unfortunately by some of our political allies—it is to those who have thus combated this slovenly style of statesmanship, a matter of just triumph and congratulation, to find incorporated into our fundamental law, such ample and comprehensive endorsement of every single point of doctrine which they have ever claimed or required.

To secure the liquidation of existing debts, and the completion of certain unfinished public works, it is provided that, of the net revenues arising from the canals of this State, $1,300,000 for ten years and $1,700,000 thereafter are to be set apart as a Sinking Fund, to pay the principal and interest of the canal debt; $350,000 until the canal debt is paid, and afterward $1,500,000, to pay the other (or general fund) debt of the State, and $200,000 per annum, (which after eight years may be increased to $350,000,) are to be appropriated from the canal revenue toward defraying generally the expense of the State Government, making $1,850,000 immediately, and $2,400,000 after ten years, to be appropriated from the canal revenues, until the State debt is paid. The balance of the canal revenues is to be sacredly appropriated to the prosecution and completion of the Erie enlargement, Black River and Genesee Valley Canals.

V. *The new Constitution will secure to the citizen a more ample freedom of opinion and pursuit.*

1. The third article in the bill of rights provides that—"the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall for ever be allowed in this State to all mankind; *and no person shall be rendered incompetent to be a witness on account of his opinions on matters of religious belief;* but the liberty of conscience hereby secured, shall not be so construed as to excuse acts of licentiousness, or justify practices inconsistent with the peace or safety of this State."

To measure the credibility of a witness by the number or attributes of the Gods he professes to believe in, is scarcely as wise as to make the length of his hair the standard of his veracity. If he be dishonest, he can multiply or substract from the number of his Divinities, to suit the tastes of his tribunal. On the other hand, he can only shorten his hair, he cannot always lengthen it, with the same facility to suit every emergency.

2. The absurd exclusion of ministers of the Gospel from office, which is enforced under the old Constitution, will be no longer known, and we trust now, that these gentlemen will be led to take their fair share in the practical, as well as spiritual interests and responsibilities of life, and place themselves where they may be judged upon their merits, without having their characters and conscience coddled and nursed by constitutional superintendance.

VI. *It will secure greater purity and fairness in the enjoyment of the elective franchise.*

1. By the first section of the second article of the proposed Constitution, it is provided that every person offering to vote shall have been a citizen—naturalized or otherwise—*at least ten days*, and for *thirty* days a resident of the district from which the officer voted for is to be chosen. This will prove a valuable restraint upon fraudulent voting, and in some measure contribute to exclude the votes of a large class of strangers, who are brought to the polls at every election, the blind instruments of corrupt and designing politicians.

2. It has, likewise, wisely been determined by the Convention, to submit

Digitized by Google

to the people the question of extending the elective franchise to colored citizens, separately from the rest of the Constitution, that the exact condition of public opinion upon this subject, throughout the State, may be known. The provision upon which the people are to vote is as follows:

"§—. Colored male citizens, possessing the qualifications required by the first section of the second article of the Constitution, other than the property qualification, shall have the right to vote for all officers that now are, or hereafter may be, elective by the people, after the first day of January, 1847."

This proceeding will probably quiet a painful and much-vexed question, and appease the complaints of a large class of people, who are entitled to have their political claims submitted at least once fairly to the people, and to understand the true state of public sentiment upon the subject.

We have thus hurriedly enumerated some of what we esteem the most important novelties embodied in the proposed Constitution. We cannot permit this occasion to pass without alluding to some of its defects, both of omission and commission, to which the preceding analysis has not given us occasion to refer.

1. Foremost among these, we would place the omission to secure every citizen against having his property taken by the State, whether for private or public use, without a fair *appraisal by a jury selected from the vicinage*, and without *just compensation* FIRST *made to him therefor.*

2. The omission to secure to females the right to hold, transfer or devise property as fully after as before marriage.

A provision for this purpose was actually adopted by the Convention, taken in terms, we believe, from the Texas Constitution, and was subsequently stricken out by a small majority.

3. The power to create corporations, except under general laws, should have been taken from the Legislature. The proposed Constitution guaranties to them this power as to municipal corporations, and in all other "*cases where, in the* JUDGMENT OF THE LEGISLATURE, *the objects of the corporation cannot be attained under general laws.*"

Even the courts of justice are to be no restraint upon the Legislature, whose *judgment* is to be the test of the necessity for a special charter.

4. The Legislature should have been prohibited from passing retroactive laws, or laws impairing the obligation of contracts or their remedies.

5. The wise prohibition of the superior judges, from taking fees and perquisites, should have been extended to justices of the peace, upon whom the operation of the practice is far more pernicious, in proportion to the importance of the matters in controversy before them, than it is upon any other class of judges.

6. The judiciary system should have been made uniform and consistent throughout the State.

To these we will add those defects in the new Constitution to which we have already referred:

6. The State should have submitted to be prosecuted at law like other municipal corporations.

7. The legislative sessions should have been biennial instead of annual.

8. The senatorial term should not have been abbreviated.

9. The Supreme Court Judges should have been elected from the surface of the whole State, not from the eighths of it.

10. About 4000 justiceships should have been annihilated.

It may be perceived from the character of these criticisms that we are not complaining that the Convention have given us a bad Constitution, but that they have given no better one.—There is, we believe, but one change made by them which is not an improvement, and there is not one important omission in the new instrument which does not exist in the old one. As between the two, however, the Constitution of 1846 is the superior, by virtue of every feature of novelty, to which, in the preceding pages, we have endeavored to direct our readers' attention. If it is destined to be adopted, it will effect very important changes in the political condition of the State, and we fervently hope and believe it will purify her political morals. That it will be adopted, no serious doubt can be reasonably entertained, for it will be voted for as it was constructed, without distinction of party. The almost unanimous support it received from the Con-

Digitized by Google

vention on its final adoption* affords a reasonable presumption that it will encounter no substantial opposition at the polls. We think it deserves none; and rightly appreciated, it would receive none—but on the other hand, the most cordial support. While it is not every thing that could have been wished, it is more than the most ardent of the constitutional reformers expected when the agitation was commenced, and directly or indirectly sanctions every principle they have advocated. Let the result teach them never to despise the blows of the feeblest arm when struck in defence of a great principle—that in the ever renewing struggles between truth and error the race is not always to the swift, neither is the battle to the strong, and that every person, however obscure or humble may be the pathway of his life, if he firmly ally himself with singleness of purpose to the sacred cause of right, shall surely have the reward of triumph in due season.

Some five months since, in these pages,† we alluded to the prospective labors of this Convention in the following terms:—"We ask of the Convention to so direct its councils as to effect the three following paramount results by whatever means in their wisdom they may find most efficacious:

"1. A reduction and dispersion of political patronage.

"2. A restriction of the sphere of government to its legitimate public functions.

"3. A restoration of every citizen to the enjoyment of every liberty or privilege not inconsistent with the enjoyment of a corresponding liberty or privilege by every other.

"If these great results should be accomplished, or even approximated unto by that body, the people, not only of the State but of the whole Union, will have abundant reason hereafter to remember with respect and gratitude the New-York Constitutional Convention for 1846."

We have now only to say, that we think "those great results" have not only been approximated unto, but in a great measure accomplished.

* The amended Constitution was agreed to by the following vote:

AYES.—Messrs. Allen, Angel, Archer, Ayrault, F. F. Backus, H. Backus, Baker, Bascom, Bowdish, Brayton, Bruce, Brundage, Bull, Burr, Cambreleng, R. Campbell, jr., Candee, Chamberlain, Clyde, Conely, Cook, Cornell, Crooker, Cuddeback, Dana, Danforth, Dodd, Dubois, Flanders, Forsyth, Gebhard, Graham, Greene, Harris, Harrison, Hawley, Hoffman, Hotchkiss, A. Huntington, Hutchinson, Hyde, Jones, Kemble, Kernan, Kingsley, Kirkland, Loomis, Mann, McNeil, Marvin, Maxwell, Miller, Morris, Munro, Murphy, Nellis, Nicholas, Nicoll, Parish, Patterson, Penniman, Perkins, Porter, Powers, President, Rhodes, Richmond, Riker, Ruggles, Russell, St. John, Salisbury, Sanford, Sears, Shaver, Shaw, Sheldon, E. Spencer, Stanton, Stephens, Stetson, Strong, Swackhamer, Taft, Taggart, J. J. Taylor, W. Taylor, Tilden, Townsend, Tuthill, Van Schoonhoven, Ward, Warren, Waterbury, Willard, Whitbeck, Worden, A. Wright, W. B. Wright, Yawger, Young, Youngs.—104.

NOES.—Messrs. E. Huntington, O'Conor, W. H. Spencer, Stow, Talmadge, White—6.

[Gov. Bouck, Mr. Brown, Mr. D. D. Campbell, Mr. Chatfield, Mr. Clark, Mr. Gardner, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Jordan, Mr. McNitt, Mr. Simmons, and Mr. Smith, were absent when the vote was taken.]

† See Democratic Review, June 1846, p. 420.

Digitized by Google

# POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

## SILAS WRIGHT, OF NEW-YORK.

(With a fine Engraving on steel.)

BEFORE another number of this Review issues from the press, the suffrages of the people of the state of New-York will have re-elected the subject of this memoir to the highest office in their gift. In the elevation of a man like Silas Wright to the head of a free government, we recognize the great excellence of our institutions, and the triumph of those principles, inherent in the inhabitants of the United States, that have successfully resisted the encroachments of power, in all its Protean shapes, upon the rights of the people. The direct attacks of the imperial government upon the independence of the colonies, were not more successfully foiled by our ancestors, than have been the insidious encroachments of aristocratic privileges upon the rights of the people in our day, by the clear perception, vigorous intellect, firm integrity, and untiring vigilance, of that class of men, of whom Silas Wright remains to us as a most eminent example. In the course of this sketch, we shall have occasion to show that, on more than one occasion, when the money-power, skillfully directed by unscrupulous party leaders, both in the state and national governments, had effected combinations which threatened to thwart the will of the people, and jeopardize their best interests, the cool judgment, self-possessed firmness, and intellectual vigor, of Mr. Wright, came to the rescue, dispersed the coalitions, and in his luminous exposition of the sophistries advanced in their support, the people recognized the sound reasoning of a faithful officer. Some years since a sketch of the early period of Mr. Wright's life appeared in this Review, and we bring forward a portion as a preface to later events.

Silas Wright, Jr., was born in the town of Amherst, Massachusetts, on the 24th of May, 1795. Both his parents were natives of the county of Hampshire. They had nine children — five sons and four daughters — two of whom died in infancy; the rest are now living. The elder Mr. Wright was by trade a tanner, currier, and shoemaker; which occupation he followed until March, 1796, when he removed to the town of Weybridge, Addison county, Vermont, where he purchased a farm, and where he has ever since devoted himself exclusively to its cultivation. All the family, except Silas and his youngest sister, still reside in Vermont. The brothers, one only of whom is a graduate of a college, are all likewise farmers. The sisters married farmers, and one of them, a widow, now carries on a farm with the assistance of her sons; so that the whole family may most emphatically be regarded as the children of the plough,—than which we know no more honorable designation that wealth or rank could bestow.

Mr. Wright, the father, was indentured as an apprentice to his trade at an early age, and never was at school a day in his life. When he had "served out his time," he could neither read nor write; but with the assistance of his fellow journeyman, he soon qualified himself both to read and to write, as well as to keep accounts and transact business with accuracy and facility. After his marriage his wife became his instructress — a service which she performed with all a woman's devotion and alacrity, and with a success proportionate to her own interest in the labor of love, and to the willing docility of her pupil.

Silas, like most of the rising youth of New-England, attended the common schools in winter, and worked on the farm in summer, until he had passed his fourteenth year, when he was placed at an academy, that he

Digitized by Google

might be prepared to enter college. The father perceived that his son was rarely endowed by nature, and was therefore the more anxious that he should enjoy the benefits of education denied by circumstances to himself. The tradition is, that he always regarded him with peculiar pride and delight, as destined to be the chief hope and ornament of the family.

In August, 1811, Mr. Wright became a student of the college at Middlebury, Vermont, where he remained until the summer of 1815, when he received the first degree of Bachelor of Arts.

The elder Mr. Wright has always been an earnest and determined democrat. He became such during the first contest for the presidency, in 1796, between Adams and Jefferson. On that occasion he supported the latter zealously, and ever after cherished for his name and principles a veneration which time rather increased than diminished. Between 1800 and 1810, he was repeatedly elected a member of the Legislature, and was ever an ardent and firm republican. He and his oldest son were in the battle of Plattsburg, under Macomb, in September, 1814, when the British fleet was captured on Lake Champlain by M'Donough, and Sir George Prevost with his forces defeated and driven back into Canada.

The husbands of two sisters of Mr. Wright were also in that battle as volunteers from the "Green Mountains," although the Federal Governor of Vermont, following the treacherous and cowardly example of Governors Strong of Massachusetts, Jones of Rhode Island, and Griswold of Connecticut, had positively refused to call out a single man to defend the invaded territory and habitations of an adjoining state,—on the unworthy position that the militia could not be required to pass beyond the boundary lines of those states of which they were citizens.

During the four years passed by Mr. Wright in college, the number of the class to which he belonged averaged about thirty. Then, as now, every student was a politician, and called himself either a federalist or democrat. Of the latter there were in this class only four, of whom it will readily be conceived that young Wright was one of the most ardent. His politics were never better known than at this period of his life. In October, 1815, he commenced the study of the law with Mr. Martindale, who resided at Sandy Hill, Washington county, New-York, where he remained about eighteen months; when he removed to the office of Roger Skinner, Esq., which presented superior opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of the details of business, as he was at that time the attorney of the United States for the northern district of that State.

In January, 1819, Mr. Wright completed his preparatory legal studies, and was licensed to practise as an attorney of the Supreme Court of New-York. His health being impaired by intense application to his books and at his desk, he spent the ensuing summer in travelling on horseback for its restoration, and with the view of selecting a place where he might settle himself permanently.

In October, he removed to Canton, in the county of St. Lawrence, and opened an office. The village was new, and the business in the courts both limited and unprofitable, so that the young lawyer made but little by his practice.

His superior talents, added to the universal kindliness in his disposition and manners, soon made him highly popular. He was, after but a short residence in his new home, selected as the village postmaster, the captain of the local militia company, justice of the peace, and not long after was commissioned as the Surrogate of the county of St. Lawrence. In all these situations, at the same time that he perfectly discharged every duty devolving on him, he never failed, by an insensible process which, without effort on his own part, was irresistible on the part of others, to make himself the object of a universal and affectionate personal popularity.

But a more enlarged public than a village neighborhood soon appreciated justly the abilities, studious habits, attainments and integrity of the young barrister. In the fall of the year 1823, without the slightest expectation of such an event on his part, Mr. Wright was nominated by his democratic friends as a candidate for the office of Senator in the State Legislature.

Digitized by Google

There was an overwhelming federal majority in the county of St. Lawrence when Mr. Wright first settled in it; yet he had taken especial care to express, in the most public manner, his devotion to the principles of the republican party. Still he was elected for the term of four years, and took his seat on the first Tuesday of January, 1824. During this winter the contest for the presidency was waged in New-York, as well as in other states of the Union, with the utmost violence. It resulted in the election of John Q. Adams by the House of Representatives, in February, 1825. The individuals voted for were Crawford, Jackson, Adams and Clay. A caucus, composed of a portion of the members of Congress, had been held at Washington, which had nominated Mr. Crawford as the candidate of the old republican party. At one time, Mr. Calhoun's claims had been earnestly pressed in Pennsylvania, by many leading politicians who were devoted to his interests, but the great mass of the people there had espoused the cause of General Jackson.

The friends of Jackson, Clay and Adams had refused peremptorily to submit their claims to the arbitrament of a caucus, which caused the division, distraction and defeat of the democracy. Mr. Wright, adhering as he has ever done, to the principles of his party, advocated Mr. Crawford's election.

In order to defeat this wise, honest, and fearless man, in New-York and the contiguous states, a large number of politicians exhausted all their ingenuity and skill, secretly and assiduously, in exciting prejudices against the South. Appeals were made in behalf of Mr. Adams to the pride of the people, and it was urged that all the other candidates were Southern men. By these means large numbers were decoyed from the democratic into the federal ranks.

From the time of the adoption of the federal constitution, up to the period of which we are now speaking, the electors of president and vice president in the State of New-York had been chosen by the Legislature. The federal party which supported Mr. Adams, having ascertained that the republicans had elected a large majority of their friends to the Legislature, in order that they might have another chance, raised the cry that the electors ought to be chosen by the people. The followers of Mr. Clay, who were comparatively few, aided in this movement. As matters then stood, it was certain that Mr. Crawford would receive the undivided vote of the state. The conductors of the federal presses joined in with this cry, and everywhere proclaimed that those members of the Assembly who should refuse to repeal the law which had been so long in force, without complaint from any quarter, were enemies to liberty, to the Constitution, and to the rights of the sovereign people.

It was insisted by the republicans, that there was much danger that the election of the president might be referred to the House of Representatives; that there bargain, intrigue, and management might be practised; that so great a state as New-York should neither divide her vote in the electoral college, and thereby impair her strength, nor aid in any way in taking the election to a body where her political weight could not be an atom greater than that of Rhode Island or Delaware.

But the timid in the more popular branch of the Legislature became alarmed, and gave way, so that the federalists gained the ascendancy there. A bill was passed in the lower House, giving the choice of presidential electors to the people, which was thrown upon the Senate for its action. This body contains thirty-two members, of which seventeen were a bare majority. Every member, except one, was a democrat on paper, and had been returned as such; and yet when this bill was called up for discussion, only seventeen had the courage to oppose it, and denounce the views and schemes of those who had concocted and passed it.—They stood to their posts unterrified, and rejected the bill. Immediately, everywhere throughout the state they were assailed by the federal opposition, and branded as "usurpers and tyrants"—as the "infamous seventeen"—as the "immorally infamous seventeen;" and so great was the height to which the popular fury was excited by the as-

Digitized by Google

siduous arts of the agitators, that they were burned and hanged in effigy in many parts of the country.

At the general election in November, 1824, the democracy was utterly defeated. Upon the causes that combined to produce this effect, it is unnecessary here to pause. The candidate of the opposition for the Executive chair received a majority of seventeen thousand votes. General James Tallmage, who had belonged to, and been a leader in, the republican ranks, went over to the enemy. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor by a majority of thirty-four thousand.

A large number of the *seventeen* remained in the Senate during the session of 1825. The "victors" quarreled and fell into distraction. In this condition of affairs these seventeen exercised a controlling power over the acts of the Legislature. A vacancy was about to occur in the Senate of the United States. An individual who had belonged to the democratic party, but who had deserted and gone over to the federalists, was presented to the Senate, a majority of whom declared that they would not vote for this individual, nor would they accept of his nomination. The House refused to designate any one else, and there was, precisely as has been again recently witnessed, no election. At the ensuing general election in 1826, the republicans again carried the state, and one of their friends was chosen the Senator.

It was at this election that Mr. Wright was nominated to represent the district in which he resided in the Congress of the United States. He had acquired a high reputation for ability and independence in the discharge of his official duty. This was the first occasion on which any one of the *seventeen* had come before the people since the memorable events already detailed had occurred. The contest was bitter beyond all former example, yet Mr. Wright beat his competitor by five hundred votes. In December, 1827, he took his seat. This was the year before the second contest between Jackson and Adams. The republican party in New-York had rallied, and espoused the cause of the former. At the election of 1828 Mr. Wright was again a candidate for Congress in what was called a double district; and notwithstanding that there was much foul play and treachery practised against him, he was successful. His certificate, however, was refused him, and he was compelled to contend for his seat before the House of Representatives, where a decision was made in his favor.

Early in February, 1829, whilst Mr. Wright was employed in the discharge of his duties at Washington, he received from the Legislature of New-York the appointment of Comptroller, whose services, with regard to the financial affairs of that state, correspond precisely with those of the Secretary of the Treasury with regard to the financial concerns of the Union. This office is held for three years. Mr. Wright served out his first term to the entire satisfaction of the public, and was re-elected in 1832. In this year, William L. Marcy, who was a Senator in Congress from New-York, was chosen Governor, and was sworn into office on the first day of January, 1833. Mr. Wright was elected to succeed him, and forthwith took his seat. His first term expired on the third day of March, 1837, but on the first Tuesday of the preceding February, he was re-elected for the constitutional period of six years.

Opportunity to display his eminent abilities was all that Mr. Wright required to secure his rapid advancement. Within twelve years the "village justice" had become one of the representatives of the sovereignty of the "Empire State," containing nearly two millions of people. In October, 1833, occurred the famous removal of the deposites. The opposition, who held the majority in the Senate, determined to attack this bold measure there, and to pass a direct and disgraceful censure upon the executive. It is unnecessary here to advert to the extensive preparations that were made to render this premeditated assault fatal to the Administration, the history of that stormy and eventful period being doubtless still fresh in the memory of most of our readers.

It was at this period that it became the duty of Mr. Wright, Mr. Forsyth and others, to repel the charges which were thus preferred with a united eloquence and ferocity never surpassed in the annals of parliamentary debate, against the administration which they

Digitized by Google

supported, and to defend the course which had been pursued towards the Bank. This was the first occasion on which Mr. Wright had enjoyed an opportunity to act a distinguished part in the deliberations of the Senate, since he had become a member of it. It is almost superfluous to say that he even exceeded the expectations of his friends.

There is in all the movements of Mr. Wright an air of quietness and resolution, of modesty and mildness, which is generally found in a public speaker who feels an unshaken confidence in his intellectual strength and in the justice of his cause. When he rose, the opposition became profoundly attentive, because they knew that he possessed the entire confidence of the Executive, and therefore that whatever revelations he might make were to be regarded as authentic and conclusive. It was evident, in a few moments after he had risen, that he had prepared himself fully, and that he would be able to present the truth with simplicity—without hesitation or the least affectation. —Whilst his adversaries had spoken to the throng within and without the Senate, the young Senator spoke to *it*, and through it to the whole nation. —It was curious to observe with what coolness, energy and effect, combined with the most unruffled courtesy, the orator dispelled, one after another, the delusions under which the opposition had been laboring; and when he at last announced that the Executive was content to appeal from any sentence which they might pronounce, back to the people from whom he and they alike derived their respective powers, the effect was wholly irresistible. It forewarned the federal members, and truly too, that the tempestuous passions of the Senate chamber would soon be quelled by the solemn judgment of their constituents. Mr. Wright passed through this memorable contest as became one of his rare gifts. Even his opponents confessed with admiration the skill and ingenuity of the speaker's logic, and placed him at once in the very front rank of the friends of the Administration, side by side with the best and foremost; while many have been accustomed to assign him the first place, as the Administration "leader" in the Senate, for weight, soundness, discretion, and eloquence.

It will be asked if Mr. Wright is an *orator*. In the common sense of the term, he is not. We have never known him excited beyond his usual level of cool equanimity. He never declaims, he never addresses the passions, nor attempts to charm the imagination with the figures or embellishments of rhetoric. His voice is not melodious, though after listening to it for a short time it becomes not unpleasing. His enunciation is slow, but distinct and fluent. The same accurate logical precision characterises his language and his thoughts. He is the most perfectly calm, methodical and logical speaker, that we have ever listened to. His opinions are habitually marked by moderation—by a constant regard to the results of actual experience, as well as the dictates of an enlarged reason—by a fixed determination to be practical, at the same time that he is giving scope to the broadest general views.

In the course of Mr. Wright's senatorial career, the sessions of the 27th Congress afford evidence of the highest efforts of intellect, and of what may be effected against great odds, by a fearless adherence to principle. The desperate battle fought for its special privileges by the moneyed power, under the United States Bank, aided by concurrent events throughout the commercial world, resulted in 1840 in great national distress. The United States Bank had failed utterly under disgraceful circumstances, and dragged down with it nine sovereign states of the Union, that became insolvent amidst a host of broken banks and bankrupt individuals. Trade was paralysed by the general loss of credit, and prices of all products of labor fell on the hands of the producers. The great struggle of the manufacturers for protection, in 1828 and 1832, had resulted in a compromise tariff which, under a descending scale, biennially reduced duties, and caused them all to approximate a general 20 per cent. duty in 1842. The general distress growing out of financial causes, tempted the manufacturing interest, in 1840, to renew their clamor for "protection," or for the levy of duties for other purposes than the only constituent one of meeting the economical expenses of the government. All these elements



Digitized by Google

combined to favor that cry of "change," which was the watch-word of the hard-cider party, and which undertook to remedy all evils, no matter from what source they might have originated. To bankrupt individuals they promised a loan to expunge their debts. This was supposed to bring, at least, 150,000 votes to the hard-cider flag. Some estimates were as high as 500,000; an official statement, however, of the operations under the bankrupt law, shows the applications for its relief to have been but 33,739. Their liabilities, however, were $440,934,615, and their assets $43,697,307, a remarkable instance of the abuse of credit. The several States had issued $200,000,000 of stock, and of these $100,000,000 were dishonored. To the holders of these the hope of assumption was held out, and distribution of the proceeds of the public lands among the states was *promised* to discharge their claims. The manufacturers were tempted by a higher tariff to supply an alleged deficit in the revenues; to the cramped merchants, and traders, a National Bank to supply them with large loans, was offered; and high prices to producers, with enhanced wages to laborers, were guaranteed. This combination of events and skillful promises resulted in the revolution of 1840, and the election of the remarkable 27th Congress. When the new government came into power in March, 1841, the needy speculators who helped to place them there were impatient for relief, and the new Congress was summoned for the first of June. A large majority, under the dictatorship of Mr. Clay, proceeded eagerly to the work. The Independent Treasury Law was repealed; a National Bank chartered, and vetoed by the hard-cider Congress and Executive. The same fate overtook the provisional tariff. The Bankrupt Act was passed, August 12, 1841, and repealed, March 3, 1843, by the same Congress, which also passed the Distribution Bill, and repealed it after six months' operation. In all these changes and vacillations, the part sustained by Mr. Wright was singularly important. As chairman of the Committee of Finance, under the former Administration, he most effectually crushed the charges of extravagance and wasteful expenditure that had been so freely made. He pointed out the hollowness of the allegations and the gross inconsistencies of those, who, while making them, were needlessly contracting greater debts. The great movement of that extra session, was doubtless to gratify the foreign holders of American bonds, whose agents were in attendance at Washington, by taking out of the Treasury the proceeds of the public land sales, and making them over to the states as a fund for the discharge of those dishonored bonds.—The tariff question was made part and parcel of this scheme. Inasmuch as that the increased expenditure of the federal government was a pretext for those high taxes, which were coveted by manufacturers, as beneficial to their interests, so a diminution of the legitimate revenues of the government led to the same result.—The defeat of that iniquity may mainly be attributed to the exertions of Mr. Wright. The terms of the compromise act stated, that after 1842:

> "Such duties shall be laid for the purpose of raising such revenue as may be necessary to an economical administration of the government."

When the bill, in August, 1841, was brought forward for distributing the land revenues, Mr. Clay quoted this passage with matchless effrontery, as a positive stipulation, that from that time the land revenues should be abandoned, and the customs alone depended upon for revenue. Mr. Wright quickly denounced this perversion of meaning, showing that the passage quoted was merely an additional restriction. When Mr. Clay boldly announced that the object of squandering the land revenues was to cause a necessity for high taxes, and as a means of protection, Mr. Wright exposed the nefarious tendency of the scheme with a degree of clearness and force seldom equalled. Not only did he denounce the unconstitutionality of collecting money to give away, not in support of government or the defence of the country, but showed that it was an attempt to remove a tax from the shoulders of property-holders and lay it upon the poor. The debts of the states were contracted to be paid, if paid at all, by direct taxes on the taxable property of the states. By removing that liability from property, and collecting money through taxes on con-

Digitized by Google

sumable goods, to be paid over to the states, the men of wealth are released at the expense of the poor and the operations of commerce. He said, with great force:

"The states are to be bribed to wink at taking money out of the Treasury, that the people may be taxed to put it back again into the Treasury, and then the states bribed over again, that the people may be taxed over again."

So apparent did this great injustice become under his luminous exposition, that, powerful as was the dictatorship of Mr. Clay, backed by a large majority, the bill could not pass without the following clause:

"That if, at any time, during the existence of this act, there shall be an imposition of duties on imports inconsistent with the provisions of the act of March 2d, 1833, and beyond a rate of duty fixed by that act, to wit; 20 per cent. on the value of such imports, or any of them, then the distribution provided for in this act shall be suspended."

A tariff bill was passed at the same session, imposing 20 per cent. duties on goods before free, in order to enhance the revenues. The general decay of business, arising from financial causes, had diminished commerce and lessened revenues. The whole duties accrued for the fiscal year 1842, reached no more than $16,510,217, a sum inadequate to the wants of the government. In June, 1842, on the expiration of the compromise act, a bill was passed extending temporarily the laws for collecting the revenues, and was vetoed by the Executive. With infinite difficulty a general tariff bill was then passed; not, however, without embracing a clause making inoperative the above provision of the distribution act; that is, the law levying high taxes to supply a deficit revenue, contained in itself a clause to make that deficit greater. This was vetoed. The session was approaching its close, and amid the intense excitement there was great danger that no revenue law would be passed. At length the tariff bill of 1842 was presented and passed, Mr. Wright denouncing it as wrong in principle, and unjust in its operation, voted for it as the only revenue bill that could be passed under existing circumstances, and as repealing the odious distribution law. The squandering of the land revenues among speculators was matter that could not be recalled, but the people always held the right, which they subsequently exercised, of reducing the tariff. Among the iniquities of that extraordinary session, which Mr. Wright strongly combated, and subsequent events showed the sagacity of his views, was the loan bill of April, 1842. The law authorized the government to sell a stock at any price in the market: an unheard-of innovation, ruinous to credit; and the spectacle was soon after exhibited of the government sending an agent to hawk the stock all over Europe, at any price, while it expected Treasury notes to float at par at home. The result of this financiering was, that when trade revived in the following year from the unnatural depression that then hung over it, a surplus of $10,000,000 accumulated in the Treasury, which was loaned to the banks *without* interest, while the government was at the same time paying interest on an equal amount of debt.

After the close of the 27th session of Congress, Mr. Wright was called to preside over the state of New-York, and at the election of November, 1844, received the largest number of votes ever cast in the state for one individual. At the first session of the Legislature after the election, the financial policy of the state reached a crisis which eminently called for that unswerving integrity and soundness of judgment for which the people had frequently relied on Silas Wright, and never in vain. His single-hearted confidence in the ultimate success of sound principles when submitted to the people for judgment, was well expressed, when on the occasion of his vote in the Senate against the provisional tariff, embracing the distribution clause, Mr. Clay taunted him with the displeasure of his constituents for voting against supplies to the government, he replied:

"As to the honorable Senator's commentary upon the vote he was about to give against this tax bill, he had but a single remark to make. The Senator had told him to go home and meet those constituents, if he could. That he was most anxious to do, and to be permitted that inestimable privilege, at an early day, he had consented to meet this great and grave question at this late hour, and in this summary manner. *He had, upon repeat-*

Digitized by Google

*ed occasions, met the rebukes of those intelligent and patriotic constituents, and never, he was bound to presume, when he did not richly deserve them;* and he had sometimes enjoyed their approbation.—He was anxious to meet them now, and would cheerfully abide their verdict upon this vote."

In those disastrous years following the election of 1838, the sound policy of the government of the state of New-York, in relation to its public works, underwent a great change. Instead of adhering to the original plan of enlargement of the Erie canal, viz. to spend only the surplus revenues in its prosecution, it was resolved to borrow money for that purpose, as well as to construct other works upon credit, and also to loan the credit of the state to joint stock companies for the construction of railroads. In pursuance of these views, the debt of the state was rapidly increased. Large amounts of stocks were issued to companies on their demand, and thrown at any price upon the market, in a time of pressure. Not only was the supply of stock already large, but the system pursued was such as to indicate no limit to the amount yet to be issued. The credit of the state was rapidly sinking, and New-York six per cent. stocks fresh from the Comptroller, were sold at 20 per cent. discount. Many states had failed. Pennsylvania was dishonored; the liabilities of the state of New-York were already beyond its means, and insolvency seemed inevitable. Fortunately at that moment a change took place, and the law of 1842 gave a new direction to affairs, and saved the honor of the state. The law of 1842 contemplated the final extinguishment of the state debt in 22½ years from the passage of the act. To do this, a sinking fund was established. Thus the amount of the debt was then $20,710,-335. on which the annual interest was $1,127,728, and the law required that a sum equal to one-third this interest, or $375,909 should annually be set apart from the canal revenues, for the redemption of the principal of the debt, and if the canal revenues in any one year did not yield enough to set apart that sum, the deficit should be added to the amount set apart in the next year of larger revenues. These contributions, improved by annual accumulations of interest, will, if rigidly persevered in, suffice to extinguish the debt. The law also suspended the prosecution of the public works; authorized specific loans to defray outstanding engagements, and levied a direct tax to make good the deficiency in the revenues to meet the annual liabilities of the state.

The results to be obtained by this law, were the total extinguishment of the debt of the state, a removal of the direct tax imposed to preserve the public faith, and to leave the surplus canal revenues, after these objects were attained, at liberty to be applied to the prosecution of the public works. The successful operation of the law, and its good effects upon the credit of the state, partially aided a relaxation of vigilance on the part of the Legislature, and a bill was passed appropriating money for the resumption of the state works. Perhaps, by a misunderstanding of the law of 1842, it was supposed that the surplus contemplated by it as applicable to such objects, already existed. This bill was promptly vetoed, May 13, 1845, in a message of great clearness and force, giving a most luminous exposition of the state finances, and of that sound policy in which it is necessary to persevere, in order to relieve the state from the effects of the disastrous legislation of 1838–40.

In all the positions which Mr. Wright has occupied before the people, we always discover that firm adherence to sound principle, which never bends to circumstances or yields to expediency. In private life, he is as simple and frugal in his habits as he is dignified and generous in pub.ic. While his untiring and laborious industry commands the admiration of the observer, his affable and courteous manners wins the regard of all. Devoted to his principles, his party and his friends, because in them he sees the true highest interests of his country, he is, as we firmly believe, the most perfectly free from all personal ambition or interestedness, of all the public men of the day.

It will be seen from the above that Mr. Wright is yet in the flower of his age, being only in his fifty-first year. We look forward to a glorious continuance and eventual consummation, of the high political career, along which we have thus slightly traced his strong and steady footsteps.

Digitized by Google

# LIFE INSURANCE.*

In the United States, where the character of the people is eminently active and enterprising, and the disposition of most men is to hazard their capital boldly in the operations of commerce or schemes of improvement, with perfect confidence in their own resources of mind and physical powers, it happens more frequently, perhaps, than in any other country, that the best laid plans and the most glowing visions of future prosperity are suddenly cut short by the relentless approach of death. A family, reared in the lap of plenty, with brilliant expectations, suddenly finds itself without resources, and the aged and feeble exposed to unwonted hardships. The main spring of action, in the minds of most men, is to provide for their families. Every feeling of laudable pride, and every kindly sentiment of our natures, urges to this object. When it is attained through the accumulation of a competency, how often do men withdraw from the active pursuits of business. The great care of life being satisfied, the head of a family becomes impressed with the consoling consciousness that, let death overtake him when it will, his duty is discharged towards those who are dependent upon him, and his death will not involve penury and want upon his dearest connections. How few, however, of all those who labor and toil through a long life of divers vicissitudes, finally arrive at this desired consummation! Almost every undertaking in life is attended with great risk and uncertainty, and in whatever occupation men may engage with confidence, they will generally encounter obstacles to baffle their calculations, paralyze their industry, and frustrate their intentions. As we have stated, death, which enters but little into the calculations of active and sanguine men, is the most frequent agent in thwarting their designs and making destitute their families. How frequent is the exclamation among deserving men: "If my life is spared for a given time, my family will be placed above fear of want!" Yet how seldom does it occur to those men that, while they insure their house against fire, they neglect to insure their lives against that contingency, which alone will prevent their families from being destitute. By the contracts of Life Insurance the insurers engage that he shall not die within a limited period, and if he does, a sum, agreed upon, shall be paid to his family, or those entitled to receive it by the terms of the policy. In making such an arrangement, the individual leaves his mind and exertions entirely unshackled. If he lives, he feels confident that his own resources are sufficient for the attainment of the desired object. If he dies, he has provided a sure fund for the same end. It is, nevertheless true, that notwithstanding the shrewd appropriation of means, so general among citizens of the United States, insuring of lives has not been generally adopted. This may arise mostly from want of acquaintance with the practical operation and its result. Indeed, life insurance is not of very long standing in any country. The first institution in England was in 1706, and the benefits derived from that, appear to have given a spur to the multiplication of companies.

The principle of life insurance is a most complete exemplification of Bacon's inductive system, from individuals to genera, and from observation to axiom. It is with the future and the doctrine of chances, as guided by the experience of the past, that all life insurance has to do. In the calculation by which a company undertakes to assure, which is the term mostly applied to life risks, an individual that he shall not die within a given time, it is governed by the known laws that affect the mass. Nothing is more certain than that death will overtake an indi-

* 1st. Litten on Life Insurance. 2d. Return of Life Insurance Companies of New-York, agreeable to standing order of the Chancellor of state.

Digitized by Google

vidual, and nothing more uncertain than the age at which he will die. Yet from accurate statistical observations of the number of persons who die in any particular locality, at each age of their lives, the proportion of the mass who die at each age is ascertained with accuracy, and on this proportion is based the calculation which seeks to make the amount of premiums paid until death, equal to the sum to be paid at death, together with the expenses and profits of the company. By ascertaining the number of persons in 1,000 who die at any given age, can be found the chances of life of those who live, and from these chances are deduced the value of an annuity or insurance on a life at any age. Thus, if it is found in successive years, that out of 100 persons 60 die at a certain age, then 40 survive it. The chance of any one out of the hundred that he will die at that age is, therefore, 60-100. If, then, an association should engage to pay $1 for each death at that age, it would have to disburse $60; to do this it must charge the whole hundred such a premium each, as will make good that sum, besides expenses and profits. If these two items should be $10, then the company must collect from 100 $70, in order to pay 60 persons $60. The premium will therefore be 70 cents each. But as the 70 cts. would be received at the beginning of the year, the company would invest it so as to yield an interest of 6 per cent. Deducting that interest, therefore, it would charge $66 04 only each, which would make good the 70 cts. at the end of the year. It is obvious that the first element of the calculation is an accurate table of the chances of life, compiled from actual observation in any locality. In England there are two tables in use; one framed by Carlisle, believed to be the most accurate for England, and one called the Northampton table. From the table of Carlisle it appears, that out of 10,000 persons born together, 4,000 will reach 56 years, and that of the number 124 will die in their 66th year. Hence the chance that a person 56 years old will die at the age of 66 is 124-4,000. Now, if a company agree to pay $100 on the condition that he dies in his 66th year, it must be considered that at 4 per cent. per annum, the present value of $100, recurrable 10 years hence, is $67,556. If, then, its receipt at that time depends upon the death of a person 56 years old, its value will be 124-4,000 of $67,556, or $2,094. Upon these principles rest all life insurances and annuities. Observations of mortality are made through successive years, showing the chances of life at different ages, and in the different sexes; for they find female longer than male lives. The expenses of management and profit are settled. The average rate of interest at which can be made investment of their premiums and of their capital, if they have any, is estimated. And from these they can make out, and have at different times made out, a tariff of proportionate premiums for sums to be paid in gross at death, commencing at any age, for any number of years, or for a whole life. A contract can be made understandingly, the loss is properly divided, and the grand aim of insurance attained.

The profit of a company depends upon the accuracy of its calculations as to the duration of life. If from any cause they charge too low a premium, they undermine the first principle of insurance, viz. the *security* of the insured person. It has been the case, however, that they err on the other side. That is to say, if a table shows 60 persons die of a certain age, they may estimate the number at 65 or 70, and charge accordingly. This was the case with the Equitable Society of London. For 15 years it used tables which gave the average of lives below the actual average, and its profits were immense, and it has since reduced its premium charges 25 per cent. The insurers may make themselves safe; and the insured must remember that it is upon the office's so doing, and calculating their premiums so high as to render the payment of losses, when they occur, absolutely certain, that their own security depends. It is the interest of the insured, even more than of the insurers, that there shall be no loss by cheap and inadequate premiums: for, an insurer to insist upon reducing premiums, or patronizing a company who put them too low, is to cut away his own support, and subject himself to loss of premium, and his heirs to loss of the sum insured by the bankruptcy of the unwise office. Pre-

Digitized by Google

miums must be calculated somewhat higher than the bare mathematical rates, in order to afford leeway for the extent of time through which a contract for life insurance runs. The duty of the office is, to regulate its premiums as near the line of safety as it can; and then, the representatives of those who die insured, will certainly receive what was contracted to be paid upon the happening of that event.

Life Insurance companies are of three classes. The first of which are, common joint stock companies, where individuals subscribe a capital, take risks, and divide all the profits among the stockholders. These are called Proprietary Companies, and have been popular from the supposed security derived from the subscribed capital, although we know of no instance when that capital was ever available. The second class are mixed companies, which are joint stock institutions, with individual stockholders; but instead of contracting to pay fixed sums at the termination of the life insured, they, first paying the stockholders' simple annual interest, and setting aside a contingent fund, divide the balance of their net profits among those who have taken out policies for life at their office. The subscribing shareholders supply a capital, and take upon themselves the risk of loss, and then divide a certain proportion, generally two-thirds, among the assured. The third class of companies are the mutual. In this class, the whole of the profits, after deducting expenses and a proportion to accumulate a guarantee fund, are divided among those who are holders of policies for life. Every one insured is, during the existence of his policy, a partner in the concern, and is mutually the insurer as well as the insured. The greatest degree of popularity and usefulness appears to be effected by the latter societies.

The main inducements held out by the mixed and the mutual societies, are the division of the profits. The way in which this division is actually effected, is as various almost as the societies are numerous. There are two general methods that have been adopted, which are the following:—At stated periods an investigation takes place, a balance sheet is made, and the proportion of the profits to be divided among the holders of policies for life, are apportioned to the individuals, either by addition to the amount, which they insured, and paid their premium, originally, and which they are to receive when the policy falls in; or, their proportion is applied under known rules, to diminishing the annual premiums that they are to pay in future. The details of these two methods are very various.

For a more full understanding of our subject, we give some of the rules of division in the English companies. The Alliance Office requires, that life policy holders shall have five successive annual premiums. It may be proper to remark, that the dividends are always confined to insurers for a whole life, which is an inducement for such policies, and such actually form by far the greatest proportion of the contracts made. The "Law Life," requires three annual payments to entitle to a dividend. One society limits dividends to holders of whole life policies, of £100 and upwards. Another requires that it shall be one of the five thousand policies of oldest date in the office, and shall have paid six successive annual premiums to be entitled to a dividend. The general proportion of the profits so divided is two-thirds; but some divide three-fourths, others all, after a moderate deduction for guarantee and expenses of management. Another, after a deduction like the last, divides equally between stockholders and assured. Another, takes one fifth for a guarantee before division. The "Rock," sets aside £5,000 first, then divides the remainder of the net profits into three parts: one to be added to the capital, as proprietor's fund, and the other two-thirds to be divided, as stated in the contract policy, when made. Another, divides two-sixths among the policy holders; and another, intending to return to the stockholders the sum subscribed, together with one hundred per cent. additional, sets aside one-tenth of the profits for this purpose, and divides the remaining nine-tenths between the assured and the shareholder, in the proportion of eight to the former, and one to the latter.—While another office makes a positive addition of ten per cent. every tenth year, to all sums insured for a single life; and still another, the Mutual Life

Digitized by Google

Insurance Company, London, established in 1824, adds to each policy as it falls in, not waiting for any fixed periods of dividends, its full proportionate share of these accumulated profits; and is, therefore, equally advantageous to old and new members.

The advantage of reducing succeeding premiums, which is the other mode of sharing the profits, may be sometimes greater than that of adding to the amount of the policy when it falls in. For instance, when an annual payment becomes onerous or inconvenient, or when a debtor insures another's life, and wishes, of course, to secure himself at as cheap a rate as possible, and with the least outlay.—Some offices combine the advantages of both methods, by making the addition to the policy at the stated dividend year, and thereafter applying the interest of the amount so added, to reducing the succeeding annual premiums; while another office stipulates that the additions shall be payable, without interest, at the time the policy falls in. In some societies, it is optional with the insured, to have the dividends applied as an addition to the policy, or to reduce the future premiums. In some, this option is confined to those insuring for their own lives, and in some, it must be declared at the making of the policy; in others, within three calendar months after the declaration of the dividend.

This great variety is a consequence of the struggle for popularity of competition; but, fortunately, it also embraces points of advantage to the insurers, adapted to their various circumstances and situations. He who would profit by such useful and philanthropical institutions, should remember that their very essence is caution. He should, therefore, not be misled to overlook safety, in the unwise wish to get a cheap premium.

Nor does it follow that money paid for premiums on a life are lost, when the insured did not die. One may continue his insurance for a whole life, at a little higher premium, which is the best kind of life insurance, much better than for years. If, then, at any time the payment of the premium should become onerous, or the end for which he wished security, answered, he can sell his interest, and transfer the policy to some one to whom the payment would be convenient, and who would gain by it, as being an old policy, the premium is less than if a new assurance was made. Or one can surrender it to the company for an equivalent calculated upon known, fixed, and equitable principles, depending on the time for which it was insured, the probability of the policy's falling in, and the amount of premium already paid; or, still again, one can pledge the policy and borrow money from it, either from the company itself, or from others. In some organizations of companies, the mixed or mutual, a life policy that has been running some time, may become of very great marketable value.

If a creditor is in danger of losing his debt, in case a person who owes him should die suddenly, he may insure his debtor's life. It is necessary in this case, however, that the party insuring should have not only a legitimate interest in the person whose life is insured at the time the policy is taken out; but that the interest should continue down to the hour of his death. In this case insurance is regarded as an indemnity against the loss of the debt. This principle was established in England in the case of the Hon. William Pitt, the celebrated minister. He owed his coachmakers £1000, and they had his life insured for £500. After his death Parliament paid his debts, and among others, the coachmaker's bill, but they brought an action against the company for the insurance, and lost the case on the ground that the debt Mr. Pitt owed, then had been paid before they commenced the suit. In the great competition for business among the companies, which has sprung up of late years, many of the restrictions that formerly were rigidly adhered to. The above requirement, that an insurance of another's life should have an interest in that life, is with the English companies, now scarcely regarded, although in full force in the United States By a law of April 1, 1840, the state of New-York enacted a law, of which the 1st section explains itself as follows:

Section 1st.—It shall be lawful for any married woman, by herself and in her name, or in the name of any third person, with his assent, as her trustee, to cause to be insured, for her sole use, the life of her husband for any definite period, or for the

Digitized by Google

term of his natural life; and in case of her surviving her husband, the sum or net amount of the insurance becoming due and payable by the terms of the insurance, shall be payable to her, to and for her own use, free from the claims of the representatives of her husband, or of any of his creditors: but such exemption shall not apply where the amount of premium annually paid shall exceed $300.

Section 2d.—In case of the death of the wife before the decease of her husband, the amount of the insurance may be made payable, after her death, to her children for their use, and to their guardian, if under age.

It is, undoubtedly, the case that the prevalence of peace, and the general improvement which has taken place in the condition of most people, particularly in England and the United States, that the value of life has considerably enhanced, and tables which indicated correctly a certain degree of mortality 30 years since would now be above the actual average of deaths, and consequently the officers may safely relax some of those more rigorous requirements that formerly were necessary to the safety of the insured, as well as insurers. The small sums that offices demand annually, for the engagement to pay a certain sum in the event of death, cause the institution to assume the form of saving's banks. Small deposites, made occasionally with a company, can be converted into a life insurance. In this manner, an insurance would cost but little, and economy in expenses, a retrenchment of some unnecessary luxuries, would fortify a family against the consequence of the untimely death of its head. There are, too, contracts of survivorship; insurances made upon two or more lives, an amount to be paid upon the contingency of one dying before the other; and insurances upon joint lives, the amounts to be paid at the death of either of the persons. Contracts for deposits, endowments, and trusts, whether for a marriage settlement, provision for children, or guardianship, at simple or compound interest, do not need any explanation; suffice it to say, that life insurance companies, in practice, will carry out their proposals of bargaining "wherein the contingency of life or death is concerned, and their payments are made fully and fairly upon legal proof of life or death, as the contract may be."

---

## MUTATIONS OF TIME.

Spring had put forth her blossoms, and the earth
Smil'd 'neath their rich abundance; the free birth
Of crystal waters, from their founts unseal'd,
Was hail'd with gladness, and their waves reveal'd
The onward rushing of far-flowing streams,
As burnish'd silver in the sun-light gleams.
Aye, all sprang forth at Spring's reviving pow'r—
The forest buds, the voice of birds—the hour
When every semblance of stern Winter's reign
Had cast aside its chill, benumbing chain,
And man, oh Father! offer'd pure and free,
Their hearts' full homage fervently to thee:
To Thee, who guidest in their onward flow
The season's changes, and doth cause to grow
The buried germ, while through the pathless sky
Thou guid'st the planets with unerring eye,
And over all things ever here below
Thy hands united—pow'r and wisdom throw.
Then fields were till'd and seeds of promise sown,
Where Winter late had reign'd supreme, alone,

Digitized by Google

And every gift known 'neath the genial sky
Of spring came forth, until triumphantly
The breezes swept o'er earth's expansive breast
Which Nature's bounty had superbly drest
In gorgeous livery, whose every hue
With the progressing season deeper grew,
Till Spring had pass'd, and vernal sun and rain
Gave way once more to Summer's glorious train.

Summer, whose light burst from the vaulted sky
O'er peaceful fields—o'er ramparts strong and high—
Whose sun illum'd the everlasting seas,
And shone above the varied destinies
Of nations! while, alike its balmy air
Swept o'er each scene of triumph and despair;
Whose sky unclouded shed a soften'd glow
Of faultless tint of azure hue below,
While 'neath its smiles earth's foliage once again
To rich exub'rance and perfection came,
And Nature woke!—all nature unto life,
And man and insect were together rife
With joy and gladness,—every bird and flow'r
Deck'd in the gaudy plumage of the hour,
Came forth, while o'er the earth's expansive sheen
Of em'rald glory grazing herds were seen,
And all beneath the arch of God partook
The smile of nature and its sunny look.

And, too, oh Summer! 'neath thy lengthen'd days
Affection sprang and ripen'd.—In the ways
Of love's congenial path, the rustic swain
By Nature taught excels the city dame,
Whose pent-up airs of affectation speak
A mind by nature or by culture weak;
Whose guide is fashion, and whose aim is show,
Which fully check all worthy passions' flow—
Chilling them at their fountain,—or else turn
Them into scenes of rural life, to learn
Nature's true greatness in the spirit school'd
To artless virtues, and where life is ruled
By modest wisdom, scorning pride which clothes
The outward body in a garb which glows
With gaudy colors, while the *mind*—our free
And only gift of immortality,
Goes plodding on unguided through the maze
Of nature's lab'rinths, seeking not the ways
Of those whose minds are as rich coffers fill'd
With rich and priceless jewels. * * *

In the still gliding of those summer hours
Dame Wisdom flourish'd, and Ambition's pow'rs
Gather'd new strength, and doubly strove to gain
The goal of bliss mankind had sought in vain;
In vain yet ever, and should time ensue,
For age on age, still will they all pursue
That fickle goddess, Happiness! whose shrine
Glows in the distance and in every clime—
Alike doth lure its eager seekers on
From step to step, and yet when poised upon
Hope's highest summit, it eludes their grasp,
As rainbow colors when the storm is past.

Digitized by Google

Aye vain the search, while reason guides the flow
Of human knowledge—and while thought doth know
A boundless limit which will pierce the clouds,
The Past or Future, which alike enshrouds,
And teaches man, each day, where'er they tread,
To view the ashes of the ancient dead;
And ponder while, perchance, beneath their feet,
Each crumbling atom once had glow'd and beat
With life and gladness, that alike in turn
We all must fill Death's never-sated urn,
And o'er our memory glides the fabled stream
Of Leth'n waters, leaving not a dream
Of those who lived—who flourished—pass'd away—
And ruled in cities where uncheck'd decay
Swept every record of their name—their race—
From off the earth, mankind's brief resting-place.

So nature passes with unruffled flow,
And smiles or frowns alike on all below.
So pass'd that summer with its light and shade,
So Autumn came, when earth was gaily made
To bask once more beneath the sunlight, drest
In myri'd colors, and whose dazzling breast
Shone forth unrival'd in rich grandeur spread,
Round every path which man had chanc'd to tread.

Oh, matchless Autumn! thou did'st kindly bring
Unnumber'd blessings on thy airy wing;
Then Earth her increase yielded once again,
And fruit perfected, and her ripen'd grain
Stood waving, ready for the reaper's stroke;
And o'er each vale and hill full soon awoke
Th' gath'ring songs of those who hap'ly sped
To reap the harvest Nature's hand had spread.

All, all went forth, of every age and clime,
To view the Autumn in its glorious time,
And revel 'neath the universal light
Shed by the day-god in his onward flight;
And in the stillness of that balmy hour,
Gay childhood's gladness and stern manhood's pow'r
Form'd strongest contrast with the hoary sage,
Which love of Nature's ever-varied page
Had made companions—while eyes bright and dim,
Spoke of such thankful eloquence within,
As raiseth man, though briefly, far above
Earth and its longings, to that fount of love
Which basks in glory.—Thus, most swiftly pass'd
Those autumn-days of promise, and the *last*
Gay vintage season, ere man's echoing tread
Unmark'd should slumber with the kindred dead,
And all alike, in every clime, cast down
The regal sceptre or the laurel crown.

Lo! every breeze is hush'd, and silence reigns
In painful stillness e'er earth's broad domains,
While nature decks th' blue etherial sky
With deeper garb of more cerule'n dye;
Then in the presence of earth's breathless throng,
Lights up the heavens with brilliancy, along

Digitized by Google

The eastern sky, whose still expanding flame
One molten sea of living light became—
Clothing in grandeur awful and sublime,
Earth's passing glories in each varied clime.

Then wildly rose, and echoed far on high,
The piercing shriek—th' shrill impetuous cry
Of those who left, unguarded in the field,
The richest treasures of the harvest's yield—
Who rudely cast, beside the ripen'd ear,
Their toil-worn sickles—while the warrior's spear
Sank from the grasp of those who strove to gain
A brilliant heritage of deathless fame;
And man stood forth, void of all earthly pow'r,
To shield or save in that terrific hour.

High beat each heart and vainly yearn'd to greet
The holy Temple, or the lov'd retreat,
Where kindred spirits lighten every care,
And deathless love burns ever brightly there.
Then the poor exile, friendless and alone,
Pour'd forth a prayer, and in a thrilling moan
Breath'd of his home, his native land and seas—
Of glories wafted in the eastern breeze;
While Christians turn'd their every thought on high,
And welcom'd death beneath that glaring sky,—
Though with the crash of elements it came,
And quickly cloth'd mankind with living flame.

'Twas Earth's last morn! loud—louder burst the shock
Of jarring elements—while mount and rock,
With mighty impulse to and fro were driv'n,
Then cast to earth in fragments wildly riv'n.

Earth, whose foundations rudely were uptorn,
And man—frail man—launch'd into that fair morn
Of fadeless grandeur;—then Earth sank to rest—
Dust!—dust!—upon th' sun's imperial breast,
Which once had bath'd with light our circling sphere,
From day to day—from year to passing year,
Until had cloth'd earth's brief allotted days,
Then claim'd its ashes as a meed of praise.

So comes the angel, when man's hopes are spread
Far o'er the future, and with noiseless tread
Sweeps forth unnoticed 'mid the busy throng,
Placing his signet here and there, along
Life's moving current, bearing far away,
In close embrace, alike the grave and gay.

Hence let us learn to cherish ever here
Stern Wisdom's teachings, ere the sable bier
Waits at the door, to bear us where may lave,
Full soon, oblivion darkly o'er the grave;
Hence learn to live with purpose pure and high,
And living learn with sages how to die.

*Towanda, Penn.*

Digitized by Google

# THE GODDESS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

## A BOHEMIAN LEGEND.

"Love—from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
Of dead endurance—from the slippery steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs,
And folds over the world its healing wings."
[*Prometheus Unbound.*

In the early ages of the world lived the Beautiful Goddess—the fairest upon earth—the divinity of love—called Venus, Cytherea, Aphrodite, Minna, or by whatever name it pleased the sons of men to call her. Wherever she went she was honored as the archetype of all the forms of grace and beauty.—Temples were built to her; groves were consecrated to her images, and happy were those to whom her presence was manifested. Three celestial sisters, the Graces, attended her, and derived from her such radiance of loveliness that they were hailed wherever they moved—the benefactors of the human race.

The Beautiful was of heavenly origin, and immortal youth was her portion. Popular tradition represented her as having risen from the foam of the sea; for the pearly crest of the wave was an emblem of her airy lightness and purity.

But the time came when the belief in divinities of various orders gave place to a severer and sublimer creed. The Goddess of Love was no longer worshipped; her temples were thrown down; her statues vanished from the groves. She lived still—but life was nought to her without love. She withdrew into solitudes; no one followed her thither. Then, wounded by an infinite woe, she fled from the wilds, and plunged into the abyss of ocean.

The Goddess, Venus—or Minna, as the Germans called her—sank into the ocean's depths, but perished not. The wild waters, in their everlasting soothing, writhed and roared around her pale form; but her heart beat warmly as before. The nymphs of the sea, moved by her beauty, built her a palace of pearls; laid garlands at her feet, and named her their queen.

Many long years dwelt Minna below in the sea, though at rare intervals she would ascend to the upper air. There, if a son of earth, captivated by her beauty, fixed his gaze upon her, she would turn away quickly and descend beneath the waves, while but vain wishes remained to him. Months thus grew into years, years into lustres and centuries; and still the Goddess, surrounded by her nymphs, lived in her palace of pearls—herself the brightest pearl, and queen of the sea.

At last came longings after the green earth. She was weary of the eternal murmur of ocean waters, and longed to slumber again in her bowers of roses. Were she to appear again among men, she thought, her faithful votaries would throng around her and name her their sovereign, and she would rule as before, with rose-wreathed sceptre, over the world.

Thus, on a lovely morning in spring she again walked the earth. The air was soft and balmy; nature bloomed with fresh beauty, and the Goddess thought the time had come for the re-establishment of her dominion.

Full of hope, she passed over plain and meadow. Men saw her, and gazed astonished at her beauty, but stayed not long to admire: for ambition, avarice and thirst of gain filled their hearts. Even the nobler among them dreaded her power and fled from her presence.

"Ah!" sighed Minna, "I see—I feel too well—my power in this world is at an end. But few would acknowledge my sovereignty, and these must I win by coy, seductive arts, if I would build up the throne that is mine by eternal right! I will leave the earth forever!" So saying, the Goddess sprang into a fountain that bubbled up at hand, and its heated waters closed over her head.

This time no nymphs received her;

Digitized by Google

no pearly palace rose for her abode; no sweeping ocean sang its lullaby. In the burning fountain the Beautiful gradually turned to stone. Her heart yet beat, instinct with love, but her limbs were motionless; her form grew like a marble statue, pale and cold, though heavenly fair. She strove in vain to unclose her eyes or move her lips; the spirit was imprisoned hopelessly within the breast of stone.

Thus lay the heavenly one, buried beneath the earth, and none knew whither she had gone. A few in the world, initiated votaries, missed the glory of her presence, and sought her everywhere in vain. How long she slumbered in the fountain tradition does not declare. The Emperor Charles IV. first discovered the fountain; it was excavated, and soon after a convulsion of the earth not far from Carlsbad, with a fierce struggle of conflicting elements, lifted the petrified form to the surface of the ground.

The beautiful statue was borne to the castle of a wealthy prince, and placed in a gallery where there were innumerable other images of gods and goddesses. It was said to be a creation of ancient art.

It was sad for Minna to take her place among these cold dead figures.—Though to all appearance as lifeless as the rest, the living, sentient heart yet throbbed in her bosom!

A mighty count of the Rhine visited the gallery of the prince, and was so enchanted with the statue that he obtained it as a gift from the owner. It was conveyed to his own noble castle, and placed in a small temple of exquisite workmanship, embowered with roses. Artists visited it as a masterpiece of sculpture and a monument of the Grecian age, and strove to make copies of its wonderful beauty. The count died, and his young son was removed to the distant dwelling of his uncle.

Years passed, and the young Count Oswald grew into a noble youth. In his first battle he won the golden spurs, and a name among the brave and renowned heroes of his father-land.

He might have chosen a bride among the noblest and fairest ladies of the country; but none of those he saw, however eminent in birth and loveliness, equalled the fair ideal of beauty and grace enshrined in his heart. Where he had seen this heavenly image he knew not; but it haunted his dreams, and stood before him night and day.

After many wanderings, the count visited his ancestral castle. The old castellan had preserved the buildings and grounds in excellent order, and his home was pleasant to the heart of Oswald. Not many days after his return, while walking in the gardens, he perceived the little temple overgrown with rose-bushes, which had been the favorite sporting-place of his boyhood.—He entered. Before him, in snowy marble, stood the image he had so long worshipped.

From this time he passed the greater part of every day in the temple, gazing on the divine statue, and often, at night, might be seen, torch in hand, moving stealthily and in silence towards the consecrated spot. Happy for many months was he in the contemplation. By degrees a passionate longing crept into his soul; he desired to breathe life into the marble breast. He had heard the story of Pygmalion, and, as day after day he yielded to the enchanting vision, it seemed at length not impossible to him. Every wish—every thought—every aspiration tended to this alone. His reason, under the consuming ardor of this longing, had nearly forsaken him.

It was fortunate for him that war broke out again, and honor called Count Oswald to the field. Commending the beloved statue, from which he separated with bitter anguish, to the especial care of the castellan, he departed.

And Minna! She had seen Count Oswald; she had listened to his vows of love; her heart had beat for him, though still imprisoned in the cold and motionless stone. Till now, she had only inspired, but never felt, the passion of love. Sorrow weighed on her spirit; she repented her former flight from earth; she struggled to burst from her thraldom and return to a visible life;—for in her innocent delusion she deemed the noble figure of Oswald a piece of sculpture animated, and his soul of heavenly origin like her own.

A warrior in distant lands, Count Oswald won fame by his sword. His victories and the homage rendered him awakened in his breast the dormant spirit of ambition. The war was closed triumphantly; victory was celebrated

Digitized by Google

ty feasts and rejoicings, and the young hero, lauded by all—caressed by the high-born and fair, forgot the image he had worshipped. With permission of the emperor, he paid court to a maiden of the imperial family. Yet in the new love was some trace of the former; for the young Countess Irma, his betrothed bride, resembled the marble statue in his temple, save that she possessed not the divine and ineffable charm that encompassed Minna like a halo of glory.

The mother of Countess Irma wished the marriage of the youthful pair to be celebrated with great magnificence in the ancestral castle of Count Oswald. She travelled thither with her daughter and a numerous train of followers, accompanied by the count, with the noble and distinguished guests they had invited to grace the occasion.—Count Oswald, happy as he was at Irma's side, felt a sensation of indefinite anxiety as they approached his home. It almost seemed to him as if he had been guilty of falsehood to a living and conscious object of love. He resolved never to enter the temple; he would remove to another castle, but would preserve the shrine of the beautiful statue unprofaned, veiled by its encircling drapery of rose-trees and myrtles—a monument of the happiest days of his life.

From afar had the imprisoned goddess perceived the approach of Oswald; and a thrill of pain shot through her breast, as she saw him avoid the temple, and pass through the grounds with his bride. Numerous guests filled the gardens, which were gorgeously illuminated; for the following day was the bridal.

Suddenly a well-known step sounded; and the next moment Count Oswald stood before the marble figure. His face was pale; but on his finger glistened the ring of gold, with which he was on the morrow to espouse the lady Irma.

"Oh, divine image!" he exclaimed, sighing; "who can equal thee!"

He rushed wildly from the temple. Trumpets and lordly music sounded through the still night from the lofty hall of the castle. The feet of the dancers and the blithe notes of revelry echoed to its festal sweep. Then did the wild storm of anguish its work, which the gleam of tender joy could never accomplish. The throb of despairing wo sent the warm blood once more through the veins of the Beautiful Goddess. Her fair hands were clasped and lifted heavenward, and slowly she passed from the temple, through the avenue of lindens, towards the castle.

There was high feasting in the ancient hall; the bride and guests were joyous; but Oswald was sad at heart; his soul had returned with an earnest and ineffable desire, that was in itself agony, to his early love. Ere long it was perceived that a strange lady, simply attired in white, but beautiful beyond description, mingled with the richly-dressed dames, who were glittering with jewels. None knew her—but none ventured to inquire her name. There was a glory about her that dazzled all eyes, and subdued all hearts.

She advanced towards Count Oswald, whose face was suffused with sudden joy. The music began to play more loudly; the strange lady placed her fair finger on her lip, and turning, passed in silence from the hall. Oswald hastened after her, none of the others venturing to follow.

What further took place is unknown. When the next morning the pages went to awaken their lord, they found his chamber empty. After much search, he was discovered in the little temple, lying lifeless at the feet of the marble statue. The arms of the goddess were stretched out over him; but she was cold and motionless as before. Only for a brief space had passion prevailed to animate that wondrous form; and her spirit was again locked in stone.

The Count Oswald was buried with great pomp. The castle passed into the hands of other possessors; and the fair statue was transferred from owner to owner, till lost sight of by the contemporaries of the count. It stands, at this day, in some cabinet of antiquities; and none know that life is hid beneath the polished marble, or that intense and yearning love abides in the breast that seems so cold. From time to time, it is said, this ardor of feeling is enabled to burst her fetters; and she mingles at night, for a brief space, among the living. Many, who know this, imagine themselves to have received visits from her; and some, to whom she has appeared in reality, are unconscious of being favored with a revelation of the Beautiful.

Digitized by Google

## THE NORSEMAN'S RIDE.

The frosty fires of Northern starlight
Gleamed on the glittering snow,
And through the forest's frozen branches
The shrieking winds did blow;
A floor of blue and icy marble
Kept ocean's pulses still,
When, in the depths of dreary midnight,
Opened the burial hill.

Then, while the low and creeping shudder
Thrilled upward through the ground,
The Norseman came, as armed for battle,
In silence from his mound;
He, who was mourned in solemn sorrow
By many a swordsman bold,
And harps that wailed along the ocean,
Struck by the Skalds of old!

Sudden, a swift and silver shadow
Came up from out the gloom—
A charger that with hoof impatient,
Stamped noiseless by the tomb.
"Ha, Surtur!* let me hear thy tramping,
My fiery northern steed!
That, sounding through the stormy forest,
Bade the bold Viking heed!"

He mounted: like a north-light streaking
The sky with flaming bars,
They, on the winds so wildly shrieking,
Shot up before the stars.
"Is this thy mane, my fearless Surtur,
That streams against my breast?
Is this thy neck, that curve of moonlight
Which Helva's hand caressed?

"No misty breathing strains thy nostril,
Thine eye shines blue and cold,
Yet, mounting up our airy pathway,
I see thy hoofs of gold!
Not lighter o'er the springing rainbow
Walhalla's gods repair,
Than we, in sweeping journey over
The bending bridge of air!

"Far, far around, star-gleams are sparkling
Amid the twilight space;
And earth, that lay so cold and darkling,
Has veiled her dusky face.
Are those the Nornes that beckon onward,
As if to Odin's board,
Where by the hands of warriors nightly
The sparkling mead is poured?

"'Tis Skuld!† her star-eye speaks the glory
That wraps the mighty soul,
When on its hinge of music opens
The gateway of the pole—
When Odin's warder leads the hero
To banquets never o'er,
And Freya's‡ glances fill the bosom
With sweetness evermore!

"On! on! the northern lights are streaming
In brightness like the morn,
And peeling far amid the vastness,
I hear the Gyallarhorn!§
The heart of starry space is throbbing
With songs of minstrels old,
And now, on high Walhalla's portal
Gleam Surtur's hoofs of gold!"

* The name of the Scandinavian God of Fire. † The Norne of the Future.

‡ Freya, the Northern Goddess of Love.

§ The horn blown by the watchers on the rainbow—the bridge over which the Gods pass in Northern mythology.

Digitized by Google

# MONEY.*

For a long period of time during and subsequent to the dark ages, the notion prevailed very extensively in the public mind, and dwelt in the dreams of statesmen, that a country was rich or poor according to the quantity of coined money it possessed. In times of violence and insecurity to property, this was in some sort true of individuals, because the possessor of the precious metals could, in exchange for them, always obtain that of which he stood in need; and those metals could be hoarded and secreted with safety, when almost all other descriptions of property were exposed to the inroads of lawless barons or the exactions of oppressive governments. This practice of burying gold and silver, universal in ancient, has been done away with in modern times, only in proportion as confidence in the security of property grew under regular governments. It still exists to a considerable extent in Ireland, Germany, Italy and Russia, and under the oppressive governments of the East, is universal. The vast quantities of the precious metals that have annually been exported to the countries of Asia since the discovery of the mines of America, do not seem to have increased their quantities in those regions. The earth swallows up annually the earnings of those who suffer extreme tortures from their rulers rather than betray their concealed treasures. The practice was general in Great Britain up to the revolution of 1688, since when it has ceased with the necessity that gave rise to it. It followed, that where great quantities were concealed, much must have been occasionally found. Hence, "Treasure Trove," during the middle ages, formed an important branch of the revenues of most European governments. The real wealth of all nations consists in the products of labor only; but when no security exists for the produce of industry, the owners of property come to regard only that portion which they are able to conceal from ruthless oppressors, as their real wealth; hence the precious metals only were considered as actual riches. What was thus true of individuals, was also supposed to be true of nations; and in those dark ages it was measurably the case; as when nations were constantly engaged in war, and the industry of the inhabitants had no opportunity to develope itself, that nation would be the strongest, the government of which could command the greatest supply of gold and silver to furnish forth its armies and pay its mercenaries. Such a state of affairs would not, however, enhance the wealth of the individuals; and it is only of late years, as correct ideas of political economy have been disseminated, that money has come to be regarded in its true light, viz., as a means of facilitating the exchange of wealth rather than as wealth itself. Real wealth consists in those commodities which of themselves contribute to the necessities, comforts and luxuries of the possessor, and in proportion as they promote these ends, are they valuable. The value of money can be realized only by parting with it. It is of no use whatever in localities where it is not surrounded with natural wealth; and in proportion as the abundance of those articles which constitute wealth increases, is the value of money enhanced, because it represents a larger quantity of each exchangeable commodity. When the industry of man had caused an accumulation of exchangeable and desirable articles, the possessor of a surplus of one sought to exchange it for some product of the industry of another. The owner of 100 bushels of wheat which he could not eat, found an advantage in exchanging it for a quantity of wool for clothing or other articles of use. The interchange conferred mutual benefits, and made wealth available. This plan of barter was soon

* 1st. A Manual of Gold and Silver Coins of all Nations struck within the past century. By Jacob R. Eckfeldt and William E. Dubois, Assayers of the Mint of the United States. 2d. Annual Report of the Director of the Mint at Philadelphia, showing the operations of the mint and branches for 1845.



Digitized by Google

found to be incompatible with any extended operations, and the producers of all descriptions of wealth were impressed with the necessity of referring the transactions to some common equivalent. The quantities and qualities of one article that should be given for a certain quality and quantity of another, were very difficult to determine. The precious metals were early in demand, as matters of ornament, and the qualities they possessed, of being easily transported, not subject to depreciation, capable of great sub-division and of uniform value, doubtless soon caused them to be received in exchange for articles to be disposed of. They also were the result of labor, and perhaps more uniformly than any other article, indicated the amount of labor expended in their production. A given quantity of labor by a regular process, would always produce a certain weight of gold or silver. This circumstance fitted them, therefore, to measure more nearly the value of any article as estimated by the labor expended in its production. As thus, if it required five days' labor to produce 232 grains of pure gold, or 1760 grains of silver, then the latter quantity of silver was equal to the former quantity of gold; and if the same quantity of labor expended on wheat produced five bushels, then these three articles were equivalents for each other. This exchange of commodities for the precious metals by weight is of very early origin. The book of Genesis tells us that Abraham bought of the sons of Heth a piece of land, and weighed out 400 shekels of silver in payment, which it is stated was "current money with the merchant." Probably at first to ascertain the quality which would make it "current with the merchant," was matter of some considerable difficulty. The weight and color of the metals were probably the chief means of arriving at this information. The idea, however, soon presented itself, of stamping a piece of metal with an authoritative mark, indicating its weight and quality. This measure must have simplified transactions to an almost inconceivable extent. The quantity required in payment had but to be determined on, and the pieces were counted out to a number sufficient to make up the required weight, without the necessity of weighing or assaying. From these circumstances it arose that the original coins of all countries had the same denomination of the weights in general use. Thus, the *talent* was a weight used by the Greeks from the earliest dates; the *as* or *pondo* by the Romans; the *livre* by the French, and the *pound* by the English and Scotch. The coins originally used in all these countries were pieces of metals of these weights. That is to say, the metals were, for uniformity, formed into coins, or pieces of the ordinary weights of the country, to inform the public at a glance, how much gold or silver the piece contained. The Grecian talent, as the English pound, meant literally and truly a talent or pound, avoirdupois weight, of silver of a certain degree of purity. It was also usual to enact that coins of the legal weight and standard should be a *legal tender*; that is, that no proceedings should be instituted against him who had offered payment in the recognized coin. It soon came, however, to be true, that governments entrusted with this power and duty of stamping the metals with their weight and purity, used the power for corrupt purposes. The talent, and subsequently the pound, soon contained less of silver, both in quantity and quality, than its name indicated. The name of the coin, therefore, gradually lost its signification of the quantity of metal it contained, and the public became impressed with the idea that it was the *stamp* only that conferred value on the money. Fraudulent governments, by adding to the alloy in a coin, and reducing the weight, materially lessened its actual value, while the denomination remained the same. Under such a process, the prices of articles, as expressed in the coin, would gradually advance, while creditors would suffer a great wrong in being paid in the number of pieces specified in their contracts, but which pieces had been materially reduced in value. This was the system usually practised by arbitrary governments before the paper system enlarged the field and refined the science of public robbery. In 1103, the livre of weight in France was also a *livre* of money. That is, the piece of silver was stamped as weighing a *livre*. Gradually, however, this livre of silver was diminished in weight, until, in 1789, a *livre* weight

Digitized by Google

of silver was coined into 66 livres of money. Prices of commodities would adopt themselves to these changes as they took place, and other things being equal, the 66 livres of money in 1789, would command no more of the products of labor than did the one livre in 1103. Not so, however, with rents and debts. If the government, for instance, in 1103, owed 66 livres, it could discharge it in 1789 with *one* of those livres coined into 66 pieces of the same denomination.

In coining the precious metals for circulation, experience showed that some mixture of the baser metals was necessary to make the coins durable. In their pure state the metals are soft, easily bent or injured, and exposed to rapid wear. These disadvantages are remedied by a small admixture of copper. The proportion in which this alloy should be added, experience has shown to be one part to nine of the pure metal. The material used in the alloy of gold is various. In the Spanish American mines, as silver is found mixed with gold, that has been used as the alloy, and imparts a *pale* color to the doubloons. Great Britain, France and Germany use copper only, and this gives their coins a very *red* color. In the United States, it has been attempted to preserve the gold color, and the alloy is one-fourth silver and three-fourths copper.

This alloyed metal is called "standard," fixing the quality of the metals in the coins as the denominations originally did the weight. It is obvious that this "standard" was as liable to fraud as the weight, and was constantly changing. Almost all countries at the present day have different standards; and to ascertain the *par* of coins, it becomes necessary to find the weight of *pure* metal in each. Thus, the English standard for gold is 0.917 fine gold, and 83 of alloy. The French standard for gold is 0.9 fine to 0.1 alloy. The weight of the Louis is 6.45161 grammes. This multiplied by the standard, gives 5.806449 grammes of pure gold in a 20 franc Louis. The weight of the sovereign is 125,256 grains, or 7.980855 grammes, which, multiplied by its standard, gives 7.31844 grammes of pure gold. We have then the following proportion: 5.806449 : 20 francs :: 7.31844 : 25.2079 francs, or, 25.21 francs of French gold equals one sovereign of English gold. At the conquest, in 1066, 11 oz. 2 dwts. of pure silver and 18 dwts. of copper, making 1lb. avoirdupois of "standard" silver, was coined into £1. The fineness of gold is usually estimated by carat grains, equal to 2½ dwts. Troy weight. Pure gold is said to be 24 carats fine. In 1344, 23 carats 3½ grains of pure gold was coined into £13 3s. 4d. The quantity of coins produced from these weights of metals were constantly increased, down to Henry VIII., under whose tyranny great frauds were practised in the money of the country. At the commencement of his reign, 11 oz. 2 dwts. of pure silver was coined into £1 17s. 6d., and 23 carats 3½ grs. pure gold into £22 10s. At the close of his rule, the quality of standard silver was reduced to 4oz. pure silver and 8oz. of copper; and this was coined into £2 8s. The gold had been reduced to 20 carats, and was coined into £30. That is, from a profit of 1s. on the coinage of a pound of silver, he had increased it to £4 4s., and on gold, from 8s. he had exacted £5. The greatest evils resulted from such arbitrary oppression, and Elizabeth restored the standard currency to 11 oz. 2 dwts. of pure silver, at which it continues to this day, and the gold to 23 carats 3½ grains.—This, in 1600, she again altered to 22 carats, at which rate it continues. Not so, however, the number of shillings coined from a pound Troy of standard silver. From the time of Elizabeth to 1816, this remained at 62. It was then altered to 66.

In adopting both gold and silver coins as money, it becomes obviously necessary to fix not only the standard weight of the coins, but also the proportion of the metals to each other, and to permit individuals to discharge the claims upon them either in gold or silver, according to some regulated proportion. The value of the precious metals, like that of all other articles, is necessarily constantly varying, not only in respect to all other commodities, but in relation to each other. When the legal values of both metals are fixed, and one is *overvalued*, all payments will naturally be paid in that metal, and it will become the sole medium of circulation. In 1675, under Charles II., the guinea was ordained to be 20 shillings. It

Digitized by Google

soon turned out, however, that, from the depreciation of silver, owing to various causes, and the practice of fraudulent arts, the guinea was worth more; and in 1717, in the reign of George I., at the recommendation of Sir Isaac Newton, then master of the mint, the guinea was rated at 21 shillings. By this change gold was overvalued 1.931 per cent., and aided by the actual improvement throughout the 18th century in the value of silver in respect to gold, resulted in the exclusive use of gold in large payments, and the exportation of all silver of full weight. From that time up to 1816, when the reformation in the coinage took place, there was no coin to represent the pound.

Thus, by a false valuation of the metals, operating for near a century, gold came to be the sole currency of England. In 1816 a new system was introduced by Lord Liverpool. It was, that gold coins only should be a legal tender above forty shillings, and from a Troy pound of standard silver sixty-six shillings were coined instead of sixty-two, as formerly. The government reserving the four shillings as a duty, and to prevent an excess of silver coins, also reserved the right of issuing them in its own hands. In France the reverse operation took place. Prior to 1726 the greatest confusion prevailed in the currency. In that year, under Louis XV., a general recoinage took place; but silver was overvalued—that is, the Louis d'or, which was really worth 25 livres 10 sols, was only valued at 24 livres. He, therefore, who should pay in gold instead of silver, would have lost 1 livre 10 sols on every Louis. The consequence was, the banishment of gold and the universal use of silver. This happened at nearly the time when gold was overvalued in England. Hence, these two regulations served to draw gold from France into England, and send silver there to replace it. This continued until 1785, when a general recoinage took place, and gold was received at a reduced rate. In the year 1795 the revolution produced a new system of coinage.—Silver was made the only legal tender, and the standard altered to 0.9 fine, and the franc made the unit. Since that time the coinage of silver has been large and uniform. In many of the countries of Europe it has been the practice to alloy the small coins to a very great extent, and they are circulated at rates far above their intrinsic values, the government deriving a large profit from the manufacture. The countries of Germany mostly use this system, and the circulation consists of coin scarcely distinguishable from copper. These coins are called "billon," a word like "agio," "cambiste," "usance," &c., derived from the Lombards, who, escaping the devastating wars of the Guelphs and Gibellines in the 13th century, spread themselves over Europe, carrying with them the monetary sciences.

The United States have, partly from circumstances and partly from pursuing a wrong system, advanced less in the establishment of a sound national currency than any other commercial nation. The old colonies, settled by French, English, Spanish and Dutch, derived most of their coins from the mother-countries; and the coins sent out to the colonies were for the most part the worst descriptions of the ill-assorted circulations then current in the mother-countries. Specie, nevertheless, for a long time continued so scarce, that even taxes were paid in kind. Massachusetts, in 1652, and Maryland, in 1662, established mints for the coinage of small silver and copper pennies. These mints continued in operation about 30 years only. All the colonies, however, emitted largely of bills of credit to circulate as money, an operation which not only filled the country with injurious depreciated paper, but prevented the influx of foreign coins.—As there was no specie in the country originally, all that was acquired was in the way of trade. The coins imported were mostly the Spanish-American dollars and their fractions, and pistareens; of gold, guineas, joes, doubloons and pistoles were most common. At the date of the confederation, the necessity of a uniform national currency was self-evident. The paper issues were to be gotten rid of, moneys of account abandoned, and a system of coinage adopted, by which the heterogeneous mass of foreign coins, of values unintelligible to the majority of the people, should be transformed into a regular and uniform national currency. With this view, Congress directed the "Financier," Robert Morris, to report upon the subject. The financial genius of this gentleman prov-

Digitized by Google

ed to be wholly in the paper line;—he was a *promising* financier altogether, and his predilections were displayed in the scheme he proposed. The local currencies of the various states were greatly and variously depreciated, and he found that 1-1440th part of a dollar was a common divisor for the different degrees of depreciation; he, therefore, proposed that fraction as a unit—as if a person should take a list of the selling prices of all the broken bank notes afloat, and finding a common divisor, propose *that* as the unit of a national currency! He then proposed that ten of those "units" should be a penny; ten pence one "bill;" ten bills one "dollar;" ten dollars one "*crown!*" A project so absurd, by which the price of a hat would be expressed in 5,000 units, and to call the chief coin of a republic a "crown," was not worthy of notice. In 1784, Mr. Jefferson brought forward the plan which was adopted, viz., to take the Spanish dollar as the unit with decimal proportions; a gold piece $10, one dollar in silver, one dime in silver, and one cent of copper. Mr. Morris and the "crown" party struggled for the adoption of their plan, but Mr. Jefferson's was, of course, adopted, with the hearty approval of Washington, who wrote as follows:

"Mr. Jefferson's ideas upon this subject are plain and simple—well adapted, I think, to the nature of the case, as he has exemplified by the plan. Without a coinage, or unless some stop can be put to the cutting and clipping of money, our dollars, pistareens, &c., will be converted, *as Teague says, into* FIVE *quarters;* and a man must travel with a pair of scales in his pocket, or run the risk of receiving gold at one-fourth less by weight than it counts."

This was under the confederation; and many of the states continued to issue cents, until the constitution conferred upon Congress the sole power of "coining money and regulating the value thereof." In his report on moneys, weights, and measures, in 1790, Mr. Jefferson urged the establishment of the mint, remarking, "that nothing seems to be wanting but the actual coinage to *banish the discordant pounds, shillings, pence and farthings* of the different states, and to establish in their stead the new denominations." In April, 1792, the laws for establishing the mint at Philadelphia and regulating the coinage were passed. The mint did not get fairly into operation until 1795. Gold and silver were both made a legal tender. The standard for gold was fixed at 11 to 1, or 917 thousandths fine, the alloy to be half silver half copper. The weight of an eagle, 247 4-8 grains pure, or 270 grains standard; half eagle, 123 6-8 pure, or 135 standard; quarter eagle, 61 7-8 pure, or 67 4-8 standard. Silver was to be 892-4 thousandths fine, or 1485 grains pure silver to 179 copper. The cent was to weigh 11 dwts. The coinage continued at these rates down to 1834, forty-two years, with the exception of the cent, which, in 1796, was reduced to 7 dwts. by a proclamation of Washington, in consequence of the advance in copper. It is observable that the proportion of gold to silver fixed by that law was 15 to 1. This was too low, as the average actual proportion was nearer 16 to 1. The effect of this was the same, as similar regulations had produced in France, viz., to restrain the circulation of gold, and would gradually have banished it from circulation, causing silver to be the only coin. The adoption of a bank paper system, by that party which was defeated in its proposition of a "crown" currency, had upon both metals an effect similar to what the overvaluation of gold had upon its use as money, viz., to restrain the circulation of both metals. Another most injurious influence upon the metallic currency, was the location of the mint at Philadelphia. This was in consequence of a theoretical notion that the mint should be at the seat of government, without reference to the convenience of coinage. All the currency of the country must necessarily be furnished by commerce. The United States did not then produce the precious metals, and they could be obtained only by the importation of foreign coins, bullion, plate, and trinkets, in exchange for the products of industry sold abroad. Hence, although government furnished the means of coinage, the material to be coined was the property of individuals exclusively. To induce that material to be sent to the mint, not only must its owners be relieved from trouble and expense, but they must find their account in it. It is obvious

Digitized by Google

that coined money is more valuable than the shapeless bullion, and this difference of value constituted the inducement to send it to the mint. The law provided that it should be received free of expense; and if the owner wished to receive coin for it on the spot, ½ per cent. should be deducted to remunerate the mint for the delay in coinage; the revenue so derived to go towards defraying the expenses of the mint. Now it is obvious, that notwithstanding no charge was made for coinage, if the mint was so situated, remote from the place where gold and silver is imported into the country, that the expense in getting to it was considerable, the effect was the same to the owner of the bullion, as if a charge for coining was actually made. The precious metals were mostly imported at Boston and New-York; and down to the construction of rail-roads, the expense of getting to Philadelphia was very great. The object to the owner in having the metals coined was, as we have said, the convenience of the coined money; it, however, also happened that most of the metals imported were foreign coins, and if these continued to be a legal tender, the object in obtaining United States coins was very considerably diminished. The law of 1789, regulating the customs, authorized foreign coins to be taken at certain rates. The legalizing of foreign coins and locating the mint at Philadelphia, diminished the object while it enhanced the expense of coinage. This error was soon detected, and the law of February, 1793, enacted that in three years from the commencement of the new coinage, foreign coins should cease to be a legal tender. This movement, however, called up the opposition of the "crown" currency party who had succeeded in fastening the paper system upon the country. It was found that, although foreign coins were a legal tender, they would not circulate among the people. When a merchant received specie from abroad, as long as it was a legal tender, he deposited it in banks, and did not trouble himself about coinage. The specie, although unfit for circulation, satisfied the law in relation to the redemption of the bank notes, and these latter were paid out to the people. The new law, therefore, by taking from foreign coins their quality of legal tender, would compel a coinage of all the money held by banks. These new coins would readily circulate in place of bank notes, and the profits of the "rag barons" be destroyed. In 1798, the law of 1793 was suspended for three years, and continued to be so suspended from time to time. Under these circumstances the operations of the mint were very moderate, and mostly of silver. The evil was a great one, and finally led to the re-adjustment of the coinage in 1834. In that adjustment, the practical effect of the false location of the mint was overlooked, and the whole evil attributed to the wrong valuation of gold. It was, therefore, resolved to reduce the weight and fineness of the gold pieces, allowing silver to remain the same. Accordingly, from 247 4-8 grains of pure gold, the eagle was reduced to 232 grains, and the whole weight from 270 to 258 grains, which was reducing the fineness from 916 thousandths to 899-2 thousandths. This was increasing the value of gold as compared to silver, 6 2-3 per cent., or from 15 to 1 to 16 to 1. There was still a want of uniformity in the fineness of gold and silver; and in 1837, a carefully digested law, regulating the mint on a permanent basis, was passed. By that act the pure gold was slightly increased; that is, from 899.2 thousandths it was raised to 900 thousandths; and to bring the silver to the same standard, 3½ grains less of copper was put into a dollar, the effect of which was to reduce its weight to 412½ grains instead of 416 grains. By thus raising the value of gold, a great increase was effected in the coinage. The whole coinage at the United States mints from its first operation to the close of 1845, has been as follows, distinguishing the three periods of different standards:—

| Years. | Gold. | Silver. | Copper. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1793-1834—42 | 11,825,890 | 36,275,378 | 658,591 | 48,759,859 |
| 1834-5-6 —3 | 10,276,145 | 10,564,103 | 81,740 | 20,921,988 |
| 1837-45 —9 | 26,208,330 | 19,754,252 | 302,225 | 46,264,807 |
| 54 | $48,310,365 | 66,593,733 | 1,042,556 | 115,946,66 |

Digitized by Google

The coinage of gold in the three years subsequent to 1833, was nearly as great as in the previous forty-two years. The weight and fineness of the coins at these three periods were as follows:—

WEIGHTS AND FINENESS OF UNITED STATES COINS.

| | EAGLE. | | DOLLAR. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Weight. | Fine. | Weight. | Fine. |
| April 2, 1792 | 270 grs. | 916·7 | 416 grs. | 892 4 |
| June 1834 | 258 | 899.2 | 416 | 892.4 |
| Jan. 1837 | 258 | 900.0 | 412½ | 900.0 |

The necessity of mints at some places more convenient for coinage than at Philadelphia forced itself upon the public mind, and in March, 1835, a law was passed, locating branches at Charlotte, N. C., Dahlonega, Geo., and at New-Orleans. At the two first named places the produce of the United States gold mines at those localities is coined, and New-Orleans is the port of entry for large sums mostly silver, coming from the West Indies and Mexico. The total coinage at these mints since their establishment, has been $1,100,245 gold at Charlotte; 2,400,815 gold at Dahlonega; 7,598,690 gold and 6,083,253 silver at New-Orleans—making $11,099,750 gold and 6,083,253 silver, or $17,183,003 as the total coinage in eight years at the branches. The branch at Charlotte was not in operation in 1845, owing to some repairs on the machinery. The description of metal deposited for coinage in 1845, at the mint and branches, was as follows:

| | Gold. | Silver. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|
| U. S. old coins | 29,773 | | 29,773 |
| Foreign " | 2,554,018 | 1,779.582 | 4,333,600 |
| " bullion | 3,131.988 | 89,135 | 221,123 |
| U. S. " | 1.008,327 | 4,769 | 1,013,096 |
| | 3,724,327 | 1,873,486 | 5,597,592 |

The United States gold bullion reached 1,008,327, being mostly the production of the Georgia and North Carolina mines. In 1824, the whole product of those mines was $5,000, and the aggregate received up to the close of 1845, has been $10,713,211. This production increases year by year, and will soon become very important, notwithstanding the "competition of foreign pauper labor mines." Since the change in the relative legal values of gold and silver by the law of 1834, to conform to their actual market values, there appears to have been no apparent change in the latter, and the coins have retained their places in circulation concurrently without a premium either way. How long this will continue, depends upon the future supply of metals. There are causes in operation which indicate that the supply will, in a few years, be prodigiously increased, and perhaps of one metal in excess of the other.

Up to the time of the discovery of the mines of America in 1500, the precious metals were not only scanty of supply in Europe, but the circulation was sluggish, arising from the disposition to hoard, and the use in churches of large quantities. When the prolific mines of Potosi, in Peru, were discovered in 1554, a similar diminution in the value of silver throughout Europe took place, notwithstanding the rude manner in which the mines were worked, and the exorbitant tax imposed upon their product by the king of Spain. This was originally one-half, and subsequently fell to one-third and one-fifth, until 1736, when it was reduced to 10 per cent., and finally, under the Mexican republic, to 3 per cent., which is the present rate. The reduction of the tax arose from the impossibility of working the mines to advantage by reason of the decline in the value of silver, and many were stopped. This diminished value did not altogether grow out of the enhanced supply; but as the freedom of the subject and the security of property increased in the countries of Europe, the circulation of the metals became more active, and their abundance, as a circulating medium, became farther enhanced by the use of paper as money, and the more extended system of alloy introduced into the currencies of Europe. In latter years the cessation of wars not only stopped the demand for gold for military chests and extraordinary expenses, but promoted general confidence in other property than the

Digitized by Google

precious metals. The tenacity with which these latter are still clung to in the interior of Europe is manifest in the hoards that are produced by apparently beggarly emigrants that arrive in our sea-ports. Year by year the absorption of the metals by hoarding is diminishing, while causes are in operation vastly to enhance the supply. The chief sources for the supply of silver are the mines of Mexico and Peru, and the quicksilver mines of Almaden, in Spain. The product of the latter is indispensable to the advantageous working of the former, and the greatest political difficulties overshadow both. The mines of Peru, in relation to which the most exaggerated notions have ever been entertained, have of late became unimportant. The chief mine, that of Potosi, formerly so productive, is now supposed to have run out. There are other valuable mines in operation, but the anarchy which prevails in that unhappy country prevents much from being realized. At the commencement of the present century, Humboldt estimated their product at $6,240,000 per annum; but at present, owing to the insecure state of affairs, it is not more than half that sum.

In Mexico, before the war of independence, there were 3000 mines, producing $21,000,000 in silver and $2,000,000 in gold annually. This has now dwindled down to some 11,000,000 of both metals, notwithstanding that the resources are as great as ever. The business of the mines is followed as an hereditary employment by migratory native tribes, a worthless, brutalized and dishonest race. These beings are employed by English companies, at the peril of their lives and property. M. Chevalier states, that the mines are "guarded by artillery and grape-shot, and the Englishmen employed are regularly drilled in the use of the musket." He gives an account of a grand battle fought between the miners and banditti, in which the former were overpowered by numbers. Laboring in such insecurity, the miners are dependent upon the quicksilver mines of Almaden, in Spain, for a supply of that necessary article, and are exposed to the exactions of a government which can afford them no security in the production of the taxed commodity.

The progress of political affairs now is such, as to lead to the reasonable expectation, that a stable and strong government will succeed to the miserable military anarchy, which, for such a length of time, has oppressed that region. With the consummation of such an event, the product of the precious metals in Mexico may become almost incalculable. As an instance of the condition of things, one of the richest gold mines in the world is at Consalo, Mexico, and is the property of Signor Yriarte, who refuses to have it worked, alleging, it is stated, that he has now more than he can use, and his "money is safest under ground."

One of the greatest events in the supply of the precious metals, is the productions of the Russian mines. These, in 1830, produced 5 poods, worth $9,945. This annually increased, until in 1843 it reached 1,610 poods, which, at 36lbs. per pood, equals 57,960lbs., worth $320 per lb., or $18,547,200, and has since continued to swell in amount. In the month of June, £2,000,000, or $10,000,000 worth of Russian gold was received at London, and went to swell the deposites in the Bank of England, which are now $82,000,000. The resources of the Ural mountains are vast, and private enterprise has but lately applied itself to their development. We have seen that the U. States mines have raised their annual supply to $1,000,000 since 1830. In the last 15 years the mines of Russia, being *new* sources of supply, have yielded $65,000,000 of gold. In the next 15 years, should the affairs of Mexico be settled, the product from the three sources will not be less than $575,000,000 of gold; and the Mexican silver mines being restored to at least their former productions, will yield $25,000,000 per annum. An important element in the increased production of the precious metals is the increased supply of quicksilver. As we have mentioned, the chief supply has hitherto been derived from Almaden, a mine which was worked by the Romans, and has ever been a monopoly, farmed out by the Spanish government. The Messrs. Barings and Rothchilds, of London, have alternately held it. The product is estimated at 20,000 quintals per annum. This was bid for at the rate of $65 per quintal, and is resold at near $100 pr quintal. This monopoly greatly contracts the supply of the precious metals, inasmuch

Digitized by Google

as it enhances the cost of production, so far as to throw many poor miners out of employ. Of late, supplies of quicksilver have been got from China, and a new mine has been discovered in Mexico, which, in addition to the old one, worked at Queretaro, must affect the monopoly price. The prospect is, under all these circumstances, that the large supply of the precious metals must aid in effecting that reduction in their value, which, with the same supply, would naturally be brought about by a more liberal internal policy on the part of the governments of Europe. The extension of railroads, the promotion of internal intercourse, and the development of individual enterprise, are annually combining to make the circulation of coins more active; and, therefore, virtually to increase their quantity. At present the precious metals are all tending to London, where the supply lying idle is greater than ever before known. That country is, however, short of food, and the United States are the only nation that can supply the enormous quantities wanted. In exchange for this, large sums of coin will, doubtless, be imported, presenting an auspicious moment to effect the establishment of that sound currency which was in vain sought to be effected through the mint laws of 1792, and the gold bills of 1834–'37.

The large and increasing sums of both gold and silver that have been reposing, to an extent never before known, in the banks of France and England for the last few years, while money has been cheap in London, the great centre of the commercial world, and commercial enterprise active, are evidences that the supply of money to the wants of commerce increases rather than diminishes. That is to say, notwithstanding the great impulse which has undeniably been given to industry and trade throughout Europe in the last ten years, and the vast sums that have been expended in railroads, the quantities of both gold and silver, instead of diminishing, are constantly swelling in the great central reservoirs. In the bank of France and the bank of England, there are this moment $60,000,000 of silver, and $67,500,000 of gold coin, making 100 per cent. greater than ever before known; yet money is as cheap, speculation as active, and commercial pursuits as extended as ever before known. This apparent anomaly arises from that to which we have alluded, viz: the increased feeling of security—the extension of railroads, and other facilities for quick returns. In the United States money is also abundant in the Atlantic cities, but not sufficiently so in the interior. A combination of circumstances has, however, as it were, brought the farms of the west in direct contact with those accumulations of coin in London and Paris to which we have alluded. The effect of the existing war, and of a change in commercial policy, has been to restrict the movements of banks, and depress prices of imported goods, at a time when western produce is in high demand in Europe. Under such circumstances, coin may be the best remittance to the United States, and the moment highly favorable for the final establishment of a national currency on that broad and firm basis contemplated by Jefferson and Washington. The policy of Jackson, in 1835, of promoting the circulation of gold, requires to be carried out in an adherence to the Independent Treasury, and the establishment of a branch mint in New-York.

As an instance of the great difficulty in weeding out the habits of a people, we may mention the fact, that notwithstanding the extract we have given above, from the report of Mr. Jefferson, in 1790, to the effect, that "nothing but the establishment of a mint was wanting to banish the old monies of account," the currencies of all the states are familiarly reckoned in pounds, shillings and pence, and almost the whole silver currency consists of those depreciated Spanish fractions of the dollar, which Washington complained of, as making *five quarters* to the dollar. So slow has been the progress in 51 years of national exertion! The great errors have been, 1st, the false location of the mint, which should have been at the place of import; 2d, the allowing of foreign coins to be a legal tender at any price; 3d, the recognition of bank paper by the federal government. The latter has been done away with under the Independent Treasury law. By its operation, in a few years we shall have an abundant and sound national currency, and no longer be circulating among republicans the heads of "by the grace of God, his most Christian majesty."

Digitized by Google

# THE INFELICITIES OF INTELLECTUAL MEN.

"'Tis meet
The great should have the fame of happiness—
The consolation of a little envy!
'Tis all their pay for those superior cares—
Those pangs of heart their vassals ne'er can feel."
[*Young.*

THE subject we propose to contemplate in the present chapter, although somewhat trite, is yet, it is believed, so rife with interest, presenting the various fallacies and foibles of the literary profession, in such anomalous complexity of forms and circumstances, that we cannot be diverted from our task, from the fact of its having already been so often dilated upon. Without attempting a psychological analysis of literary life, we propose simply to group together a few of the more striking peculiarities which seem to be indigenous to great minds. If frailty and fame are indeed twin attributes, one might be tempted to conclude that nature designed such an allotment as an equipoise, to silence the envy of those from whom she has withheld her noblest endowments on the one part, and to serve as a counteracting check to the inordinate self-esteem, which their possession might otherwise superinduce in the other.

Before entertaining the reader with our citation of the eccentricities and trials of the author, it will not be inopportune to remind him of the curious mode in which the public requite his literary labors: the usual awards of a man of genius being a marble monument to his memory, while in life denying him sustenance; making "their luminous leaves," to adopt the phrase of a modern journalist, "to flourish like the yew tree, because planted over a grave." We shall not pause to inquire into the causes which have provoked such injustice towards a class so signally meriting a course of treatment diametrically the reverse of this, or why succeeding posterity have perpetuated the like crusade against the craft of authorship; it is enough for regret to find it so. Our forefathers, however, must have had their patience pretty severely taxed, by the prolixity of some of the early scribes. What should we think of twenty-one huge folios?—yet we find, in 1651, a writer of such interminable dimensions; while another, Peter D'Alva, even extended his learned lucubrations to no less than forty-eight, in an abortive attempt to expound a mystery unfathomable, and which his labyrinth of words but rendered the more mysterious. While not to name Confucius, or the reputed 600 volumes by the French bishop, Du Bellay, we might remind the reader of the astounding intimation given by St. Jerome, to the effect that he had perused *six thousand* books written by Origen, who "daily wearied seven notaries, and as many boys, in writing after him!" It ought not to have amazed his friends, therefore, to have learned of the sickness of that multifarious writer, Sir John Hill, (the author of the "Vegetable System,") when he confessed it was in consequence of over working himself *on seven productions at once!* We read of Hans Sacks, a Nuremburg shoemaker, who lived about the close of the fifteenth century, and who seems to have apportioned his labors equally between boots and books, the praiseworthy arts of making poetry and pumps, sonnets and shoes, to the 77th year of his age; when he took an inventory of his *poetical* stock in trade, and found, according to his own calculation, that his works filled thirty folio volumes, all written with his own hand. They comprised 4200 songs; 208 comedies, tragedies and farces; 1700 fables, miscellaneous poems and tales, and 73 military and love songs—forming a grand total of six thousand and forty-eight pieces, small and great; out of which he culled as many as filled three huge folios, which were published in

Digitized by Google

the year 1558–61. How strangely the early scribes seem to have coveted the ambition of being voluminous writers, not remembering that *Persius* became immortal from the transmission of but *two sheets of paper inscribed by his pen.*

It would be easy to multiply instances of the kind in the several departments of authorship, especially in those once prolific themes, Alchemy, Astrology, and other wonderfully occult matters, and even in theology—the latter, we remember to have read somewhere, boasting of a certain early commentator, whose elaborate *exposition* of St. Matthew, even an *abridged* edition of which, in small type, occupied no less than a thousand folio pages.—But we have cited enough; we shall therefore glance at some other eccentricities of the learned for the sake of variety, and the edification of the reader. Much might be quoted for one's amusement, touching the *origin* of works both in verse and prose: the bards almost uniformly have had their loves, as Mrs. Jameson's very pleasant work on that subject sufficiently attests; and we shall not attempt to add to what has been already so admirably exhibited of this feature of the literary character, saving simply the mention of a name she has omitted to notice—we refer to that of Colletet, who is reputed to have shared the honors of matrimonial alliance with three of his domestics in succession, to each of whom he paid the tribute of his muse in heroic verse. D'Israeli, it will be remembered, has collected from the dust of departed days, among other curious matters, many amusing particulars respecting the *subjects* authors have chosen to dilate upon; shall we glance at a few? In classic times we have Apuleius and Agrippa, succeeded by many moderns, who, to evince their irony and wit, selected that fabled emblem of *wisdom*—the *ass.*

In Butler's *Remains*, it is remarked, that "there is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books, no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other."

Generally speaking, this is correct. But the optician who should happen to purchase a book, entitled *A New Invention, or a Paire of Cristall Spectacles, by helpe whereof may be read so small a print, that what twenty sheets of paper will hardly containe shall be discovered in one* (1644), would find, to his surprise, that it has nothing to do with his business, but relates to the civil war. So also might mistakes very readily occur with regard to Horne Tooke's celebrated *Diversions of Purley*, which a village book-club actually ordered at the time of its publication, under the impression that it was a book of amusing games.

In Chambers' *Journal* is a curious paper on the subject of book titles, from which we quote the following paragraph:

> "Some titles are agreeably short, and others wonderfully long. A few years since, a work was issued with the laconic title of *It;* and for days previous to its publication, the walls of London were placarded with the words, "Order *It*," "Buy *It*," "Read *It*." The old naturalist Lovell published a book at Oxford, in 1661, entitled *Panzoologicomineralogia*, which is nearly as long a word as Rabelais' proposed title for a book, namely *Antipericatametaparkhengedamphicribrationes* !!"

According to Stowe's Chronicle, the title of *Domesday Book* arose from the circumstance of the original having been carefully preserved in a sacred place at Westminster cloisters, called *Domus Dei*, or House of God.

The Latin poetasters seem to have their merits called somewhat in question, by the title of John Peter's curious and very scarce work, *A New Way to make Latin Verses, whereby any one of ordinary capacity that only knows the A, B, C, and can count nine, though he understands not one word of Latin, or what a verse means, may be plainely taught to make thousands of Hexameter and Pentameter Verses, which shall be true Latin, true Verse, and Good Sense*, (1679.)

In 1559 appeared a book, entitled, *The Key to Unknown Knowledge, or a Shop of Five Windows,*

> *Which if you do open,*
> *To cheapen and copen,*
> *You will be unwilling,*
> *For many a shilling,*
> *To part with the profit*
> *That you shall have of it.*

The mottoes on title pages are often very curious. The following is from

Digitized by Google

a book called *Gentlemen, look about you*:—

> *Read this over if you're wise,*
> *If you're not, then read it twise;*
> *If a fool, and in the gall*
> *Of bitterness, read not at all.*

Another, from that very delightful old book, Geffrey Whitney's *Emblems*, (1586):—

> *Peruse with heede, then friendly judge, and blaming rash refraine;*
> *So maist thou reade unto thy good, and shalte requite my paine.*

One Joshua Barnes wrote a poem with the design of proving the authorship of the *Iliad* traceable to King Solomon, of Holy Writ; and another French critic, Daurat, who lived in the sixteenth century, pretended, according to Scaliger, to find *all the Bible in Homer*. Du Guere wrote an eulogium on *wigs*, though he never wore one. Erasmus amused himself, it will be recollected, by discussing *the praise of folly*, in his work entitled "*Moriæ Encomium*," which, for the sake of the pun, he dedicated to Sir Thomas More. Pierrius' *treatise on beards*—Homer's war between *the frogs and mice*, and Lucian's dissertation on *a fly*, present a curious triumvirate of classic taste; and Gray's ode on *the death of a cat*—Pope's epic verses on a *lock of hair*, and Swift's *meditation on a broomstick*, may serve as their companions in modern times. And as we have already seen, ingenuity itself seems to have been overtasked in the fabrication of the *titles* of books in early times, as, indeed, it is again becoming in our own; authors of the olden time used to puff their own works, by affixing "*taking titles*" to them; such as "*A right merrie and wittie enterlude, verie pleasante to reade*," &c. "*A marvellous wittie treatise*," &c. "*A delectable, pithie and righte profitable worke*," &c. Addison's "*Spectator*" proved so successful, that it provoked Johnson to adopt "*The Idler*," and "*Rambler*." A very amusing blunder was committed by a certain French critic, who, notwithstanding the conventional use of the term, rendered it *Le Chevalier Errant*, and who afterwards, on meeting with the Colossus of English literature, addressed him with the astounding and *complimentary* epithet of Mr. *Vagabond!*

A pamphlet, published in 1703, had the following strange title:—"The *Deformitie* of Sin Cured, a sermon preached at St. Michael's, *Crooked* Lane, before the Prince of Orange, by the Rev. J. *Crookshanks*. Sold by Mathew Denton, at the *Crooked* Billet, near *Cripplegate*, and by all booksellers." The words of the text are, "Every *crooked* path shall be made straight." The Prince, before whom it was delivered, was *deformed* in person.

Many adopted allegorical titles. In theological works these were most frequent — such as "The Heart of Aaron," "The Bones of Joseph," "The Garden of Nuts," and a host of others, even less allowable, might be adduced: as, "*A fan to drive away flies*," a treaties on purgatory;—"*The shop of the spiritual apothecary*," "*Matches lighted by divine fire*," "*The gun of penitence*," &c. One of famous Puritan memory, Sir Humphrey Lind, published a book, which a Jesuit answered by another, entitled "*A pair of spectacles for Sir Humphrey Lind*;"—the doughty knight retorted by "*A case for Sir Humphrey Lind's spectacles*." Gascoigne's title page is no less quaint than copious: "A hundred sundrie flowres bounde vp in one small poesie: gathered partly by translation in the fyne and outlandish gardens of Euripides, Ovid, Petrarch, Ariosto, and others; and partly by invention out of our own fruitefull orchardes in England: yielding sundrie and divers swete savours of tragical, comical, and moral discourses, both pleasant and profitable to the well-smelling noses of learned readers." It is fortunate for these laborious scribes that they lived in times when they found readers courageous enough to venture beyond their titles.

We will leave them, and proceed to the foibles and frailties of the learned, which present a prolific theme for our contemplation; in some instances these are traceable to physical causes, superinduced by their peculiar habits and pursuits, and in others, not unfrequently to the neglect, which their seclusion and overwrought sensibilities provoked from their cotemporaries. All the devotees of the pen are more or less the victims of nervous debility, caused by their habits of excessive mental efforts. Thus to overtask the powers of the intellect, it is reasonable to expect, will as naturally tend to enervate them,

Digitized by Google

as we find the like exertion of the bodily functions resulting in lassitude and fatigue. Dr. Johnson thus expresses himself on this equivocal state between actual health and disease: "I pine in the solitude of sickness, not bad enough to be pitied, and not well enough to be endured;" yet this powerful writer was never so great as when he was in this gloomy state: he then exhibited most of the vast opulence and gigantic energy of his intellect, as well as his delicate analysis of the secret sensibilities of the heart, as portions of his correspondence sufficiently evince. This feeling of physical languor and ennui, made the author of the "*Castle of Indolence*" so indolent himself, that he was reluctant to rise from his bed; and when once remonstrated against the practice by a friend, replied, "troth, mon, I see nae motive for rising." He was so excessively lazy, that he once was seen to be eating fruit from a peach tree, as it grew, standing with both hands in his pockets. It would be uncharitable, however, to suppose Thomson a fit denizen for the Augustan Apragapolis of old, "a city built for those void of business."

Some of the habits and methods of study exhibit curious traits of character. The historian Mezerai studied by candlelight; and so accustomed was he to this use, that even at noon-day, and in the summer too, as if neither the heat nor the light of the burning sun were available for him, he is reported generally to have waited upon his company to the very door with a candle in his hand. When the famous Brindley encountered any extraordinary difficulty in the execution of his mechanical labors, he usually retired to his bed, where he has been known to be ensconced one, two, and even three whole days, till he had acquired *strength* to surmount it; when he would get up and finish his design. This practice contravenes Dr. Whittaker's advice to Mr. Boyce, which, it will be remembered, ran as follows:—"First, to study always standing; second, never to study in a window; and third, never to go to bed with his feet cold." Pope, besides being an epicure, would sometimes lie in bed at Lord Bolingbroke's for whole days together.

We might add to the number of literary sleepers, but it is needless; and we shall, therefore, merely mention the fact of our own Irving, whose dormancy is such, that he has been known, even surrounded by a brilliant coterie, when left alone for some little interval, to stand by the fire, and even go to sleep in that posture.

It must be obvious, that indolent ease is as bad in its effects on the health as over-working. Lord Bacon is a case in point, with others, including the three divines, Hervey, Toplady, and Dr. Owen, the last of whom once exclaimed, that he would gladly barter all his learning obtained in bed for his lost health. Euripides studied in a dark cave—Demosthenes at night, and apart from the habitations of men—and the monks of the monastic times, in the hidden cloisters and ascetic cells; but we do not see that a neatly-fitted and convenient library or study offers less immunities to the votaries of science or the muses, than those abodes referred to. Not a few literary men seem to have loved "libations deep;" but we should not perhaps regard this species of moral delinquency with the stern vision of modern teetotalism, as the inebriate was not, till modern days, outlawed from the *best* society. Æschylus is said to have been always under the influence of the rosy god when he wrote: it is related *then* his face looked ferocious—perhaps to this cause may be referred his vigorous imaginativeness. A similar weakness might also be chargeable on Alcæus, Aristophanes, and others of the classic age. Porson, the eminent Greek scholar, was a great tippler, while Anacreon only feigned the bacchanalian in his writings. In later days, Tasso and Schiller might be classed with the foregoing. Sir William Blackstone was considerably indebted to "good old port" for some of his Commentaries; and even Addison and Byron must also be named, the latter confessing to the world that his poem of Don Juan was the joint product of genius and gin and water. Without presuming any commentary on such indulgences, we prefer quoting the description of one Prynne, who bequeathed to posterity some forty volumes, for perpetrating one of which he was barbarously doomed to have his ears cropped in the pillory, and was almost suffocated by the immolation of his huge volumes—in which he main-

Digitized by Google

tained that it was Pope Alexander VII. who, in the "disguise of a coalman," came over to England and caused the great fire of London, &c. Aubrey says of him, "His manner of studie was thus: he wore a long quilt cap, which came two or three inches over his eies, which served him for an umbrella to defend his eies from the light; about every three houres, his man was to bring him a roll and a pott of ale, to refocillate his wasted spirits; so he studied and drank, and this maintained him till night, when he made a good supper." These are but few of the modes resorted to by literary men to produce mental excitement; many singular contrarieties of disposition they afford us; but we had forgotten Dryden, who used to ply himself with physic and phlebotomy before sitting down to any important work. His fancy would be the least likely to captivate our modern scribes, as we are fast receding from the age of voluntary self-martyrdom.

To what curious extremes their habits of mental abstraction would have led, but for the indulgence of authors in such harmless, though singular pastimes, it is difficult to conjecture. Newton, when once engaged on a mathematical subtlety, would suffer nothing to interrupt his investigations. It is related of him that more than on one such occasion he kept the dinner waiting three whole hours; and a similar interval also once intervened in the very act of his assuming his nether garments. Morel, the French writer, possessed such devotion to study, that when the fatal sickness of his wife, and shortly afterwards her death, were announced to him, he could not be prevailed upon to resign his pen, but simply replied, "I am very sorry, she was a good woman." And another learned scribe, no less indifferent to connubial claims, actually devoted the whole of his wedding day to his books. Mason, the author of the "Spiritual Treasury," while engaged upon that work, being called upon by a person in business, gave his name and address; but when the author subsequently referred to the card on which he ought to have written the same, it contained instead the following—Acts ii., v. 2! This is about equal to the divine, who for the first time appearing with spectacles which he did not use, as he placed them over his forehead, being met with the observation, "well, doctor, so you have at last taken to spectacles," replied, "yes, I found I could not read without them, and wonder I have so long."

Among the pains and penalties of authorship, the critical censorship of the press has had its share. Cumberland once said, "authors should be shelled like the rhinoceros;" but it would be hard, says one, were the linnet, or the nightingale, to cease from warbling, because they cannot sing in a storm. Severe and unmerited criticism has been but too frequently the bane of literature, although, as in the instance of Byron, it has ultimately tended to elicit the nobler developement of talent, which otherwise might never have been brought into action. Some writers have been driven mad, and others have actually died of criticism. Hawkesworth was a case of the latter, and Tasso the former. Voltaire called these "dreaded ministers of literary justice," *la cannaille de la litterature*, but he, like Pope, suffered retribution at their hands; and no less remarkable is the fact of the erroneous criticism of some of the learned respecting the productions of other writers—differing in their estimates of literary merit as wide as the world apart. One memorable case might be named here, which went beyond mere criticism: we refer to that of Count Mazarin, who kept a complete collection of the libels written against him—it amounted to forty-six quarto volumes; and there have been also more instances than one of unfortunate *writers* of state libels, being compelled to recant them in the most emphatic manner—by eating literally their own words. One occurred at Moscow, where the poor advocate of the liberties of the people paid this most unmerciful penalty of his patriotism. A scaffold being erected in a conspicuous part of the city, with a surgeon on one side, and the knout on the other, our worthy author was compelled to swallow his book leaf by leaf, neatly rolled up like a lottery ticket—taking what the surgical attendant deemed a suitable quantum at a time for a digestible meal, during three whole days in which he accomplished the humiliating task, to the singular entertainment of the populace he had sought to serve. He, at any rate, could subscribe to the sentiment, that a great book is a great bore.

An amusing anecdote is related of a

Digitized by Google

certain French writer, who, failing to please the critics of his day, by his avowed productions, afterwards resorted to the expedient of publishing three volumes of poetry and essays, as the works of a journeyman blacksmith. The trick succeeded—all France was in amazement; and the poems of this child of nature—this untutored genius—this inspired son of Vulcan, as he was now called, were immediately and enthusiastically praised, even by the very critics who before repudiated the effusions of the same pen. Byron was condemned, among other crimes, for not having dated his first poems from the purlieus of Grub-street; and Keats was barbarously attacked in a similar manner, by no less a critic than Gifford—a circumstance, to which has been remotely ascribed the premature decease of that gifted poet; for, on reading the article in question, his feelings became so excited, that he burst a blood vessel, which induced consumption, of which he died at the age of twenty-four. Moore relates that such also was the effect of the savage attack upon Byron, that a friend who happened to call on him shortly after he had read it, inquired whether he had received a challenge, such fierce defiance was depicted in his countenance. It was about the same time that the opposite critical organ commenced a paper on Wordsworth's "*Excursion*," with the derisive words—"This will never do; we give him up as altogether incurable and beyond the power of criticism." The sweet sonneteer of Windermere has fortunately outlived the ignorant intolerance of this sapient censor, as he now occupies the highest honors of the temple of fame. Poor Kirke White was another sad instance of literary assassination: when only seventeen he published his volume of poems, in hopes by its sale of procuring sufficient money to enable him to go to college; but he was doomed to the merciless cruelties of an attack in the Monthly Review. How grievously the unjust criticism tortured his sensitive mind may be gathered from his own words: "This Review," he says, "goes before me wherever I turn my steps, and is, I verily believe, an instrument in the hands of Satan to drive me to distraction." Southey kindly consoled and encouraged him to persevere, but wasting disease soon hurried the young poet away, and it was Southey's friendly hand that first gathered his scattered and despised works, and gave them to the world.

The philosophic Newton was far from being invulnerable to the shafts of his critical oponents; for even Whiston, the friend of twenty years, forfeited his favor for all time by a single contradiction; for "no man," says he, "was of a more fearful temper." Whiston farther declares, that he would not have thought proper to have published his work against Newton's Chronology in his lifetime, as he firmly believed it would have killed him; and it was the expressed opinion of Dr. Bentley, that Locke's thorough refutation of the Bishop's metaphysics about the Trinity, actually hastened his end.

Our sympathies become the more deeply enlisted for the penalties of authorship, when we remember the pains with which the productions of genius have been accompanied; and these are not likely to become overrated by the many. Numerous instances are upon record, proving that the emanations of mind have been attended with severe and laborious industry; and we may as well cite a few, perhaps here.

So scrupulously fastidious was Pope as to nicety of expression, that it is known he seldom committed to the press anything till it had passed under his repeated inspection and revision, sometimes keeping it by him even a year or more for the purpose; and his publisher, Dodsley, on one occasion deemed it easier to reprint the whole of his corrected proofs than attempt the needed emendations. Thomson, Akenside, Gray, and Cowper, were equally devoted in their elaboration of a line; and Goldsmith gave seven long years to the perfection of his inimitable production, the Deserted Village: producing, on the average, something like three or four lines per diem, which he thought a good day's work. Hume and Robertson were incessantly laboring over their language—the latter used even to write his sentences on small slips of paper, and after rounding and polishing them to his satisfaction, he entered them in a book, which afterwards was again subjected to a final revision.

Many an immortal work, that is a source of exquisite enjoyment to mankind, has been written with the blood of the author, at the expense of his happiness and of his life. Even the most

Digitized by Google

jocose productions have been composed with a wounded spirit. Cowper's humorous ballad of Gilpin was written in a state of despondency that bordered upon madness. "I wonder," says the poet, in a letter to Mr. Newton, "that a sportive thought should ever knock at the door of my intellects, and still more that it should gain admittance. It is as if harlequin should intrude himself into the gloomy chamber where a corpse is deposited in state." In a late number of the *Quarterly Review*, it was justly observed, that "our very greatest wits have not been men of a gay and vivacious disposition. Of Butler's private history nothing remains but the record of his miseries, and Swift was never known to smile." Lord Byron, who was irritable and unhappy, wrote some of the most amusing stanzas of Don Juan in his dreariest moods. In fact, the cheerfulness of an author's style is always but a doubtful indication of the serenity of his heart.

Burke had all his principal works printed once or twice at a private press before submitting them to his publisher. Johnson and Gibbon were exceptions to these, it is true; they wrote spontaneously. and their first draft was the only one they gave to the press: and yet the majesty and beauty of their diction remain, perhaps, unsurpassed at the present day. The French writers, Rousseau and St. Pierre, carried their scrupulosity to an amusing excess. The former used to write out his new *Heloise* on fine gilt edged paper, and with the two-fold affection of a lover and a parent, repeatedly rehearsed his effusions to the ravishment of his own delighted ears before sending them to the printer; and the latter transcribed his *Paul and Viginia* no less than nine times, with the view of rendering it as perfect as any mundane thing may be. Sheridan, it has been well observed, watched long and anxiously for a bright idea, and when he was visited with one, he sought to attire it suitably, and afterwards discovered no less assiduity in rewarding it with a glass or two of generous port. Burns was another hard worker with his brain; when his fickle muse jaded, he used to rock himself on a chair, and gaze upon the sky, patiently waiting her inspiration. He was fastidious to a fault in the perfection of his phrase and rhythm. The same delicate sense characterises Byron Scott, Moore, Campbell, and Bulwer, the last of whom used to victimise the patient printer for seven successive revises. We might swell the list of laborious writers still further, but it is needless; and yet we have not alluded to many of the craft who devoted their whole lives to a single production, like Dr. Copland, whose renowned Dictionary of Practical Medicine has already occupied his undivided attention more than twenty years. We cannot, however, refrain from quoting one more name—that of the erudite, but ill-fated Castell, the author of Lexicon Heptaglotton, since it presents so singular an example of great literary generosity, combined with the most herculean literary industry. He was literally a martyr to letters, a case of voluntary immolation of himself and his fortune to his darling pursuits. It is impossible to read unmoved his pathetic appeals to Charles II., in which he laments the seventeen years of incredible pains, during which he thought himself idle when he had not devoted sixteen or eighteen hours a-day to the Lexicon; that he had expended all his inheritance (more than twelve thousand pounds); that it had broken his constitution, and left him blind, as well as poor. When this invaluable Polyglott was published, the copies remained unsold in his hands; for the learned Castell had anticipated the curiosity and knowledge of the public by a full century. He had so completely devoted himself to Oriental studies, that they had a very remarkable consequence; for he had totally forgotten his own language, and could scarcely spell a single word. This appears in some of his English letters, preserved by Mr. Nichols, in his valuable "Literary Anecdotes."

It is supposed that above five hundred of his Lexicons were unsold at the time of his death. These were placed by his niece and executrix in a room at Martin, in Surrey, where for some years they lay at the mercy of the rats; and when they came into the possession of this lady's executors, scarcely one complete volume could be formed out of the remainder, and the whole load of learned rags sold only for seven pounds! A single imperfect copy recently sold for a larger sum.

[To be Continued.]

Digitized by Google

# THE ELEMENTS OF MORALITY; INCLUDING POLITY.*

[Concluded.]

Now, let us pause a moment, to recall to mind what our author has promised, and what he has performed. He promised, that he would lay down certain self-evident truths or propositions, analogous to the axioms of geometry, and deduce the elements of morality from them, by "rigorous reasoning." One of these fundamental propositions—one of these self-evident truths, he informs us, is his principle of justice. Now, where are the moral rules he has deduced from this? Alas! he tells us, that if we undertake to "draw inferences from the notion of Justice," we shall run into all kinds of "contradiction and confusion." He proves this by a specimen of his own. "Thus," says he, "if we say that Justice is Equality, and if we thereupon attempt to make the Property of all citizens always equal, we destroy the conception of Property."—p. 149. Now, Mr. Whewell offers this as a proof that we should not attempt to draw inferences from the notion of Justice; and we admit, that it is a conclusive proof, that he, at least, should not attempt to deduce "the elements of morality" from such a source. Why, then, did he attempt to do it? Why did he undertake to give us a chain of consequences flowing from this great principle of justice, as the bright and beautiful truths of geometry flow from definitions and axioms? We are now told, that these consequences are not to be defined by us at all, but by the law of the land! Instead of mathematical deductions from self-evident truths, we have moral rules deduced from the laws of civil society; and which are, therefore, as fluctuating and changeable, as the source from which they are derived. We scarcely know, which the more to admire, the magnificence of the promise, or the insignificance of the performance. Mr. Whewell contends, as we have seen, that we cannot deduce any conclusions from the notion of Justice, without running into "contradiction and confusion;" and hence, the practical rule of justice is to be derived from the law of the state. It would be wrong to conclude from this, however, that he does not hold a contradictory doctrine. For although he teaches, that we dare not make any practical application of the great principle of justice, independent of the law of the land; yet he declares, on the other hand, that "the State has, for one of its offices, to remove out of the Laws all that is unjust, so as to make them more and more just."—p. 148. "States may aim at constantly making their Laws continually more and more just."—p. 149. But how the law-giver is to make the law conform to the dictates of justice, on the supposition that we can learn what things are just only by a reference to the law, is a mystery which our author has not been so good as to explain. Indeed, in his matchless system, Law and Justice are made to revolve around each other, like twin stars: each being upheld and supported by the power of the other.

But let us suppose that it should happen, that a man is firmly persuaded that the law of God requires one thing, while the law of the land requires another;—which is he to obey? Hobbes, whatever may be thought of his principles, has at least answered this question like a man; let him obey the law of God, says he, and take the consequences; he ought to be willing to suffer martyrdom, if needs be, for conscience sake. But Mr. Whewell finds it a very delicate question. If he had been a true moralist, he would have found no difficulty in such a question; but, as it is, it stands in his way, and he must make his escape from it in some manner or other. For this pur-

* The Elements of Morality; including Polity. By William Whewell, D. D., author of the History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences. In two volumes. New-York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff-street. pp. 401 and 426.



Digitized by Google

pose, he not only teaches that the great "Ideas" of Truth, and Justice, and Goodness, which spring from the moral nature of man, are dark, vague, and floating notions, leading only to "contradiction and confusion;" but he also labors, in every conceivable way, and in some that were not conceivable, to impress the mind of the reader that the law of the land is, in Great Britain at least, the very perfection of Reason. He wishes "each rising generation" to derive "its education from the existing Laws and Customs of the Nation," and to be deeply "imbued with a belief that these Laws, and the Maxims which they imply, are right and just;" so that "the stability and consistency of the State will be preserved."—p. 151. "We often find expressions of the Legislator, or of the Jurists who comment upon the Law, *which imply that they could not conceive a Law which did not aspire to be just.*" —p. 83. Fortunately, we know nothing of such legislators and jurists; but it is quite certain, that our author could not clearly conceive of the injustice of a British law, if of any other. Shall we suppose, that the great "Idea of Justice" given by the moral nature of man, is in conflict with the "Fact supplied by the Law?" If so, our author will remind us, that "The Idea and the Fact cannot be separated."—p. 149. Justice without the law is a blind guide; we can only see what justice is by looking at its image reflected in the law.

If our author has read, with much care, the Equity Jurisprudence of Story, from which he professes to have borrowed so freely, he must have seen, it appears to us, how unmeaning is the obsolete jargon about the perfection of reason manifested in the common law of England. Surely our author has not forgotten the great and wonderful changes which have so recently been effected in that law, in spite of the insane eulogies that its admirers have lavished upon it. Nor will the idle flatteries and compliments of our author, (the one-hundredth part of which we have not noticed,) prevent other wholesome reformations which are destined to be wrought in it.

We should not have dwelt upon this subject so long, if, in seeking to do honor to "the Law," the author of the Elements had done no violence to Morality. He every where speaks of the Law as "fixed," and of Morality, independent of human law, as "more flexible,"—p. 331; as something dark and uncertain in its determinations. Hence, we must be permitted to say, that he has given us a very rigid and despotic system of law indeed, but an exceedingly loose system of morals: not that it excludes any thing good; but that, along with the good, it includes every thing bad. The low philosophy of Hobbes, and the "immutable morality of his great antagonist, Cudworth; the brightest precept of recollection, and the darkest blunders of reason; are here united by the flimsiest ties of sophistry.

Though our author did not, as he tells us, intend to treat of moral philosophy, but only of the elements of morals; yet has he decided the two great questions about which moral philosophy is chiefly conversant. The first of these questions is, whence do we derive the ideas of right and wrong, or under what circumstances do they arise? This question has been decided in the works before us, as we have seen, by referring the origin of our moral sentiments to the operation of human laws. The second question is, what are the characteristics of right and wrong, or how are they distinguished from other things? This question the author likewise disposes of in his attempt to illustrate "the idea of moral goodness."

"We conceive human actions," says he, "to be absolutely right, when they are conformable to the Supreme Rule of human action."—p. 156. What, then, is this supreme rule? We are told a great many things about it, but what it is, we cannot so easily learn from our author. "The supreme law of our actions must be a law for all powers of action. It must include the whole of our nature. Its rule for affection and design must be, not that they shall be extinguished, but that they shall be right affection and right desire," &c., &c. But what is the rule? Why, "the conceptions to which Morality directs our desires and affections, may be collected, *in a general way*, from what has been said of the conceptions from which the impulses of Morality urge us. As Morality calls us from anger, malice, covetousness, lying,

Digitized by Google

deceit, lust, law-breaking—she impels us to an opposite set of qualities: — mildness, kindness, liberality, fairness, truthfulness, humanity, temperance, chastity, obedience. These conceptions must enter into the idea of the end of human action. These must be included in the supreme law of human action. These points indicate the place to which the lines of duty all tend. The supreme law of human action must be found in the point to which all such lines converge. It may be conceived as the Ideal Centre of such special moral tendencies as we have spoken; and thus, as the Idea of Morality."—p. 162. Here we have a great many things, such as liberality, fairness, and so forth, all pointing to the great Idea of Goodness; but how are these things to be defined? how are they to be known, or what is it that constitutes their moral quality? Until this be shown, we may be told, "in a general way," that they all point to the "Idea of Morality;" but as to what that idea is, we shall be as far from having any knowledge as before; to our minds it will have "neither a local habitation," nor "a name."

"We may proceed somewhat further," says our author, "in the determination of this Ideal Centre, or Idea of Morality." What is it, then? Why, "The Supreme Law of human nature must be a Law which belongs to man as man; a thing in which all men sympathize, and which binds together man and man by the tie of their common humanity," &c.,—p. 162. But what is it? "It excludes all that operates merely to separate men; for example, all *desires that tend to a centre in each individual*, without *any regard to the common sympathy of mankind;* and especially, all affections which operate directly to introduce discord and conflict; as we have seen, accordingly, that it excludes malice and anger, and directs us to mildness and kindness." Very well; but what is it that is to do all this? "The absence of all the affections which tend to separate men, and the aggregate of the affections which tend to unite them, may be expressed by the term *Benevolence*."—p. 162-3. Well; but what is benevolence? It includes "all the ties of love which bind men together." . . . "This affection of love to man as man, is a part of the supreme law of human action: and the idea of a complete and universal *benevolence* is a point in the direction of the Ideal Centre, or a part of the Idea of Morality of which we have spoken."—p. 163.

After all, this brings us not one inch nearer to the nature of the great idea of moral goodness; for the question still returns, what is benevolence? Is it a mere passive state of the sensibility, or does it also include a state of the will? what is its distinguishing attribute? wherein does its moral character consist? This question must be answered, before we can have any idea of moral goodness. It is by a similar process, that our author reaches his four other cardinal virtues, of truth, of justice, of purity, and of order; and shows them all to be *parts* of the "Idea of Moral Goodness." This is a tedious process, one would think, to arrive at self-evident truths.

His remarks on the subject of order are so characteristic, that we shall refer to them. "The Supreme Law of Human Action," says he, "in order to operate effectively upon men's minds, must be distinctly and definitely conceived, at least in some of its parts and applications. But *all distinct and definite conceptions of Laws of Human Action must involve a reference to the relation which positive Laws* establish. Hence, *moral rules, in order to be distinct and definite, must depend upon Laws;* and MUST SUPPOSE LAWS TO BE FIXED AND PERMANENT. It is our duty to promote, by our acts, this fixity and permanence; and the Duty, of course, *extends to our internal actions, to Will, Intention, Desire and affection, as well as to external acts. We must conform our dispositions to the Laws;* obey the laws cordially, or administer them carefully, according to the position we may happen to hold in the community. This disposition may be denoted by the term *Order*, understood in a large and comprehensive sense." —p. 165. . . . "The *Idea* of *Order* in this comprehensive sense is part of the Central Idea of Morality."—p. 166.

"Thus," says our author, "we have five Ideas, *Benevolence, Justice, Truth, Purity, and Order*, which may be considered as the elements of the Central Idea of Morality, or as the cardinal points of the Supreme Rule of Human Action."—p. 166.

But yet the idea of moral goodness,

Digitized by Google

to which our author set out to conduct us, has not been attained. We have seen what he calls "its parts;" but why these parts partake of the nature of the whole, or what the nature of the whole is, we have not yet seen. It surely will be disclosed, one would think, before the author is done; it seems that it already begins to dawn upon us. For we are told, "We are not to conceive these Ideas, (his five great "cardinal points") as distinct and separable, but rather as connected and combined in a fundamental and intimate manner. Thus, we have already mentioned moral qualities which partake of more than one, as Liberality partakes of Benevolence and Justice; Honesty of Justice and Truth. And all these dispositions. Benevolence, Justice, Truth. Purity, Order, may be considered to be included in the Love of Goodness."—p. 166. But alas!—what is goodness? This is the idea we have been in search of, and to which our author undertook to conduct us.—The great central idea of morality—of goodness, is then, we are told, the love of morality or goodness. But we still ask, what is morality? what is goodness?

Goodness, we are told, is "a conformity to the supreme law of human action;" and "the supreme law of human action is a love of moral good *as good*, and the desire to advance towards it as the ultimate and only real object of action. To this object, all special affections, all external objects and the desires of such objects, all intercourse of men, all institutions of society, are considered as subordinate and instrumental. And thus, this Love of Good includes, excites, nourishes, and directs to their proper ends, those more special Affections and Dispositions of which we have spoken." We wish the reader to understand, once for all, that we do not feel ourselves bound to point out the tenth part of the error and confusion which may be found in the extracts that we make from the work before us; we have no criticism to offer at present in regard to the strange notions necessarily implied in the above passage, as well as in nearly all of the lucubrations of the author. We simply wish to notice the fact, that it conducts us to the position, that moral goodness is a conformity to the supreme law, and that the supreme rule enjoins moral goodness!

A further description of the conduct conformable to the supreme rule is contained in the following words: "In order to describe the character and conduct conformable to the Supreme Rule, we may speak of it as the character and conduct of a *good man*.—That is right which a good man would do. Those are right affections which a good man would feel."—p. 166.—Now, we do not suppose that our author means to assert, that every thing which a good man does is morally good; for it is too plain, that many of his actions are indifferent in a moral point of view—even supposing him to be a perfect man. But if he means that all the actions which a good man does, as a good man, or which goes to constitute his goodness, are conformable to the supreme rule, this is only to repeat in a very awkward way, the proposition that goodness is a conformity to the supreme rule. All that we can learn from such teaching is, that goodness is a conformity to the supreme rule, and that the supreme rule enjoins goodness. This is absolutely all that we can gather from Dr. Whewell on this all-important point; and we regret that he did not impart his information without such an astonishing profusion of words.

We cannot follow our author through his remarks on the "Virtues of the Affections;" the "Virtues of the Mental Desires;" the "Virtues connected with Truth;" the "Virtues relating to the Bodily Desires;" the "Intellectual Virtues;" the "Reflex Virtues and Vices;" nor through his dissertation concerning our "duties" in regard to the same things. To most minds, this arrangement and nomenclature will be a sufficient index to the contents of this portion of his book; and besides, our limits require us to view the work before us, not in relation to the various details, but in relation to the great landmarks of moral science. We have already considered its doctrines concerning the relation between morality and law; the origin of our moral sentiments, and the idea of goodness; we shall conclude with a brief notice of its positions in regard to the nature and authority of conscience.

From what the author has said with respect to the origin of our moral sentiments, we might conclude that his views in regard to the nature and functions of conscience are vague and in-

definite. Accordingly, in speaking of conscience, he multiplies epithets, and piles one upon another, but he throws no light on the subject. He tells us, for example, that *conscience as a law* "is a stage in our moral and intellectual progress" — p. 261; and again, that "conscience is never fully formed, but always in the course of formation." —p. 263. Now, in regard to such expressions, as well as in regard to the general character of our author's teaching, we wish to make a remark, in order that we may not be misunderstood in our strictures on his work. We do not say, then, that a true sense may not be put upon such expressions, as well as upon hundreds of others, bearing a similar stamp, to which we should object. They may be true; but how much truth they contain, or wherein their truth consists, is what can be known only to those who are already intimately acquainted with the science of morals. The author, no doubt, sees a truth in all his expressions; and we dare say he would be greatly surprised to find that any man should be so dull as to misunderstand him; and yet we will venture to affirm, that if he had formed a clear and steady view of the truth, at which he so darkly and obscurely aims, and had seen it in all its bearings, he would have found it impossible to express himself as he has done. The reader who is familiar with the truths of moral science may, therefore, see these truths imperfectly reflected in the pages of this work, without being misled by the fragmentary or distorted images they present; just as the mind of the geometrician will eliminite the idea of a perfect circle from the most clumsy attempt to represent it by a diagram. But the unlearned student, who comes to the work in question for instruction, will be just as apt to see his own crude fancies, or preconceived errors, reflected therein, as he will be to behold the bright and beautiful image of truth. If he should have any thing of a thoughtful and meditative mind, he will perceive that the author has in some places expressed more, and in some less, than the truth; but exactly where the line which separates truth from error is to be drawn, he will not be able to determine; unless he can find in his own bosom, or in some other teacher, a better guide than "The Elements of Morality."

The great question which our author discusses in regard to conscience, is this:—Is he who acts according to his conscience *always* right? This question, whether viewed in relation to individual conduct, or in relation to many of the great practical interests which agitate the Christian world at the present day, appears to be one of immense magnitude and importance. The importance of the question, however, we cannot undertake to unfold and illustrate at present: it must appear to the most superficial observer that it is of sufficient magnitude to engage our most serious attention. We shall proceed, then, to consider the manner in which our author has solved this question.

He contends, that "he who acts against his conscience is always wrong," —p. 262. To disobey the commands and prohibitions of conscience, under any circumstances, is utterly immoral; it is the very *essence* of immorality,"--p. 266, and so in various other places. Now, it appears perfectly obvious to us, that if it is always wrong to act against conscience, it can never be wrong to act in obedience to it; that if it is immoral to refuse to obey its commands, it cannot be immoral to obey them. Whenever we are called upon to obey the dictates of conscience, we must either refuse or obey; and hence, if it is wrong to refuse, it must be right to obey. It is always our duty to fly from wrong; and hence, as refusing to yield to the dictates of conscience is, as the author concedes, wrong, it cannot but be right to yield. We cannot possibly conceive of a clearer or more irresistible inference; and yet our author refuses to make it. He admits that it is always wrong to refuse obedience to conscience; but yet he will not allow that it is always right to render obedience to it.

On the contrary, after having propounded the question, is he who acts according to his conscience always right? he replies, "it is evident, that to answer this question in the affirmative, would lead to great inconsistencies in our Morality."—p. 262. He then begins to talk about the imperfections of conscience, and the danger of following it in all cases. "Under the influence of education, laws, prejudices and passions, the standard of right and wrong, which exists in men's minds for

Digitized by Google

the time, is often very different from that which the Moralist can assent to. Men have often committed thefts, frauds, impositions, homicides, thinking their actions right; though they were such as all Moralists would condemn as wrong. Such men acted according to their conscience. Were they thereby justified?"—p. 262. Our author does not seem to perceive, that he has, by means of an ambiguous word, stifled his position. We do not say, that both his positions may not be true, but we say, that they do not relate to the same object of thought. The truth is, that although his positions are all true, in certain senses; yet the misfortune is, that in treating of this subject, he does not hold his mind steadily to one thing, but suffers it to fly from point to point in the midst of the ambiguities of his phraseology. Though his assertions are all correct, yet by permitting them to fly in different directions and aim at different objects, appearing to be the same only because they have a common name; he has left the question he undertook to discuss in a state of no little preplexity and confusion. We do not deny his doctrines; we understand them fully; and we will venture to affirm, that any man, who has solved the problem in question clearly and satisfactorily to his own mind, will understand Mr. Whewell better than he understands himself.

There is a distinction lying at the bottom of this subject to which we must attend, or it will forever remain enveloped in great difficulty and confusion. To unfold and illustrate it, let us suppose that A does a certain act in obedience to his conscience. Now, the question is, does it follow that this act is right, simply because his conscience commanded it? To this question, we may reply in the affirmative or negative, according to the use and application of the term *right*. If A had not performed the act, he would have done violence to his conscience; which, it is admitted, is of "the very essence of immorality." Hence, it was his duty to do it; and the act was morally right *in him*. Using the term *right*, then, in reference to the moral conduct of the agent A, we do not hesitate to say, that the act in question was right, because it was done in obedience to the dictate of conscience.

But the term *right* is frequently applied to actions abstractly considered, and without reference to the agent.—Thus, an act is said to be right when it is such as *ought* to be done, by those who have the power and opportunity to know it to be right and to do it.—Such an act is said to be "right in itself," and without reference to the intention of any agent. In this sense of the word, the act of A, which we have pronounced right, because it was done in obedience to his conscience, may be wrong; that is to say, it may be such that he would feel bound not to do it, provided his conscience were perfectly enlightened. Hence, the same action may be both *right* and *wrong* at the same time, in these very different senses; and it was an inattention to the above distinction, which has been clearly made and insisted on by Stewart, and Read, and Price, that has led our author into so much perplexity.

It cannot be objected, that this makes conscience "the ultimate standard of morality," or clothes it with the attributes of infallibility. The ground we have taken, is perfectly consistent with the truth, that conscience is liable to innumerable errors, and needs to be enlightened. Nor does it imply, that we may rest contented to live and act in conformity with the present dictates of our conscience, without seeking to advance in a knowledge of duty. On the contrary, it is one of the dictates of conscience itself, that we ought to use all the means in our power to obtain light. Conscience is not so much an enlightening principle, as it is a principle to be enlightened; and the injunction to seek for light, is one of its most important mandates. We simply assent, that the present dictate of conscience is the *immediate* rule of action; he who violates it, is guilty of wrong, and he who obeys, does right. No matter what we may take as the standard of right in the abstract, whether we take expediency, or the relations of things, or the word of God, or Mr. Whewell's great principle of order; we must still, *ex necessitate rei*, adopt conscience as the *immediate* rule of duty. We must follow this as the *immediate* rule of conduct; it is impossible to conceive of any other. No man can guide himself by a light which he does not see; and to act in conformity with what he sees and feels to be his duty, is to be governed by the dictates of conscience.

Digitized by Google

Let those who deny this doctrine, show in what cases, and on what principle, a man should refuse to obey his conscientious convictions of duty.

For the present, we shall enter no further into the consideration of this interesting subject; as it is high time we should take leave of our author.—We have not dwelt on the amusing features of the work of Mr. Whewell, because we have wished to do justice, so far as it lay in our power, to great principles. We might, had we so chose, have excited many a smile by dwelling on the peculiarities of his nomenclature and style; but have passed them over, not because we deemed them unworthy of notice, but because they are comparatively small offences. Indeed, he is seldom satisfied, if he can well avoid it, to call things by their old names; and having ceased to call them by their familiar appellations, he seems to have forgotten a good share of the knowledge he possessed of them. By a pedantic affection of a strange terminology, made up of new epithets needlessly introduced, and old ones permanently applied, together with his grand design to strike at a new path to the philosophy of morality, and alarm all, by his determination to make conscience and truth bend to established institutions, he has contrived to introduce a degree of perplexity and confusion into moral science, which it is exceedingly painful to contemplate, and from which we turn with feelings of unmingled pleasure and delight.

---

# SONNETS.

By the Author of "The Yemassee," "Guy Rivers," &c.

### EAGER CONFIDENCE OF AMBITION.

There are two lives, and one alone is ours,
  And chosen, we must choose:—the one is fair,
A world of summer skies, and smiles, and flowers,
  The other dark with tempests and with care:—
Our will, in choice of these, declares our powers!
Is it thy pleasure, o'er the summer sea,
  To glide with noiseless power and easy sail,
Reluctant at the nobler sov'reignty
  Of wind and wave, and the triumphant gale?
Then we part company,—for I should quail
At unperformance,—and my course must be,
Where the strife thickens,—where the meaner pale,
And back recoil, and nought but danger see,
Where Glory waves her flag, and Victory waits for me.

### THE SACRIFICE UPON OUR ALTARS.

Our very passions leave us—our best tastes
  Subside, as do our pleasures, and depart;
  The moss and ivy grow about the heart,
And a cold apathy and dullness wastes
Our virgin fancies. We grow old apace,
  While every flow'r that boyhood lov'd keeps young,
    As if in bitter mockery of our pride!
And this it is to run ambition's race,
  To lose the pulse of hope, youth's precious tide,
And through strange regions, and with unknown tongue,
    As vain as Edward Irving's, wander wide,
Seeking our solemn phantoms,—things of air,
    Thin, unsubstantial, which our hearts still grace
With homage,—and our eyes still fancy bright and fair.

Digitized by Google

# MORNI AND ETHNEA.

## A TALE OF ST. COLUMBA.

[Concluded.]

"You ask not," replied the Naiad, "wherefore the wind hovers around the flower, and while it gives freshness and strength, hives within its bosom those treasured perfumes, which consecrate its flight, like visitants from paradise. You ask not, wherefore the moon-beam rests upon the wave, wooing it with the passion and purity of a bride; or wherefore the dew of midnight, which sleeps upon the flower, glitters like stars in the firmament—'Tis the universal spirit of love, which pervades the silent depths of nature; which weds the breath of summer to the flower, and pledges the kiss of moonlight to the swelling wave, that mirrors her radiance and glory."

"Yet I am but man," exclaimed Morni, as he hung enraptured upon the words of the Naiad.

"One wave of my wand," replied the queen, "could make thee in all things, even as I am, and the bright company which heralded thee hither—yet it is not the change of a moment. Slowly, as a decaying and corrupted government, must thine earthly nature be detached from thee. Thou art here to share my throne, and hold my sceptre; yet though thou art to hold communion with spirits—though thou may resemble them in form, and wear their light and gauze-like raiment—thy mind will for a time retrace the scenes of earth; thine ear listen, as in dreams, to the voices of those thou last loved, and thine heart wander back to the affections of its nature."

"Then I am doomed—" said Morni, as he felt the words of the Naiad already verified by the struggle within his heart, and himself but an exile amid the wealth and splendor which, like a gilded serpent, fascinates his eye, and coils its folds around him.

"To be loved by me, and sit upon my throne," replied the Naiad, as, rising, she waved her sceptre over him, and he sank senseless at her feet.

* * * * *

Thus passed time—if, indeed, time could be said to fly, in realms whose endless pleasure and ceaseless light divide the external world from that of our own thoughts and actions, which mark our epochs upon earth. Of all the spirits who thronged the realms, who turned their eyes to the praise and beauty of their queen, Morni was the favorite. He felt her prophecy of gradual change progressing; but though he looked around him with the eyes of a spirit, familiar with the object of mystery which met his gaze, and felt himself irrevocably the tenant of a world for which he was adapted by a secret and unfelt process of conformation—his heart still remained unchanged, like a particle of dust polluting the purity and brightness of his spiritual form. In fancy he yet pressed to it his earthly bride; returned with ardour those glances which rested on him, as she hung upon his breast, and felt, with a delicious joy, the fevered pressure of her lip, strong as the embrace of death, and murmuring the accents of a broken heart.

"Queen!" he exclaimed, starting from a reverie of earth, as he reclined by her side—"thy love cannot deny me its first boon and its last?"

"Speak thy request," replied the Naiad.

Morni paused for a moment in an agony of doubt and fear. He dreaded to incur the penalty of eternal exile—perhaps of death, should his request be denied. He turned his tear-dimmed eyes upon the queen. He felt a gentle pressure, as of down, upon his lids—the tears had passed away beneath the lip of the Naiad, and every object around him was bathed in a voluptuous light, hitherto a stranger to his vision.

"Thy request?—Speak it," repeated the queen. "She who hath shared her kingdom with thee, cannot refuse thee aught."

Digitized by Google

"That I may revisit earth," replied Morni, tremblingly.

The queen was silent. A momentary frown, like the dew clouding the blush of the flower, passed over her face, as she heard and paused on Morni's wish.

"Your heart still wanders back to earth?" she said.

"Blame me not," responded Morni, "for the condition thou thyself hast imposed upon my nature.—Oh! were it but for a moment, I implore thee, bright spirit," he continued, earnestly, "let me but see nature once again, as she crowns and beautifies earth, fixes her eternal throne of adamant upon the mountain, or scatters her painted treasures through the depths of the valley. Let me once more return to the friends whom I have left, whose smiles I see trembling on their lips as ready to greet me;—let me once more wander through the vales of that isle, consecrated by the love it has witnessed and the despair passion has left behind;—let me ascend—be it for but a day—an hour—and I return, content to share the glories of thy throne, or the pleasures of thine immortal love."

As he knelt before her, his arms extended in the intensity of prayer, and his lips still quivering with the thronging, unuttered emotions of his heart, the Naiad looked upon him with a mingled expression of tenderness and reproof.

"Ah! thou smil'st upon thy suppliant," cried Morni, as he started in rapture at the softness which beamed from her eyes, and overspread her features, like the ray of earliest dawn blushing through the mist of morning:—"thou smil'st, bright queen; thou wilt not—can'st not refuse me?"

"Then thou weariest already of my paradise?" returned the Naiad.

"Not so, fair spirit," exclaimed the prince;—"by the light which gilds it, like an eternal sun,—by the sceptre thou hold'st, I swear my homage to thy throne, and, if thou'lt not disown it, the love of an earth-born creature."

She extended her crystal sceptre to him, and Morni pressed it to her lips in token of fealty and passion.

"Should we restore thy nature to thee," said the Naiad, "and allow thee to ascend to earth—beware, there are stronger, though unseen ties, which bind thee to our realm beyond the light breath which speaks the oath, and either leaves it chained to the altar of the heart by the vow of honor, or scatters it to the wild air, a thing as light as that with which it mingles."

"What ties?" faltered the prince.

"Thy change of nature," replied the queen, "and a mysterious power, which will haunt thee through the caves and hiding-places of the earth, to cancel thy perjury, and reclaim thee to the nature thou hast foresworn."

"Perjury!" repeated Morni; "by these vales of light, which rise around us like an air-wrought palace, I seek neither to break the oath I have sworn before thy throne, nor release myself from the sacred nature thy power has breathed upon me! Should thou or thy realm be forgotten while I tread the earth, thou hast within thy grasp an element, which carries in its bosom the strength of thunder and the vengeance of death."

"And such shall be thy doom, son of earth," returned the queen, "should'st thou forget to return the love of the Naiad, or the duty thou hast sworn to her throne."

"Oh! I am mad for joy," exclaimed Morni, as he pressed the sceptre to his lips;—"I shall see the bright sun again, as like a racer of proud and unwearied mettle, he speeds his heavenly course, and pants for the golden gaol where twilight hangs her banners from the clouded turrets of the vanquished day. I shall see——"

"Thy bride, the princess Ethnea," interrupted the Naiad, in a sterner tone than she had hitherto adopted. "Fool! immortality is within thy grasp, and yet thou cling'st to dust and death, while the former crumbles in thine embrace, and death conceals his dart from thee, beneath the embroidered robe he hath flung on thy painted earth. To thy love!—away! Yet stay," she added, checking herself, as Morni, deaf to her words, and unconscious of the desire of vengeance, which lurked like a serpent beneath them, was dashing from the spot, and felt his wings already spread for flight; "stay; ere thou seek'st thine earth, I have a parting charge to give thee. The period of thy visit must be short, and thy return

Digitized by Google

marked by the signs with which thy brethren of dust count the flight of time."

"Thy commands, fair queen," replied the prince, "shall be cherished and obeyed. . Say on."

"When the moon rides highest in the sky, and mountain, vale, and plain sleep beneath the spell of her light—that be thine hour of return. Thou rememberest thine oath? Thou knowest my power? To thy bride of dust, away!"

The resurrection of the prince from the deep was the flight of a moment. The blood once more circled through his veins; to the mind was once more restored impressions and recollections, as though he had never abandoned earth or his nature, but which, in the change he had undergone, lay vague, confused and undefined, like the severered and dislocated relics of life as they spread and scatter through the vault of death. His heart once more leaped to the living impulses, which flowed back upon it, like streams returning their tributes to the fountain; and amid the emotions which thronged and swelled within a bosom, hitherto pulseless and inanimate, he felt the returning glow of a warrior's ambition—the unbending loftiness of a prince's pride—and love, flowing through every vein, like a tide of flame, and springing from the heart, as its centre—its exhaustless fount.

As he stood on the border of the lake, thus divested of every influence of his spiritual nature, the thought flashed on him of entering the castle, and standing in the presence of Ethnea, in the disguise of a minstrel. The moon, like a bride parting the curtained clouds, was slowly ascending "her highest noon," while her troop of sparkling satellites glanced in her wake, like handmaidens bearing her silver train. The lake was one mirror of light. The prince stooped over the bank, and beheld the transformation realised as by enchantment—the Barrad around his head—the long beard floated on his breast, and the harp was in his hand.

"Thanks! thanks! bright queen," he cried in rapture, and he swept the silent strings; "as thou hast not deserted me, my life upon my faith!"

He sprang from the spot, and with a hasty step traversed the gardens, lingering on every place which reminded him of hours passed in the dalliance of love—of vows plighted in truth, to be broken, alas! by the hand of death. As thus he wandered, living over again days and hours, whose memory multiplied the happiness they brought; and, in the ecstacy of retrospective life, forgetful of the nature which claimed him as its own, and the oath whose fulfilment bound him to an exacting, remorseless future, a burst of minstrelsy rose from within the castle walls, and died away in silence, like some parting spirit, upon the bosom of the night.

That sound dispelled memory and reverie, and awakened within him a sense of his condition, on which he was permitted to revisit earth. He looked toward the sky;—time was yet merciful to him—the moon was far from her noon. He turned to the castle; every turret glowed with light, and the great hall was a scene of mirth, festivity and rejoicing. Anon broke upon his ear the merry peal of the revellers, the rich minstrelsy of the harps, as the dancers kept measure to their strains.

"And is this thy love, Ethnea?" said Morni, as he vainly endeavored to wake one chord from the harp he bore, while a tear-drop glistened in the moonlight, as it fell among the strings—"Is this the love for which I wept, even amid the vales of paradise; which made those crystal depths a place of darkness, and their bright spirits deformed to the eye, when I thought of thee! Ethnea, weepest *thou* thy love, amid the revel, the dance, and the song?"

Dispirited and sad amid these witnesses of her forgetfulness, yet almost incredulous of the festive light which broke on his eye, and the strains of mirth which assailed his ear, with quick and agitated step he bent his way towards the castle. He paused a moment on the threshold of the gate. It was no longer the vision, which, in his despair, he had fondly hoped; but a stern and revolting truth, which crushed out the so long cherished image of Ethnea from his heart, and made it yearn for the presence of the Naiad—the love which defied temptation and the decay of time—and that home beneath the wave of eternal happiness and light.

"A minstrel, worn with travelling," he said to the man, who watched by

Digitized by Google

the gate, "implores admission, and he will requite the hospitality of thy purse with his humble skill upon the harp."

"Enter," said the man; "and the peace of our walls be upon thee!"

The next moment Morni stood among the revellers, joyless and unsmiling amid the gaiety which surrounded him, like one risen from the dead to paralyze the hearts and voices of mirth with the chill of his dark and fearful home. Still pealed the harps of the minstrels, and still whirled on the giddy dance; still whispered the manly lip its compliment and the tributes of gallantry, while the ear of beauty hung entranced on sounds, which filled it like softest music. Frenzied and desperate wandered the eyes of Morni among the sparkling group; he felt his glance imbued with more than a mortal fire; his cheek became cold, as though the hour had arrived for the dissolution of his nature; while thick and burning drops streamed from his brow, like fire distilled from the land of the spirit. To escape detection, he mingled with the minstrels, and his harp swelled the strains of festivity from his unconscious and trembling hands.

But while he, thoughtlessly, struck the strings, his eyes wandered restlessly through the pageant-throng around him. Ethnea was not there. Was she dead? The harrowing thought fell on him with remorse for the rash charge he had announced against her. Had she died for him? The question was followed by a mingled sensation of sadness and joy, which confounded both, and wrought on its victim like madness. Ethnea gone! then earth had no farther claims upon his heart; and the affections, which led him back, he felt were already breaking and withering.

While thus he stood in melancholy and despair, desiring the moment which should restore his spiritual nature, in a remote part of the hall his eyes rested on a form, seen in happier hours, and worshipped through all the vicissitudes of death and change, with the devotion of an idolater. It was Ethnea. Anger clouded his brow, as the truth of the charge rushed to his mind; but a moment dispelled it, as the sunshine brushes the ripple from the wave. She was surrounded by mirth; but there was no responsive smile upon the lips to share, or give it welcome. The lamps gleamed above her with the brilliancy of day, but where was the blush which might have reposed upon that cheek, like a rose expanding in the warmth of sunlight? The giddy dance wove its labyrinth around her; yet like a statue did she regard the moving crowd, cold, joyless and silent. It was Ethnea; but, alas! how changed from her he had claimed as his bride—from her whose beauty had been his dream amid the loveliness of paradise. The hollow of her cheek, her sadness, her silence—all bespake a truth, which defied even the separation of death, and sought the tomb of her lover, to watch and weep there.

Though his oath were broken; though the threatened penalty of the Naiad and the utter extinction of spirit followed; though death approached, and whispered in his ear the curse of *dust;* yet one word must be exchanged with the princess, even though it were but "Farewell!"

The dance had ceased, and the harps sunk to silence. He descended amid the crowd—there was one expedient still left him to inform her of his presence. He called to mind the air he had often sung in her bower, and sang to her the last time they met there. Ethnea loved it, perhaps, as much for the minstrel, as the melancholy sweetness which marked it. He swept the strings, and sang the following lines—

When we parted last, the smile which played
On thy lip, I thought could never die—
But alas! our smiles as often fade,
As the moonlight to the lover's eye.

It was the star-light of my path;
The spell which did my steps beguile;
And though the tempest lower'd in wrath,
One ray still pierced it—'twas that smile!—

Too happy! if the love we felt
In those bright hours, could last for ever;
If the God, before whose shrine we knelt,
Our hearts had fated ne'er to sever.

But rent the tie—and gone the truth
Which blessed our hearts in that sweet hour;
Too late we've learned the doom of youth—
That passion fadeth like a flower—

And what is left, save the broken heart,
And the tear, which dims the once bright eye?
Oh! would that ere the hour to part,
A sterner fate had come—To die!

But vain to murmur!—Vain to weep
Over a doom as dark as ours!—
To guard a withered flower, and keep
Our sad watch by its faded bowers.

Digitized by Google

Oh! had we never loved nor met,
How happier far had been our fate!—
Our star so soon had never set,
And left us dark and desolate.

For the gay and heedless throng, the air had no memory, and the words no meaning. But it fell on the ear of the princess like a voice from the dead, as fancy knelt by the tomb of her lover, whose depths returned solemn and holy answers to the heart whose passion death could not chill. And, stricken, as in the presence of a spirit, who returned to earth on a mission of warning or revenge; and bewildered with the thoughts and memories which crowded on her mind as she listened to the minstrel, she started from her seat. The light of frenzy was in her eye—a ghastly pallor settled on her brow and features—she trembled fearfully, as though each moment gave strength to the horrible thought, that a tenant of the tomb stood amid a scene of mirth like the present. The superstition gradually assumed the hideous aspect of its object; she raised her hands to her head, and, uttering a wild and heart-rending shriek, sank back upon her seat.

The revellers gathered around her—"He is not here," she said, as she scanned the group with a keen and kindling eye—"not here, not here."

"Who?" broke simultaneously from the astonished and terrified by-standers.

"He—*the dead*," she replied, in a deep tone, which froze the listeners with horror; and, darting from their presence with the speed of thought, she rushed from the hall. He observed her departure, and, unnoticed by the rest, glided away in pursuit of her.

After following her for some time through a passage, she fled before him with such rapidity as made him suspect the terrible impression which weighed on her, that she was haunted by the dead. He gently spoke her name. She neither answered nor turned, but still pursued her flight with such a fearful speed, as made him shudder for the safety of her mind.

A small summer-house terminated the passage, whose flowers, as they climbed the walls, or were trained in festoons, so as almost to represent an artificial ceiling, were interwoven with lamps of rich and varied hues, which fell on them with the mellow lustre of sunset.

As Morni entered the bower, the form he sought was before him. Exhausted and breathless with terror, she had sunk upon the floor, her arms extended on a couch, to which she clung for support, while the cressets poured down their warm light upon a face, tintless, ghost-like, and ashy. He knelt to her—he pressed his lips to her cheek—'twas cold;—he clasped her hand in his—it felt pulseless and clay-like.

"Dead, dead," he murmured, as he bent over her, parted her hair from her pale brow, and felt that while he looked on that dead image, he poured out the last tributes of a blasted love, and breathed forth the last remaining impulse of an expiring nature.

"That voice! that voice!" said the princess, slowly reviving; "it sounds in mine ear—the very reality of that hideous dream—graves and skeletons!" she added, with a violent shudder; "it falls upon my cheek, and curdles its very blood—oh! if it be my last hour; mercy, mercy, heaven!"

"My bride! my love! my long-sought Ethnea!" exclaimed Morni, passionately.

"Oh, God! art thou man or spirit?" cried the princess, as she sank at his feet.

"Nay, hear me, Ethnea," said Morni, kneeling by her side, and moistening with his tears the cold hand he pressed to his lips;—"hear me. It is not the dead who clasps thee;—I breathe—I move—I speak. Nay, these are idle fears. Is not this hand as soft as thine? and presseth not this lip upon thy cheek with all the living, fevered agony of thine? Speak, speak, Ethnea! be it but to say, this fearful hour carries death to both."

"Art thou indeed Morni—the buried Morni?" replied the princess, as she felt the vital pressure of his lip, and heard the human tone which breathed in every word;—"He whom I saw buried in the wave forever?"

"Not forever," rejoined the prince, checking, as it rose to his lip, the limit of his earthly visit, and the dreadful conditions which, on his return, would part them forever; "I am, as once thou knew'st me, living, and to love thee."

Digitized by Google

"And wherefore hast thou wandered so long without seeking thy bride? And wherefore this minstrel disguise, as though thou sought'st to play a part, and deceive me?" answered the princess, as she fondly hung on him, and traced those lineaments, on which memory had so often dwelt.

"Ask me not now," replied Morni, as the hour of midnight rushed to his mind, and he felt that though years were granted to his nature as man, yet would they waste away, unnoticed and unfelt, amid the burning emotions which swelled within his heart like lava. "I cannot tell thee now. The moon presseth high to her noon. Nay, stay me not," he exclaimed, disentangling her grasp from his mantle;—"I would not bring down ruin on us both. There is a power—Nay, unhand me, Ethnea,—I dare not disobey—for death——"

"Death!" reiterated the princess, in a tone which spake the endurance of martyrdom, and defied its tortures; while her eye flashed with the proud energy to resist and brave all things for him she loved, which makes the character of woman godlike in the hour of peril and distress. "Death! and fearest thou death for my sake, and in these arms? Oh! thou know'st not yet the love of woman;—deep as the grave; as firm and immortal as the ties of adamant which bind thee to death forever.

"Not death! No—no—not death I fear," murmured the distracted prince, as he clasped her in agony to his trembling, exhausted frame, and felt that each moment of delay might involve the innocent and the loving in the tremendous doom which menaced him. "It is not death I shun, Ethnea, but an everlasting curse, which peals in mine ear like the trump of doom, and rises around me, even now, to my very lips; an ocean, mad, chafed, inexorable—its dark bosom blazing with the lightning. 'Tis there! look—there," he muttered, as he heard the yell of the wave around him, and bore the terrified Ethnea from the spot.

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the princess, bewildered and breathless with fear, as she heard his wild ravings; "if thou lovest me still, speak not so madly. I am true to thee—true as the moon to her bright heaven. I have loved thee with a strength which death could not conquer, nor time rend from my heart. In the lone, deep hour of midnight, I've looked upon the lake, and every murmur I caught from its waves, I treasured as a voice from thee, and thine unshaken faith."

"No more—no more," cried Morni; "thy words are as fire—I cannot hear thee—I dare not listen longer; a spell—"

"To the love I bear thee there is a spell neither in the lightning nor the tempest," answered the faithful maiden, as with a force desperate from terror and despair, she held him in her grasp. "Let the lightning stream above us,—it but canopies the bright heaven as it opens to receive us. Let the wild thunder peal,—it utters not one tone more terrible or fearful than the frenzy which quivers on thy lip. Let the water rise and roar around us, death cresting every wave, and speaking his dread summons in the deep and awful yell of the element—Morni, for thee I defy all; for thee the lightning of heaven is dim, the thunder hath lost its mysterious voice of doom, and the wave that power which dragged thee down to register thee with the dead."

"It's dead!" iterated Morni, stung to madness with the conflicting thoughts which dashed and ebbed, like the waves of which she spake;—"It's dead! Ethnea, I cannot see thee longer kneel in this agony of prayer to one, who can neither aid nor answer thee. My lip burns with the secret, and it must burst its fiery prison, and bury thee and me in its fearful and avenging desolation. Thou kneel'st and pray'st as a woman; thou speak'st the strong love which glows within thine heart, and kindles in thine eye, as a bright gem guarded in the bosom of the earth. Ethnea! thy love lingers on a flower, which the tempest threatens momently to rend from its stem. Thine eye rests but on the crested foam, which, while thou gazest, the black wave extinguished forever. Can'st thou then love?"

"Thee, and for ever," replied the devoted maiden, while her arms, like ivy circling the ruin, were still clasped around his heaving form. "Rave as thou wilt, thou canst not tear me from thee;—we have loved—so let us die. Should not the death of those who love be, in an hour like this—the last embrace of heart to heart?"

"Yet hear me, rash girl, who

Digitized by Google

would'st make the doom of one that of both"—and as he spake, his lofty form towered with a grandeur which partook the dignity of the nature to which he felt himself returning,—"Hear me one moment, ere the word of doom go forth, and it be too late to arrest its flight of vengeance—Hear me. The form to which thou clingest in the mad devotion of thy love, is not of earth—'tis Spirit; and bound to return to its subtle and invisible nature by an oath registered in a far and unknown world. Midnight must witness the fulfilment of that oath, or I am the eternal slave of a mysterious power, which human eloquence cannot turn from its purpose, or its prayer of agony change or soften. Why wilt thou cling thus, bride of misery and perdition? Even now the lightnings blaze above us, and around us rise the black and suffocating waters to engulph their victims?"

"Because I love thee," answered the maiden, rushing once more to his embrace, and burying her face in his bosom. "Look on me—speak to me again, spirit though thou art, and I bless the blow which lays me cold at thy feet?"

Silent and irresolute he pressed her to his beating heart,—his burning lip rested upon hers, and the warm tears, like dew upon the lily, flowed on her white, cold cheek. A deep and hollow sound rolled through the castle. It was the peal of midnight. The appointed hour for his return had arrived, and he yet lingered in the embrace of Ethnea. A weight, as that of a mountain, rested on him, pressing him and the helpless burthen he bore to the earth. He was rooted to the spot, as by chains of adamant, which bind together the barriers of creation. In a moment a shock, like that of the thunderbolt, rushed between himself and Ethnea, rending them asunder, and dashing her prostrate to the ground. The vengeance of the Naiad was upon him,—the hour had passed for the fulfilment of his oath,—the resumption of his spiritual nature was forbidden,—the doom had been pronounced which made him dust for ever; and a cold sensation, like that of approaching death, which brought with it the humbling consciousness that he was but a thing of clay, shot through his veins, curdling up each drop it touched.

But the deep peal of midnight was a whisper, compared with the roar of the elements, which battled without like a resistless and numberless foe, contending for entrance. The fatal truth darted to his mind, as he heard the yell of the tempest, and the dash of the wave. The castle rocked to its foundation, and the ground trembled beneath him. He tore the senseless Ethnea from the ground, and was about to rush from the bower, when, through the dim and misty light which filled the passage, he saw the waves rushing towards him with a speed and strength which impel their flight in the hour of vengeance. Desperate with the thought that the rashness of Ethnea left her to share his terrible doom, he fell on his knee——

"Almighty spirit!" he exclaimed, "let not the innocent and the loving fall with the guilty and disobedient. Even while I pray, strike me while I kneel. I reck not for myself. Death were better than this agony—this deep and burning shame of dragging her down to share my fate, and feel thy vengence.—Great spirit, hear me!—Spare, oh! spare my bride."

The waves still dashed on, deep, black and impenetrable. No spell stayed the progress of the element; no answer was given to his agonized prayer. He looked upon Ethnea; cold, pale and heavy she lay upon his arm, like one rescued from the death to which each moment hurried her.—He felt there was no hope of safety for him. To rescue her, was the resolution which rallied the last energies terror and exhaustion had left him.—Through the passage, egress was impossible. The waves were now on the very threshold of the summer-house. While he lingered, bent on the preservation of Ethnea, yet uncertain how to accomplish it, cries of agony, horror and prayer, reached him.

"Oh God!" exclaimed the wretched Morni, staggering beneath his burthen, pale and helpless as itself—"these hideous sounds are from the dead and dying. The crime of the mortal and vengeance of the spirit have piled an altar upon which thousands must suffer and die. Doomed!—doomed!" he con-

Digitized by Google

tinued, "no flight! no rescue!—Be'st thou spirit of water or hell," he cried, furious with despair, and glancing, as he looked around, on a small door, which, partially covered with the foliage of plants, had remained unnoticed—"I defy thee—Ha! ha!—I'll baffle thee!"

As he spoke, pressing Ethnea still closer to his breast, he darted from the spot; and dashing his whole weight against the door, it burst open.

A dark and precipitous path led from the door downward to the lake. The wind blew with the rage of a hurricane, which threatened each moment to dash himself and Ethnea to the earth. The moon was dark, and almost invisible; how changed from that orb, whose radiance seemed to welcome his return to earth! The clouds swept in black, disordered masses through the heavens, while their thick shadows floated along the earth like spectres. A towering and massive tree, whose strength had been nursed by the tempest, and which stood at a short distance from the door, bent to the strong blast, and with a mighty crash, rent from its roots, fell to the earth. He tried to advance—his garments were torn to atoms, and, save for the desperate might with which he drew Ethnea to his breast, the tempest threatened momently to tear her from him. Like boughs of cypress upon the shroud of the dead, her hair lay scattered upon her marble features, as she lay, like a drooping flower, bending to the breath of the storm.

Still from behind rolled on the waves with a rapidity which now filled half the summer-house. Desperate, though faint the hope which urged him down the bank, amid the fury which burst around him, and the desolation which filled his path. Blind and headlong he plunged forward; but farther advance was checked by the waters which boiled up from the lake, swelling as with the pride of their destructive power, and making those rich gardens, through which he had that night wandered, a mass of hideous ruin. Heaven and earth seemed linked for the punishment of the victim, and their strength, as of one mighty host, sent forth to chain the perjurer to his bed of torture.

The waves were at his feet—still higher and higher they advanced.—Those before and behind him were now joined. He stirred not. With the last struggle of exhausted strength he raised Ethnea—it was vain—her garments were dripping, and her long hair streamed upon the waters.

"One word—one word," he cried, as he felt a faint shudder thrill through his frame, and bending over her, he heard a sigh from her lip; "one word, Ethnea—our time is brief. The doom rings in our ear—one word; that thou forgivest me."

"I love thee," murmured Ethnea, as her head sank back upon the wave, and she dropped dead from his arms.

"Ethnea, I follow thee!" exclaimed the frantic Morni, twining his fingers in his matted hair, while the waves rose fearfully around him, choaking his utterance; "the grave unites us forever."

He grasped the body, and folding it to his breast, they sank together.

The vengeance of the Naiad was not sated with the life of her victim alone. The island was one scene of suffering and death. Every tenant of the castle was destroyed, and the castle itself buried that fatal night in the element, which made their tomb for Morni and Ethnea.

Digitized by Google

## THE WELCOME RAIN.

FROM THE HIGH GERMAN OF HERR NIEMAND OF WEISENICHTWO.

The beating rain
I will with hateful eyes behold again
No more, if it my love restrain.

In haste she goes,
But rains incessant fall, and like a rose,
My heart invigorates and fresher grows.

Now must she stay,
Since Heaven itself gives reasons for delay;
The long black road, and canopy of gray.

She loves me so,
It would be misery for her to go
Uncomforted by me, I dare to know.

With mournful eyes
She anxiously regards the sullen skies,
And for the dread of going, not of staying, sighs.

Where'er she sees
The beating drops, they are the swarming bees,
That fetch us honey; so her heart decrees.

When I beheld
At dawn the driving clouds, my bosom swelled
With bitter thoughts, and inwardly rebelled.

For then I thought,
That *I* a hateful patience should be taught,
And *she* would sit expectant and unsought.

But now I know,
How even among graves meek blossoms blow,
The more luxuriant for what's below.

Henceforth no rain
To bear, will I ungratefully complain,
If it this once my Love, my Life, restrain.

*South Carolina.*

Digitized by Google

## FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

The existing war with Mexico, although it is one of many now being prosecuted by the nations of the earth, has this distinctive feature, viz., that it requires for its prosecution an increase in the expenditure of a nation peculiarly commercial. It is true, that Russia wages war with the Circassians, France with the Algerines, England in India, and France and England jointly in the Rio Plata. These are four wars carried on by the leading nations of Europe, each against smaller states, and for purposes of aggrandizement; but a feature common to them all is, that each nation is engaged with one so much less in strength, that the ordinary military peace establishments of the greater powers are sufficient to cope with the utmost exertions of those they engage. Hence the people of the respective countries are not called upon to pay much, if any, additional for the prosecution of hostilities, nor are their mercantile pursuits disturbed. The theatres of action are so remote from the ordinary circles of trade, as scarcely to alarm even the sensitiveness of commercial men. Wars thus conducted, without enhancing the national expenditure or interrupting trade—no matter how atrocious soever they may be in their nature, derive little sympathy from the people at large. When the United States were attacked by the Mexican troops, and the vigorous movement of the army of occupation served in two days to hurl back upon Mexican soil the utterly broken remnant of the invading army, a speedy termination of hostilities was looked for. Without wishing to prosecute a ceaseless and wasteful war, like that of France in Algiers, or England in India, the United States seized the moment of victory to proffer the olive branch. One of those political paroxysms which periodically overtake a state like Mexico, approaching its dissolution, suddenly shook the feeble despot from his seat, and brought Santa Anna again to the head of affairs. The exertions of the United States, which had been somewhat relaxed pending the progress of events that deposed Paredes and restored Santa Anna, were suddenly, on the consummation of the latter event, reinvigorated. The seaboard, from its remotest north, was stript of its most efficient companies to reinforce the army of invasion, indicating that the healthy season on the gulf coast is to be availed of to prosecute the war with the utmost vigor, and perhaps with a change of policy in relation to the treatment of the conquered people. The events which have transpired thus far show pretty conclusively that the *people* of Mexico take little or no interest in the change of individuals at the head of affairs. The mutations are mostly conceived and effected by a few officers, in whose intrigues the people have no sympathy. As far as the armies of the United States have yet come in contact with the people, the utmost leniency has been shown them, and the effect seems to be different from what might reasonably be expected. The persons of wealth and influence finding themselves rather relieved from burthens and benefited by the war, by no means exert themselves to effect a peace. They are to be negotiated with, it appears, only under the prick of the bayonet. The occupation of the large towns and cities, followed by severe requisitions upon all the property in the country, is apparently the only means by which that popular sentiment, to which Santa Anna pretends implicitly to submit, can receive a peaceful bias. If Mexico cannot furnish provision for a large army she can supply the means of purchasing it, and the steam marine of the United States can keep all her seaports stocked with an abundance of food and munitions of war. Under these circumstances, the hopes that were indulged of a speedy restoration of peace have subsided, and the contest will probably be prolonged for some months at least.

The war in Mexico is of a character



Digitized by Google

similar to those in which the powers of Europe are engaged, inasmuch as that in its operation the pursuits of commerce are not interfered with. The fears in relation to letters of marque, which were entertained when hostilities first took place, have been removed. The expenses of this war are, however, large, and the influence which these may have upon financial affairs, is the chief ground for the inquietude to which the continuance of the war gives rise. On the 22d of July a law was approved, giving the Treasury Department authority to issue $10,000,000 of treasury notes, for one year, not bearing a higher rate of interest than 6 per cent. At that time there was in the treasury $9,890,006. The two sums made, therefore, an aggregate of $19,890,006 applicable to extra war expenditures.—The law of July authorised the issue of notes subject to the restrictions and limitations of the act of 1837. That act requires the notes to be reimbursed and redeemed after the expiration of one year, when the interest is to cease.—The law of July also made it optional with the secretary, instead of issuing the notes, to borrow the money on a 6 per cent. stock having ten years to run, or to borrow part of the $10,000,000 on such a stock, and issue the balance in treasury notes at his option. The issue of notes took place in moderate amounts, mostly at New-Orleans, in the discharge of government debts to individuals. They bear one mill per cent. per annum interest, are payable in 12 months, and receivable for all public dues. It appeared, however, that some opposition to the issue manifested itself. The collector at the port of New-Orleans hesitated to receive them, on the ground that it was not expressed whether they were receivable for dues before or after maturity, and instructions from the department on this point were waited for. In the mean time, needy holders pressed them on the market, and they fell to a discount, from which they recovered when the doubts were allayed by a circular from the secretary. About $2,500,000 of these notes were issued, and some $150,000 worth were returned through the custom-house of New-York in the month of September, being taken for customs. It is evident that, in availing itself of the authority to issue treasury notes, a demand for $10,000,000 is created for the redemption of those notes at the end of the year; whereas, if the option authorized by the law, of borrowing on a stock redeemable in 10 years at 6 per cent., is adopted, no new legislation will be necessary at the next session to meet the debt. The treasury notes are doubtless the most convenient mode of contracting a debt, both for the department and the public, and the speedy settlement of the war would, in the operation of the new tariff, afford ample means in excess of ordinary expenditure, of meeting the notes as they mature. Should the war continue, the quantity of stock to be issued would be large and *indefinite*, and its price would be very low in the market. If peace should suddenly take place, money could be easily borrowed at 4 per cent. on a United States stock. In such a state of affairs treasury notes are clearly the best mode of borrowing. The banks of New-York offered to take a stock at par, bearing 5½ per cent. interest. This was declined by the department, and the issue of 5 per ct. treasury notes continued.

The surplus in the treasury at the close of September was, as compared with former statements, as follows:

AMOUNT AND LOCATION OF U. STATES DEPOSITS.

| | May | Aug. | Sept. | Oct. 1 |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Boston | 1,570,887 | 1,035,513 | 945,190 | 384,633 |
| N. York | 6,432,107 | 3,924,984 | 3,821,099 | 3,212,041 |
| Philadelph'a | 769,582 | 395,424 | 397,640 | 230,221 |
| Washingt'n. | 571,781 | 68,638 | 64,030 | 81,585 |
| N. Orleans | 566,388 | 1,181,378 | 780,410 | 256,359 |
| Mints | 879,000 | 778,009 | 674,990 | 667,385 |
| Oth'r places | 3,220,153 | 3,748,702 | 3,193,094 | 2,327,060 |
| Total | 14,009,898 | 11,132,638 | 9,876,461 | 7,159,295 |

The reduction has been mostly at New-York and New-Orleans. The banks of New-York have for five years held on an average $5,000,000 of government money free of interest, and have not failed to embarrass the action of the department in carrying out the people's Independent Treasury law.—

The large expenditure of the government on account of the war has not, however, as yet, affected the money-market, which is easy at 6 per cent. per annum, with every prospect of a further abundance of money. The fall business has been disastrous to importers; sales of goods have been at prices which do not reimburse the importer for his outlay, and considerable lots have been sacrificed at auction to raise

Digitized by Google

money for duties. This has been partly owing to the idea that prices will be less after the new tariff shall have taken effect, but mostly from the low prices that have prevailed for produce during the last year or two. It is a self-evident proposition, that unless the great agricultural interests are remunerated for their labor they cannot buy largely, either of comforts or luxuries.

The external business of the Union, as indicated in the imports and exports of the port of N. York, where usually two-thirds of the business is transacted, has, for the five months ending with September, been as follows :

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS—PORT OF NEW-YORK.

IMPORTS.

| | 1845 | | | 1846 | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Dutiable | Free | Specie | Dutiable | Free | Specie |
| May | 3,642,547 | 1,621,578 | 200,581 | 4,160,360 | 1,300,751 | 27,286 |
| June | 3,912,473 | 1,252,506 | 79,517 | 4,605,527 | 1,239,006 | 29,122 |
| July | 6,046,532 | 623,930 | 72,427 | 5,411,595 | 729,235 | 54,879 |
| August | 8,903,468 | 1,037,595 | 23,000 | 7,585,427 | 826,815 | 44,882 |
| September | 5,599,244 | 1,426,040 | 127,465 | 5,272,923 | 600,849 | 10,044 |
| Total | 28,104,264 | 5,961,649 | 502,990 | 27,035,832 | 4,696,656 | 166,213 |
| | | | | Decrease | 1,968,432 | 1,264,993 | 336,777 |

EXPORTS.

| | 1845 | | | 1846 | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Domestic | Foreign | Specie | Domestic | Foreign | Specie |
| May | 2,486,300 | 284,489 | 200,581 | 2,529,096 | 294,412 | 291,041 |
| June | 2,682,839 | 448,906 | 50,043 | 3,745,687 | 316,562 | ..... |
| July | 1,770,630 | 327,873 | 188,185 | 2,876,015 | 162,817 | 80,463 |
| August | 1,899,270 | 456,092 | 353,263 | 2,413,782 | 207,256 | 57,589 |
| September | 2,433,451 | 404,893 | 427,990 | 2,238,401 | 388,169 | 2,255 |
| Total | 11,272,490 | 1,922,253 | 1,220,062 | 13,802,961 | 1,369,216 | 431,348 |
| | | | | Increase | 1,880,731 | | |
| | | | | Decrease | | 553,037 | 788,714 |

In the first two months embraced in the table the dutiable imports were more than last year. In the last three months there has been a decline, resulting in a diminution of $1,000,000 for the whole five months. It is observable, that in free goods the decline has been still greater—showing that the falling off in business has been the result of interior depression from low prices of produce, rather than in anticipation of a change in the tariff. In specie the movement has been still less. Against an excess of export of $788,000 last year, the excess has been but $336,000 this year. The dutiable imports and amount of duties paid in each month, showing the aggregate average rate of duty per cent., is as follows :

| | 1845 | | | 1846 | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Dutiable Imports | Duties | Dut. pr ct. | Dutiable Imports | Duties | Dut. pr ct. |
| May | 3,642,547 | 1,306,382 | 35.8 | 4,160,360 | 1,277,227 | 30.7 |
| June | 3,912,473 | 1,263,071 | 32.2 | 4,605,527 | 1,471,124 | 31.8 |
| July | 6,046,532 | 1,807,795 | 29.8 | 5,411,595 | 1,651,652 | 30.5 |
| August | 8,903,468 | 2,759,777 | 30.9 | 7,585,427 | 2,183,701 | 28.7 |
| Septem. | 5,599,244 | 1,808,794 | 32.3 | 5,272,923 | 1,548,654 | 29.3 |
| Total | 28,104,264 | 8,945,819 | 31.8 | 27,035,832 | 8,132,358 | 30.0 |

The average duties have been 1.8 per cent. less this year than last—a fact which may have grown out of the advance in the price of specific articles abroad. For the months of August and September the average was two per cent. less than in the same months last year. This was influenced probably by a diminished import of those goods on which the duties are highest, and on which the reduction will be greater after December 1st.

The exports of produce have been quite large at advancing prices, being now $2,000,000 for five months in excess of last year, more particularly to

Digitized by Google

England. The impulse given to produce by the failure of the English and European harvests, to which we alluded in our last No., continued to exercise a favorable influence. The facts, as developed are, mostly, that the potatoe crop in all quarters has proved greatly deficient—almost a total failure—so much as to lead to serious apprehensions that the root will become extinct as an article of food. Beans, peas and barley, in England, and rye in the north of Europe are seriously deficient. In England the wheat crop is nearly an average in quantity or number of bushels, but deficient in weight. In France and Belgium a scarcity of wheat exists, and also in the Mediterranean. The latter is so great as to task the capacity of Odessa to supply it; and the United States appear to be the only place whence considerable supplies can be derived for importing countries, of which, in the case of wheat, France is the most important. Continuing the English quotations for grain from our last No., we have results as follows:

AVERAGE PRICE OF GRAIN.

| | Wh't | | Bar. | | Oats | | Rye | | B'ns | | Peas | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | s | d | s | d | s | d | s | d | s | d | s | d |
| Aug. 29 | 47 | 10 | 29 | 1 | 23 | 0 | 31 | 10 | 39 | 9 | 38 | 6 |
| Sep. 5 | 49 | 0 | 31 | 0 | 23 | 2 | 32 | 7 | 40 | 4 | 37 | 1 |
| " 12 | 50 | 0 | 33 | 7 | 23 | 5 | 32 | 4 | 40 | 11 | 38 | 10 |
| " 19 | 51 | 3 | 36 | 1 | 23 | 7 | 33 | 0 | 41 | 6 | 40 | 5 |
| " 26 | 53 | 1 | 36 | 10 | 23 | 7 | 35 | 7 | 42 | 7 | 45 | 0 |

The advices by the Great Western, to Sept. 12, caused a considerable advance in the prices and an increased impulse to exports, more particularly corn and flour. The great scarcity of freight, however, prevented exports to a great extent. The monthly exports and prices have been as follows, from the port of New-York:

EXPORT OF BREAD-STUFFS FROM THE PORT OF NEW-YORK.

| | 1845 | | | | 1846 | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Wheat bush. | Corn bush | Flour bbls. | Price Flour | Wheat bush. | Corn bush. | Flour bbls. | Price Flour |
| Jan'y | 13,370 | 13,316 | $4 87 | | 46,591 | 112,607 | 69,613 | $5 62½ |
| Feb'y | 7,247 | 6,388 | 4 87½ | | 9,276 | 201,220 | 41,153 | 5 50 |
| March | 18,703 | 14,656 | 4 75 | | 25,813 | 10,581 | 37,152 | 5 50 |
| April | 1,600 | 20,084 | 17,122 | 4 68 | 64,339 | 17,444 | 64,497 | 5 37 |
| May | 6,672 | 24,781 | 4 62½ | | 51,053 | 92,756 | 70,633 | 4 50 |
| June | 7,190 | 27,351 | 4 68 | | 125,816 | 95,089 | 131,027 | 4 06 |
| July | 3,902 | 4,702 | 21,495 | 4 31 | 100,780 | 26,259 | 102,550 | 4 18 |
| August | 400 | 6,118 | 50,272 | 4 75½ | 99,664 | 7,231 | 77,586 | 4 00 |
| Sept. | 13,202 | 6,647 | 60,616 | 4 62 | 151,765 | 117,949 | 86,895 | 5 00 |
| Oc. 20. | 61,563 | 2,242 | 22,774 | 5 41 | 113,125 | 38,055 | 64,042 | 5 62½ |
| Total | 80,662 | 92,975 | 258,771 | | 788,222 | 719,191 | 745,148 | |

The aggregate receipts of the same articles at tide-water, to Oct. 17, from the commencement of navigation in 1846, have been as follows:

| | Flour bbls. | Wheat bush. | Barley bush. | Corn. bush. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1846 | 2,057,559 | 1,709,121 | 702,297 | 1,315,328 |
| 1845 | 1,514,587 | 634,703 | 470,028 | 28,936 |
| Incr. | 542,972 | 1,074,418 | 232,269 | 1,286,392 |

The increase in flour and wheat is equal to 757,855 bbls of flour.

It is a favorable feature that, notwithstanding the abundance of money and the prospects of the export trade, very little of the usual wildness of speculation has manifested itself. Stocks have worked out of the market to an extent that warrants the belief that no great surplus can now accumulate to depress prices. It appears to be now established, that Indian corn will become an article of great export to England and Ireland. In fact, should the fears in relation to the *permanent* decay of the potatoe be measureably confirmed, Ireland must depend chiefly on the western states of America for food, a species of "annexation" the most efficient and indissoluble. It follows, however, that if large exports of corn take place, "returns" must be made, and the import of those returns must be facilitated by the United States government in still further ameliorating the tariff laws. The quotation for corn in Liverpool, is 38 a 43s sterling per quarter of 480 lbs., which is equal to $1.21 per bushel of 60 lbs., and the New-York price is 70 cts., leaving a margin of 51

Digitized by Google

cts., mostly owing to the scarcity of freight. Buyers having no freight engaged, choose rather to take the chance of a fall in the price of grain when freight offers, and there is but little speculation. A price of 70 cts. for an article so prolific and of such general growth as corn, is of incalculable importance to the farming interest; and every species of encouragement should be given to its transportation, and the return of its proceeds. The English practice is to measure maize, or Indian corn, by the *quarter*—a quarter containing 8 Winchester bushels of 60 lbs. each, which amounts to 480 lbs. net weight, and by this standard are prices regulated. The last highest quoted prices in Liverpool was 48s. per quarter, which is equivalent to $10 66½ U. S. currency.

The average weight of a bushel of corn in our market is assumed by common consent to be 53 lbs.; hence about 9 bushels are considered equivalent to an English quarter, as 9x53=477, which is only 3 less than the required weight of 480 lbs., but which it probably sometimes exceeds by that amount. The following, then, is assumed as correct:—

Sale of 900 bushels, or 100 quarters, Indian corn in Liverpool:

| | |
|---|---|
| 900 bushels cost in Baltimore 70 cents per bushel | $630 00 |
| Freight, 9½d.; primage 5 pr. ct. | 189 90 |
| Insurance, 2 per cent | 16 38 |
| Duty, 1s. per quarter | 22 22 |
| Oth'r petty charges, including landing, wharfage, customs entry, &c. and commission of 5 per cent on sales | 148 50 |
| Expense of 900 bushels corn laid down and sold in Liverpool | $1,006 10 |
| Net sales at 48s. per quarter | 1.066 66½ |
| Profit | 60 56½ |
| Exchange, 9 per cent | 7 25 |
| Net proceeds of 900 bushels in Liverpool | $67 81½ |

The English government will, doubtless, enter largely into the internal improvement of Ireland, with a view to enable laborers to buy food with the money earned.

All the internal evidences of the state of business in the United States afford indications of a great state of prosperity. The enhanced dividends on stock companies, particularly banks, show similar results. The Boston bank dividends have for five years been as follows:

DIVIDENDS OF BOSTON BANKS.

| | Capital | Ann. Dividends 1842-3-4-5 | | | | 1846 April Div'd | April Am't | October. Div'd | October. Am't |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Atlas | $500,000 | 4½ | 4 | 3 | 6 | 3 | $15,000 | 3 | $15,000 |
| Atlantic | 500,000 | 6 | 3 | 5 | 6 | 3 | 15,000 | 3 | 15,000 |
| Boston | 600,000 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 3½ | 21,000 | 3½ | 21,000 |
| Boylston | 150,000 | | | | | (new) | | 5 | 7,500 |
| City | 1,000,000 | 2 | 3½ | 5 | 6 | 3 | 30,000 | 3 | 30,000 |
| Columbian | 500,000 | 6 | 5 | 2 | 5½ | 3 | 15,000 | 3 | 15,000 |
| Eagle | 500,000 | | 5 | 5 | 6½ | 3½ | 17,500 | 3 | 15,000 |
| Freeman's | 200,000 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 4 | 8,000 | 4 | 8,000 |
| Globe | 1,000,000 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 3 | 30,000 | 3½ | 35,000 |
| Granite | 500,000 | 4½ | 5 | 5 | 6 | 3½ | 17,500 | 3½ | 17,500 |
| Hamilton | 500,000 | 6 | 5 | 2 | 6 | 3½ | 17 500 | 3½ | 17,500 |
| Market | 560,000 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 4½ | 25,200 | 4½ | 25,200 |
| Massachusetts | 800,000 | 4⅝ | 4⅞ | 4½ | 5 | 3 | 24,000 | 3 | 24,000 |
| Mechanics | 120,000 | 5 | 5½ | 6 | 7 | 4 | 4,800 | 4 | 4,800 |
| Merchants | 3,000,000 | 7 | 6½ | 6 | 7 | 3½ | 105,000 | 3½ | 105,000 |
| New-England | 1,000,000 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 3 | 30,000 | 3 | 30,000 |
| North | 750,000 | 2 | 4 | 2½ | 6 | 3 | 22,500 | 3 | 22,500 |
| Shawmut | 500,000 | 6 | 4½ | 5 | 6 | 3½ | 17,500 | 3 | 15,000 |
| Shoe and Leath. Dealers | 500,000 | 7 | 6 | 6 | 6½ | 3½ | 17,500 | 4 | 20,000 |
| State | 1,800,000 | 6 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 3 | 54,000 | 3 | 54,000 |
| Suffolk | 1,000,000 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 4 | 40,000 | 4 | 40,000 |
| Traders | 400,000 | | | 5 | 6 | 3 | 12,000 | 3 | 12,000 |
| Tremont | 500,000 | 3 | 4½ | 2½ | 6 | 3 | 15,000 | 3 | 15,000 |
| Union | 800,000 | 6 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 3 | 24,000 | 3 | 24,000 |
| Washington | 500,000 | 5½ | 3½ | 4¼ | 5½ | 3 | 15,000 | 3 | 15,000 |
| Total | $18,180,000 | | | | | | $593,000 | | $603,000 |

Digitized by Google

The Boylston bank went into operation in December, 1844, and its first dividend was October, 1845. The Freeman's bank capital was increased $50,000, and the Merchant's, $500,000. The annual dividends has been as follows:

| | 1842 | 1843 | 1844 | 1845 | 1846 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Capital | 17,010,000 | 17,010,000 | 17,480,000 | 17,480,000 | 18,180,000 |
| Dividend | 914,050 | 898,475 | 907,100 | 1,112,100 | 1,196,000 |
| " per cent | 5.30 | 5.29 | 5.19 | 6.35 | 6.57 |

Thus, from 1844, the earnings of the Boston banks have, in the aggregate, increased 1.38 per cent. The year 1844 was, it appears, one of the least profits; and these have largely increased in the last year. This is the state of affairs in a manufacturing circle. The dividends in the city of New-York afford a clue to the profits earned by capital employed more directly in commercial pursuits. The institutions do not, however, have a regular time of declaring dividends, as in Boston. As far as the dividends have been paid this year, they are as follows:

DIVIDENDS OF THE NEW-YORK BANKS, FOR 1844 AND 1845.

| Banks. | Capital. | Semi-a. d. | | 1844. Amount. | Div. | | 1845. Amount. | Div. | | 1846. Amount. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| New-York* | $1,000,000 | 4 | 4 | $80,000 | 4 | 4 | $80,000 | 4 | 4 | $80,000 |
| Merchants† | 1,490,000 | 3½ | 3½ | 104,300 | 4 | 4 | 119,200 | 4 | 4 | 119,200 |
| Mechanics* | 1,440,000 | 3½ | 3½ | 100,800 | 3½ | 4 | 108,000 | 4 | 4 | 115,200 |
| Union* | 1,000,000 | 4 | 4 | 80,000 | 4 | 4 | 80,000 | 4 | 4 | 80,000 |
| Bank of America‖ | 2,001,200 | 3 | 3 | 120,072 | 3 | 3 | 120,072 | 3 | 3½ | 150,078 |
| City Bank* | 720,000 | 3½ | 3½ | 50,400 | 3½ | 4 | 54,000 | 4 | 4 | 57,600 |
| Phenix‖ | 1,200,000 | 3 | 3 | 72,000 | 3 | 3 | 72,000 | 3 | 3 | 72,000 |
| North River‖ | 655,000 | 3½ | 3½ | 45,850 | 3½ | 3½ | 45,850 | 3½ | 3½ | 45,850 |
| Tradesmens‖ | 400,000 | 5 | 5 | 40,000 | 5 | 5 | 40,000 | 5 | 5 | 40,000 |
| Fulton* | 600,000 | 5 | 5 | 60,000 | 5 | 5 | 60,000 | 5 | 5 | 60,000 |
| Butchers' and Drovers'† | 500,000 | 3½ | 4 | 37,500 | 3½ | 4 | 37,500 | 4 | 5 | 45,000 |
| Mech. and Traders'* | 200,000 | 3½ | 3½ | 14,000 | 3½ | 3½ | 14,000 | 4 | 4 | 16,000 |
| National§ | 750,000 | 3 | 3 | 45,000 | 3 | 3½ | 48,750 | 3½ | 3½ | 52,500 |
| Mech. Ex.‖ | 750,000 | 3½ | 3½ | 52,500 | 3½ | 3½ | 52,500 | 3½ | 4 | 56,250 |
| Leather Bank‡ | 600,000 | 3½ | 3½ | 42,000 | 3½ | 3½ | 42,000 | 3½ | 3½ | 42,000 |
| Seventh Ward‖ | 500,000 | 2½ | 2½ | 25,000 | 3 | 3 | 30,000 | 3½ | 3½ | 35,000 |
| State* | 2,000,000 | 2½ | 2½ | 100,000 | 3 | 3 | 120,000 | 3 | 3 | 120,000 |
| Bank of Commerce‖ | 3,447,500 | 3 | 3 | 196,485 | 3 | 3 | 196,465 | 3 | 3 | 206,850 |
| Mec. Association† | 632,000 | 3½ | 3½ | 44,240 | 3½ | 3½ | 44,240 | 4 | 4 | 50,560 |
| Am. Ex. Bank* | 1,155,400 | 2½ | 3 | 63,527 | 3 | 3 | 69,324 | 3 | 3 | 69,324 |
| Manhattan Co.‡ | 2,050,000 | | | | | | | 3 | 3 | 123,000 |
| Total | 23,084,100 | | 6.63 | 1,373,600 | 6.31 | | 1,433,907 | 7.09 | | 1,616,412 |

* Dividend paid May and November. ‡ Dividend paid February and August.
† " June and December. § " April and October.
‖ Dividend paid January and July.

The Butchers' and Drovers' Bank declared an extra dividend of 4 per cent., or $20,000, in addition to the above, for a dividend omitted in 1842. The Dry Dock and Greenwich Banks, with capitals of $200,000 each, declared no dividends. For the year 1846, it appears the Boston Bank dividends are 6.57 per cent., and those of New-York, 7.09. The latter, doubtless, were swollen to some extent by the use of the public money which was not only loaned by the deposite banks, at exorbitant interests, but the rate of money to the commercial public was forced up by the adroit management of the fund. The Boston Bank dividends, as compared with those of New-York, indicate the degree of prosperity which those classes of business, dependent upon bank facilities, enjoy. Bank profits arise from two causes, viz: extension of loans and rate at which they lend. Hence, it arises from the nature of the movements that a sudden increase in their profits is, in some degree, indicative of public distress, as when banks are pushing out their loans, competition for paper makes money cheap. When the line of discount is full, and they stop making new loans, the public become pressed for money, and the rate rises to the great profit of the banks.

Other indications are tolls on public works, and on the two great avenues, formed by the New-York and Penn-

Digitized by Google

sylvania lines, the results up to October 1st, from opening of navigation, have been as follows:

| | 1845 | 1846 | Incr. |
|---|---|---|---|
| New-York Canals | 2,332,435 | 2,720,416 | 411,481 |
| Pennsylvania Works | 940,926 | 1,003,125 | 62,199 |
| Total | 3,273,361 | 3,723,541 | 473,380 |

These form the two great avenues of communication between the west and the Atlantic ports. The increase they exhibit arises, however, from the produce brought down them from goods going west. The New-York returns are for the fiscal year, ending September 30, and embraces, therefore, the large tolls derived from bread-stuffs sent down to market, under the speculation of October and November, 1845. The Michigan railroads, the Ohio and Indiana canals, all share the improvement in receipts, consequent upon the impulse given to the export of farm produce. The completion of the western canals coming in aid of free trade in corn, will be the legitimate means of restoring the credit of the western states.

Another indication of the comparative business of the two cities, is the valuations of real and personal estates. These have, for four years, been as follows:

| | BOSTON. | | | NEW-YORK. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Real | Personal | Total. | Real | Personal | Total. |
| 1842 | 65,499,900 | 41,223,800 | 105,723,700 | 176,512,342 | 61,294,559 | 237,806,901 |
| 1843 | 67,673,400 | 42,372,600 | 110,056,000 | 164,955,314 | 63,064,575 | 228,001,889 |
| 1844 | 72,048,000 | 46,402,300 | 118,450,300 | 171,936,591 | 64,023,456 | 235,960,047 |
| 1845 | 81,697,200 | 53,957,500 | 135,946,700 | 177,207,990 | 62,787,527 | 239,995,517 |
| 1846 | 90,119,600 | 58,720,000 | 148,839,600 | 183,480,934 | 61,471,470 | 244,952,404 |

The total valuation in New-York has increased, it appears, $7,100,000 since 1842, and that of Boston has advanced $43,100,000, in the same time, or six times as much. The increase in the real estate of Boston is the most considerable, and arises, probably, from the opening of streets through extensive private grounds in the fourth ward, and the reclamation of large tracts in the third ward. In relation to personal estate, however, it would appear that Boston has increased $17,000,000, while New-York has increased but $170,000. These assessed values of personal estates cannot be taken as the actual amount of personal property in each city, from the different mode and manner of assessment. But when one city, as New-York, exhibits no increase in the property as assessed by it, and another city, as Boston, shows a considerable increase on a uniform mode of assessment, it affords a general index of a greater degree of prosperity. In the present case, however, it must be remembered that, in Boston, merchants are assessed for the debts owing to them, beyond what they are themselves indebted; and therefore, an expansion of credits would, in some degree, swell the personal property. Nevertheless, the operation of the tariff of 1842, and the effect of railroads, has been to give Boston an impetus, which, in point of personal profits, has brought her along side of New-York. In 1839, the assessment in Boston was less than half that of New-York. It is now very nearly equal to it. The United States customs revenues at the two ports of New-York and Boston have, for the three quarters ending Sept. 30, been as follows:

| | BOSTON. | | NEW-YORK. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 1845 | 1846 | 1845 | 1846 |
| First Quarter | $946,668 72 | 1,408 016,02 | 4,636,862 | 5,460,834 |
| Second Quarter | 1,279,657 80 | 1,288,372 19 | 4,104,339 | 4,033,596 |
| Third Quarter | 1,938,757 67 | 1,280,447 | 6,376,366 | 5,384,007 |
| Total | $4,165,084 19 | 3,976,835 21 | 15,117,567 | 14,875,437 |
| Total 1844, 3 qrs | $4,915,098 00 | | 19,260,741 | |

The duties on warehoused goods in Boston, for September, amounted to $240,000. The decrease in Boston is $188,248 from 1845, and $939,263 from 1844. In New-York the decrease on the last year is $242,130, and from 1844, $1,285,304—equal to the whole revenue of Boston for one year. This affords a most remarkable instance of the effects of the great enterprise and energy of Boston in overcoming physical disadvantages and forcing prosperity.

Digitized by Google

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Trees of America, Native and Foreign, Pictorially and Botanically delineated, and Scientifically and Popularly described; being considered principally with reference to their geography and history, soil and situation; propagation and culture; accidents and diseases; properties and uses; economy in the arts; introduction into commerce, and their application in useful and ornamental plantations.* Illustrated by numerous Engravings. By J. D. Browne, author of the *Sylva Americana.*

We have seldom perused a work with such heartfelt gratification as we have experienced in examining the contents of the volume before us. Our country abounds in all those natural productions which are best adapted by a bountiful Providence to make it truly great, and to render it the paradise of the earth. But where God has been so lavish of his gifts, it behooves man to evince the deepest gratitude and most profound sense of his favors, by devoting all the appliances of scientific research, and the best and happiest efforts of untiring industry, to bring them to the highest state of perfection. The object of the present work is, perhaps, the most laudable that can direct the pen of the patriotic writer; but of this more anon. There is a charm in the title. It betokens a growing taste for those agricultural and horticultural pursuits which make a land truly great and beautiful, and it awakens a thousand delightful associations. The trees of America are indeed a subject of vast importance; to our navy and commerce, as supplying the ready means of constructing the noblest vessels to fight our maritime battles and waft our products to the utmost bounds of the earth; to our internal comfort, as affording ample materials for our buildings, and the construction of those necessary articles of household furniture and general manufacture of which they form the primary and most essential portion,—and lastly, to our individual enjoyment, by producing the greatest profusion of the choicest and most varied fruits, by adorning our gardens, fields, and the avenues of our cities, and giving shade and shelter from the sultry sun and sudden shower by which our climate has been so often characterized. We are, therefore, delighted to have before us a work that is so admirably calculated to point out the various uses, fruits, and beauties of our trees; their distinctive features, names, history, geography, and the means of cultivating them to the utmost, with a minute description of the insects and numerous evils by which they are attacked, injured, or destroyed. But there is another point of view in which this work of Mr. Browne must be regarded as exceedingly attractive. He mentions, as he proceeds, the real or fancied attributes of each particular tree, and all those wonderful legends by which they are invested with interest, whether amongst the ancients or moderns. This feature of the work gives it a fascination which it could not otherwise possess, and naught but this was required to adapt it at once to the table of a lady's *salon*, the library of the scholar, and to the practical comprehension of the intelligent farmer and tasteful landed proprietor. The author has made a number of beautiful and appropriate extracts from the poems of Homer, Virgil, Goethe, Spencer, and some few American writers, giving charming sketches of the appearance and properties, real and imaginary, of some of those trees which he has noticed, and showing the exact estimation in which they have been held from the earliest ages. We have in this work the history of individual American trees, as distinguished from the species, and this of itself forms a deeply interesting portion of the volume. There is among them an account of William Penn's elm, or that under which he made the treaty with the Indians, besides a full description of our "liberty trees," or to speak more particularly, those elms devoted to liberty, under which the people used to assemble, burn the effigies of their enemies previous to, and during, the Revolution of '76, and transact other business, having for its object the common interests of the country. One of the most remarkable of these trees existed near Boston city. The people fixed a copper plate upon it, bearing these words in gold letters, "Tree of Liberty, Aug. 14th, 1765." The British soldiers tarred and feathered one poor unfortunate within a few paces of this tree, which they eventually cut to the ground. The life of one of their party was accidentally sacrificed in the accomplishment of this act of bitter enmity. The tree had been planted 129 years, and, as a narrator of the event remarks, it bore the first fruits of liberty in America. Dr. Smith thus accounts for the origin of "liberty trees" amongst us:

Digitized by Google

"When the people first thought of making liberty a goddess, we cannot say, but at the time when the troubles between the American colonies and the mother-country commenced, there appears to have been laid in England an unpopular excise on cider, and the sufferers under the act assembled near Honiton, in Devonshire, appropriated an apple-tree as the altar to which they must sacrifice the image of the minister with whom the act originated. It was in imitation of this that we suppose our Revolutionary trees took their rise." This is highly probable, but we have no space to enter into a discussion of the question, however profitable. We conclude our notice by referring the reader to the deeply interesting account of the trees of our country, contained in Mr. Browne's able work, many of which, as single specimens, have not been equalled in age, beauty and magnitude, by those of any part of the old world. The author is greatly indebted to Loudon's *Arboretum Britannicum*, Dr. T. W. Harris's "Report on the Insects of Massachusetts," Mr. P. J. Selby's "British Forest Trees," and Mons. M. F. Andre Michaux's *Histoire des Arbres Forestiers de L'Amerique Septentrionale*, for many of the materials and extracts of his work; but he has evidently travelled much for the purpose of obtaining accurate practical knowledge, and has displayed great research and ability in the execution of his arduous undertaking. The public are, however, the best judges of the sterling merits of this work, and we leave it in their hands with the most sanguine hopes of its brilliant success. It is beautifully bound and printed, the pictorial illustrations being of a high order of merit, and altogether it does great credit to the publishers.

---

*A Treatise on Algebra.* By Prof. Chas. W. Hackley, D. D., of Columbia College. Harper & Brothers.

This is a work to delight the eye of a teacher—it is so full and comprehensive, at the same time that it is so simple, clear and elementary. It contains many things that are not to be found in any single English treatise, and everything that can serve to give a student a complete knowledge of modern analysis. Among the subjects, entirely new, or which, if found in other books, are here treated in a much more ample and elegant manner—are Interpolation, the Elements of the Calculus of Probabilities, and some American improvements, never before published, in the methods for the solution of cubic cynations. The article upon the theory and use of logarithms is uncommonly full and clear; while the important subject of the Theory of Numbers, generally left out of school-books, is treated in a very elaborate and detailed manner. Throughout the book there is much that is entirely new, and very beautiful in arrangement, presentation and explanation—and, what will particularly please the teacher, and supply a desideratum often felt, there is an abundance and variety of examples.

It would be natural to suppose, from what we have said, that the book is intended mainly for the advanced student. but this is not so. It is eminently calculated for beginners, by the clearness and fulness of definition and abundance of illustration. For those who wish to master nothing but the rudiments, there is a minimum course indicated in the preface by reference to the numbers of the paragraphs. The book is a handsome, large octavo of over five hundred pages, beautifully printed, and sold at the very low price of $1 50 — making it one of the cheapest, as well as one of the best and most useful books recently issued from the press.

---

*The Lancet;* A Journal of British and Foreign Medical and Chemical Science, Criticism, Literature and News. No. 3, Vol. IV. Burgess & Stringer, N. Y.

The Lancet is, beyond all question, one of the most useful and popular scientific works republished in this country. The present number contains upwards of thirty deeply interesting articles, contributed by some of the most skilful and experienced medical and surgical practitioners on those difficult cases of disease and accidental injury which present the strangest anomalies, or which require bold and extraordinary treatment.

Amongst the former, we may mention a singular instance of abscess of the heart, which will serve most aptly to illustrate the fact that disease may reach the utmost verge of mortality without giving any distinct local evidence of its existence. Dr. T. Howitt, who wrote the paper of which we now speak, was called upon to visit Samuel P———, at the residence of the house-surgeon of the Lancaster Infirmary. Mr. Howitt found him suffering acute pain, which he described as being in the calf of the leg, and which had commenced twelve hours previous. There were, however, no signs of inflammation nor any spasmodic action of the muscles to account for it, and the patient, strange to say, *had no other complaint to make.* He died soon after the surgeon's visit, and there was a *post mortem* examination. The leg was, of course, first examined, and various other portions of the body, but no signs of disease appeared. At last, upon opening the chest, the *pericardium* instantly attracted attention, as appearing very much distended. On cutting into it, there gushed out nearly a pint of grumous fluid and pus,

Digitized by Google

containing a number of purdy flakes, the whole interior being lined with a layer of cheesy, scrofulous-looking matter, apparently soft, coagulated lymph, one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness. The *pericardium* was covered with the same matter, and of an equal degree of thickness.

On examining the external surface of the heart, a rounded eminence was discovered, situated at the junction of the right auricle with the right ventricle, and which was darker in color than any other portion. Upon making a crucible incision into this prominence, there flowed out about a tea-spoonful of ill-conditioned pus, with a few curdy flakes; this small abscess communicating internally by a small, ragged opening, with the right auricle, which contained a mixture of pus and blood. There was no communication with the sac of the *pericardium;* the lungs were perfectly sound. This is certainly an extraordinary case, at least to the unprofessional observer.

The lectures on the principal forms of insanity, of which the eighteenth is given in this number, are of great interest, and interspersed with most valuable remarks. There is one fact, which if generally considered, would make us more lenient to the faults of many sane persons (in the ordinary acceptation of the term) with whom we come in contact, and to this, Dr. Conolly, the able lecturer, has called attention. Let him speak for himself. "Long observation has convinced me that there are many unhappy individuals in society, whose faulty characters are connected with some disturbance or interruption of the fœtal or infant brain. In some of these individuals, with much talent and many engaging qualities, there is a moral eccentricity, wondered at by happier organizations, but fatal to their own fortunes; in others it leads to actions which society cannot tolerate, and agrees to punish." We have quoted this passage, as we believe that it fully accounts for the strange conduct of nearly one-half the world, and that much good will result from its being taken into due consideration.

---

*Altowan; or, Life and Adventures in the Rocky Mountains.* By an Amateur Traveller. 2 vols. Edited by J. Watson Webb, Esq. Harper & Brothers, New-York.

This work presents some of the most graphic, stirring and faithful sketches we have yet seen of life in the north-west.—The editor, in a deeply interesting and appropriate dedication to C. F. Hoffman, Esq., informs us that these volumes were written by an English military officer, descended from one of the most ancient families in Great Britain, and connected by birth and patronage with royalty itself.—The author and editor were incidentally thrown very much into each other's society, and their acquaintance ripening into friendship, the former explained the chief object of his visit to the United States.—Col. Webb thereupon gave him letters of introduction to the late Gov. Clarke of Missouri, and Generals Atkinson and Ashley, by means of which he obtained much valuable advice and assistance in exploring the wilds of the Rocky Mountains, Oregon and Upper California—the whole term of his visit to these places amounting to upwards of three years. He was impelled by a restless spirit of adventure into the most daring pursuits of the chase, and amongst the truest specimens of our aborigines. It will be thus seen that the author has had every opportunity of information. The book is full of exciting events and startling incidents, and the agreeable style of the narrative carries the reader on from page to page with unflagging interest and unalloyed pleasure. The pictures of Indian life are touched with the pencil of one who paints directly from nature; and the various scenes and characters are often shadowed forth with a delicacy, vividness of coloring and general beauty, which naturally lead to the conclusion that the author is no mere novice in his art.

There is such a charm of truth and poetry in the description of Idalie's *rencontre* with the strange party bivouacked round a fire which had attracted her attention whilst she was in search of her father, that we cannot forbear pointing the scene out to the admiration of the reader. This is remarkable for a subdued and quiet beauty, but there are many scenes of the most stirring nature; rapid sketches of tiger, bear, and buffalo hunting; of thrilling encounters with the Indians, and of the many natural dangers in which an unknown and uncultivated region like that of the Rocky Mountains so peculiarly abounds. We can only regret that our limited space prevents our making extracts from the book. Were it otherwise, however, we might be placed in the dilemma of praising some portions of it to the exclusion of others equally interesting and admirable. The editor states in his dedication, that the late Mr. Inman would have illustrated this work, but for his untimely death. All who read it must feel assured that it abounds with scenes that are singularly adapted to pictorial effect; and successful as the work will undoubtedly be, the friends of art will not fail to express great disappointment that the artist did not live to avail himself of so fitting an occasion for the exercise of his genius.

Digitized by Google

## GOSSIP OF THE MONTH.

*Park Theatre.*—Since the publication of the October number of the "Review," our fair and talented countrywoman, Mrs. Mowatt, played a very successful engagement at this theatre, appearing in a range of characters admirably adapted to elicit the varied natural requisites with which she is endowed. We were much gratified to mark the progress she had made since her last appearance amongst us; and we feel assured that she is destined to realize the promises held out by her brilliant *debut* in the *role* of Pauline, in the Lady of Lyons.

The Keans have also had another engagement here, which has been somewhat more successful than was anticipated, owing, doubtless, to the fact, that they have endeavored to produce something more novel and attractive than those Shakspearean parts, in which they have so frequently presented themselves before the American public. The "Two Gentlemen of Verona" was produced by them, it is said, for the first time in this country; and nothing was neglected that costume and scenery could do to render the performance effective; but the play is decidedly unworthy of its great author, and verifies the opinion, that "even Homer nods sometimes."

It is replete with passages of a pleasing nature, but there are few, if any, of those powerful dramatic effects by which Shakspeare's plays are chiefly characterized, and one of the scenes, at least,—that between Launce and his dog, is so pointless and silly, that, with all our reverence for his great genius, we cannot choose but condemn it. We need hardly say, that this piece did not prove so attractive or agreeable as "Coleman's Jealous Wife," which was played on alternate nights by the same *artistes.*

The latter is, however, one of those plays which, without possessing any great merits of plot or incident, can be rendered highly successful by a spirited and talented actress.

It is now our pleasant and novel task to notice the first performance of "The Wife's Secret," a new play by Lovell, the well-known author of "Love's Sacrifice." This, we are informed, was written expressly for Mr. and Mrs. Kean; and certainly their respective *roles* are peculiarly fitted to the mental and physical powers of both performers. Mrs. Kean's Lady Evelyne is in every respect one of her most striking personations.—The text abounds in pathetic, striking, and vivid passages, and is pervaded by a vein of conflicting emotions that bring into full relief every excellence of her style.

The part of Mr. Kean, (Sir Walter Amyot,) is not less admirable in this regard, whilst it has an advantage over every other in which we have seen him; inasmuch as it makes no extraordinary demands upon those qualities in which he is deficient. It is true that there are occasional bursts of jealousy and agony, but the doubt entertained by him, almost throughout, in the base aspersions of Jabez Sneed, the unworthy steward, subdues this phase of the character to a level with Mr. Kean's powers, enabling him, in the more quiet expression, whether of renewed confidence or oft-recurring doubt, to display much of the taste, feeling, and grace, by which his acting is distinguished. In looking critically at the plot or construction of the play, we confess we were greatly disappointed. Its chief defects are, in the first place, that there is a lack of novelty in the incidents; and secondly, that each circumstance may be easily anticipated, even by those who are but little acquainted with theatrical matters.

The scene where Sir Walter discovers his wife in the embraces of a cavalier, is such an exact counterpart of a *tableau* in Dickens' "Cricket on the Hearth," as dramatized and played not very long since at this same theatre, that we might almost feel justified in the conclusion that the author had taken the idea from that piece. But we could point to numerous plays in which the various incidents of this piece occur. The plot is, indeed, of the simplest and most common-place description, and certainly unworthy of Mr. Lovell's talents as a play-wright. The language, however, is very beautiful. Forcible, chaste, and fanciful, it has yet the still higher merit of arising naturally from the heart and mind of the *dramatis personæ.*

To this there are but two or three passages which form exceptions; but where there is so much deserving of admiration, it were hypercritical to dwell upon them. The parts were all exceedingly well cast, though it was to be regretted that Fisher's Jabez Sneed, which would have been otherwise excellent, was a little overacted.

The *Vienna children* have been engaged by Mr. Simpson for a period of 36

Digitized by Google

nights. About 2 years since the directress, Mad. Wise, visited Paris, London and many of the English provinces, with about 40 children, whom she had disciplined in dancing and grouping, remarkable for the most extraordinary precision and *ensemble;* and their success was so great that the parents, at first delighted to get rid of them, insisted on their return, the lady being unable or unwilling to comply with the exorbitant demands made upon her receipts. The result was that she selected an equal number of children in Paris, whom she instructed in the same manner, and who have reached a like degree of perfection. These have been quite as successful, and have retained the name of the original *corps*. They go through innumerable evolutions with all the graces of the most accomplished *corps de ballet*, and all the regularity of an admirably-disciplined body of soldiers—a rare combination, which cannot fail to afford the most agreeable surprise and highest gratification to all who may witness their performances. Their arrival will doubtless occasion a great sensation amongst the votaries of Terpsichore in the United States. We suppose that Mr. Simpson is tactician enough to exhibit them for a few nights in our principal cities, till the term have nearly expired, when he might bring them back to the Park, and thus brilliantly conclude one of the most profitable speculations in which he could have embarked.

—

*Bowery Theatre.*—The great event of the month at this theatre, has been the re-appearance of that gifted actress, Mrs. Shaw. It is a matter of deep regret that her visits are but too angel-like, "so few and far between."

In many respects she may be considered the greatest of living artists in a line of female portraiture, which none may approach without qualities of the highest order. It is our loss, which we never see her but to deplore, that in many of her grandest *roles*, we might say creations, we have only hearsay to guide us, but still we have beheld her inimitable performance of other parts, as Margaret Ellmore and Agnes de Vere, which, though of lesser degree, still revealed powers and talent of the most elevated order. In one exquisite trait, we believe Mrs. Shaw surpasses every other actress, of the home or foreign stage. Her pathos is irresistible, which bubbling up in soft, sweet gushes, right from the heart, subdues and overwhelms with extraordinary effect the feelings of the spectator. Her complete identity with the part she assumes,—her natural, touching revelation of its sentiments, emotions, and passions, is the great secret by which she unlocks the inner sympathies of man, and controls them at her will. Nature has liberally endowed her with peculiar qualities to heighten her influence and add to the intellectual charm of her acting. Her surpassing beauty, the dark lustrous eye, now melting in love, now flashing with jealousy; her soft and musical voice, "an excellent thing in woman;" the perfect dignity of gesture and attitude, all form a combination we meet in no other actress, and raise her in many points and parts, as we have said, beyond all rivalry. Why does she play so seldom? The public have a right to such talents, and the fault must be her own, for surely every manager of the country would gladly accept her services. She announced, on the night of her benefit, crowded and enthusiastic, in a pretty speech, gracefully spoken, that she was adapting for the stage a popular drama, of one of the greatest English poets. When are we to have the treat?

—

*Music.*—It has been justly remarked by a well-known foreign writer on this country, that there is a general and enthusiastic love of music in the United States; and that evidences may be seen of it in the residences of nearly all our citizens. This passion has gradually acquired an intensity which is the best earnest of our future progress and the attainment of a degree of excellence equal to that of the most musical nations of Europe.

Our national appreciation of good music has, hitherto, been evinced chiefly in the liberal encouragement given to foreign artists, and which has attracted so many of them to our shores; but in music, as in all things else, the ambition of the people is now fully awakened, and seeks to give native talent those advantages of study and instruction which will eventually enable it to achieve for us a national reputation. There can be no doubt that the performances of distinguished foreign artists have a very beneficial effect in forming the style of our singers and musicians; but something more is required by the mere novices in the art, in order that they should reap the greatest possible advantage from the frequent repetition of the most celebrated compositions; they should be afforded every public facility of elementary study, and of exercising their capabilities, and proportionate rewards given them at each step of their progress. This seems to us the most practical means of directing the popular taste to a just standard of excellence.

There have recently sprung up in our chief cities, particularly in New-York, various musical societies, that seem admirably adapted to produce these desirable results, and their objects are so similar in the main, that it is a matter of regret that they should be in any way disunited by

Digitized by Google

conflicting individual interests or artistic jealousies. Were they all to merge into one grand musical institute, somewhat like the *Conservatoire* of Paris, we have no doubt that the exertions of those more immediately concerned in sustaining them, would be attended with a degree of success surpassing the most sanguine expectations. There would be such a *reunion* of native talent, as could not fail to win the warmest and most liberal support of the whole people. The society would become truly national, and worthy of our country. The principles upon which the American Musical Institute is based, appear to us admirably suited to promote the study of music to a far greater extent amongst the mass; it gives opportunities of instruction which they could not otherwise have hoped for; holds out rewards to native talent, and introduces to the public by the simple aid of its own members, some of the finest works of the great masters. The repetition of Oratorios is peculiarly fitted to the accomplishment of the various objects these associations have in view.

During the month Haydn's "Seasons" was produced at the Tabernacle by the above society, under the direction of some of our first musicians, and to an immense audience.

—

*Camillo Sivori.*—The past month has been musical beyond any other within our recollection. We have had amongst us many of the "bright particular stars" of the European hemisphere; but of all these *Camillo Sivori* is the most entitled by his wonderful performances to the general commendation of the press. He has given several concerts, which have afforded the highest gratification to all who had the good fortune to attend them.

He was assisted by Madame Pico, whose sweet vocalization has rendered her *par excellence*, the especial favorite of the lovers of music, and an admirable orchestra, under the able direction of Signor Rapetti. Sivori is equal if not superior to any violinist who has ever visited our shores. With less pretension to singularity, or rather eccentricity, than Ole Bull, his power of expression is infinitely superior. His style is remarkable for the utmost rapidity of fingering, and is alike characterized by deep pathos and exquisite sweetness and delicacy. The several compositions he played are calculated to test all the varied powers of even a Paganini, and these he performed with an accuracy and skill that would not have discredited that great master.

*Dinner to Edwin Forrest.*—A committee, composed of some of our most influential citizens, lately invited this distinguished tragedian to a complimentary dinner, which was given on the 16th inst., at the *New-York Hotel.* Upwards of a hundred persons sat down, and three times the number of tickets were refused, as it was desired not to give a public character to an entertainment that sprung from private motives of friendship. An additional lustre was imparted to the occasion by the presidency of William C. Bryant, whose superior genius and estimable character have secured national respect and foreign fame. Mr. Forrest's address was one of his happiest efforts, just in thought, felicitous in expression, elevated in tone, and in perfect taste. We regret sincerely that we are obliged to omit it, as it would be read everywhere with interest. The speeches of Gen. Wetmore, and Messrs. Graham, Brady, Matthews, and Placide, &c., were conceived in the happiest vein, and the whole effect of the entertainment was alike creditable to the committee and flattering to their honored guest. The feast itself was got up in a style worthy the high reputation of the New-York Hotel.

—

*Fair of the American Institute.*—The attempt would be vain, to express in adequate terms our intense feelings of pride and gratification on glancing over the various and innumerable objects of native manufacture and growth exhibited during the month at Castle Garden. Almost every article that can contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of life might have been seen there in its greatest perfection. Science and manual power of the highest order seemed to have combined to rival, and in many respects surpass, the most successful artificial products of other countries.

The scene must have afforded unalloyed pleasure to every American mind which has had the good fortune to contemplate it. There was a marked improvement in the different branches of industry; and the general aspect of the immense rotunda in which the exhibition was held, gave promise of such a full and early development of our internal resources, as will render this, in arts as in agriculture and commerce, the greatest nation in Christendom. Many thousands have visited this fair, and we feel assured that all were impressed with the firm belief that our progress in the ways of civilization will be rapid and glorious beyond example in the history of the world.

Digitized by Google

# POLITICAL STATISTICS.

## STATE ELECTIONS.

The election in N. York takes place Nov. 3d. For Governor, in the city, Mr. Wright will receive a majority, alike triumphant and decisive. The entire vote of the Democratic party, with the exception of a few, very few, who have conservative sympathies, will be heartily given to him; in addition to which, no small number of his political opponents will cast their suffrages in his favor—a spontaneous tribute to the honesty and patriotism of his public career. But, while Mr. Wright's own merits will secure to him a gratifying vote, the odium which attaches to his leading opponent, Mr. Young, will have a greater effect in enhancing his majority. The various *isms* which Mr. Young is understood to favor, (Abolition, Anti-Rent, Negro Suffrage, &c. &c.,) are so universally contemned in the city, that an earnest support could be hardly expected. The conservative portion of the Whig party is likely to vote in solid force for Mr. Edwards, the Native American candidate, who has a high rank as a devoted friend to Mr. Clay, and an old-fashioned Whig. It is probable that Mr. Wright will receive a greater vote than Messrs. Young and Edwards combined; but doubtful which of the two latter will receive the largest.

The vote for Lieutenant-Governor and Canal Commissioners will run about even with that for the main bulk of the rest of the tickets of the several parties. It is not expected that there will be much splitting in regard to these officers, none of the candidates to fill them being generally understood to be seriously indoctrinated with Anti-Rentism. The Democratic candidates will receive a very large majority in the city.

In the several districts, the canvass for Congress is likely to be unusually severe, and not altogether certain in its results. In the third district, (1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th wards) the Native Americans have nominated William S. Miller, the member of the present Congress; and the whigs, J. Phillips Phœnix, his predecessor. Mr. Phœnix withdrew in 1844 in order to secure the election of Mr. Miller; and it is not improbable that the latter may now return the compliment, especially, if the whigs should agree to have the field clear for Mr. Campbell, in the sixth district. The third district, a few years since, always gave 2,000 whig majority; but is now, in consequence of the removal of whigs "uptown," and the increasing alienation of the mercantile interest from the whigs, about balanced between the two parties. The native vote is small, but, if cast separately, will also help the democrats. In case the latter present an acceptable candidate, he will have a fair chance for success. In the fourth district, (6th, 7th, 10th, and 13th wards) the democrats have re-nominated William B. Maclay; the whigs present John H. Williams, and the natives William L. Prall. Mr. Maclay can beat his opponents single or united. In the fifth district, (8th, 9th, and 14th wards) the natives have considerable strength, and have nominated David E. Wheeler, a lawyer, who formerly belonged to the democratic party, but has since been sent by the natives to the Assembly. It is understood that there will be no whig candidate. The democrats have nominated David C. Broderick. The election in this district will be close. In the 6th dist., (11th, 12th, 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th wards) the democratic majority has always been great, though it is somewhat diminished by the native organization. The native representative in the present Congress, William W. Campbell, who is also a thorough whig, has been renominated. The whigs have nominated James Monroe, but it is very likely that he will withdraw, to aid Mr. Campbell; but, whether he does or not, the democratic candidate will pretty certainly be elected by a decided majority.

For the state Senate and Assembly, the democrats, whigs, and natives, run separate tickets, except that the two latter may unite upon two or three candidates for the Assembly. In that case they may elect the joint nominees; though, if the democratic ticket is a good one, it will, probably, be elected entire.

The three important and lucrative offices of sheriff, county clerk, and coroner of the city and county, are also to be filled at the ensuing election. They usually involve a warm and close canvass, in which the personal popularity of the candidates exercises a material influence. It is not improbable that the contest for two of them will

Digitized by Google

be as animated on the present, as on former occasions. For sheriff, the democratic candidate is John V. Westervelt, formerly under sheriff, and previously, for many years, a deputy. To superior qualifications, generally known and conceded, he adds the devoted friendship of a wide circle of acquaintances. The whig candidate is Wm. H. Lyon, one of the present deputies, and the Native American, Charles Devoe. Mr. Westervelt's election is beyond doubt. For county clerk the democrats have nominated James Conner, the well-known type-founder, who now holds the office; and the whigs and natives have united on Willis Hall, formerly Attorney-General of the state. Major Conner has strong claims, fully felt, upon his party, and is backed by hosts of untiring personal friends; and Mr. Hall is regarded with like favor by his party, while his physical affliction is calculated to stimulate and assist efforts for his success. There will be a zealous struggle for each; but it is evident that the chances preponderate greatly in favor of Major Conner. For coroner the democrats present Dr. William A. Walters. He is active, efficient, widely-known, and well-esteemed as a party man; and is also fully competent to discharge the important duties of the office in a proper manner, and with credit. The whig candidate is Dr. Alexander N. Gunn; the native, Mr. Helme. Dr. Walters will surely be elected.

The votes for governor in New-York state, for six elections, have been as follows:

| | Democrat. | | Whig. | | Abolition. | W. maj. | D. maj. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1834.. | W. L. Marcy.. | 181,900.. | W. H. Seward.. | 169,008.... | ..... | | 12,892 |
| 1836.. | W. L. Marcy.. | 166,122.. | Jesse Buel..... | 136,648.. | J. S. Smith.. | 3,496.... | ....29,474 |
| 1838.. | W. L. Marcy.. | 182,461.. | W. H. Seward.. | 192,882.... | ..... | 10,421 | |
| 1840.. | W. C. Bouck.. | 216,726.. | W. H. Seward.. | 222,011.. | G. Smith.... | 2,662.. | 5,285 |
| 1842.. | W. C. Bouck.. | 208,072.. | Luther Bradish.. | 186,091.. | Alv..Stewart | 7,263..... | 21,981 |
| 1844.. | Silas Wright... | 241,090.. | M. Filmore..... | 231,057.. | Alv. Stewart | 15,119..... | 10,033 |

The votes in the congressional districts of the city, in 1844, were as follows:

| | | | | Filmore. | Wright. | Stewart. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 3d..... | Miller..... | 6,613..... | Nichol..... | 5,388..... | 6,465..... | 5,778..... | 31 |
| 4th..... | Lawrence.. | 6,428..... | Maclay..... | 6,783..... | 5,911..... | 7,832..... | 30 |
| 5th..... | Woodruff... | 6,214..... | Leonard.... | 6,009..... | 5,824..... | 6,786..... | 11 |
| 6th..... | Campbell... | 7,856..... | Moore..... | 7,750..... | 7,542..... | 8,766..... | 14 |
| Total..... | | 27,101 | | 25,930 | 25,742 | 29,162 | 86 |

The results of the state elections, as far as they have been officially received, evince a most remarkable progress in the democratic majority in the popular vote. The following are the returns for Indiana and Illinois:—

ILLINOIS ELECTION, 1842—1846.

| | Dem. | | Whig. | | Abolition. | | Total vote. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1842.... | Ford,.... | 45,608.... | Duncan,.... | 38,304.... | Hunter,.... | 909,.... | 84,821 |
| 1846.... | French,.. | 58,576.... | Killpatrick,.. | 36,939.... | Eells,..... | 5,147... | 106,662 |
| Increase..... | | 12,968 | | | | 4,238 | 15,841 |
| Decrease..... | | | | 1,365 | | | |

The vote by districts, for members of Congress, has been as follows:

CONGRESSIONAL VOTE BY DISTRICTS, AND FRENCH'S MAJORITY IN EACH DISTRICT.

| | French's maj. | Democratic. | | Whig. | | Abolition. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1st.... | 4,870.... | Trumbull..... | 5.619.... | Smith..... | 7,068.... | Marshall.... | | 62 |
| 2d..... | 4,642.... | M'Clernand.... | 7,151.... | Scattering.... | 204.... | | | |
| 3d..... | 3,504.... | M'Laughlin.... | 6,473.... | " | ....4,780.... | | ... | 36 |
| 4th.... | 5,865.... | Wentworth.... | 12,026.... | Kerr..... | 6,208.... | Lovejoy.... | 3,531 | |
| 5th.... | 2,575.... | Douglass ..... | 9,628.... | Vandewater... | 6,864.... | Wilson..... | 395 | |
| 6th.... | 607.... | Turner..... | 8,843.... | Knox..... | 8,456.... | Talcott..... | 947 | |
| 7th.... | 436.... | Cartwright .... | 4,829.... | Lincoln..... | 6,340.... | Wolcott.... | 249 | |
| | | | 53,969 | | 39,920 | | 5,220 | |

The Congressional delegation stands, therefore, nearly as before. M'Clernand, Douglass, and Wentworth being re-elected by increased majorities. In the first district Smith was an independent candidate. In all the districts, except the 7th, the democratic governor has large majorities. The number of votes has increased, it appears, 15,841; of these 12,968 voted for the democratic governor, and 2,872 for the abolition. The whig vote for governor fell off 1,365, which, it would appear, were added to the abolition ticket, on which the whole number of votes increased

Digitized by Google

from 909 to 5147. This increase arose probably by emigration from eastern states. Deducting the independent vote for Smith, and the scattering, the direct whig Congressional vote was 27,868, against 42,289, in 1842. In the 5th district the decline is the most considerable, having been 8,180 for Browning, in 1842, and but 6,864, as above, for Vandewater.

INDIANA ELECTION, 1843—1846.

| | Democratic. | | Whig. | | Abolition. | | Total vote. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1843.... | Whitcomb.... | 60,714.... | Bigger.... | 58,701.... | Deming.... | 1,684.... | 121,099 |
| 1846.... | " .... | 64,104.... | Marshall.. | 60,067.... | Stevens.... | 2,278.... | 126,449 |
| Increase..... | | 3,390 | | 1,366 | | 594 | 5,350 |

The change in the votes has not been so marked in Indiana. The gain in the democratic vote holds its fair proportion to the whole number of votes, viz., 64 per cent. of the increase. The whole number of votes cast in these two states, in 1842, was 205,920; of these 106,322 were democratic, or 51.6 per cent. In 1846 the whole number was 227,111; of these 122,680 were democratic, or 54 per cent. The proportion of democratic votes, to the whole number cast, has, therefore, increased 2.4 per cent.

NORTH CAROLINA ELECTION.—The official returns from all the counties in North Carolina give results as follows, compared with previous years:

| 1842 | | 1844 | | 1846 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Morehead..... | 39,586 | Graham..... | 41,030 | W. A. Graham..... | 43,129 |
| Henry..... | 34,994 | Hoke..... | 37,346 | J. B. Shepard..... | 35,437 |
| Majority..... | 4,592 | | 3,684 | | 7,692 |

MISSISSIPPI CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICTS.—The last legislature divided the state into four districts, as follows:

*First District.* — Tishemingo, Tippah, Marshall, De Soto, Tunica, Coahoma, Bolivar, Tallahatchie, Sunflower, Panola, Lafayette, Pontotic—59,544.

*Second District.* — Itawamba, Monroe, Chickasaw, Yallobousha, Carroll, Choctaw, Oktibbeha, Lowndes, Noxubee—51,102.

*Third District.* — Winston, Attala, Holmes, Washington, Issaquena, Yazoo, Madison, Leake, Neshoba, Kemper, Lauderdale, Newton, Rankin, Hinds, Warren —63,306.

*Fourth District.* — Claiborne, Jefferson, Clark, Copiah, Simpson, Wayne, Smith, Jasper, Jones, Covington, Lawrence, Franklin, Adams, Wilkinson, Amity, Pike, Marion, Perry, Greene, Jackson, Harrison, Hancock—57,852.

They also passed an apportionment bill, allowing 92 representatives and 32 senators—nearly the same bill advocated by the northern portion of the state; passed by a vote of 54 to 59 in the lower house, and by 21 to 11 in the senate.

The Michigan Senatorial Districts, according to the law of March, 1846, are as follows:

*First District.* — Wayne, Macomb, St. Clair—4 senators.

*Second.*—Jackson, Washtenaw, Livingston—4 senators.

*Third.*—Monroe, Lenawee, Hillsdale, Branch—4 senators.

*Fourth.*—St. Joseph, Cass, Berrien, Van Buren—2 senators.

*Fifth.*—Allegan, Kalamazoo, Calhoun—2 senators.

*Sixth.*—Oakland, Lapeer, Genesee, Shiawassee, Saginaw, Mackinaw, Chippewa—4 senators.

*Seventh.*—Ingham, Eaton, Barry, Clinton, Ionia, Kent, Ottawa—2 senators.

The ratio of representation was fixed at one for every 5,000 white persons in each county, and one for a fraction of more than a half.

MISSOURI.—The official returns of the late election in Missouri give the following aggregates:

| | |
|---|---|
| For the New Constitution..... | 25,215 |
| Against it..... | 33,675 |
| Constitution rejected by..... | 8,460 |

*Members of Congress.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1st Dis. | *James W. Bowlin..... | 7,466 |
| " | Mr. Milburn..... | 1,672 |
| " | Uriel Wright, (native).... | 5,265 |
| 2d Dis. | *John Jameson..... | 8,156 |
| " | John G. Miller..... | 6,981 |
| 3d Dist. | *James S. Green..... | 8,624 |
| " | —— Brickey..... | 1,814 |
| 4th Dis. | *—— Hall..... | 8,884 |
| " | James H. Birch..... | 4,879 |
| 5th Dis. | *John S. Phelps..... | 7,195 |
| " | —— Campbell..... | 6,348 |

* Democrats.

Digitized by Google

OURSELVES.—In our last number, not anticipating the peculiar turn of the elections, which, while resulting in a majority of 13,000 for the Democratic lieutenant governor, should leave Governor Wright in a minority of 10,000, we confidently predicted his re-election *before* the appearance of another number. This has given rise to a rumor that the publication of the Review is suspended. The appearance of the present number will falsify that rumor, and this notice will explain its origin. We trust the "wish was not father to the thought," and assure our readers that the day is yet distant when we shall cease to labor in our vocation.

---

THE

# UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

# DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XIX. DECEMBER, 1846. No. CII.

## THE RESULTS.

THE elections show, in their results, the workings of those local causes and influences in relation to state politics, which remained dormant, so long as great national questions required the united and active support of all patriotic voters. It is but natural that those political aspirants who sustained so signal and overwhelming a defeat at the elections of 1844, when the people, en masse, declared for the maintenance of the national honor in the conduct of our foreign relations, against bank corruptions in the management of the federal finances, against manufacturing monopolies, and agricultural and commercial oppression in the administration of the customs, should seek consolation for their great overthrow in the temporary reverses that have overtaken their adversaries, and that the buoyancy of hope should raise illusive expectations on foundations too weak to sustain the weight of reason, or to endure the analysis of truth. It is not in the nature of things to suppose, but that great triumphs, and the consciousness of the oft-tried efficiency of imposing strength, should produce apathy in the many and dissensions among the few, resulting in reverses on such local questions as failed to rouse a general interest; but that minor questions decided, not by an accession of federal votes, but through the non-voting of those who placed a veto on federal pretensions in 1844, should be considered as a reversion of that decision, is rather unreasonable.

Such, however, is the deduction attempted to be drawn from the state elections by the great federal leaders; as if the adversaries of an army should determine its probable destination by the counter-marching of the companies in the formation of the regiments of which it is composed. The attempt to identify the multifarious interests of individual state politics with the line of policy marked out by the people of all the states, for the guidance of the federal government, betrays a conscious weakness, and a desire to attain indirectly that which cannot be reached by an open approach. In 1844, the three great questions, of annexation, the independent treasury, and the tariff, were clearly and directly submitted to the people of the whole Union. They returned a response in favor of the two former and against the last, in a manner too emphatic to be mistaken; and, as a consequence of their decision, an empire was added to the Union, the Treasury emancipated from bank domination, and odious anti-commercial taxes have been removed from the consumers of goods. These questions were settled definitively, and the line of policy they marked out is decisive of

Digitized by Google

the future course of the government. Elections have now, however, again taken place in 13 states, and in four of these there has been a federalist gain in members of Congress, while in the others there has either been no choice or no changes.

These ephemeral triumphs have, however, given an impetus to the opposition, and awakened hopes in party leaders, that the object for which the great battle of 1844 was fought and won, may now be defeated. Scarcely have the returns of the state elections assumed a definite shape when we find Mr. Webster, from Boston, Mr. Clayton, from Wilmington, and Mr. Clay, from Kentucky, fulminating decrees for a great federalist's rally, in an attack upon the measures ratified by the people at the elections of 1844. Mr. Webster, at Boston, points with triumph at the recent elections of New-York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, as indicative of a renunciation, by the people of those states, of the principles established two years previously. The assumption is not borne out by the facts. That the three states mentioned, display a temporary federalist ascendancy is clear, but that the character of the election can in any way be supposed expressive of opinion upon national policy, is not the case. The state of New-York presents a condition of affairs not unlike that in which the Union found itself in the contest of 1840. A corrupt money power had produced numerous interests at war with a sound policy, and a regular government. The easy virtue of unscrupulous leaders, combined hordes of needy adventurers in one tumultuous mass, whose eager onslaught gave triumph, but not success. Victory was more fatal than defeat to the ill-assorted factions that achieved it. The hope of reward was an admirable stimulant in the struggle, but a dangerous substitute for principle, when possession brought with it its responsibilities. Disappointed was the charm which dissolved the party strength into its original elements, and 1844 witnessed the recognition of sound principles by the people. It is ever the case, that where federalism gains a hold, it plants those dragon teeth which, in after times, bear armed men to the jeopardy of public rights. In the state of New-York federalist rulers began in 1838 that wasteful policy by which a large state debt, great injury to public credit, and direct taxation, were entailed upon the people of the state. Approaching insolvency was avoided only by a prompt change of policy. The projection of public works, involving an expenditure of $50,000,000 of public money, in addition to the then existing debt, could not, however, but enlist in favor of the projectors a numerous array of partisans. The owners of property, the contractors, brokers, builders and expectants of all classes, created naturally a formidable coalition in favor of the patronage of government as administered by federalists. The insolvency of surrounding states, and the immediate danger of New-York, with gross and growing corruption on all sides, afforded an opportunity to check the career and change the policy of the government. Although the policy of 1842 apparently fixed the future course of the state in relation to public works, it did not destroy the hopes of those who hankered after the "flesh pots." Their unseen, but effective influence, passed the bill in 1845 to revive partially those works, and it was vetoed by the firmness of the Governor; but the ramifications that produced it, remained as the channels through which federalism might form a coalition of all the discordant elements that had grown up in the state, as the fruits of a long season of prosperity. The evils which grew out of the continuance of feudal tenures, engrafted upon institutions incompatible with their existence, were skilfully exaggerated, and from anti-rentism the transition was easy to the denial of all individual right in real property. "Vote yourself a farm," was readily substituted for "vote yourself no rent," by those in possession of no property, leased or otherwise. The advocates of the abolition of rents, and of the community of property, were readily pledged to support him who should pawn to them the pardoning power, for the use of the violators of the law and the murderers of its officer while in the execution of his duty, in the defence of property. Influences the most unseemly conspired to produce nominations the least to be desired, and while federalism, backed by aggrarianism, anti-rentism, and all whom the hope

Digitized by Google

of reward drew to an adventurer's flag, furiously assaulted the polls; the evil influence of disappointed pensioners upon public money, ran like a leprosy through the state, paralyzing exertion, dissipating strength, dividing constituencies, and aiding the treacherous efforts of disappointed nominees. The result could not, under these circumstances, have been otherwise than it was. Amidst this mass of intrigue there was no great principle at stake, or important question of national policy to draw people to the polls; and the whole number of votes cast for Governor was 100,900 votes less than in 1844. The successful candidate of federalism and its allies, received 40,462 less than the defeated candidate of the federalist party in 1844. Of the congressional members, federalism gained 13, and these 13 successful candidates received 70,208 votes, while the defeated federalist candidates for the same districts in 1844 obtained 88,491. The democratic vote in these districts in 1844 was 98,536, and in 1846 but 69,686, a diminution of 28,850 votes by bolting and treachery. But say the federal leaders in their late edicts, these are the indications that the new tariff is unpopular. Then a majority of 13,000 for Gardiner indicates that it is popular. It appears, however, that even if the tariff could in any way have been connected as a test question, six members who voted against the new tariff, or in favor of that of 1842, were defeated by members of opposite politics. Three federalist allies, who voted against the new tariff, have been succeeded by democrats, and democrats who voted with the federalists on that question, have been superseded. If this is expressive of public opinion, it is not in favor of the assumptions of federalist leaders.

Pennsylvania was not exempt from the disorganising influence of local politics, where there was no absorbing national question to take precedence. A diminution in the aggregate vote, however, there, as in other states, marks the apathy of the electors. From the singular results of the returns of the congressional members, it would appear, however, that the tariff question did influence the votes, and the effects of that influence are seen in the almost universal condemnation of those democrats who voted against the new tariff. There were 12 democratic members, and of these but 4 were re elected; one of these voted for the new tariff, and he is the only one of the number reëlected by an enhanced majority. Mr. Wilmot, of the 12th district, composed of Tioga, Bradford and Susquehanna counties, received 5,599 votes, and his opponent 4,857. The federal member of the 3d district, who voted against the new tariff, has been superseded by a democrat. If these results grew out of the tariff, it could only have been in consequence of the wilful misrepresentations of the *people*, and not the iron-masters of Pennsylvania; and those who voted against the new tariff, have met their rebuke at the ballot box.

In Ohio, similar causes have produced like results; and the federal majority, which was 24,000 for Harrison, and reduced to 5,940 for Clay in 1844, has not been brought lower than 2000 for the Governor. This grew out of divisions in Pickaway, Starke and Wayne; and the absence of 2,500 patriots with the army in Mexico, giving a practical support with their blood and treasure to that war which the absence of their votes is supposed to condemn.

These are the triumphs that have called forth loud vauntings on the part of the federalist leaders, and induced them to rally under the cry of the repeal of the new tariff, ere its beneficent operation in promoting trade shall have too firmly fixed it in the affections of the people. The federalist party, in relation to the tariff, are precisely now where they stood in relation to a national bank in March, 1841. It will be remembered that when the late national bank resumed its payments for the last time, in January, 1841, most of the banking institutions at the south and west were in a state of suspension, and therefore, the internal exchanges, as expressed in their depreciated paper promises, used as local currencies, exhibited great confusion and very high rates. The revolution of 1840 was to bring back federalist patronage to the United States Bank; and a strenuous effort was made to whitewash its dilapidated credit, in order that, on the advent of the new government to power in March, the federal deposites might be restored to its vaults, and the credit and means thus bestowed upon it by government patronage, were to be

Digitized by Google

the means of giving the expiring institution a new lease of life. Fortunately for the country, however, it was too far gone, and six little weeks saw it pass finally into the hands of assignees, and 14 days before its patrons were to take possession of power, it expired. All the banks south and west followed its example, and exchanges, as represented in their bills, stood as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Philadelphia, | 7 a 8¼ | dis. |
| Richmond, | 9 a 12 | " |
| Mobile, | 12½ a 13 | " |
| New-Orleans, | 6½ a 7 | " |
| Nashville, | 14 a 14½ | " |
| St. Louis, | 13 a 14 | " |
| Cincinnati, | 15 a 16 | " |

This state of exchanges was disastrous to commercial interests, and long and loud were the lamentations sent up in relation to the want of a national bank, to regulate them. The great federalist leaders proclaimed that, without a bank, exchanges would never again be uniform and low. They had, however, some suspicion that exchanges would regulate themselves, unless they made haste to do it by law; and an extra session was called, mostly for that purpose. The discordant elements that placed federalism in power were not, however, sufficiently adhesive to perfect its victory; and the bank not being created, exchanges regulated themselves; that is to say, as bank after bank was compelled to resume its payments in specie, its promises became worth as much as individual bills drawn against produce, and the depreciation, falsely called the difference of exchange, disappeared. From the date of this resumption until now, the rates have been—Philadelphia par, Richmond 1 per cent., Mobile ¾, New-Orleans par a ½, Nashville 2½, St. Louis 1½, Cincinnati 2. The same hot haste which then urged the sudden creation of a new bank, lest the quackery of its alleged regulating powers should be made manifest through the operations of trade, is now apparent in relation to the new tariff. It has not yet began to operate, and already the cry of repeal is raised by federalist leaders, lest its operation should, through the prosperity with which it will be attended, dispel the illusion under which many labor in relation to the profits of taxation, and the benefits of restriction. It is the necessity of altering the new tariff before it makes its own advantages apparent, in order to save the theory of protection, that induces the eager and reckless haste of federalist leaders. Mr. Webster, in his late speech at Boston, lays great stress on the result in New-York; and said, as reported in the Boston Courier, as follows:

"Mr. Webster contended that what had brought about the changes there, was a general dissatisfaction with, and want of confidence in the general government, under its present administration. The change had been wrought by considerate and reflective men, not as individuals, but *in masses and troops, voting for the whig candidates;* they had taken the whig ground as the most effectual mode of showing their disapprobation of the war and the tariff of 1846, and had given up their adhesion to third parties, and had become whigs out and out. * * * *

"While the governor was elected by some eleven, twelve, or, perhaps, fifteen thousand majority, the whigs have elected two-thirds of the whole number of members of Congress, *and in every district* the vote for those members *run far ahead* of the vote for governor."

Now, if we compare as above the votes cast for the successful federalist Congressmen, we find them 12,000 votes less than those obtained by the defeated candidates of the same party in 1844. Where, then, are the "masses and troops" that have become federalists? Again, Mr. Webster states, that in every district the vote for Congressmen exceeded that for Governor. In 12 districts, the reverse is the case. In the three districts, 10th, 13th, 25th, the vote for federalist Congressmen was 21,375, and for Mr. Young, 22,404. In the 19th district, where a democrat, who voted against the new tariff, was beaten by a whig, the vote for the federal Congressman exceeded that for Mr. Young 115. But the democratic candidate, who voted against the new tariff, received 424 less votes than Governor Wright, who received a majority over Mr. Young in this district.

To opposition to the tariff alone has not been ascribed the alleged change in popular sentiment. The Independent Treasury and the Mexican war are special objects of attack under the new impulse derived from the late elections. By some mysterious agency, these great national measures are supposed to be connected with anti-rentism and

Digitized by Google

its affiliated federalist schemes; and Mr. Webster, at Boston, has propounded a problem in relation to the former, difficult of solution, as follows:

"Mr. Webster said, that he had been at some trouble to ascertain, from correct sources, the expenses of the war, and he read a paper on which was written a statement of the resources and the expenditures of the government for the last five months, by which it appeared that the expenditures *were about sixty millions of dollars per year*, or double the resources, without taking into account the outstanding claims. And this immense debt must be met. He asked how? And showed that by the operation of the Sub-Treasury, a government measure, the treasury will be cramped, and the treasurer will be in a situation of great distress. The operation of the new law will draw all the specie out of circulation, and leave nothing for the public use. He said that by the old mode of doing business, allowing the Secretary of the Treasury to draw his money when he wanted it, there would have been less trouble."

The expenses of the government are taken, probably, from the official report for the quarter, ending September 30, which gives an aggregate expenditure of $14,088,661 for the quarter, which is nearly at the rate of 60 millions per annum, including the war and the public debt. For the six months, ending Sept. 30, 1846, $23,469,400; and for the three quarters, ending Sept. 30, 1846, the whole expenditures of the United States government, war and debt included, is $27,953,297, and for the same three quarters of 1841, when Mr. Webster was Secretary of the Treasury, and during the retrenchment and reform fever of the newly installed government, they were $24,734,346. That is to say, the war with Mexico has been supported four months, the victories of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma and Monterey achieved, and California, Chihuahua, and Santa Fe, three large empires, added to the Union, and the whole expense, in addition to the regular disbursements of the government, have exceeded those of the same period of 1841, but $3,718,953. Both periods, viz: the 1st three quarters of 1841, and the 1st three quarters of 1846, were periods of border difficulties. In the former case, a powerful neighbor was dealt with, and the results were a surrender of large tracts of land belonging to the state of Maine, but no actual warfare existed. The army and navy afforded no aid in the settlement, nor were military expenses increased. In 1846, an invasion of the southern frontier of the United States involved a war, which has been conducted, if we take into view the extent of territory and its vast resources overrun and annexed to the Union, with a success greater than ever before attained in so short a time for so little expense of blood and treasure. As we have shown, the actual expenditure for the three quarters is but $3,217,957 more than in the same period of 1841. The expenditures of the army proper were $8,143,659 for the last quarter, and 5,041,762 for the previous one, being together ten millions more than the usual peace expenditure for the same length of time. Yet Mr. Webster's speech leaves the inference that the annual expenditures are vastly extravagant, even for a time of war; but while making this display of what the government must expend, he asserts that the "Independent Treasury will draw all the specie out of circulation." We apprehend, if the government pays out sixty millions per annum, and pays in specie, according to the Independent Treasury law, that very considerable sums of specie must be put *into* circulation. If the government receives $60,000,000 in specie, and retains it on hand, it will, of course, draw it out of circulation; and this is the only view of the case taken by the federalist leaders. Unfortunately, however, the other side presents an egress of specie from the treasury vaults, rather more rapid than the ingress. The difference is, that the people are receiving on one side, and banks are paying on the other, an operation by no means agreeable either to corporate institutions, or their speculative borrowers.

The chief attack is, however, made on the war itself, a war that doubtless emanated from the over confidence of the Mexican leaders in European aid, and in the encouragement they received from the tone of federal papers throughout the Union. As an indication of the manner in which the war is to be attacked at the coming session, we quote from the speech of Mr. Webster:

"The first that was heard of it was from

Digitized by Google

the assertion of the President that the war existed. Texas had become a part of the United States, and the boundary that had been claimed up to that time was the river Nueces; all beyond that was actually in possession of Mexico, had never even been claimed by Texas. But the President had, by a great violation of duty, ordered the United States army to push forward beyond it, and in so doing he had committed what Mr. Webster considered as an impeachable offence. The President had it in his power to do such a thing, but had no right to do it. By the constitution he was authorized to repel invasion, but he was not authorized to go beyond the territory, and invade another country."

The "first that was heard of it" was the attack by the Mexican invading army on the troops of the United States. The only pretence of opposition to the war is the shallow one in relation to the boundary, and to make that pretence, the river Nueces is assumed as the true boundary. Why it is so assumed cannot be shown, unless that it was because the United States troops having occupied it unmolested for a length of time, that circumstance constituted it a boundary. In no manner was the river Nueces ever mentioned or assigned as the limits of Texas. On the other hand, all the intercourse which took place between Mexico and Texas recognized the Rio Grande as the boundary; as thus, a specific condition of the articles after the battle of San Jacinto, was the evacuation of Texas to a region beyond the Rio Grande. The Legislature of Texas always impliedly and often specifically embraces the district between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. In 1842 the Hon. Ashbell Smith, acting as Secretary of State, made two Empresario contracts for the settlement of the country, on the Rio Grande, including its immediate banks. One contract was with a British subject and the other with a citizen of France. By the act of annexation the United States adopted the position and relations of Texas towards Mexico. If, then, we examine what those relations were, we find that a preliminary treaty of peace had been signed by the Texan Secretary of State, and by the Mexican Minister for foreign affairs, under the express sanction of the Mexican Congress, and it was then waiting the action of the Texan Congress. It was in itself a treaty of peace, based on the Independence of Texas, leaving the boundary open for future arrangement. At this point the United States assuming the place of Texas, sent a Minister to treat for the boundary. Mexico refused to receive him! and for the very novel reason that he had "too much authority," viz. that he was empowered not only to treat of the boundary but of all other matters. Mexican wisdom, however, decided that unless his other powers were taken from him, they would not treat about the boundary. Now, the boundary on the Atlantic was never other than the natural one, the Rio Grande. We have seen an atlas published in London, in 1843, by Arrowsmith, whose reputation as a geographer entitles him to respect, notwithstanding the propensity of the English to make "red lines," not only where they control, but where they intend to dictate, assigning the Rio Grande as the boundary of Texas, and the northern limit of Mexico. Moreover, M'Culloch's Geographical Dictionary, which enjoys deservedly a large reputation, describes Texas as follows:

"Texas, a new and independent republic of North America, between the United States and Mexico, extending from 26 to 40 deg. N. lat., and from 90 to 108 deg. W. long. It is separated from Mexico on the W. and S. by the Rio Grande, or Bravo del Norte, &c. &c."

Again, the Nueces is but a small stream, extending only to the 30th deg. North latitude, while the Rio Grande runs 10 degrees further, continuing to form that western boundary described by M'Culloch, and which would not exist if the Nueces only were the boundary.

The United States having annexed Texas, proceeded to legislate for the district between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. It became a Congressional district, and was represented in Congress when news of its invasion arrived. It was a collection district of the United States, which was bound to defend it. But, say the federalists, Mexico never acknowledged Texas south of the Nueces! Did she ever acknowledge Texas *north* of the Nueces! No doubt was ever raised as to the perfect title of both Texas and the United

Digitized by Google

States to the left bank of the Rio Grande, except by federalist factions. To say that the movement of United States troops from one part of the United States territory to another part of the United States territory, gave offence to Mexico, and therefore provoked a war, is to say, that Mexico was the superior power or sovereign over the United States,—an assertion in itself ridiculous. The troops of the United States, in the peaceful occupation of their own territory, were attacked by a Mexican invading army, which they beat back with disgrace. The President announced the fact of the assault upon the honor of the country, and the integrity of its soil, and Mr. Webster says, "The President made the war," and is "guilty of an impeachable offence." If we test the popularity of the war among those who are to pay for it, and who are to fight it out, we see in the crowds of eager volunteers pressing down to the scene of danger, no distaste to the struggle, although the absence of their votes is supposed to display hostility to its existence. If we contrast the prompt manner in which the loan asked for by the Secretary has been taken by capitalists, with the refusal of that offered them by the government of 1841, we shall find no indication of that opposition to the war, which is proclaimed so loudly to exist. When, in 1841, an extra session was called to economise the government revenues, it soon found itself obliged to contract a permanent national loan, in order to *free the government from debt;* and in July, 1841, Congress passed a law authorizing a loan of $12,000,000, by the issue of a stock bearing 6 per cent. interest, payable quarterly or semi-annually, and redeemable after three years, from the 1st January, 1842, and appropriating $12,000 to employ an agent to negotiate it. The stock was not to be sold under par, and the faith of the government was pledged for its redemption. This stock was offered in the market by the Secretary at 5 2-5 per ct. interest, and $16,000 was all that was realized. The rate of interest was then raised to 5 1-2, and $3,212,000 only was obtained. The interest was then advanced to 6 per ct., and $2,499,000 was obtained, making $5,668,000 altogether. Beyond this the government could not borrow. Notwithstanding the settlement of the border difficulties and the prevalence of profound peace, the government commanded no confidence. The Secretary in his annual message, &c., in 1841, announced the deficit for 1842 at $14,218,000. and requested Congress to extend the time for the redemption of the balance. $6,500,000 of the loan authorised, and also to allow of a further issue of treasury notes. On the 15th April, 1842, this was complied with. The Secretary was authorised to issue stock, redeemable in 20 years, at *any price* that would be bid for the balance of the $12,000,000 loan, and for $5,000,000 additional. The treasury notes not redeemed at the end of the year were allowed to continue to draw interest, and the customs revenues were specially pledged for the redemption of the stock. The government could obtain on this stock only $1,587,259, although a messenger was sent hawking it all over Europe, and at the date of the passage of the act, the 6 per cent. stock, issued in the previous September, was selling in the market at 95 cts. on the dollar. On the 31st of August, 1842, a law was passed limiting the sale of the stock to par. In October, $701,-649 more was obtained on the stock, and by the close of the year the whole amount reached $3,418,109. In January, 1843, the balance, $4,883,358, was obtained. In a time of profound peace, with every possible element of prosperity in action, the "retrenchment and reform" administration had no credit, although it was out of debt when it began to borrow. Let us now see what favor the war met with from those, who for two years and a half refused to lend in time of peace. On the 30th of October, 1846, the department issued proposals for a loan of $5.000,000, 6 per cent. stock, redeemable in 20 years, and on the 12th of the next month, a lapse of 13 days only, double the amount asked for was subscribed at a premium, and has since sold in the market at 1 a 1¼ premium. This has been the case, notwithstanding the utter uncertainty of the duration of the war, and the probable wants of the government, and without any special pledge of revenues. The financial policy of the government, and the prospect of the great prosperity that must result from a modified tariff, in spite of the war, have established confidence in the future.

Digitized by Google

## THE ADMINISTRATIONS OF WASHINGTON AND ADAMS.*

There is a French sarcasm addressed to the manufacturers of books, which professes to sum up their whole art in this short recipe—"To make a book, take two books." Mr. Gibbs apparently has never heard this advice, or he despises it, for he practises the reverse principle to such an extent that we might advise him to take his one book and make three. Three very good books, interesting to three several classes of readers, he might have made out of these materials and his own elaborations; and we seriously regret that he had not done it, rather than incur the disadvantage of unwieldiness, by binding up together what only a very limited class of readers will prefer in such a form. The large mass of material, left by Oliver Wolcott, for a history of our early national finances, their difficulties, their slow advancement, their intimate connection with our general prosperity, to which they serve as an arithmetical index—the early disputes on many questions which are still disputed between political parties—the early origin of arguments and answers still deemed as good as new in political warfare; all these things would have made one volume, which would have come from under Mr. Gibb's hands in an attractive shape, and would have deserved and obtained an extensive circulation. Another book, entirely distinct, should have contained the modest biographical notices of Wolcott, which we find in these volumes, with his correspondence, as it is here, or more or less at length, at the editor's discretion. This would have found readers in New-England, and a few here and there throughout the Union, wherever, in the views of New-Englander's descendants, there runs the blood of Wolcott's home correspondents, or their friends. We ourselves are of this number, and our recollections of the *small years* of this century are full of the forms and faces, whose names are recorded here. There are recollections of Connecticut, which furnishes by much the greatest mass of these letters; but we remember Wolcott himself well, and with him Trumbull, the author of McFingal, Humphries, Hillhouse, Chauncey Goodrich, Dr. Strong, Judge Reese, and others, then still on the stage; while the names of Uriah Tracey, Jeremiah Wadsworth, Joel Barlow, and many more occurring here, who had then already passed away, were yet mixed up in every fireside conversation. To us, therefore, this whole mass of letters has its interest; but for the public, there is too much of it; there are quantities of pages which shed little light on history, and shed that light through far too many words for the general reader, who cares not for the writers.

The third and most important book that Mr. Gibbs ought to have made, would have borne nearly the title he has given this, only he should have appeared as author, not simply editor. He has shown that he can make a memoir of the two federal administrations, and has indeed done it; but necessarily, in accordance with his other designs, he had done it disconnectedly. It should have been a small book, coming, by size and price, within the time and means of that large portion of our people who only know the early history of federalism from the ten thousandth echoes of partisan clamor; a clamor exaggerated on both sides, attacking or extolling in extremes, through which no truth can be discovered. Not that we deem Mr. Gibb's to be that impartial hand that would bring out the clear truth without regard to party; on the contrary, he writes professedly as the advocate of federalism, and shows the strong feeling of an advocate in every page. But he is a fair one—he makes true statements, though he wishes for their support for false principles; and one can see that he is sincere in his be-

* Memoirs of the Administrations of Washington and John Adams. Edited from the papers of Oliver Wolcott. By George Gibbs. New-York. 1846. 2 vols. 8vo.

Digitized by Google

lief of his principles, even when his facts contradict them. To give a single instance of what we mean, we find him quoting, on p. 97, vol. 1, with strong approbation, the following piece of owlish wisdom from Montesquieu:

"* * * Then the people, incapable of bearing the very power they have delegated, want to manage every thing themselves—to debate for the senate—to execute for the magistrate—to decide for the judges. Where this is the case, virtue will no longer exist in the republic."

Yet, if we turn to p. 318, in the same volume, we find him recording the interference of the people in the matter of the British treaty, with apparently equal satisfaction. "Reason triumphed" at that important juncture, by means of an appeal to the people:

"The misconceptions relative to the treaty being explained, and many of the arguments against it being removed on a full and public discussion, it became evident that a majority of the people were in favor of its ratification. This did not fail to produce its effect on their representatives, and the resolution passed," &c., &c.

In these two extracts may be clearly seen the great error of ancient federalism and of modern whiggery. It is impossible to give up the old inherited dogma, that the people can do nothing without guidance and control; it is impossible to give up to merited oblivion such oracular laws, long cherished for inspiration, as the above trash, from Montesquieu. Yet the very gentlemen who believe all this, when they see the people actually interfere in matters of government, see also that they do not do it unnecessarily, and that they do do it honestly and rightly. Mr. Gibbs declaims, in his introduction, against the identifying the doctrines of "modern democracy" with the "principles of the fathers of English or American liberty;" and speaks of the reality and success of our own progression, "as if he doubted it deeply." And in his peroration, after showing in forcible terms, how many reasons there were in the federal times for strengthening the arm of government in the exercise of its limited powers, he denounces the accession of Jefferson as an era when morals were corrupted, "to the overthrow of liberty;" and when "American Jacobinism" brought in "in great part the evils of our political condition." The ideas of the introduction we are not disposed to combat at much length, though we cannot adopt them. We think the war of 1775, as Mr. Gibbs is careful to call it, was a war for the rights of man. Mr. Gibbs thinks it was a war in vindication of paper charters—a war in defence of the chartered rights—not of men, but of subjects. We defended our property against royal encroachments—not because we had a natural right so to do, but because we had rights as against the king, by the king's own charter and promise. It is strange a man should reason so in this age, but such and so deep is prejudice; and to this reasoning, at this day, many an honest whig will lend a pleased and partial ear. That the federal government, in its first twelve years, did need all its strength, is most certain; but that liberty perished under Jefferson, and that there are great evils in our present political condition, brought in by Jacobinism, are propositions which even these volumes, large as they are, have failed to bring home to our belief.

We have said that a clear and concise history of those twelve years would interest many readers; and few indeed are they who know now what our country then passed through. Weak, exhausted, and disunited, the sparse population of the thirteen states scarcely numbered one-fifth our present census, and certainly did not possess more than a twentieth of our present wealth. War threatened us on every side, and not only threatened, but more or less of the evils of war were, on every side, inflicted on us. Spain encroached on our jurisdiction on the side of the Mississippi, and annoyed our navigation of that river, and tampered with the Indians along the Florida line. The Indians of the western and northern frontiers were in the field in force, and actually defeated two of our generals in two successive campaigns. Wayne brought them to reason; but the peace with Great Britain was yet in an unsettled state, and Great Britain might always excite a savage war upon our backs, while both her cruisers, and those of France, were capturing our vessels upon the ocean. The Alge-

Digitized by Google

rines also continued their piracies in this honorable company, and here also the interference of Great Britain was suspected, since the most serious losses happened to us in consequence, and as an effect of the withdrawal of her fleets from certain parts of the Mediterranean. Add to this the whiskey war in Pennsylvania, and the danger of a slave insurrection at the south, and the picture is dark enough to show that there is much error in the prevailing idea, that the war of independence led us to the immediate enjoyment of the blessings of liberty and peace. The slave danger, then, with a foreign and not friendly power on the south and southwest of us, and the example of St. Domingo still fresh, was much more real than it ever can be again, and was greatly aggravated by the fear that the French might come in from the West Indies with a force partly of blacks, and arm the slaves under the banner of Amis des Noirs. We discuss all this very coolly now; but in those times every man slept restlessly, and dreamed of the danger that was nearest to him. And the divisions of political parties took their rise, as they still take their colors, from men's material interests. The great lines between democrat and federalist, were drawn almost territorially between north and south, and divided the men who feared France most as an invader at the south, from those who hated her most as an enemy and a spoiler, at the north. The policy of the former was to conciliate, that of the latter to resist. It was the interest of the north and east to oppose, with arms, the attacks already begun upon our commerce, and the captures of our vessels. Great Britain had done her part, but not a large part; and she had shown some glimmerings of relenting, and given some hopes, which were afterwards justified, of something like redress. It was not to be thought of, that we should undertake a war against both Britain and France, though both had given us cause for war, had we been equal to it. But in the outcry which arose on all sides against the injustice we were on all sides suffering, the opinions and passions of men divided under the influence of many strong influences of those days, whose power is now but imperfectly remembered or comprehended.

"There was, throughout the country, (says Mr. Gibbs,) a general deep-seated national hatred of Great Britain burning every where, with an intense, if not conspicuous flame; for among the native population, there was hardly a fireside that the war had not desolated—there was scarcely one of man's estate who had not shared in its hardships as well as its glories. The sight of a blackened roof tree—the tale of the prison ship—the sugar house, or county jail, had their recollections, as well as the musket which hung over every chimney. And if the memory of these ever had slumbered, there were later outrages," &c., &c.

In these later outrages, as we have said, the share of France was far the greatest, and it was beyond any thing which Americans now can imagine their country would ever have borne without resistance. Our merchant ships were taken by hundreds; three hundred and eighty were officially reported to Congress, from October, 1796, to June, 1797. Our ministers, who were sent to ask humbly for a treaty, and if possible to obtain some redress, were ignominiously expelled from France, and the ministers of France had set our laws at defiance—insulted our government, and interfered openly in our elections. Yet a party was found among us to sustain all this, and to clog with all its weight the arm of government, which was ready to be raised in resistance. Yes, there was such a party, and its leader was Thomas Jefferson: let us not disguise or deny the truth, however deeply we may deplore it. Born a Virginian, educated among people indifferent or hostile to commerce and commercial men, he felt by so much the less sensibly the loss of our merchantmen, by so much the more, the fear of that standing bugbear of the south, a servile war. Between these two he judged, and perhaps rightly, that the latter was the greater evil; and between two enemies he wished to choose that one who had least power to inflict it on us.

For the question, during a long space of time, appeared to be, not between peace and war, with one or both enemies, but simply between war with this one, or with that one, with the other in either case for an ally. We had now, in fact, two enemies; we might hope to get rid of the hostilities

Digitized by Google

of one by an alliance; and that was all, in our then helpless condition, that the minds of most men could venture to hope. In choosing France for an ally, Mr. Jefferson and his friends could plead many high grounds of preference, and appeal to many high principles and strong feelings, in the hearts of men. Gratitude for aid in our struggle with England, and sympathy with a republic which had just cast off the trammels of monarchy; however absurdly or unjustly Mr. Gibbs may think they were urged in favor of France, were yet urged forcibly, eloquently, and often, indeed, sincerely, to willing and favoring auditors. All the contrary points told strongly against Great Britain, and between the bitter passions which bade us recoil from her, and the somewhat romantic inclinations which led us towards her rival, the choice may be explained, and to many minds excused, which many minds at that time made. France injured us deeply, insulted us, robbed us, threatened us with ruin and death; but we must forgive either her or England; we must put up with all this from one of the two; for we could not take revenge on both.

Such, we believe, is the best excuse that can be given for the French party, as it then existed in our country. But Mr. Jefferson was wrong on some other material points of national policy, and especially on the creation of a navy. He, and his adherents at that day, steadily opposed the navy; they looked on this also as a thing to be kept up for the interests of commerce, and at the expense of the whole country, to the increase of that taxation which was already severely felt. The method of making the revenue raised by the General Government a positive blessing and protection and gain to those who paid it, was not then discovered; and appropriations were less liberal, and more fiercely discussed. Mr. Jefferson and his party opposed the navy, therefore, and they were wrong; they advocated tribute to the Barbary powers instead of war against them; and there, also, they were wrong. They were wrong too in their advocacy of France, as we have said, if not in the main principle, at least in the details, and the excess; wrong, certainly, in justifying, one by one, as they occurred, the insulting measures of that power, if not, in their belief, that she was our preferable ally. Yet on this very ground, where the democratic party of that day was most wrong, the federalists most right, was the fall of federalism prepared. After Washington's retirement, John Adams was brought forward as his successor; a candidate taken up, as the whigs take men up now, because he was available, or, as the word then was, inevitable. To a party which believed in old customs and rights of government and succession, it seemed so natural and necessary, that the vice-president should succeed to the presidency, that fit or unfit, they could not help promoting him. He was a man "of a restless and irritable temperament, jealous of other's praise, and suspicious of their influence; obstinate, and yet fickle; actuated by an ambition which could bear neither opposition nor lukewarmness, and vain, to a degree approaching insanity; he was of himself incapable, alike of conceiving or acting upon a settled system of policy, and was to others as easy a subject for indirect management, as he was impracticable to a more legitimate approach."—[*vol. i.*, p. 456.

This was the man to whom that high-minded party, for such the federalists of Washington's time undoubtedly were, committed the destinies of their country, and bitterly and most deservedly were they made to repent it. He acted for awhile on their right views, showed a bold front to France, and rallied the country to defend its rights, and, by a natural effect of a right course at such a crisis, a majority in the country rallied to his party. Then suddenly, in the moment when his measures seemed triumphant, he changed them; sent out a fresh embassy to Paris to seek a treaty, and obtained it from Napoleon, whose unexpectedly sudden accession to the supreme power, brought new views with it to the councils of France. It was an humiliating treaty, abandoning virtually all claim to the $15,000,000 of which we had been robbed, and affording us no security nor guaranties against further robberies in future. Still it was peace and not war; and the advocates of peace joined with the partisans of France to accept it; but not to thank

Digitized by Google

Mr. Adams for it. He had done it all to conciliate these last; but they had made him play their game for their own purposes not for his; they were not gained, and his own friends were alienated. The election followed before a new man could be agreed on, on the part of the federalists; Mr. Adams, again inevitable, was this time beaten, and Mr. Jefferson and his friends came in; and if Mr. Gibbs is to be relied on, Satan came also among them.

"There was established a new order of things, when the unrestrained and ungoverned passions of the mass, breaking through self-imposed restrictions, should make, interpret, and execute the law; when the executive, as leader of the people, should disregard the voice of their representatives, and render nugatory the acts of the tribunals of justice; when party should supersede the idea of country."

It is a little remarkable, that under this new order of things, Wolcott, the amiable and truly honorable man, whose papers have furnished the ground-work of these volumes, passed over to the democratic ranks, and was elected governor of Connecticut by democratic votes, about the time of the last war with England. His example, one would think, would admonish his grandson that party invective, in such general terms as these we have quoted, could not possibly be just; and we counsel Mr. Gibbs, when he resumes his able pen, to acknowledge the faults, and admit the merits, of both parties, as we are ourselves reciprocally willing and desirous to do. We see the faults of Mr. Jefferson's character as plainly as we see those of John Adams; but we are not disposed to turn him over to reprobation in such unmeasured language as has been habitually poured out upon him by the federal press.—Let it never be forgotten that he held a high place among the earliest supporters of resistance and revolution; that he took that place when it was a doubtful and most dangerous position, and when timid, interested and unprincipled men did naturally, and must almost necessarily all turn the other way. He took that place then, actuated by principles and impulses which must have been sincere; and as to his political faith, there is no act of his life that can be quoted against either its sincerity or its consistency. He was, from first to last, a radical democrat and leveller, thoroughgoing, unflinching—and, it must also be admitted, was unscrupulous. He sympathized warmly and deeply with the French revolutionists; and having this sympathy, he never lost sight of it through the worst of their excesses and outrages. He thought, no doubt, and history will sustain the opinion, that the Reign of Terror was better than the Reign of the Bourbons and the old noblesse; the one a fearful but transient fever—the other a chronic, corrupting and consuming cancer. In this sympathy, and in his revolutionary hatred to England, may be found the sufficient motives for Mr. Jefferson's general political course; while by that course itself must be explained the intense aversion he excited in men full of prejudices and passions, equally strong and diametrically opposite. And then he was ambitious, and artificial, and insincere; he managed men by flattery and hollow professions for his own ends,—of which John Adams was a conspicuous example. He could countenance and subsidize such base tools as Callender and Paine.—In short, the head and front of his offending was a practical adherence to the maxim that all is fair in politics*—a most pernicious maxim certainly; but we cannot agree with Mr. Gibbs that Mr. Jefferson acted on it with ulterior designs to overthrow our liberties or dissolve our social system. He was, no doubt, a heretic in his religion; and for this only, without a single other vice, he might have met in New-England at that time all the condemnation his

[* The tone which the accomplished writer of this paper has adopted in discussing the character of Jefferson has both surprised and pained us. We have too high a respect both for our correspondent's ethical and political standards of judgment to exercise towards these passages the extreme editorial prerogative; though his view of Jefferson's *morale* is so contrary to that which democrats are accustomed to entertain, that in the absence of any accompanying proof or illustration of its correctness, we should feel perfectly justified in refusing to give it circulation as we do to give it our confidence. We make bold to say that it is worth no one's while to publish the writer's opinion of Jefferson's consciousness without sustaining himself at every step by the inflexible logic of facts.]—EDITOR.

Digitized by Google

worst acts, or any man's worst acts could possibly incur.

Mr. Jefferson was the impersonation and centre of the anti-federal party—such was their earliest appellation;—the party opposed to that Federal Constitution under which, with slight modifications, we have lived happy from those days to these. Opposition to its federal or centralizing principles continued, however, to be the chief rallying ground of that party, down to the eventual dying out of the old party distinctions and names—before the recasting into whigs and democrats in these latter days. On this main ground of difference, experience showed the anti-federalists that their fears were so much exaggerated, that when they obtained power they refrained from changing the Constitution they had denounced—thus succeeding in some sort to the opinions as well as the offices of the expelled federalists. With regard to the navy, also, a similar conversion followed; and eventually Gen. Jackson gave sufficient proof that we had abandoned our undue predilection for France. Indeed, for many years, while the names of federalist and anti-federalist continued to be used, the struggle had really become a personal one;—it was an effort to put down certain men and their friends and promote certain others, rather than a contest between the upholders of opposite political creeds. The single question, whether we should or should not make war on England, formed the principal exception to this remark: there was a remnant here of the original grounds of contention between the two parties; but in all else they had become in a great measure alike in all but names.

The democratic party is essentially progressive. It can cast off its errors, and in its nature must do so: it can take up the more correct views of those adversaries that chance to have such, and can act on those views better than those adversaries did, and can thus occupy their places and wield the very weapons of their faith. By a progress of this kind the anti-federalists of '89 are become the democracy of '46; they are not the same in party doctrine, as we have seen, but they are the same in feeling, with doctrines enlightened by experience. By a transmigration equally natural, but not similar, the body of whiggery has entertained the soul of federalism—not its high soul, but its narrow one, for it had two. There were men in the federal ranks who wished for aristocratic or even arbitrary government here; John Adams repeatedly betrayed such opinions or wishes, in unequivocal language; and others can still be named who shared them. Governeur Morris speaks them out plainly in his correspondence; and even Hamilton is well-known to have desired an Executive and Senate for life, or good behavior, which last qualification is usually practically null.—Hamilton, had he lived, would have been capable of modifying his opinions by the lights of future experience; but nothing of this sort would have been expected from the other two we have named. And herein lies now the inherent difference between democrat and whig. Hamilton was for permanent rulers; for a government bank, and a protective tariff—three principles which comport together well, but which, if he had lived till now, we believe he would have abandoned, one and all. Not so the whigs; the reign of Mr. Biddle has made no more impression on their creed than did the Reign of Terror on Mr. Jefferson's. It was Bank once and Bank always; Tariff once and Tariff forever; and, with less boldless in avowing the truth than Adams and Morris exhibited, they cherish under a thin disguise the same old heresy still, that rulers are not appointed to perform duties, but to exercise powers. These three dead weights are tied to their heels—nay, grown to them and become inseparable; and to float these, it is not to be wondered at that they grasp at every cork and straw that the political whirlpool throws up.

It is remarkable that Hamilton places his argument in favor of a protective tariff on grounds entirely different from those occupied by the whigs at present, and on grounds, indeed, they cannot take in this age. He adopted the protection principle in all its length and breadth; he maintained that the General Government had the power to prohibit importations directly, or to prevent them by prohibitory duties; though he did not think such extreme measures necessary. He admitted that protection would interfere with the natural employments of capital, and drive it from certain employments to certain others, and this, also, he thought gov-

ernment had a right to do. He admitted that protection would raise prices; but he contended that the public would be speedily compensated by a consequent fall, and thus put the whole matter in the light of a temporary inconvenience and sacrifice for the attainment of an END. We were then a weak nation, liable to have the seas closed upon us; therefore, he argued, we ought to provide for that contingency by forcing a growth of home manufactures. The protective doctrine was then dominant abroad, and rigidly enforced against us; therefore, he contended, we ought to adopt it against others; and he admitted fully, that free trade, if reciprocal, would be best for all parties. His two principal arguments, thus—of weakness in us and liability to forced insulation, and of illiberal systems elsewhere, fall to the ground of themselves at present; and the other, of temporary expediency, is confuted by forty years' experiment—which leaves the END as far out of sight as ever.

In addition to all the errors which the whigs have fairly inherited from federalism, they are perfectly willing, also, to adopt all ours when they can find any tempting opportunity. They are apt, indeed, to copy and caricature our vices and mistakes, and seem to have an idea, which, with their views of the popular intellect, is natural perhaps, that it is to these we owe our success and domination. Mr. Gibbs relates, that when Mr. Jefferson was made Vice-President, there was a cry raised by his adherents of British influence against his opponents. Doubtless it was a poor partisan trick, and worthy of the contempt with which he relates it. But what our dregs did then, whig dregs do now; the cry of a British tariff is not yet silent, and Mr. Gibbs knows who raised it. Again, we find (vol. i. p. 123,) that the French party were strongly supported, especially in Virginia, by the debtors to Great Britain, who desired to prevent any settlement of our difficulties with that power, to postpone or avoid altogether the payment of their debts. To such unworthy allies, no doubt, the party owed some votes; but we believe they never were called out and marshalled to the polls as anti-creditors. They were a disorganizing faction, but they were not called in with banners flying, and set up on that interest for office.—The whig embrace of the anti-renters has bettered the instruction; it is a piece of political scoundrelism which baffles all our previously conceived ideas as to what men will and will not do. Success with such allies will draw severe trials after it; and we wait with curious eyes to see what promises the anti-renters will produce and prove, and what fulfilment and satisfaction the whigs can give them.

Oliver Wolcott, whose modest biography mingles in the mass of these volumes in small proportion, is, nevertheless, exhibited here as he was:—as a man of first rate abilities and high and sterling virtues. He retired from the Treasury in 1799, and never again appeared in the arena of general politics, but became, afterwards, Governor of Connecticut, and died in that office (we believe,) about 1812. Of such a man as he was, the most violent political polemic must confess that the party with which he sided could not be entirely and profligately wrong; and it is well for humanity that such men do occasionally give irrefragable testimony of this sort in favor of both parties in our country. Wolcott did so by passing from federalism to democracy; Patrick Henry in his last days made a partial or entire change in the opposite direction. The truth is, the points on which the masses among us are not agreed, are as nothing, compared with the immense amount of ascertained political truth concerning which there is no longer any dispute. This is a great cause of the happiness and prosperity of our existing commonwealth; and one of the greatest drawbacks from this happiness is found in the violence of office-seekers and self-appointed party-leaders, who seize for their own ends on whatever points of difference may yet be discovered, exaggerate their practical importance immeasurably, and excite us through vain fears to party bitterness and dissention. Writers who ought to be independent—who should seek to give a tone rather than take one ready-made, do often fall into this error, and give strong aid to this mischief.—We beseech Mr. Gibbs to believe and remember this, that when he writes again he may address a more general public, and not, as now, in some degree,

" narrow his mind,
And to party give up what was meant for mankind."

Digitized by Google

# THE NATURAL HISTORY OF NEW-YORK.*

THE reports of the several individuals who were entrusted with the scientific survey of New-York having at length been completed, we proceed, in accordance with a promise made to the readers of this Review some months ago, to offer a few considerations relating to the less abstruse and technical, or more *popular* topics connected with it. We shall, however, confine our remarks to those portions of it connected with the geology and mineralogy of the state.

But we have, first, somewhat to say of the report as a whole. It consists of 13 large quarto volumes, of from 500 to 1000 pages each, and a map of the state, of suitable dimensions, upon which are delineated the areas embraced by its different rocks. And to such good hands, we are happy to say it, was the conduct of these volumes entrusted, from the manuscript to their present form, that no one will be likely to look upon them either as unworthy of their subject matter, or as very particularly misrepresenting the state of the art typographical in America in 1842.

Prefatory to the whole is a historical notice of New-York, by Gov. Seward, from which the following history of the survey is extracted:

"In 1835 the Assembly of this state, upon motion of Charles P. Clinch of New-York city, passed a resolution directing the Secretary of State to report to the Legislature, at its next session, the most expedient method for obtaining a complete geological survey of the state, which should furnish a perfect and scientific account of rocks and soils and their localities, and a list of all its mineralogical, botanical and zoölogical productions, and for procuring and preserving specimens of the same, with an estimate of the expense of the undertaking. John A. Dix, Secretary of State, in January, 1836, submitted a report in pursuance of this resolution. That luminous and satisfactory document led to the passage of the act of the 15th April, 1836, in the execution of which, and the act of May 8th, 1840, and of April 9th, 1842, the survey has been made. William L. Marcy, Governor, arranged the plan of the survey in the summer of 1836, and assigned its departments as follows:

"The zoölogical department to James E. Dekay; the botanical to John Torrey; the mineralogical and chemical to Lewis C. Beck; the geological to William M. Mather, Timothy A. Conrad, Lardner Vanuxem and Ebenezer Emmons. Afterwards Mr. James Hall was appointed to the department occupied by Mr. Conrad, and Mr. Conrad to a new department—the palæontological, the department of fossils."

The geologists divided the state into four districts, each one assuming a single district. The whole survey was finished in 1842, when the final reports were published. By the mineralogical and geological surveyors eight separate suites of specimens were collected, one or two of which were deposited in Albany, and one in each of the colleges of the state. So, also, the botanical and mineralogical surveyors collected and deposited at the cabinet in Albany, as far as possible, complete suites of specimens of their respective departments.

Each of these gentlemen, except Mr. Conrad, has made a report of his investigations. Mr. Dekay's consists of five volumes, the first containing descriptions of 45 genera and 79 species of mammals; the second of 124 genera and 314 species of birds; the third of reptiles, 17 genera and 33 species, and of amphibials, 9 genera and 30 species; the fourth, 57 genera and 299 species of fishes; and the fifth of 134 genera and 706 species of malluscan, and 80 genera and 139 species of crustacean animals found within the limits of the state. Mr. Torrey has published one volume containing the plants of New-York. Dr. L. C. Beck one volume, with descriptions, including chemical

* Natural History of New-York. By Authority. New-York: D. Appleton & Co., and Wiley & Putnam. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. Albany: Thurlow Weed, Printer to the State. 1842. 12 vols., quarto; with a Map.



Digitized by Google

analyses, localities, and economical uses of over 150 *genera* of minerals found in the state. Mr. Mather reports upon the geology of the first geological district, comprising Long Island and the river counties; Dr. Emmons of the second, consisting of the seven northernmost counties; Mr. Vanuxem of the fourteen central counties; and Mr. Hall of the fourth district, embracing all west of Cayuga lake.

Mr. Conrad's report upon the palæontology of New-York will, we have been informed, be ready for distribution in January next, when the work will be finally completed.

Its cost, including the survey, printing, binding, engraving and coloring plates, when finished, has been estimated by a committee of the Senate at $365,590 64; an amount, we are told, far beyond its value. We cannot, of course, say how highly this amount of money is esteemed by those who thus estimate the value of the whole survey. We cannot tell exactly how many mills upon a thousand dollars of the taxable property of New-York this sum would be. But we do say, that the value of such a work as this is not to be lightly rated. It is not altogether to be estimated in dollars and cents. Can it be possible, that some thousands of volumes filled with a minute and particular description of the natural scenery, rocks, minerals, flora, and fauna of a great state like New-York, can be scattered among its cities and villages and hamlets without an influence upon its inhabitants? And what must this influence be? belittleing in its character? Teaching its growing sons to think less of an ancestry, and less of institutions to which such a work is due? An uneducated and an unenlightened people could never have undertaken it.

Nor can its immediate effect upon the character of the next generation be unhappy. Salem witches have, it is true, disappeared; but if the public did but know it, divining-rods and fortune-tellers' stones and glasses, and "moon in the sign of the heart," and agricultural labor put off for the proper change of the moon, and almanac Fridays, are not yet entirely done away, even within those enlightened portions of the world —New-York and New-England.

If fifty thousand highly-finished and complete treatises upon natural science can be scattered over the state, without fetching out of an else-veiled obscurity some —— if not Davy, or Cuvier, or Linnæus—at least here and there a worthy disciple to the shrine where they worshipped, then do we greatly overestimate the native worth of this particular portion of Anglo-Saxondom.

* * * * * Mascula * *
Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
Versare glebas.

Copies of the report of this survey have been presented to every public library of note in Europe. We are happy in the belief, that there it can reflect no discredit on the young and distant republic that created it.

For the Empire State not to have undertaken such a work at all, in which she was but an imitator, would have been, not only parsimonious, but of that order of parsimony known as "penny-wise and pound-foolish;" not to have done it well would have been niggardly. For, even in a pecuniary point of view, the value of the geological and mineralogical portions of the survey is of the highest importance to the people of New-York.

We do not know, nor can we estimate from any data in our possession, the amount of money expended within the last hundred years, by our citizens in valueless mining operations. But we do know something of that rage, with which otherwise sensible men squander money in such speculations. One of the least wonderful incidents—though often quoted as the reverse—of the early settlement of the United States, was the loading and transmission to England of a ship-load of shining sand—(sulphuret of iron)—in the hope that it was gold. We know two wells sunk, one more than a hundred, and the other about three times as many feet, through the Trenton and Black River limestones, in a worse than hopeless search for brine. The geologists mention repeated instances of a like character. We have known men subject themselves to considerable expense in attempting to extract silver from a dark-colored heavy stone, composed in a great part of carburet of iron. We have seen so common and unpeculiar a mineral as *sahlite*, taken, at some cost and trouble, to a distant

Digitized by Google

chemist, as tin ore. Every calcareous bed of clay is valuable marl; and, probably, few educated country physicians of forty can be found, who have not, in the course of their lives, had frequent occasion to dampen golden hopes kindled in their possessors' breasts, by lumps of glittering, but worthless, *iron pyrites*. "Mining," says Mr. Vanuxem, "is, and always has been, a lottery; but a highly useful one for those who have ample means, and love the excitement which springs from unexpected turns of good fortune, or the chances of gain from mere possibilities and probabilities, and who must have vent of some kind." What it is for those who have not "ample means," but just as strong a love for, not only the excitement, but the fruits of good fortune, we need not waste a word to explain.

It may be, that in abating this mania, by throwing a truer light over the subjects of mineralogy and mining, the citizens of New-York may find their account, even in the expense to which they have subjected themselves, in prosecuting this survey.

No substance has been sought in the bowels of the earth with such insane greediness as coal. Those who have ruined themselves heretofore by such enterprises, are, perhaps, like the earl in the Antiquary, deserving of our pity; those who henceforth sink their money in pits sunken in hills of slate, must do it with their eyes fully open to the hopelessness of discovering this mineral. For, let it be distinctly understood, that whatever else the geological survey may have done or left undone, it has settled the question beyond dispute or cavil, that *New-York, rich in almost everything else, contains no coal.* She contains inexhaustible beds of the finest iron ore, peat, gypsum, salt, a thousand valuable minerals, but no coal, except, as Mr. Mather says, it may *possibly, not probably*, be found in a limited portion of the summit of the Catskill Mountains.

A great many practical men, aware that this decision has been pronounced by the geologists, are yet unacquainted with the method by which the conclusion has been arrived at, when in reality so little a portion of the whole state has been actually gone over, and so small a proportion of the whole number of its square miles personally visited. They are aware that the geologists of the United States have staked not only their own reputations, but that even of the science which they profess, upon the impossibility of ever discovering that mineral in any quantity in the state; and yet they are at a loss to comprehend the ratiocination by which they have arrived at their opinion.

It is impossible, in a paper limited like this, to say much upon this subject; yet we think a remark or two upon it might be interesting. But let us first exhibit to our readers the vast amount of the invaluable minerals with which the United States is stocked. We copy from Mather's Report, page 297.

"The great Ohio coal-field, of which the Pennsylvania and other fields form parts, extending between the Blue Ridge and Rocky Mountains, has its north-eastern extremity near the Delaware River, N. Y., and extends along the southern boundary of New-York; thence south and south-west into Alabama, a distance of 1600 miles, with an average breadth of from 50 to 100 miles.

"Within this great coal formation, the largest in the known world, of which the boundaries have been explored, it is supposed that there are from 50,000 to 75,000 square miles of workable, and easily accessible coal, in beds three feet thick and over, giving an average thickness [in all] of workable coal, 20 feet thick. Taking the lowest of these estimates as the basis of calculation, it will yield 32,234 cubic yards per acre, or 20,630,000 yards per square mile, or 1,031,500,800 000 cubic yards for fifty thousand square miles; and as a cubic yard weighs about a ton, or rather more, it may be stated as so many tons. This quantity would give more than three tons annually to each individual of the present population of the United States, for 20,000 years; a quantity sufficient for domestic use, not only, but for all purposes of machinery, and working the metals, etc.

"The above quantity, also, if put in mass, would form a square pyramidal mountain, with a base ten miles square, and 30,000 feet high; or a range of mountains two miles through the base, 2,500 feet high, and nearly 200 miles long."

Now the geological formation which contains all this coal, and not only all this coal, but all the coal of the world, is wanting in New-York. Why it is wanting, perhaps, we do not exactly know; but that it is wanting is certain.

Digitized by Google

Geologists find in the rocks of the world different eras; and one of these eras is called the carboniferous—the coal-bearing—era; and the world over they have evidence of its synchronism; and, moreover, evidence that there was but one such era, and that any country destitute of the rocks of this era, must be, of necessity, destitute of coal.

The rocks of New-York are, all of them, of an age anterior to the carboniferous; and hence, either geology is worse than false, or else there is no coal in New-York.

It is useless to attempt to find, if not another horn to the dilemma, at least a loop-hole of retreat, from the broadness of this assertion, by suggesting that the coal-bearing rocks, and the coal, may have been overlooked. Geological strata do not exist in patches and beds; this rock does not occur upon A's farm, and that upon B's, and the other upon C's; and it is by no means necessary to visit every rood of the surface of the strata, to decide upon its geological structure.

But if New-York contain no available coal, she is yet by no means destitute of an abundance of most valuable minerals. And first, let us speak of the immense deposites of iron ore with which the state abounds. The iron ore of New-York is of three species—the magnetic, and specular iron ores, and the hydrous peroxide. The first mentioned abounds in Orange, Rockland, Putnam, and in all the extreme northern counties of the state. It occurs in the primitive rocks in beds, or deposites of variable widths and unknown depths, easily worked, and incalculable in extent. Dr. Emmons computes that in one bed, the Sandford mine, in Essex county, there are within ten feet of the surface nearly 7,000,000 of tons of ore, which may be raised without the use of gunpowder. And there are, in many of the counties mentioned, townships of just such beds as these. The specular iron ore is also abundantly disseminated, both in St. Lawrence, Jefferson, and in many of the western counties, where it is called clay iron ore, or lenticular iron ore. The hydrous peroxide, under the names of bog ore, limonite, &c., is found in considerable quantities in the south-eastern counties.

Most of these ores contain from 60 to 70 per cent. of metallic iron, an amount which renders them, taken as a whole, equal to any in the world.

The manufacture of iron commenced in this state at a very early period. "It was actively carried on in Orange county previous to the Revolution." But the following table will show its origin and increase in New-York:

In 1776, manufacture had commenced in Orange county.

In 1810, were manufactured $800,000 worth of iron.

In 1830, were manufactured $3,700,000 worth of iron, in three hundred and thirty-five iron works.

In 1835, were manufactured $4,700,000 worth of iron in four hundred and thirty-four iron works.

In 1840,* were manufactured 29,088 tons cast, and 53,693 tons of bar iron, worth, the former, at $30, and the latter, at $30 per ton, with the value of hardware manufactured in the state, amounting to $1,566,974 added, a total of $6,735,054.

In 1845, were manufactured $8,994,000 worth of iron in five hundred iron works.

This table shows a flattering increase in this great enterprise; but Dr. Beck points out some defects in the method of manufacture generally pursued, well worthy the consideration, not only of those pecuniarily interested in it, but of all who are watching the progress of the arts among us.

In the first place, let it be premised that there are some reasons why New-York can manufacture iron as cheaply as any country of Europe, or any of her sister states. Her ores are as abundant as those of any country. They are as pure as those of any country, and twice as prolific, cent per cent, in iron, as the common English ores. In the cheapness of her fuel, but few countries can compete with her.

Moreover, there are reasons why New-York can manufacture as good iron as any country in the world. The best iron that comes into the markets of the world is made at Dannemora, in Sweden. But this iron is made from the same magnetic oxide, so extensively abounding in this state, and so extensively made use of by our iron-masters. Besides, it is like New-York ores, reduced with charcoal—the best

* We copy from the census returns, printed by William Allen.

Digitized by Google

fuel used—and which the English employed until they changed it for the charcoal of bituminous coal, coke, only from the superior cheapness of the latter.

But in the teeth of these considerations, what are the facts with regard to American iron? That it is not so good as foreign iron, any price current shows. That it is not so cheap, the alleged necessity of a tariff of 60 to 100 per cent., or more, to *protect* the home manufacture, bears evident witness. Now, wherefore? Dr. Beck says:

"It may, in part, be ascribed to want of skill, in conducting the mining operations, and in following out the details of the manufacture. In regard to the first of these points it may be remarked, that the raising of the ores has heretofore been conducted in the rudest and most careless manner. With a few exceptions, the whole object of the proprietors of our mines seems to have been to obtain a *present* supply of ore, at the cheapest and easiest rate. Hence, excavations have often been improperly made, and good beds of ore have not unfrequently been rendered valueless by the falling in of rocks, or by vast collections of rubbish which have accumulated. The consequence of these injudicious, and in some instances, ruinous operations, the result oftentimes of false notions of economy, has been to render this branch of mining a peculiarly expensive and precarious employment. This, of course, must have an effect upon the manufacture; and it is not too much to say, that until this business is conducted with that science and skill which are brought to bear upon it in other countries, there will be wanting, in our case, one important element of success.

"A review of the processes of manufacture, pursued in some parts of the state, will, I think, afford another clue to the causes which have served to depress this branch of industry."—*Beck's Min.* p. 38.

Our limits forbid a copy of Professor Beck's review of the processes of manufacture. He includes them under four heads.

1st. The want of perfection in the furnaces in common use.

2nd. A want of science in the proper choice of fluxes, and in their proper adaptation to the different ores.

3d. That the ores are not generally roasted.

4th. That an inferior quality of charcoal is generally manufactured, and used by iron smelters.

Prof. Beck has fortified himself in his objections to the processes made use of by the New-York iron-masters, by reference to a few facts, for the truth of which he is responsible; but which, emanating from any source less high, might seem almost incredible. For instance, he says, that 3 tons of the ore of the Arnold mine, N. Y., at 70 per cent. of pure iron, equals 4,704 lbs. metallic iron, while 3½ tons of English ore, the clay iron-stone, the common ore of the English, at 35 per cent., equals 2,744 lbs. of metallic iron, or a balance in favor of three tons of Arnold ore, over three and one-half tons of English clay iron-stone, of 1,960 lbs. of metallic iron. But our manufacturers require three tons of Arnold ore to make one ton of bar-iron, while the English consume but three and one-half tons of clay iron-stone in the manufacture of the same quantity of wrought iron. Or, while of Arnold ore, 3 tons contain 4,704 lbs., and produce one ton; of English ore, 3½ tons contain 2,744 lbs., and produce one ton, showing a loss of 1,960 lbs.! in the manufacture of each ton of bar-iron by the American iron-master. And this loss of almost one hundred per cent., *in addition* to the perhaps necessary loss of about 25 per cent., which the English manufacturer sustains.

Dr. Beck tells us again, page 42, that—

"Small globules, or buttons, of nearly pure iron, or of the metal slightly oxidised, are sometimes found in the hard and glassy compound, (the scoriæ.) and by treating this refuse with an additional portion of flux, a large proportion of metallic iron is obtained. I was informed by the conductor of a furnace, in Dutchess county, that a heap of this scoriæ, which he had considered as without value, and which he intended to have removed from his premises at some expense, had been found to be worth more than $3000, for the iron which it contained."

Though we cannot follow Dr. Beck through his criticisms, we cannot forbear a remark or two upon one or two points connected with this highly interesting subject. For herein, we believe, is contained the answer to the question last propounded.

Our iron-masters need a tariff to enable them profitably to compete with European rivals. They need it, not because there is so much difference in the price of labor on the two continents, but because, in Europe, the highest

science has been devoted, and is still devoted to the process of procuring iron from its ores, and to the processes of manufacturing it when procured. Careful analysis of the ores are made, and then of the scoriæ, which comes from the furnace, and then fluxes, procured and used, exactly adapted to the necessities of the case. But with us too much is empiricism. The operation of procuring the metal iron from its ores, is, from first to last, a chemical one, dependant wholly upon chemical principles for its existence. The smelter is the metallurgist, and he has before him a chemical problem; he is required to analyze a certain ore of iron, and to procure from it all its valuable ingredient, rejecting the valueless portions. Suppose he guess at the constitution of the ore, then guess at the nature and amount of his flux, will it be strange if, after all, his scoriæ prove richer in iron than some ores? Will it be strange, that his guess-work should not quite successfully compete with the science of such men as Gahn and Berzelius?

But, besides this, hundreds of years of experience, and properly directed science, have brought the shape of the furnace of the European iron-manufacturer almost to perfection. No heat is suffered to be wasted. The combustion of the same coal, at one and the same time, smelts the ore, puddles the cast iron into iron to be wrought—cements steel—reheats the bars of newly made iron, for welding and remanufacture; calcines lime for a flux; carbonises wood for the fuel of the furnace; and then often in addition, burns bricks. In place of science, skill, economy, we have a tariff! The results of the experience, inventions and skill of Europe are excluded by law, to give permanency to folly, waste and ignorance among us.

In speaking of some of these very recent improvements, M. d'Andelarre, in one of the departments of France, in a letter states:

"Our puddling furnaces,* heated altogether by the gas lost from the mouth of our blast, (*i. e.*, smelting furnace,) has been attended with the most complete success, which rarely happens in the first attempts at the application of any improvement, which most generally require long experience. We lighted up our furnace on the morning of the 5th, and put in the first charge at 11 o'clock on the morning of the 6th, and shingled, (*i. e.*, exposed the puddled iron to the trip-hammer,) the same day, at three quarters past 12. The accomplishment of these results so quickly, passed our expectations, resulting in—

1st. An economy of the total amount of fuel used in the refining of iron, (which, in a furnace with two doors, amounted, in twenty-four hours, to 6000 lbs. of bituminous coal, costing twelve dollars.)

2d. Improvement in the quality of the iron.

3d. The loss was very small, being 5 instead of 20 per cent. (100 in New-York) by the old process.

4th. The operations of the furnaces are much improved."†

It is a credit to American ingenuity that this enterprise has been attended with so much of success as it has been. But the time must come, and might already have come, but for "protection," when it should be just as impossible to import ordinary iron into America as it is ordinary cottons, or as it is to "carry coals to Newcastle."

The ordinary ore of lead, the sulphuret, or galena, is found in no less than twelve counties of this state, but it is to be feared, in none so situated as to be mined cheaply enough to be brought into competition with the Mississippi lead. At least the experience of several mining companies in various parts of the state seems to warrant this conclusion. Zinc and copper also exist, but so far as yet discovered, in small quantities; manganese and arsenic in proportionately larger. New-York contains, too, endless quantities of materials for bricks, pottery, and even porcelain; hundreds of square miles of easily-procured building stone of the finest qualities—granite, marble, and the Potsdam sand-stone, which latter is a very perfect free-stone.‡ Nor is there any scarcity of lime-stone proper for conversion into lime, nor of that species of lime-stone from which the

* Furnaces in which cast iron is converted into the state of wrought iron.

† Silliman's Journal, Vol. I., N. S., p. 97. J. L. Smith.

‡ According to the census of 1840, the value of marble, granite and other stone procured in the state, was $1,679,015, and the number of persons employed, 3715.

Digitized by Google

hydraulic cements are procured. With regard to her marbles, it may be fearlessly asserted that *no country in the world* possesses finer—whether fineness, color or durability be made the test of excellence. We scarcely need mention the inexhaustible beds of that important manure, gypsum, in which so many portions of the Union are deficient.

There exist within the limits of this state the richest salt-springs which have yet been discovered in the world. They are scattered about a portion of Onondaga and Cayuga counties, and extend even farther west, always occupying the same geological position—the Onondaga salt group. The strongest of these springs is at Syracuse. Its strength will be better understood by reference to the following tabular statement: (Beck, Min., p. 112.)

Of the water of the ocean, from 300 to 350 galls. make 56 lbs. of salt.

Of the salines of Boons lick, Mo., 450 galls. will make the same quantity of salt.

Of the salines of Shawnetown Ill., it takes 123 galls.

Of the salines of Zanesville, O., 95 galls.

Of the salines of Kenhawa, Va., 75 galls.

Of the salines of Grand Rapids, Mich., from 50 to 60 galls.

Of the salines of Old Wells, at Syracuse, from 40 to 50 galls.

And of the salines of New Wells, at Syracuse, from 30 to 35 galls.

But these quantities of brine, besides yielding 56 lbs. of salt, also afford certain other saline matters, which deteriorate the salt. The separation of these impurities constitutes the most difficult portion of the salt manufacturer's art; and the contamination of these in greater or less proportions affects the value and price of the various salts of the world. The nature of these impurities and their universality will be better understood from the subjoined statement:

One thousand parts of Syracuse brine (new well) and of ordinary sea water, contain—

| | Sea Water. | Syracuse Brine. |
|---|---|---|
| Chloride of Sodium, (pure salt) | 25. | 173.5 |
| " Magnesium | 3.5 | 0.5 |
| " Calcium | — | — |
| Sulphate of Magnesia, (Epsom Salts) | 5.8 | none. |
| Carbonate of Lime | 0.2 | traces. |
| Sulphate of do., (Gypsum) | 0.1 | 8. |
| Water | 965.4 | 818. |
| | 1000.0 | 1000.0 |

These impurities may be divided into two classes, the first of which, as gypsum and carbonate of lime, do not of themselves injure the qualities of the salt at all, and are only injurious upon the old principle of "*impenetrability*," for where they are no salt can be. The other class, comprising the chlorides of magnesium and calcium, and the sulphate of magnesia, which constitute the "*bitterns*," injure the salt in two ways: 1st, in affecting its taste; and 2d, by their ready deliquescence, causing the salt in which they exist to imbibe water more easily and in greater amount than if it were pure.

Our limits would forbid anything like a correct explanation of the means to which manufacturers resort to separate these substances from salt. We can only show our readers how well our own succeed, compared with the makers of other kinds of salt. The analysis of the foreign kinds were executed by the late distinguished chemist, Dr. Henry, of Manchester; those of the domestic by Dr. Beck.

One thousand parts of the following most celebrated salts of the world contain—

| | I. | II. | III. | IV. | V. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Carbonates of Lime and Magnesia | 0.32 | 3.42 | 2.80 | 0.23 | .... |
| Sulphate of Lime, (Gypsum) | 6.96 | 17.50 | 13.16* | 8.77 | 16.50† |
| Sulphate of Soda | .... | .... | .... | 2.01 | .... |
| Chlorides of Calcium and Magnesium | 1.72 | 3.18 | .... | .... | 0.13 |
| Chloride of Sodium, (pure salt) | 990.96 | 975.90 | 984.04 | 988.99 | 983.25 |
| | 999.96 | 1000.00 | 1000.00 | 1000.00 | 999.88 |

* With Epsom Salts. † And other saline matter.

Digitized by Google

I. Salt made by solar evaporation at Geddes and Syracuse, average of five of Dr. Beck's analyses.

II. Salt made by boiling at Salina, common barrel salt, average of three of Dr. Beck's analyses.

III. Turk's Island salt, from sea water by solar evaporation.

IV. Liverpool fine salt.

V. Cheshire crushed rock.

A more extended collection of analyses confirms what this limited table shows; that the solar salt of Syracuse and Geddes *is the purest salt* manufactured in the world. Of seventeen of the principal kinds of salt of the markets of the world, the "Liverpool fine salt" ranks next to the one already referred to; and but two of the seventeen, except the ones already referred to, are so much as one per cent. better than the salt made by boiling at Salina, the ordinary barrel salt, numbered two in the table of analyses, and six are found inferior to this species. Indeed, it is evident that with proper precautions this salt might be made equal to any. The process of manufacture is good enough—it only needs reasonable care in carrying it out.

Respecting the origin of these, and other salines, there are two prevalent theories.

1st. It is supposed they derived their salt from quantities of that mineral disseminated through the marly and other soft rocks, which form to the depth of as many as six hundred feet, the geological strata of the whole region in which the salt springs occur. How the existence of these small patches or particles of salt, disseminated through the rock, is explained, is not easy to be understood. Still some very plausible arguments are adduced in favor of its truth. For instance, it is a fact, that throughout the strata which constitute the Onondaga salt group, there are found numerous cavities of a hopperform shape, and also marly crystals of the same form. Now, this is a form in which salt sometimes crystalises, and it is contended that from the solution of the once contained salt, these cavities have their origin; when these cavities became filled with marl, there were formed the hopper-shaped marly crystals just alluded to. It is urged, too, that the longer these and other salt springs are worked, the weaker they become, and that sinking them to a lower depth invariably strengthens them.

2d. Dr. Beck has offered another, and to our mind, more plausible theory—one which, if we mistake not, is generally entertained. It is, that there exists in that portion of the state, abounding in salt springs, large beds of fossil salt. His position is fortified by several considerations, to which we may be allowed to refer. He objects to the other theory as insufficient to account for the fact, and as poorly sustained by observation. He contends that a similarity of geological position with the beds of salt, of various parts of the world, confirms his idea; and moreover, urges in behalf of his opinion, the existence of what are called "*sink holes*," which have been observed to be suddenly formed, and which are seen already formed in great numbers about the borders of Onondaga lake. These "*sink holes*" are funnel-shaped cavities of various sizes, from four or five feet wide, to ten or twelve, and from sixteen to twenty or more deep. These are claimed to be caused by the solution of blocks, or masses of some soluble mineral as salt, thus leaving cavities, which are filled by the subsidence of the earth above. These "*sink holes*," or *brim slips*, as they are called in England, exist very similar in appearance in Cheshire, England, where beds of salt have been discovered, and they are there, as here, known to be occasionally formed.

Other arguments are adduced on both sides of the question, and it is altogether impossible to decide which is correct. If the latter supposition be true, doubtless some future boring will reveal the existence of these beds, as similar ones did in Cheshire, and in Washington county, Virginia, where a boring of 235 feet revealed a bed of fossil salt of fifty or sixty feet thickness. It need not be objected to the value of such a discovery, that the cost of sinking a shaft and raising the mineral salt, would make it worthless; water might be let down upon it, and when saturated with salt, pumped up. The value of such a method of procedure may be partially estimated, when it is understood that the strong Syracuse brine lacks from 25 to 30 per cent. of saturation. It may be mentioned as a

Digitized by Google

fact, also, that similar means are resorted to at the Cheshire mines, where more salt is manufactured than at any other salines in the world. We may add, that deep borings may reveal, as they already have revealed, the existence of stronger brine, if not such beds as those of which we have spoken. At any rate it seems to us, as it does to Dr. B., that it might be well to prosecute a system of improvements, which has already resulted in so much benefit to the springs.

We cannot take leave of this branch of our subject, without bearing to the report of Dr. Beck the strongest testimony of our high opinion of its merits. Whether valued for accuracy and copiousness of description, or fullness of detail, it is the *vade mecum* of the student of New-York mineralogy.

But we pass to a brief consideration of the geological portion of the survey.

The New-York geologists have divided the rocks of the state into 29 to 31 divisions, the names and super-position of which are exhibited in the following table. We attempted, at considerable labor, to append to our table the thicknesses of the various rocks. The truth is, however, that it is altogether impossible to state them with any degree of accuracy. Many of the strata, which, at the Helderberg Mountains, possess considerable thickness, have disappeared at the Niagara river; and others, still, which do not exist at all east of Oneida county, have likewise disappeared at the Niagara. The names of these groups of rocks, commencing with the lowest, are as follows:

| *Name of Groups.* | | *Lithological Character.* | *Remarks.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Primary class. | | Granite, Gneiss, &c. | Covers about 8 to 10,000 sq. m. |
| 2. Potsdam sand-stone. | Champ. Div. | Sandstone. | Oldest fossiliferous rock. |
| 3. Calciferous group. | | " calcareous. | |
| 4. Black River lime-stone. | | | |
| 5. Trenton lime-stone. | | | |
| 6. Utica slate. | | | |
| 7. Hudson River group. | | Calcareous S. stone & shale | Thickness of Cham. div. 1500 ft. |
| 8. Gray sand-stone. | Ontar. Div. | | |
| 9. Medina sand-stone. | | | |
| 10. Oneida Conglomerate. | | Coarse sand-stone. | Dr. Emmons thinks same as last. |
| 11. Clinton group. | | Shale, lime-stone, sand-st'n. | Contains iron ore. |
| 12. Niagara group. | | " " | |
| 13. Onondaga salt group. | Helderberg Div. | Shale with lime-stone. | Contains salt springs & gyps'm. |
| 14. Water lime " | | Limestone. | Contains hydraulic lime-stone. |
| 15. Pentamerus lime-stone. | | | |
| 16. Delthy in shaly lime-st. | | | |
| Hall here inserts two other | | limestones, "the Encrinal" | and "Upper Pentamerus." |
| 17. Orisk. sand-stone. | | | |
| 18. Candagalli grit. | | Sand-stone. | |
| 19. Scoharie grit. | | " | |
| 20. Onondaga lime-stone. | | | |
| 21. Corniferous " | | | |
| 22. Marcellus shale. | | | |
| 23. Hamilton group. | Erie Div. | Shale and lime-stone. | 1000 feet thick. |
| 24. Tully lime-stone. | | | |
| 25. Gen. slate. | | | |
| 26. Portage groupe. | | Sand-stone. | 1000 ft. thick on Gen. river. |
| Vanuxem here inserts the | | 'Ithica Group,' which Hall classes with | |
| 27. Chemung group. | | Shale and sand-stone. | 1500 ft. thick, End N. Y. syst'm |
| 28. Catskill group. | | Old red sand-stone. | |

Lower stratum of Carboniferous system follows.

Upon the surface of all lies the Quartenary system, composed of, 1st, transported materials, and 2d, local materials.

[To be Continued.]

Digitized by Google

## UPWARD!

Cease your wild fluttering, Thoughts that fill the soul!
Silence awhile, 'tis but the hour of birth!
Spurn not impatiently the mind's control,
Nor seek the clouds ere ye have looked on earth!
Still your strong beating till the day has gone
And starry eve comes on!

Why would ye sweep so proudly through the sky,
With fearless wing the snow-crowned hills above,
Where the strong eagle scarcely dares to fly,
And the cloud-armies thunder as they rove—
Make in the solitude of storms your path
And tempt the lightning's wrath?

Will ye not linger in the earth's green fields
Till the first feebleness of youth is o'er,
Clasp the fresh joy that young existence yields
In the bright present, and desire no more?
Lulled among blossoms, down Life's morning stream
Glide, in Elysian dream!

Throb not so wildly, restless spirit, now!
Deep and undying though thy impulse be,
Would not the roses wither on thy brow,
When from thy weary chains at last made free?
In such hot glare, would not the proud crest stoop,
And the scorched pinion droop?

I pause. In might the thronging thoughts arise:
Hopes unfulfilled and glory yet afar,
Vague, restless longings, that would seek the skies,
And back in flame come like a falling star.
I hear ye in the heart's loud beating seek
A voice wherewith to speak.

"Say, can the children of a loftier sphere
Find on the earth the freedom they desire?
Can the strong spirit fold its pinions here
And give to joy the utterance of its lyre?
Can the fledged eaglet, born where sunbeams burn,
Back into darkness turn?

"Must not the wing that would aspire to sweep
Through realms undarkened by the breath of sin,
Dare in its earliest flight the trackless deep,
Nor faint and feebly on the earth begin—
Mount as a soaring lark, in morning's glow,
And leave the mists below?

"We feel, in heaven's own ether, calm and high,
A god-like strength, the storms of earth to stem;
The volleyed thunders from our pathway fly—
We twine the lightning for a diadem!
Far, far below, the clouds in darkness move—
The sun is bright above!

"No soul can soar too loftily, whose aim
Is God-given Truth and brother-love of man;
Who builds in hearts the altars of his fame,
And ends in love what sympathy began.
Spirit, ascend! though far thy flight may be,
God then is nearer thee!

Digitized by Google

1846 the.



# THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GOETHE.*

We regard this work as one of the most valuable contributions recently made to English literature; and it is, indeed, surprising, as the editor remarks in his Preface, that a Life of himself, by the most eminent of German poets, should never before have been rendered into English. It is true, that a work purporting to be a version of the famous "Truth and Poetry" was once put forth, but it was such a wretched and disgraceful affair that it deserves no further mention. The persons, therefore, who have undertaken this new translation are the first to put us in possession of the real thing. But before speaking of their success, we have a few remarks to make on the subject of the autobiography, viz.—John Wolfgang Goethe.

In approaching a contemplation of this man, the two things that strike one are, first, the exceeding diversity of the opinions men, every way competent to judge, hold concerning him; and secondly, his singular impassiveness to the external influences of his age, and at the same time his singular fidelity to the deeper spirit of that age.

The critics, both learned and small, are sorely puzzled what to make of Goethe, either as an author or a man. That he has talent of a very high kind none of them deny; that he was able to influence his fellow-men in a way that few ever have done, is a fact of history which they are as little disposed to deny. But what troubles them is, to assign him his true place in the literary Olympus—to measure the height of his throne, and to lay down the metes and bounds of his rightful jurisdiction. Was he a god, a demi-god, or only a well-dressed and specious-looking devil? Was he a poet in the true sense? Were his conceptions of art of the loftiest kind? Had he any meaning in those clear yet enigmatical—those transparent but most profound fifty volumes of his? And above all, what manner of man was he—a good man or a bad?—a Christian, or only a gigantic Heathen? Was he sensualist or pantheist, or atheist, or nothing at all?—behind his age or in advance of it?—the most immovable of conservatives or the deepest of radicals?—one who lived exclusively for his own selfish glory, or who had some touches of humanity in him? Was that majestic calmness the calmness of the dead marble statue, or of the serene sunny sky which embraces all in its warm bosom? And finally, what effect is the Goethean literature yet to have on the destiny of mankind or the world?

These are the questions which the critics to whom we have referred answer so variously. They have fought battles over his remains, with the vigor and ferocity of religious fanatics. It has been estimated that what has been written about him these last fifty years would of itself form no inconsiderable library. Anecdotes, conversations, biographies, essays, criticisms, reviews, lampoons, poems and elegies are poured forth with frightful profusion. Single dramas of his have been made the basis of whole courses of lectures. Only Shakspeare has been more voluminously discoursed of, and only Dante the occasion of fiercer controversies.—Between Menzel and Riemer, or Heine and Carlyle, how wide the difference! Yet it does not appear that the general mind has arrived at any clearer conception than it had at first. In the face of all attempts to elucidate him he excites as much doubt and dispute as ever he did; and in spite of all detraction he sits aloft, sublime and luminous as ever. There is surely something in a nature which can arouse such never-ending admiration and aversion to justify the ado of the world.

Then, again, there is a most perplexing mystery in his very aspect. He seems the hardest and yet the most susceptible of men. He strikes some as the perfect embodiment of his times, and others as one most selfishly indifferent to his times. He lived during the most tumultuous period the world has ever seen, and he stands out as the calmest and most steadfast object that is to be met with in that whole period.

* Truth and Poetry: from My Life. Translated from the German of Goethe. Edited by Parke Godwin. Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. New-York. 1846.

Digitized by Google

Consider only what great men and what great events moved before him on the field of Europe and America, and then consider how few of them are so much as even mentioned—not dwelt upon—in his half hundred volumes of various writings! His lifetime saw the seven years' war of Germany, so fruitful in disastrous incidents and bitter hatreds; it saw the portentous eruption of the first French revolution, when the whole of European society was shaken to its centre, as the begrimed giant of maddened Democracy shook its blood-red fists in the face of Oppression; and it saw, also, the last French revolution, the "glorious three days" so dear to Frenchmen; it saw the calm triumph of the American patriots, and a mighty nation spring up in the deserts, almost in a single day; and at the same time it saw many of the grandest achievements of modern science, with the wondrous growth of German literature, from its puling infancy to its complete and noble manhood. During that lifetime, too, the greatest celebrities of the nineteenth century, in war, in intellect, in action, made their entrances and exits. Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Wellington, Washington, Cuvier, Byron, Schiller, Kant, Lessig, Herder, Wieland, Manzoni, Swedenborg, and a host of similar men, were all contemporaries, and in one sense, familiar friends of our poet. He was an attentive watcher of their doings and sayings in this world. He professes to have been signally influenced by most of them in his own developement. It is clear that their lives affected the destinies of mankind strongly, either for better or worse. Yet when we look through the many writings of the German, we find scarcely a distinct trace of their existence. A character so singular in its position, and so variously judged of, is worthy of our study.

Mr. Emerson, in a recent series of lectures on great men, is reported to have spoken of Goethe, not as a poet or artist, but merely as the Writer. This, like all the other literary judgments of this accomplished talker, is novel, but superficial and adequate. There is that in Goethe which places him infinitely above one who can skilfully handle his pen. If we might refer to men who better illustrate Mr. Emerson's notions of the writer, we should say that Lope De Vega, with his thousand plays, with his ceaseless literary fertility, with his mechanical method of turning off books, as the spinner will turn you off bobbins, was a writer: we should say that Kotzebue, who once filled the world with his dramas, novels and voyages, was a writer; or to take a higher instance than either of these, that Sir Walter Scott, with his hundred volumes of verse, essay, history, biography, criticism and romance, every page of which once held thousands entranced, was a writer, (though Scott too was not without a touch of the poet and artist.) But Goethe takes rank high above these restless and all-accomplished penmen. He would have been great, had the goose-quill never been invented—great with the pencil of the painter, or with the eye-glass of the naturalist, because in his inmost soul he was formed for the loftiest walks of intellectual action. His place is in the same region with our Dantes, Calderons and Shakspeares. He was born poet and great man, whose flight was among the stars of the clearest empyrean.

Let us, however, speak more accurately, and say, that in our view, Goethe was the ARTIST OF HIS AGE. We do not mean by this that he was not a thinker, for art always implies thought. He was, too, a ripe scholar, a statesman of no mean capacity, a philosopher of patient research and profound generalizations, a man of various and general ability, and of the noblest character; but we cannot, by considering him in any of these lights, explain his whole being, or get at the inmost central principle of his enigmatical and manifold life. When, however, we regard him as "the artist of his age," the contradictions of his career become plain; the riddles of his works are solved; the peculiar characteristics of his conduct as a man are justified.

Yet why do we call him an artist? Because he in any way enlarged the original domains of art? Because he has discovered new principles by which the results of art can be produced? Because he has hit upon a philosophy of art which lays bare the wondrous secrets of that enchanted region, and explains to man the highest of his natural gifts—his power to create? By no means: for, in these respects, Goethe is not in advance of

Digitized by Google

others that we could name among the moderns; and if he had been, would rather pass as the philosopher of art than its representative. But because his natural endowments were completely those of the artist; because his whole life and training were those of the artist; because he has produced finer specimens of art than any other modern man; because he had the loftiest conceptions of the functions of art, and because he was completely possessed by the idea of art, and devoted to it with passionate, absorbing devotion. His whole outward and inward life were but one grand picture; a soft atmosphere of beauty surrounds all his works, and was the element which he breathed; and he saw in the issues and tendencies of art, a universality and grandeur of developement, which no man before him had ever seen so clearly, and no contemporary has so successfully embodied or expressed. What religion is to some men, or science to others, art was to Goethe. There is a certain philosophy whose favorite phrase is that men have each of them a mission upon earth. They are sent from the Gods to bear to humanity some fragment of the eternal goodness, beauty and truth. Thus, it was the mission of Moses to guide the Jews, of Luther to fight the world battles of Protestantism, of Washington to incorporate democracy, of Kant to establish metaphysics, and of Shakspeare to create the everlasting drama. Well, in the phraseology of this class of speculators, we may say, that it was Goethe's mission to embody the artistic strivings of the nineteenth century.

We shall not here enter into an abstract of Goethe's life, as presented in these charming volumes; nor attempt a criticism of his works, reserving both topics for a future occasion; but we cannot omit recommending his writings in a body to the American public, as an admirable introduction to the study of art.

There is nothing in which this country is so deficient as in a proper appreciation of art; there is nothing which would do it more good, than a general diffusion of art. The activities of our people are strongly enough engaged in the various interests of religion, politics, and social improvement; but the true regulator of all these, what would soften and harmonize, while it would lend a charm to all—the worship of beauty—we most irreligiously neglect. There are many men among us, it is true, excellent amateurs in the schools; we have also a few painters and poets who cherish a deep feeling of art, which they strive to express; but art is, as yet, in no sense a taste or an idea with the multitude, and is pursued by few with life-long and single devotion. There is not a professorship in any college or learned society, in any part of the land, that so much as embraces the subject of art. There are no grand and deathless models of art, in its several departments, anywhere to be found,—and nine-tenths of our cultivated men, while they are, perhaps, as well-developed as the cultivated men of other nations in science and morality, have scarcely a glimmering of the vital and profound significance of art. We seek truth as energetically as others—we love goodness as zealously as others,—but we do not, as we should do, cherish the sincere and devout sentiment of Beauty.

Yet the cultivation of this sentiment, a profound sense of the glory and magic of life, is as necessary to the full growth of a man or people as a knowledge of natural laws or the practice of virtue. Indeed, in the peculiar condition at which the culture of this nation has arrived, there is a special necessity for the influences of art. The uncouth discipline of the pioneer, in subjecting the wilderness, joined to the rough familiarity of democratic freedom, have bred other than fine and lofty tastes in the general popular habits. The refinement of our thought has not kept pace with its vigor. We are violent rather than strong, and the robustness and wild impulse of a consciousness of liberty and youth must be tempered and elevated by the genial regimen of artistic culture. The infant giant, cradled as he was in storms, and nourished amid the forests and rocks, by his own wild independent force, has now to train his spirit to an ideal beauty, that his form may glow with athletic proportion, and his limbs move in music.

If now, however, any one should ask us to define what we mean by art, we should be sorely puzzled for an an-

Digitized by Google

swer. There are few things so utterly useless, and at the same time so hard to get at as a definition. Every body knows what is meant by truth, yet nobody is prepared to say what is truth; everybody knows what goodness means, yet nobody can furnish a satisfactory description of goodness in words. It is the same with art; and all we can do, therefore, is to speak of it in a general way. All we know is, that art is man's mode of giving expression to his feeling of beauty. It is man's mode peculiarly; for while the bee and the beaver almost rival him in mechanical ingenuity, and the angels surpass him in knowledge, he alone appropriates the domain of art.

Art, too, is an expression; not the mere consciousness that beauty exists, nor yet the vague desire to penetrate into the regions of the eternally fair and perfect, but an actual embodiment in outward forms, of the all-pervading spirit.

This spirit is what we call beauty, and is co-eternal with the spirit of truth and goodness. Its source is God, whose infinite Love, flowing through the channels of His infinite Wisdom, becomes, in its external manifestations and workings, infinite Beauty. The universe of nature, therefore, is the embodiment of this trinal unity, wherein the elements are distinct, yet the same. It is not the result of mere goodness alone, but of goodness regulated by law; nor the result of wisdom alone, which would be mere mechanical skill, but of wisdom overflowing with love; an outgrowth of the highest thought and affection, combined into organic harmonies. The spheres that roll their appointed way through space, with such mathematical precision and diffusive beneficence, are also illuminate with splendor, and make music as they go. Every form is instinct with a celestial life. There is a freshness as well as food in the grass, and a glory no less than perfume in the flower. Through the air there shines a radiance as of heaven; brightness and bloom smile on the whole face of things; even night is lit up by countless sparkles of stars: and a chorus of noble melodies ascends from every moving creature. For beauty is everywhere, like a subtle essence, pervading the whole with a visible and glorious charm.

Man, as the image of his Creator, strives to create for himself, and in every creative act imitates the Divine proceeding. He pours his passions into the moulds of the senses, where the laws of the intellect fashion them into forms of beauty. The process by which this is done is Art. It is not any mere utterance of his sentiments that constitutes art; it is not any cold adherence to form in such an utterance, that constitutes art; but it is the harmonious and living growth of the form out of the spirit.

But art is best learned in the actual contemplation, and we know not where to refer the reader for a better understanding of it, in its loftiest sense, than to the works of Goethe.

---

# A DAY IN THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

## CHAPTER I.

We were forcibly reminded of a recent visit to the melancholy precincts of the Dead Letter Office, at Washington, by attending the funeral of a blue-eyed girl who, when she died, was just bursting into womanhood, like the blossoming bud into the flower. Her soulless yet still lovely form was borne to its fearful resting-place amongst the worms on a day so made up of sunlight and life that it seemed impossible to realize the state of death before us, and not to wonder how that body could lie there without inhaling the balmy air, and once more renewing her existence—ended as it had been in the very morning of a holiday life;—but Death had sent his most relentless

Digitized by Google

yet most gentle messenger, Consumption, to bring her body to himself, and see her pure soul off on its journey, with thought-speed, towards heaven.

She had left them who loved her well for Him who loved her best; and while they wept she smiled, for her earth-hopes were not half formed when the Almighty called her away, and her spirit returned whence it came, in all its morning chastity.

But to return—or rather to commence our subject. During a late sojourn amongst the "collective wisdom" at Washington, we obtained, after many efforts, the entreé to the dead letter office; and the morning at last arriving which was set apart for the visit, we left Coleman's at as early an hour as it was possible to gain admittance to the letter cemetery, and proceeded towards the post-office. The sky was hidden with clouds; a mist hung over the distant capitol, and the members wended their way towards it with heads bent down and solemn steps; but nothing could dampen the ardor which a permission to visit the department had given us, and our spirits rose, as the spirits of those about us fell below the zero of discomfort. Speaking of spirits, what a curious passage that is in Milton's works about mint juleps. It is a general belief that they were first compounded in the area of freedom south of Mason & Dixon's line: this is a false fact, which we will endeavor to explain in passing, to this otherwise enlightened generation, and show it that centuries—nay, thousands of years, have passed since they were invented by some genius amongst that ancient order of odd-fellows who used to be in such a tremor when Jupiter was

"Nid Nid Nodding."

Circe (the daughter of the Sun and Miss Per-se, a favorite of John Tyler, and maid of honor to Mrs. Neptune,) was the first individual known to have used mint julep, though it is not supposed that it was her invention. She had it made very strong, and used it for the purpose of turning human beings into swine. It is note-worthy, by the way, that it has not lost its primitive power, even now, when it has grown "*frosty* with age."

Circe had a son who was christened Comus, who, with some alterations in his gait, followed in his mother's footsteps; and to the females whom he wished to attract from their path towards heaven he offered a mint julep, which, on tasting, turned their heads into those of brutes, and they were "led captive by the devil at his will."

Comus once met a young lady who refused to drink, (vide Milton's works,) after he had thus eloquently addressed her:

"And first, behold this cordial JULEP here,
Which *flames* and *dances* in his *crystal bounds*,
With *spirits* and *balm* and fragrant syrups mixed;
Not that Nepanthes, (cherry cobbler, probably,) which the wife of Phanes,
In Egypt, gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this—
To life so friendly, and *so cool to thirst*."

Bravo! The julep seems to stand before us, fresh from the Phœnix or Delmonico's, while the mercury in that thermometer twenty feet off shrinks, like Father Ritchie from the resolutions of '98, at the bare sight of that pyramid of ice, where the delicious liquid from which it rises is sparklingly reflected like rubies and brilliants in the sunlight.

Milton does not actually mention "mint," but he does balm, a species of it; besides, what he meant is "clear to the meanest capacity," for we all know that a *julep* is *not* a julep without mint. It is, therefore, clear that this is no modern invention, and the southerners lose the honor;—no great loss of laurels, however, for the tempted lady says farther on—

"Hence with thy brew'd enchantments!——
And wilt thou seek again to trap me here
With *liquorish* bait, fit to ensnare a brute?"

Speaking of bait reminds us of an "odd fish" whom we met recently, who had a lingering perfume of bread, butter, and boarding-school, and a penchant for bringing up families of cats and bringing down

CARLYLE.

Odd enough vocations to meet in one person; but perhaps she cultivated one subject for the purpose of procuring

Digitized by Google

claws to scratch the other. She possessed one right, however, to criticise Carlyle, which some of his critics do not, having *read* some of his works; and when she suggested—bless her innocent soul!—that you had to read a thousand words to obtain an idea, it was no less rational than many a criticism which we have heard from grown up men. She was more fortunate with Carlyle's words, however, than Solomon was with his lady acquaintances, having *found* an idea in a thousand. We hope her opinions will not reach Carlyle, as we confess to the weakness of being somewhat fond of his writings, and it might make him give up his trade, "a maker of books," when he became thus convinced that his calling and election to that work is not sure.

To make use of a mercantile phrase, we know of no writer whose works should be read "this side up with care" so much as Carlyle's.

Let one, for instance, open any of his works at random, and come upon half a page of writing at high pressure, about *Gig*manity, with all his lexicons and reference-book aids he will find it difficult to discover what Carlyle is *driving* at; yet had he read the works in order, and seen the origin of that word, he would have found clearness and a remarkable expressiveness in said half page, and with pen in hand, find it necessary to write four or five sentences himself to express the meaning of that one word, and then perhaps without much approach to its biting severity and force. Every work—almost every chapter which Carlyle has written contained something of this sort, to which he afterwards refers, by word or hint, making what is read more thrillingly expressive to him who is familiar with that which is already written, but a *dead letter* to him who is not.

We are inclined to impute to this want of order in reading his works, much of the strange criticism and sneers which are thrown at him—even sometimes by men who *have* a thinking faculty; but we must leave this subject, with the suggestion, that those who wish to read Carlyle understandingly must begin with his Miscellanies, and leave Sarton Resartus, which is generally read or dipped into first, until the very last.

Speaking of Carlyle reminds us of petrifactions, and more particularly of the petrified human body recently exhibited at that el dorado of country cousins, the American Museum, for is he (Carlyle) not a *stone* of stumbling and *rock* of offence to many?

It (the petrified) was not so great a curiosity as you probably imagined, dear reader, for we had a charming cousin who was "*petrified* with horror" because a strange man took hold of her in the street—and young ladies always mean what they say, you know—yet she was not exhibited, beautiful petrification though she was:—again, if the ministers are to be credited, most of us are more wonderful than Barnum's mummy, for we live, move, and have a being, with *stony* hearts in us; and are not the diseases known as *stone* and *gravel* incipient stages of petrification? Why, we are half-inclined to start a new theory, and make Silliman, Lyell & Co. hide their diminished heads, by proving that all rock strata is but departed mortals—dead lovers, for instance, become sienites—(sigh-a-nights;) defunct police-officers, *and* young ladies trap-rock, departed Jews, flints, young gentlemen who buy *gold* watches at the Broadway auction stores, verde antique and soap-stone; and let us hope the Mexicans will become *boulder-stones* than they are men, while the true American turns into free-stone, of course.

All this might be easily proved by the "doctrine of correspondences," but we hand the theory over to Dr. Barret, Mr. Locke and the "Sun" newspaper, with the hope that Espy *and* Dr. Shew will not be near to throw "cold water" on their efforts. Puff medical—Dear *dyspeptic* reader, if you call on this same Dr. Shew he will be kinder than Hamlet's ghost, and tell you some secrets of your soul's prison-house, of which your philosophy probably never dreamed, for which you may fee him if you please, but will thank him until you are—put down to petrify.

We know a young gentleman who wished he was petrified one morning, and this is a fact which is a fact. The youth had had the misfortune to fall in

Digitized by Google

love, and the disease increased to a matrimonial crisis, which crisis occurred one evening in the midst of his "five hundred dear friends;" and as the hours passed on he took wine with a few of them. At the witching hour of night the bride retired, and soon after he followed to the bridal chamber, with an indistinct idea that a straight line was not the line of beauty. Opening the door he took four galvanic steps forward and fell down on the bed.——— From a dream that imps were dancing Polka's in his brain, he was awakened by the sunshine; no one was in the room, and he was lying on a bed *dressed*. Some moments passed before he became conscious of his *relative* position, of his "peculiarly perplexing predicament."

Poor girl! she wept bitter tears for many a long hour. Her bright dream of a journey towards heaven on a flower-covered pathway was turned for the moment into a nightmare vision of a drunkard's career; the congratulations of that morn seemed to her soul like bitter irony, and her tear-drops answered their smiles.

Speaking of matrimony has put us in mind of love, for it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so it is but a step *from* love to matrimony. Is it not strange that this love, which has been prosed and poesyed for so many centuries, should never have been defined more clearly and philosophically than it has? Shakspeare says it is a madness most discreet, a choking gall, and a preserving sweet. Mr. Dewey says that the lightness and frivolity with which it is often treated resembles the mists seen from the mountain tops, hiding the profoundest depths of our natures, and hundreds of others say a hundred pretty and witty things about it—but what is it? a difficulty, which Coleridge makes the nearest approach to overcoming of any writer we know; and we refer those who are interested in the subject to that author's "Improvisatore," strangely enough left out of many editions of his works, but certainly to be found in the one volume edition of "Coleridge, Shelly and Keats' poems;" but Coleridge there says that love is not passion, nor friendship, nor a combination of both, and that he who thinks the reverse never loved. Now, we have loved; at least a certain soul which it pleased the higher powers to place in some of earth's purest clay, used to be ever present in our day and night dreams, and a certain pair of blue eyes used to play over the foolscap, and sadly marred our first attempts at book-keeping, and there was ever a still, small voice which whispered one and one make *one*, causing many errors in our calculations, and much annoyance to Smith, Jones & Co., our long-time-ago respected task-masters; yet, as the lawyers say, we take exceptions,—as thus:———

Passion, love, friendship, in their working together for good, let us compare to the earth, a tulip, the air. Love takes root in passion and grows in friendship, as the tulip takes root in the soil and grows in the air, distinct from both yet fed by each, literally, with the addition of sun-light to one and soul-light to the other, a new, beautiful and sublime combination of both. The being without passion in his nature is as capable of loving as the tulip is of growing without earth, while he who is created without the capacity for friendship, cannot in his soul-garden cultivate *the* love which grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength through all time, no more than we could cultivate the tulip in our flower-garden without air. On the other hand, he who sneers at love on account of its passion-origin, resembles one who tears up the tulip by the roots, to show the dirt it grew in.

Speaking of living in air reminds us of a bear story. It runs thus: A friend, whom we will call Smith, being out on a hunting excursion near MauchChunk, in Pennsylvania, grew weary towards the middle of the day, and seeing a spring some fifty yards away, he laid down his rifle and bag, and went to take the cold water cure for his weariness. On raising his head and looking round, he was not a little startled to see a huge bear making towards his game bag from the woods he had just left. To reach his rifle before the bear reached him was out of the question; the bear was already nearest, so he took to his heels, and the bear took to her paws after him, passing over the bag as too small game for her attention. Smith, after running about three hundred yards, looked round and saw that that mode of escape from Mrs. Bruin's embraces



Digitized by Google

was useless; so springing up the first tree, he began climbing, with the hope of reaching a secure place in the branches, where he might keep Madam at bay, and wound—perhaps kill her, with his large pocket-knife; but she proved herself the better climber, and at the moment he clasped with hands and arms the lower limb of the tree, the bear caught one of his well-booted feet in her mouth. Then came the tug of war; and the loose leg and foot were desperately busy kicking the face of his antagonist, who grumbled loud and long at the manner in which he was marring her beauty.

The battle lasted but a few moments, for in her determination to "preserve the game," she loosened her hold of the tree, and a kick more desperate than the rest knocked her entirely free from it, when off she swung like a huge pendulum between heaven and earth, still holding by Smith's foot, and of course hanging by it, while he as desperately clung to the branch above.——But, dear reader, we beg pardon, we have forgotten the dead letters, and in another chapter we will endeavour to go on a less erratic course, and introduce you to the "tomb of all the cap"——(foolscap and so on.)

---

## CHAPTER II.

Smith felt his sinews and joints cracking; the agony became intense; the bear uttered a wild cry or howl between her clenched teeth, and our friend's strength and consciousness were rapidly ebbing. Relaxing his grasp slightly, in an instant he lost his hold, and down they dashed to the ground, a distance of some thirty feet. The sun was setting when Smith awoke to consciousness, and found himself lying upon the dead bear, but unable to move his strained and mangled limbs. He lay there all night; and the next day was consumed in walking, or rather crawling to the nearest habitation, three miles away. Smith has never hunted since; and the contact of a bearskin, even in a sleigh-ride, instead of warming him, gives him a nervous chill.

Next to dying the death of the righteous, we should prefer that of a dead letter. The postman knocks at the door under the designated number. "A letter for ——— Jones, Esq." "Don't live here," answers the Irish "stick in waiting." A pencil mark is placed on the epistle, and without even the scratch of a bare bodkin, it is *dead*, in due time to be forwarded to its tomb at Washington, there to be dissected and burned, where its ashes will be until that day when all thoughts shall be revealed. It has gone to its long home; it has been launched into eternity without a pang, without a regret for all the hopes or sorrows which gave it birth, or a single thought of the aforesaid loved, hated, or dunned Mr. Jones, from its not having lived to fulfil its destiny.

Who does not feel a deep interest in a dead letter? It brings with it mystery, melancholy, and a brooding sadness; and we have to thank them for many a dreamy reverie. Their deaths, like others, often end friendship and love; and affection grows cold from supposed neglect. Who has lived many years in this sin-marred paradise, and not known the importance that many attach to the miscarriage of a letter? Anna S———, a black-eyed sylph, now in heaven, let us hope, loved and was loved again; her lover, in search of those smiles of fortune which would enable him to wed, went to the south. He wrote to her with love's own eloquence; but the letters miscarried, and reports reached her of his southern gaiety. Stung to the soul by his apparent neglect, she married another, and too late learned the madness of the act. Poor girl! the doctors a few months afterwards reported her another of consumption; but she died of a dead letter.

The entrée to the Dead Letter Office, like kissing, goes by favor; at least it cost us many efforts, many pullings of the right strings, and then it was at the end of a five weeks' sojourn at Washington when it was obtained.

We do not mean the mere privilege

Digitized by Google

of looking into a room where some clerk-undertakers were preparing some thousands of dead letters for burial, as we would look into the glass-cases of the Patent Office. Not at all; any one can do that who is properly introduced, and have a frown for his pains, too, if he touches one of the letters. We mean the uncontrolled, unlimited, unchecked range of the office for a whole day, with full permission to read, extract or copy, anything or everything therein.

It was near eight o'clock one evening, that we obtained permission to spend the following day, our last in Washington, amongst the dead; and during that night letters and funeral processions of every imaginable form were passing through our brain. Morning at last broke, and under the auspices of Mr. Auditor Pratt, after a slight repast, we wended our way to the beautiful white marble palace post-office.

Having entered, we turned to the left along the corridor, which extends some two or three hundred feet through the entire length of the building; passing on to the last door, it opened and closed behind us, and we were in the sanctuary of the dead, a foolscap Golgotha, though not merely "a place of skulls," for they (the letters) being dead, yet speak.

We bowed solemnly to the clerks as the Auditor introduced us, and when he retired, sat down, lost in a reverie, over the sad scene; for what a vast record of buried hopes, lost friends, broken friendships, and neglected love, lay scattered about that cemetery. While dreaming thus, one of the clerks began whistling "dandy Jim;" in an instant the spell was broken, and we went, business-like, to our task, of dissecting some hundreds of "subjects."

—

The dead letter department of the general post-office, at Washington, is one of much importance; there all the letters and packages which are misdirected, refused, or miscarry, are sent, after being advertised for a certain time in the places to which they are addressed; and, strange as it may seem, between one and two millions annually fail to reach their destination; say, some five thousand daily. These are received, at stated times, from the various branches, all over the Union; and are placed on the long tables of the office, where four clerks are exclusively employed in opening them; if they contain nothing, they are thrown down unread, and packed in large paper bags, and, every three months, taken to the common, and burned by cart-loads.

Should the letters contain money or other valuables, they are laid on a side-table, and a recording-clerk ranges them alphabetically, in the boxes prepared for that purpose, and writes to the writer of the letter, stating that it has been received. If no answer is returned after three years, the contents, if money, is placed in the treasury, still subject to the owner if he brings the requisite proofs. Every article received is kept and labelled, and in this way they collect gloves, rings, garters, books, locks of hair, pictures, likenesses, law-papers, and so on, and in money some three hundred dollars weekly. Title deeds, and other valuable papers, supposed to be lost, are often recovered there. Out of the mass through which we waded, but few would bear selection for the public eye, so many were common-places, or only useful to the owner. So many were notices of protests, circulars, &c., and so many to persons travelling, merely relating, in an indifferent way, the doings at home for a few previous days, about Mary having a cold, or Fanny the measles, the cat dead, or the geranium dying; that, as is so often the case, what began in hope ended somewhat in disappointment, and by the time the office was closed, we were glad to leave it, utterly tired and weary, but with a package of selected letters, from which we will proceed to re-select a few for your amusement, dear reader; and, at our earliest convenience, lay those before you in a future No. of this journal.

Digitized by Google

## TO THE OCEAN.

Broad, boundless Ocean, I have worshipped thee
Ever in visions ;—I have seen thy waves
Mount heavenward, borne upon the tempest up—
Until their tow'ring summits seem'd to kiss
The clouds which bent above them.—Lo ! the King
Of Storms has travers'd o'er thee, and the breath
Of old Eolus with thy waters played,
'Till their upheavings seem'd as nerv'd with life
To battle in the contest :—gallant ships
Launch'd on thy surface oft have been the sport
Of thy fierce billows, and have sank to rest
Beneath thy surges and the ceaseless roar
Of everlasting anthems—yielding up,
Oh, mighty Ocean ! to thy hidden caves
Their precious burdens, far beyond the reach
Where man can trespass, and where all unknown
They still will rest forever.

Emblem vast
Thou art, oh Ocean ! of man's changing life,
And of unending ages ; thou hast roll'd
Alone, unchang'd, since the broad universe
First smil'd beneath the mandate, and light burst
From out the Heavens !

Thou alone unchang'd,
Yet ever changing—Thou whose mighty pow'r
Hast taught man's works submission, and hast gain'd
O'er every nation victories, and bore
Mankind far down in triumph, yet no spark
Of the immortal spirit e'er has sank
Beneath thy surges, for a mighty hand
Is stretch'd across thy waters, and doth bear
It up, to add new glories to the crown
Of Him who reigns forever.

Ocean vast—
Boundless and fadeless—thy stern majesty
Mak'st man to pause—aye, tremble and adore
Thee and thy source of being—God, who guides
And holds thy waters, as it were, within
His hand of pow'r infinite—making them
Obey His endless wisdom.

*Towanda, Penn.*

Digitized by Google

# WHALE-FISHERIES.*

The whale-fishery must take rank among the most important branches of American industry. It is not only important in itself as affording means of livelihood to a very great number of persons, but, from its enterprising and missionary character, is and has been productive of great results in those distant regions which had else not been visited by the white race, nor become the object of the pious care of Gospel preachers. The Polynesian Islands have become familiar to the civilized world only through the intercourse of whalers. Christian missionaries in New-Zealand, New-Guinea and New-Holland, as well as in hundreds of islands in the South Pacific, have in every instance been preceded by the adventurous whaler—preparing the way for their exertions, by making manifest the advantages of intercourse with the white race. The lucrative trade now carried on by Europe and the United States with South America owes its origin to the "whale-hunters." The very existence of the now important English colonies of Australia must be ascribed to the opportune visits of these adventurers, who have repeatedly stood between the colonists and starvation.—With the growing commerce that has universally sprung up in the track of the whalemen, civilization and independence have generally taken root as consequences. The dark shadows of Spanish rule might long have stunted colonial growth, had not the intercourse of whalemen pointed the way to greater advantages than a state of vassalage would permit.

Although the catching of whales for their spoil appears to have been of very ancient origin, the fishery as a branch of commerce dates its importance from about the middle of the 18th century, when the hardy New-Englanders embarked in it with their wonted energy and success. The earliest whale-fishery was prosecuted by the most northern nations of Europe, who penetrated into arctic seas in search of those monsters of the deep. The efforts of the English and Dutch to find a northern Indian passage were rewarded with the discovery of the favorite haunts of the whale. The rivalry that a new and lucrative trade naturally inspired, resulted in the superiority of the Dutch, who, at the close of the 17th century, carried the northern fishery to its zenith. At that time they employed 260 ships and 14,000 sailors. Those phlegmatic Dutch living among dykes and morasses, had drawn to themselves, by their industry, the greatest wealth possessed by any nation of the world; and from their cities, standing upon ground which their persevering energy had wrenched from the sea, sent out fleets and sailors not only to rule the ocean, but to master and draw from its bosom the hugest monsters it contained. Taking the business from their hands, there was then just springing into life a mighty people in the new world, destined on other oceans to carry the pursuit to a far greater magnitude. As early as 1660 the settlers of New-England commenced the catching of whales; and it continued to increase as a business, chiefly at Nantucket, through the 18th century. In 1720 that island was already in a flourishing condition from the success of its whaling ventures; and nearly 50 years after, when the oppressions of the mother-country were exciting the resistance of the sturdy colonists, a large fleet, and numerous sailors trained to hardy enterprise, were at hand to lend their aid in the coming struggle. In 1771 Massachusetts alone possessed 183 vessels, of 13,820 tons.—The war nearly destroyed the fishery, but the fishers had higher duties to perform during its continuance, and our early naval triumphs conferred laurels upon whalemen.

While American enterprise was kept in abeyance by the war, the English

* Etchings of a Whaling Cruise; with Notes of a Sojourn on the Island of Zanzibar. To which is appended a Brief History of the Whale-Fishery, &c. &c. By J. Ross Browne. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers.

Digitized by Google

sought to obtain the mastery by granting bounties to successful fishers. Five prizes, rising from 100 to £500, rewarded as many degrees of success, and the stimulus thus imparted caused a number of new enterprises to be projected. France also strove for the prize; and the private purse of Louis XVI. furnished forth six ships from Dunkirk in 1784, manned by Nantucket seamen. The example was followed; and in 1790 France sent out 40 whalemen.—This branch of French industry was destroyed by the war; but the return of peace brought to the United States a renewal of enterprise, and American whalers again swarmed upon the ocean. The scene of their labors was, however, confined to the Atlantic. The English government, in a spirit of rivalry, raised the bounties to 300 and £700. At length, in 1788, a London merchant fitted out an expedition to the Pacific Ocean, and it proved eminently successful—bringing home 139 tons of sperm oil. His ship was speedily followed by those of all nations, and the vast Pacific was thenceforth to be the chief resort for sperm whale-fishers. Thirty years later the same gentleman sent a ship to the Japan coast with equal success. She returned to London in two years and eight months with 346 tons of sperm oil, and two great fisheries were opened to the world.—In the progress of events, however, as it ever must be the case where American enterprise meets on equal terms with that of other nations, the whalers of the United States have nearly monopolised the business. As we have stated, the English government pursued the system of bounties, and used every art to encourage the whaling trade; but where natural advantages do not favor that nation, no government regulations can sustain them against the undoubted superiority of the Americans. The progress of the British fishery, showing the number of vessels and their tonnage employed, with the amount of bounties paid in each year, was as follows:

BRITISH WHALE-SHIPS.

| | Ships. | Tons. | Bounty. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1787 | 178 | 47,477 | — |
| 1792 | 135 | 36,537 | £41,240 |
| 1806 | 121 | 36,506 | 35,300 |
| 1818 | 198 | 63,254 | 52,460 |
| 1820 | 210 | 64,847 | 53,850 |
| 1825 | 142 | 43,721 | 10,945 |
| 1832 | 116 | 38,240 | — |

In the twelve years, from 1814 to 1825, when the bounties ceased, Great Britain paid £541,571, or near £2,700,000 in bounties to vessels employed in the trade, mostly to the Greenland fisheries. The whole amount spent in bounties was £2,500,000, or $12,000,000. She also levied prohibitory duties on the product of foreign fisheries; and in 1820, under the impulse given to the business by the discovery of the new grounds, it reached its maximum. It has now declined, until the whole proceeds are scarcely £300,000 per annum, a miserable though usual result to the bounty system. In 1830, of 87 ships sent to Davis' Straits, 24 returned clean, 20 were totally lost, and of the remainder, none had full cargoes. In 1834, but 70 ships went thither. For the 20 years, ending with 1834, an average of 115 ships, of 37,013 tons, per annum, sailed; of these, 5 were lost, and the remainder took 1,024 whales, yielding 11,313 tons of oil. The whale-fishery of both England and continental Europe is on the decline, while that of the United States presents very different results.

M'Culloch has ascribed the decline of the English whale-trade to the competition of Americans, who, he states, erroneously we think, enjoy "peculiar advantages" for carrying it on. What these advantages are he does not point out. A vessel fitted out from Nantucket, spends her two or three years in the Pacific Ocean without intercourse of any kind with her native soil, encountering not only the hostility of savages, but the sinister friendship of English colonists—struggles through all hardships, and returns successful, while the Englishman, under the same circumstances, fails. The advantages of the American are superior sagacity, energy and daring.

It was early the policy of the American government to encourage the fisheries, partly, perhaps, out of gratitude for the eminent services of the seamen in the war of independence, and partly from the erroneous notion that a losing business could be made profitable by a government interference. The United States fisheries are of two kinds—the cod and mackerel, and the whale-fishery. The former, up to this day, has received annually the direct bounty of the government, while the latter has been burdened with many

indirect taxes. The result has been, that the bounty-fed fishery has declined, while whaling has risen to vast importance. As an index of the progress of the trade, the following table of the quantity of tonnage employed in each of a series of years, may be taken from the treasury reports:

| | WHALING. | COD. | MACKR'L. |
|---|---|---|---|
| | tons. | lbs. | lbs. |
| 1818 | 4,874 | 53,990 | |
| 1830 | 57,284 | 61,554 | 35,973 |
| 1837 | 127,241 | 80,551 | 46,816 |
| 1841 | 157,405 | 66,551 | 11,321 |
| 1845 | 190,695 | 69,825 | 21,413 |

The increase in the whale-trade is apparent and large; but as we have stated, the cod and mackerel fishery has declined, notwithstanding the bounties paid by the government. The history of these bounties is singular. By the act of 1789, Congress, while imposing taxes to meet necessary expenditures and provide for the debt created by the war, exercised its privilege of laying taxes upon imported goods, and on salt, among others. With a view not to oppress the foreign trade, a drawback or bounty was allowed upon the export of cured fish and salted provisions equal to the duty paid on the salt used in their preparation. Although the farmers were taxed upon the salt they used, a drawback was allowed upon that portion used in salting provisions, and the fisheries were, in like manner, encouraged by the drawback on fish. In 1790, the cod-fishery interest petitioned Congress to the effect that the salt duties were not the only burden imposed upon them—that duties on iron, hemp, and other materials bore heavily upon their interest, and amounted, on a vessel of 65 tons and 11 hands, to $5 25 each hand. They therefore petitioned to have the drawback of the salt allowed to the owners of vessels instead of the shippers of fish. Accordingly, a law was passed, Feb., 1792, making an allowance upon fishing vessels, instead of a drawback upon fish exported. These allowances were increased from time to time, until 1807, when, according to a report of Mr. Jefferson, showing the injustice of an onerous tax upon a necessary of life, the salt tax, and all bounties and allowances growing out of it, were abolished. From 1807 to 1813 there was no salt tax, although an attempt, made in 1811, to impose one as a "protection," was rejected without comment. In 1813, as a war tax, 20 cts. per bush. of 56 lbs. was laid upon salt, and the allowances renewed. The following has been the progress of the tax:

| | | Allowance. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Salt duty. | 5 to 20 tons. | 20 to 30 tons. | Max'm allowance. |
| 1792 | 12 cts | 1.00 | 1.60 | 170 |
| 1792 | 12 | 1.20 | 1.80 | 204 |
| 1797 | 20 | 1.60 | 2.40 | 272 |
| 1807 | none | none | none | none |
| 1813 | 20 | 1.60 | 2.40 | 272 |
| 1819 | 20 | 3.50 | 4.00 | 360 |
| 1830 | 15 | 3.50 | 4.00 | 360 |
| 1832 | 10 | 3.50 | 4.00 | 360 |
| 1842 | 8 | 3.50 | 4.00 | 360 |
| 1846 | 20 per ct. | drawback. | | |

The allowances to fishing vessels were meant but as an equivalent to the drawback on salt, until 1830, when the duty was diminished, and the allowance remained the same, acting as a direct bounty to fishers at the expense of farmers. This continued down to the law of 1846, which provides that a drawback, equal to the imported salt used in curing fish, actually exported, shall be paid instead of the former bounties. The amount of allowances to fishing vessels, from 1821 to 1845 inclusive, was $6,049,056, and the whole amount, from 1790 to 1845, $9,527,774, a sum equal to more than double the value of the whole present fishing fleet, which is 91,238 tons, or equal to a present of $1000 to every man engaged in the business. Or equal, in the aggregate, to five times the wages paid per annum to all the seamen in the navy. Notwithstanding this liberal system, the trade has declined, as we see. On the other hand, the whaling interest not only received no drawbacks or bounties, but has been taxed most onerously. The arti-

Digitized by Google

cles used in the construction of a ship of 317 tons, paid $1,752 duties, or $5 25 per ton, which, on the above fleet of 190,695 tons, amounts to a tax of $1,-000,000, and a large sum annually in duties upon outfits. Notwithstanding this unjust proceeding towards the most important branch of fisheries, whaling has risen to a great magnitude. The fleet is now estimated at 650 ships of 200,000 tons, and manned by some 17 to 18,000 American seamen. The value of the vessels and outfit is estimated at $25,000,000, and they produce annually $5,000,000 of oil and bone.

The whaling business seems to be divided into two branches—the sperm whalers and right whalers, so called from the animal, which it is the chief object of each to take. These animals are very distinct in their habits and formation. The first has teeth, and feeds upon a species of fish called squid. It is found mostly in the low latitudes, and never on soundings. It affords the most profitable fishery. It is pursued the year round by following the known haunts of the whales—from the coast of Peru to the Marquesas islands, to the coast of Japan, thence north-westerly to California, and return to the Sandwich Islands to recruit. The right whale, instead of teeth, is furnished with the laminæ, known as whalebone, and feeds on small fish. It is found in high latitudes, on coasts and in bays. The whales in high latitudes are larger and more numerous, but on account of the weather, the difficulty of catching them is greater. The annual destruction of whales is estimated at about 5000, necessary to supply the quantity of oil imported, as it requires 50 whales to fill a ship. So great and long continued a mortality would be likely to cause a diminution in the numbers of the whales, and this has generally been supposed to be the case; but Lieut. Wilkes, in his account of the Exploring Expedition, gives a most valuable chapter upon whaling, dissenting from this position. It is, however, the case, that whales have become more vigilant, or "more scary," and are, in consequence, less easy of capture than formerly; and in this fact the cause of the superior success of the Americans may perhaps be found.

The number of ships actually employed in the trade cannot be ascertained with certainty. The following, however, is a comparison of the last estimate, in 1834, as given in Pitkin's Statistics, with those of the Hon. Jas. Grinnell, of New-Bedford, in 1844.

| | 1834. | | | 1844. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | No. of Ships. | at | Value. | No. of Ships. | at | Value. |
| Sperm fishery | 261 | $30,000 | $7,830,000 | 242 | $38,000 | $9,196,000 |
| Right whale | 120 | 15,000 | 1,800,000 | 329 | 28,000 | 9,212,000 |
| Atlantic sperm | 50 | 10,000 | 500,000 | 73 | 14,000 | 1,022,000 |
| Total | 431 | | $10,130,000 | 664 | | $19,430,000 |

This represents the value of the vessels and their outfits. If the estimates approach correctness, it would seem that the sperm whale-fishery has declined, while that of the right whales has greatly increased. This, however, does not agree with the arrivals of sperm whale oil, as reported in the New-Bedford whalemen's shipping list, which gives the sperm oil, in 1838, at 132,356 bbls., and at 157,917 bbls. in 1845, while the import of whale was 226,552 bbls. in 1838, and 272,730 bbls. in 1845, with 3,167,142 lbs. of bone, being estimates of cargoes made up from Guager's reports.

The consumption of oil throughout the world is greatly on the increase, and Great Britain has so far acknowledged American superiority as to abandon all duties on the foreign article after 1846.

Having thus far given a general sketch of the condition of the whale trade, we may recur to the manner of its prosecution, and the individual condition of the individuals through whose enterprise such great things have been accomplished. The details of the fishery are laid before us in a very interesting and instructive, as well as amusing form, in the book named at the head of this article. Mr. Browne informs us, that in 1841, then in his 19th year, he left his home, in Kentucky, to become a Congressional reporter at Washington, where experience produced its usual influence upon youthful anticipations. An acquaintance formed with a young man of similar enterprising

Digitized by Google

views, resulted in a contract at a shipping office, in New-York, to make a whaling voyage from New-Bedford, and they set out for their place of embarkation with high hopes and brilliant anticipations. The stern realities of life are, however, when actually encountered, ever far less romantic than when "distance lends enchantment to the view." The hardships of the forecastle, the brutalities of the captain, added to the monotony of the sea, soon dispelled the poetry of the adventure, and resulted in the madness of Mr. Browne's companion, who was sunstruck in the performance of his duty aloft. The business of whale-hunting is, however, not without its attractions, as may be gathered from the following description of a chase:

"*October* 13*th*.—'There she blows!' was sung out from the mast-head.

"'Where away?' demanded the captain.

"'Three points off the lee-bow, sir.'

"'Raise up your wheel. Steady!'

"'Steady, sir.'

"'Mast-head ahoy! Do you see that whale now?'

"'Ay, ay, sir! A school of sperm whales! There she blows! There she breaches!'

"'Sing out! Sing out every time!'

"'Ay, ay, sir! There she blows! There—there—*thar*' she blows—bowes—bo-o-o-s!'

"'How far off?'

"'Two miles and a half!"

"'Thunder and lightning! So near! Call all hands! Clew up the fore-t'gallant-sail—there! Belay! Hard down your wheel! Haul aback the main yard! Get your tubs in your boats! Bear a hand! Clear your falls! Stand by all to lower! All ready?'

"'All ready, sir!'

"'Lower away!'

"Down went the boats with a splash. Each boat's crew sprang over the rail, and in an instant the larboard, starboard, and waist-boats were manned. There was great rivalry in getting the start. The waist-boat got off in pretty good time; and away went all three, dashing the water high over their bows. Nothing could be more exciting than the chase. The larboard boat, commanded by the mate, and the waist-boat, by the second mate, were head and head.

"'Give way, my lads, give way!' shouted P———, our headsman; "we gain on them; give way! A long, steady stroke! That's the way to tell it!'

"'Ay, ay!' cried Tabor, our boat-steerer. 'What d'ye say, boys? Shall we lick 'em?'

"'Pull! pull like vengeance!' echoed the crew; and we danced over the waves, scarcely seeming to touch them.

"The chase was now truly soul-stirring. Sometimes the larboard, then the starboard, then the waist-boat took the lead. It was a severe trial of skill and muscle. After we had run two miles at this rate, the whales turned flukes, going dead to windward.

"'Now for it, my lads!' cried P———. 'We'll have them the next rising. Now pile it on! a long, steady pull! That's it! that's the way! Those whales belong to us. Don't give out! Half an hour more, and they're our whales!'

"The other boats had veered off at either side of us, and continued the chase with renewed ardor. In about half an hour we lay on our oars to look round for the whales.

"'There she blows! right ahead!' shouted Tabor, fairly dancing with delight.

"'There she blows! There she blows!'

"'Oh, Lord, boys, spring!' cried P———.

"'Spring it is! What d'ye say, now, chummies? Shall we take those whales?'

"To this general appeal every man replied by putting his weight on his oar, and exerting his utmost strength. The boat flew through the water with incredible swiftness, scarcely rising to the waves. A large bull whale lay about a quarter of a mile ahead of us, lazily rolling in the trough of the sea. The larboard and starboard boats were far to leeward of us, tugging hard to get a chance at the other whales, which were now blowing in every direction.

"'Give way! give way, my hearties!' cried P———, putting his weight against the aft oar. 'Do you love gin? A bottle of gin to the best man! Oh, pile it on while you have breath! pile it on!'

"'On with the beef, chummies! Smash every oar! double 'em up, or break'em!'

"'Every devil's imp of you, pull! No talking; lay back to it; now or never!'

"On dashed the boat, cleaving its way through the rough sea, as if the briny element were blue smoke. The whale, however, turned flukes before we could reach him. When he appeared again above the surface of the water, it was evident that he had milled while down, by which manœuvre he gained on us nearly a mile. The chase was now almost hopeless, as he was making to windward rapidly. A heavy, black cloud was on the horizon, portending an approaching squall, and the barque was fast fading from sight. Still we

were not to be baffled by discouraging circumstances of this kind, and we braced our sinews for a grand and final effort.

"'Never give up, my lads!' said the headsman, in a cheering voice. 'Mark my words, we'll have that whale yet. Only *think* he's ours, and there's no mistake about it, he *will* be ours. Now for a hard, steady pull! Give way!'

"'Give way, sir! Give way, all!'

"'There she blows! Oh, pull, my lively lads! Only a mile off! There she blows!'

"The wind had by this time increased almost to a gale, and the heavy black clouds were scattering over us far and wide. Part of the squall had passed off to leeward, and entirely concealed the barque. Our situation was rather unpleasant; in a rough sea, the other boats out of sight, and each moment the wind increasing.

"We continued to strain every muscle till we were hard upon the whale. Tabor sprang to the bow, and stood by with the harpoon.

"'Softly, softly, my lads,' said the headsman.

"'Ay, ay, sir!'

"'Hush-h-h! softly. Now's your time, Tabor!'

"Tabor let fly the harpoon, and buried the iron.

"'Give him another!'

"'Ay, ay! Stern all!'

"'Stern all!' thundered P———.

"'Stern all!'

"And, as we rapidly backed from the whale, he flung his tremendous flukes high in the air, covering us with a cloud of spray. He then sounded, making the line whiz as it passed through the chocks. When he rose to the surface again, we hauled up, and the second mate stood ready in the bow to dispatch him with lances.

"'*Spouting blood!*' said Tabor. '*He's a dead whale!* He won't need much lancing.' It was true enough; for, before the officer could get within dart of him, he commenced his dying struggles. The sea was crimsoned with his blood. By the time we had reached him, he was belly up. We lay upon our oars a moment to witness his last throes; and, when he had turned his head toward the sun, a loud, simultaneous cheer burst from every lip.

"A low, rumbling sound, like the roar of a distant waterfall, now reached our ears. Each moment it grew louder. The whole expansive arch of the heavens became dark with clouds tossing, flying, swelling, and whirling over and over, like the surges of an angry sea. A white cloud, gleaming against the black mass behind it, came sweeping toward us, stretching forth its long, white arms, as if to grasp us in its fatal embrace. Louder and still louder it growled, yet the air was still and heavy around us. Now the white cloud spread, whirled over, and lost its hoary head; now it wore the mane and fore-feet of a lion; now the heads of a dragon, with their tremendous jaws extended. Writhing, hissing, roaring, it swept toward us. The demon of wrath could not have assumed a more frightful form. The whole face of the ocean was hidden in utter darkness, save within the circle of a few hundred yards. Our little boat floated on a sea almost unruffled by a breath of wind. The heavy swell rolled lazily past us; yet a death like calmness reigned in the air. Beyond the circle all was strife; within, all peace. We gazed anxiously in each other's faces; but not a word was spoken. Even the veteran harpooner looked upon the clouds with a face of unusual solemnity, as we lay upon our oars, awed to silence by the sublimity of the scene. The ominous stillness of everything within the circle became painful. For many long minutes the surface of the water remained nearly smooth. We dreaded, but longed for a change. This state of suspense was growing intolerable. I could hear the deep, long-drawn respirations of those around me; I saw the quick, anxious glances they turned to windward; and I almost fancied I could read every thought that passed within their breasts. Suddenly a white streak of foam appeared within a hundred yards. Scarcely had we unshipped our oars, when the squall burst upon us with a stunning violence. The weather side of the boat was raised high out of the water, and the rushing foam dashed over the gunwale in torrents. We soon trimmed her, however, and, by hard bailing, got her clear of water. It is utterly impossible to conceive the violence of the wind. Small as the surface exposed to the squall was, we flew through the foaming seas, dragging the dead body of the whale after us with incredible velocity. Thus situated, entirely at the mercy of the wind and sea, we continued every moment to increase our distance from the barque. When the squall abated, we came to under the lee of the whale, and looked to leeward for the barque. Not a speck could be seen on the horizon! Night was rapidly approaching, and we were alone upon the broad, angry ocean!

"'Ship your oars,' said the headsman; 'we'll not part company with old Blubber yet. If we can't make the barque, we can make land somewhere.'

"'Ay, ay,' said Tabor, with a sly leer: 'and live on roast-beef and turkey while we're making it.'

"With heavy hearts and many misgiv-

Digitized by Google

ings we shipped our oars, heartily wishing the whale in the devil's try-pots: for we thought it rather hard that our lives should be risked for a few barrels of oil. For two hours we pulled a long, lazy, dogged stroke, without a sign of relief. At last Tabor stood up on the bow to look out, and we lay on our oars.

"'Well, Tabor, what d'ye see?' was the general inquiry.

"'Why,' said Tabor, coolly rolling the quid from his weather to his lee cheek, 'I see a cussed old barque, that looks like Granny Howland's wash-tub, with a few broom-sticks rigged up in the middle of it.'

"'Pull, you devils!' cried P———; 'there's duff in the cook's coppers.'

"'Yes! I think I smell it,' said Tabor.

"It was near dark when we arrived alongside of the barque with our prize; but what was our surprise to find that the starboard and larboard boats had killed *five* whales between them! They were all of a small size, and did not average more than fifteen barrels each." * * *

"When the whale has been towed alongside by the boats, it is firmly secured by a large rope attached to the 'small' by a running noose. There is not a little ingenuity in the manner in which the fluke rope is first passed under the body of the whale. A small line, to which a lead is fastened, with a block of wood at the extremity, several fathoms from the lead, is thrown over between the whale and the ship's side. From the impetus given to the lead, it sinks in a diagonal direction, drawing the block down after it. One end of the lead line is fastened to the end of the fluke rope on board, and the block attached to the other rises at the off side of the whale. It is then hauled on board by means of a wire hook fastened to a long pole, and, in hauling it in, the fluke-rope passes round under the body of the whale, till the end arrives on board, when it is passed through the loop in the other extremity, and thus a running noose is formed, which is easily slipped down to the small. The fluke-rope is then made fast on the forecastle, and the flukes are hauled up to the bow, or as near as they will reach, leaving the head pointed aft. Of course, the size of the vessel and the length of the whale make a great difference; but in general the head reaches to the quarter. To prevent concussion, the whale is always on the weather side. The progress of the vessel, which is usually under easy sail during the time of cutting in, keeps the whale from drifting out at right angles from the side; though, in most cases, the head is kept in its appropriate position by a small rope made fast aft.

"The cutting-tackle is attached to a powerful strap, or pendant, passing round the mast in the main-top by two large blocks. There are, in fact, two tackles, the falls of which pass round the windlass. To each of these tackles is attached a large blubber-hook, which, upon being made fast to the blubber, are hauled up by the windlass, one only being in operation at a time, so that when the first strip of blubber, or 'blanket-piece,' reaches the stationary block on the pendant, the other can be made fast by a strap and bolt of wood, to a hole cut below the point at which that blanket-piece is to be cut off. I have endeavored to give some idea of this part of the process in the frontispiece accompanying the work. The blanket-pieces are stripped off in a spiral direction, running down toward the flukes; the whale turning, at every heave of the windlass, till the whole covering of blubber is stripped off to the flukes, which are hoisted on board, and those parts containing oil cut away, and the remainder thrown overboard. The head having, in the first place, been cut off and secured to the stern, is now hauled up, with the nose down, if too large to be taken on board, and hoisted so far out of the water as may be found convenient, and the oil or liquid spermaceti bailed out with a vessel attached to a long pole, and thus taken in and saved. As there is no little risk attending this mode of getting the spermaceti, and a great deal of waste, the head is always taken on board, when not too large or heavy.

"The 'case,' which is the name given by whalers to the head, sometimes contains from ten to fifteen barrels of oil and spermaceti. A single 'blanket-piece,' not unfrequently weighs a ton or upward. In hauling it up by the tackles, it careens the vessel over frequently to an angle of fifteen or twenty degrees, owing to its own great weight, combined with that of the whale, the upper surface of which it raises several feet out of the water. When the blanket-piece has reached the stationary block in the top, it is cut off by a boat-steerer, who stands by with a boarding-knife, having first, however, been secured below by the other blubber-hook, which is hauled taught, to prevent it from breaking away by too sudden a jerk. The upper piece then swings in, and, when it ceases its pendulating motion, is dropped down into the hold or blubber-room, where it is cut up into blocks of a foot and a half or two feet in length, and eight or ten inches in width. These blocks are called 'horse-pieces.' The white, hard blocks, containing but litle oil, and which are found near the small, and at the flukes, are called 'white horse.' The carcass of the whale, when stripped of its blubber, is cast loose, and soon sinks from the want

Digitized by Google

of its buoyant covering. I have seen it float astern, however, some distance without sinking." * * * *

"The blubber varies from four to ten inches in thickness. It is cut from the whale in layers about three feet wide, which run from the head to the flukes in a spiral form. After the blubber and flukes are hoisted on board, with a large tackle attached to a pendant in the main-top, the boat-steerers cut them in sizes sufficiently small to fit snugly in the blubber-room, an apartment in the main hold. The try-works are then cleaned out, and got in readiness for boiling. Two or three hands are stationed in the blubber-room with short spades, whose duty it is to cut up the large pieces of blubber, called blanket-pieces, into blocks or pieces about a foot and a half long and six inches wide. The blubber is then minced into thin slices, and cast into the boilers; a fire started, and the first batch of oil obtained: the crisped pieces of blubber are used for fuel. The hot oil is strained into a large copper cooler, where it is permitted to settle till the boilers are again ready to be emptied. It is then strained into casks, and kept on deck till quite cool, when it is stowed down in the casks in the hold by means of a hose.

"A 'trying out' scene is the most stirring part of the whaling business, and certainly the most disagreeable. The try-works are usually situated between the fore-mast and the main hatch. In small vessels they contain two or three large pots, imbedded in brick. A few barrels of oil from the whale's case, or head, are bailed into the pots before commencing upon the blubber. Two men are standing by the mincing-horse, one slicing up the blubber, and the other passing horse pieces from a tub, into which they are thrown by a third hand, who receives them from the hold. One of the boat steerers stands in front of the lee-pot, pitching the minced blubber into the pots with a fork. Another is stirring up the oil, and throwing the scraps into a wooden strainer. We will now imagine the works in full operation at night. Dense clouds of lurid smoke are curling up to the tops, shrouding the rigging from the view. The oil is hissing in the try-pots. Half-a-dozen of the crew are sitting on the windlass, their rough, weather-beaten faces shining in the red glare of the fires, all clothed in greasy duck, and forming about as savage a looking group as ever was sketched by the pencil of Salvator Rosa. The cooper and one of the mates are raking up the fires with long bars of wood or iron. The decks, bulwarks, railing, try-works, and windlass, are covered with oil and slime of black-skin, glistening with the red glare from the try-works. Slowly and doggedly the vessel is pitching her way through the rough seas, looking as if enveloped in flame.

"'More horse-pieces!' cries the mincer's attendant.

"'Horse pieces!' echoes the man in the waist.

"'Scraps!' growls a boat-steerer.

"By-and-by the captain comes up from the cabin to see how things are progressing. He peeps into the pots, and observes, in a discontented tone, 'Why don't you keep that 'ere oil stirred? It's all getting black.' Then he takes a look into the mincer's tub: 'That won't do! Make Bible leaves of 'em.' Then he looks at the men on the windlass: 'Hey! all idle! Give these fellows something to do. We can't have idlers about now.'

"Having delivered himself of these sentiments, he goes back to his snug nest in the cabin. The idlers resume their places, and entertain themselves spinning yarns, singing songs, &c., and calculating the time by the moon. About the middle of the watch they get up the bread kid, and after dipping a few biscuit in salt water, heave them into a strainer, and boil them in the oil. It is difficult to form any idea of the luxury of this delicious mode of cooking on a long night-watch. Sometimes, when on friendly terms with the steward, they make fritters of the brains of the whale mixed with flour, and cook them in the oil. These are considered a most sumptuous delicacy. Certain portions of the whale's flesh are also eaten with relish, though, to my thinking, not a very great luxury, being coarse and strong. Mixed with potatoes, however, like 'porpoise-balls,' they answer very well for variety. A good appetite makes almost any kind of food palatable. I have eaten whale-flesh at sea with as much relish as I ever ate roast-beef ashore. A trying-out scene has something peculiarly wild and savage in it; a kind of indescribable uncouthness, which renders it difficult to describe with anything like accuracy. There is a murderous appearance about the blood-stained decks, and the huge masses of flesh and blubber lying here and there, and a ferocity in the looks of the men, heightened by the red, fierce glare of the fires, which inspire in the mind of the novice feelings of mingled disgust and awe. But one soon becomes accustomed to such scenes, and regards them with the indifference of a veteran in the field of battle. I know of nothing to which this part of the whaling business can be more appropriately compared than to Dante's pictures of the infernal regions. It requires but little stretch of the imagination to suppose the smoke, the hissing boilers, the savage-looking crew, and the waves of flame that burst now and then

Digitized by Google

from the flues of the furnace, part of the paraphernalia of a scene in the lower regions. Our 'down-easter,' who always had something characteristic to say of everything that fell under his observation, very sagely remarked on one occasion, when nearly suffocated with smoke, that 'if this warn't h—l on a small scale, he didn't know what to call it.' "

These are the perils and the sufferings that necessarily attend the daily occupations of 20,000 American seamen, who spend their lives upon the trackless ocean, in procuring oil for the use of those who live in comfort on the shore. This business, as a great whole, has not only been neglected by the government in its duty of throwing the protection of the law over the whole, but of providing for the maintenance of the rights of the hardy individuals who form the crews of the fleet. When we consider that the trade has grown up entirely independent of the government, until it not only constantly occupies 10,000 American seamen in the Pacific Ocean, but, by the trade they create at the Sandwich islands, have caused those otherwise insignificant spots on the ocean to become places of great importance, it becomes self-evident that whalers, at least, can live without protection. This, however, does not excuse the culpable neglect of the federal government, which, for 30 years, allowed the Oregon territory, with its only harbor, the mouth of the Columbia, to remain in the occupation of the English, when that was the only spot on a surface of 20,000,000 of square miles, where whalers could touch the soil of their country. It is true, under British protection, there sprung up on the banks of the Columbia a farming interest, which supplied the Sandwich islands with the produce necessary to the support of the American seamen, who resort thither to recruit. It was, however, in spite of the neglect of the government. The harbor of San Francisco, in California, is now in the hands of the United States, and it is the *only* good harbor on the Pacific coast. It must be the future home of the American whaling interests, communicating through the newly discovered "south pass" with the valleys of the Arkansas and Rio Grande. The presence of a navy is also necessary, not only to overawe the islanders and natives, where whalemen resort, but to chastise the lawless aggressions of British freebooters. Lieut. Wilkes, in his account, gives an instance of the not unfrequent acts of piracy committed by the English, in places under British authority; acts which, unnoticed by the British government, require the action of the United States. It is not alone, however, in the general protection of the whaling interest from foreign aggression, that the federal government is called upon by circumstances to act. It is required, also, that the arm of the law should be interposed between owners and captains, and the 20,000 laboring seamen who, in embarking in their perilous enterprise of whaling, seem to be thrown without the protection of the law, and to be abandoned to a species of tyranny revolting to humanity under any circumstances.

The manner of fitting out ships for a voyage is, in the last degree, oppressive to those who are to go. A law passed in 1837, fixes the quantity of rations to be allowed, but the quality is not specified. Penurious and unscrupulous owners put on board provisions totally unfit for human consumption, and the seaman, who can have no prior knowledge of the food he is to eat, finds, when at sea, that he is embarked for two years, or more, provided with provisions that human beings cannot eat for a length of time and retain their health. The consequence is frequently the most frightful mortality from scurvy, a disease very prevalent among those unfortunate beings; and if they survive, there is no redress. They have no remedy against those who have sacrificed the lives of some, and the health of all, from the most sordid motives. The seamen are usually shipped, not on monthly wages, but for a certain proportion of the oil obtained on the voyage. It, however, is seldom the case that a seaman returns home not in debt to the ship. The practice is to issue slops to the seamen, instead of money; and the profits on these are the master's perquisites, whose charge is at least 100 per cent. profits. Lieut. Wilkes states, that these profits will amount, on a crew of 30 men, to $1800, and sometimes $3000. This is done, not by what the seaman himself wears, but when at the Sandwich islands, or elsewhere, he can get no money to pro-

Digitized by Google

cure necessaries on shore, he must take slops from the captain, and dispose of them probably at one-fourth the amount with which he is charged for them.—Thus, whatever may be the quantity of oil taken, the seamen get nothing but the trifles they obtain from the natives for the slops they are compelled to barter away. To the starvation and robbery thus too frequently practised, is superadded the remorseless tyranny of a ferocious captain, in whose hands the law has committed the power to flog human beings as if they were brutes. In regard to this latter, we may take a chapter from Mr. Browne:

"'Now,' said the captain, 'you've been fighting, and I'll flog you both. Mr. D———, seize those men up!'

"Jack's wrists were lashed to a ratlin on the starboard side, and Bully's to a ratlin on the larboard The captain then provided himself with a piece of tarred ratlin, and, striding up to Bully, bared the man's back.

"'Remember, now, this is for fighting.'

"'Oh, for God's sake, don't flog me, captain!' said Bully, sensible of the degradation of the punishment about to be inflicted on him.

"'Not a word!' said the captain, whose blood was boiling with passion. 'Take that! and that! and that! Do you feel it? Will you fight again?'

"Poor Bully groaned and writhed with agony. Each stripe of the ratlin raised a blood-red mark on his back.

"'I'll show you how to fight!' roared the captain, swinging the ratlin over his shoulder, and raising the stripes with every blow. 'I'll make an example of you! Take warning, all of you. You see what you get for fighting. If that ain't enough, I'll lay it on heavier next time. I'll skin your back worse than that! Cut him down now! See if he'll behave himself!'

"Jack's turn came next. At the first stroke he yelled with all his might.

"'Oh Lord, captain! Oh, for God's sake! Oh, don't flog me! I'll never fight again.'

"'I'll take care you won't. If you do, I'll lay you up for a month. Your back's been itching for a flogging. Now take it! Take that! take that! Yes, you feel it, don't you? Cut him down, Mr. D———.'

"The mate having cut both the men down, gave them a hint to go forward, which they did, limping along the decks, scarcely able to walk.

"'That's what you'll all get,' said the captain, addressing the crew, 'if there's any more quarrelling. I told you so in the beginning. Any of you that fight, *I'll* flog. Go forward now, where you belong.'

"I was much astonished, upon going forward, after being relieved at the helm, to find Jack sitting on the windlass eating his breakfast with the utmost good humor.

"'Well B———,' said he, looking up and laughing, 'I've got a licking, but *I'm used to it.* I don't care a tinker's d—n about lickin's now. I served my apprenticeship to 'em in a man-o'-war.'

"Not so with Bully, who for several days was gloomy and silent. The Portuguese, with a heartlessness and want of delicacy, so unlike the generous regard which the true American sailor has for another's feelings under such circumstances, continually ridiculed and taunted him, mocking his groans, and crying out every time he went below to his meals, 'Oh, capitan, for God's sake, no flog so hard!' Jack took their ridicule with perfect indifference; but it cut Bully to the quick. There was something diabolical and fiendish in this conduct of the Portuguese. Bully was so completely crest-fallen that he could not retort upon them; from the day he received the flogging his spirit was broken."

This, it will be remembered, was not only an American, but a New-England ship. The man Jack was an English "man-of-war's man," the other a New-Yorker. These starved, cheated, flogged and ill-used seamen have no redress at home, and to save their lives, they sometimes desert a ship, with the United States flag flying, to seek protection from an American captain's brutality, at the hands of the savages of the islands. This was the case with a shipmate of Mr. Browne, a young man from Maine. He was, however, overtaken and confined seven months in the "run" of the vessel, and kept alive with bread and water. The run is a small, submerged locker, under the floor of the cabin, and no man can sit upright therein. This man, on his arrival, lodged a complaint against the captain, who was held to bail in $800, on a charge of cruel and unusual treatment. Mr. Browne gives numerous instances of the barbarities exercised upon these poor seamen with impunity by the captains. Mr. Wilkes says, in the course of his inquiries—

"While visiting the ports for the purpose of recruiting, the crews of whale ships are often found in a state of lax dis-

Digitized by Google

cipline; both captains and crew take this opportunity to lay their complaints before the consuls, who are much troubled with them, and frequently at a loss to understand and pass upon the merits of the case. The crews usually complain of bad provisions, short allowance, and bad usage; in some cases, I have heard them assert that they felt their lives in danger from the outrageous conduct of the captain; and in one instance even the officers joined in the complaint. The captain, on the other hand, believed that there was a conspiracy on foot to poison him.

"Many Americans are found on the different islands, who have been turned ashore from whale ships, or left because they have broken their liberty a single time, near the end of the voyage. Such treatment leaves too much ground to believe they are purposely left, in order to increase the profits of the shipmasters or owners. Several of these men were received, in a perfectly destitute condition, on board the Vincennes; others were taken out of prison, and all related many of the difficulties and troubles they had to encounter on board the ships to which they were attached; although I am not generally disposed to place much reliance on their statements, yet it cannot but happen that out of so many cases there must be some in which the seamen are in the right."

It is to be supposed that there are some generous owners, and many gentlemanly and urbane captains, but the rule appears to be the other way. It is no doubt alleged on their side with some degree of truth, that the seamen in the whaling business are for the most part of a worthless character. This appears from the testimony of Mr. Browne; but is it not the case that the bad character of the seamen is the result of a long course of dishonesty and barbarity on the part of the owners and captains? With the treatment that it is admitted on all sides these unfortunate seamen experience, will any one go twice? Surely not; and this fact leads to the practising of those arts to entrap landsmen into the voyage so well described by our author. In fact, when on their way to embark, the young gentlemen were cautioned by all unprejudiced persons of the error they were about to commit, an *experienced* whaleman told them that "If they had any regard for themselves, they should turn their backs upon New Bedford, for it was a sink hole of iniquity; that the fitters were all blood-suckers, the owners cheats, and the captains tyrants." This warning long dwelt in their minds and recurred to them afterwards amid cruel sufferings at sea. Nor are the seamen alone the victims of knavish captains. The poor natives of the islands are also robbed when occasion offers. Mr. Browne, on this head, after describing the Island of Johanna and its chief in the following humorous strain, gives us the following anecdote:

"The chief, after carefully examining me, to ascertain if I had any tobacco, put his hand in my pocket and drew out my flute, which I joined together. He attempted to play on it, but was unable to produce a sound. Nettled at his failure, he handed it to me rather impatiently, and by a motion expressed his desire to hear me play. I did so, and had the good fortune to throw him into a very good humor. He enjoyed the music as well as I could wish; and, when I had done playing, expressed his satisfaction by clapping his hands three times. I thought this was intended for applause; but I soon discovered that the applause was of a more substantial nature. A slave quickly made his appearance.—The chief spoke a few words to him, and he went back into the house. Presently he returned, bearing in his hands a round table with pewter plates upon it, containing oranges, bananas, dates, mangoes and other tropical delicacies; also, glasses containing sherbet and lemonade. I ate and drank heartily of what was set before me; but the Arabs would not join me. However, I cared little about that; the refreshments tasted quite as well as if they had assisted me. I played several more tunes before I left; laughed, talked and danced for the amusement of the chief, and, altogether, made myself quite at home. On parting, I shook hands with the crowd all round. Jezzarine pinched me several times when he thought I was going a-head rather too unceremoniously; but I paid no attention to his hints. After we had turned a corner, and when entirely out of the hearing of the chief and his followers. Jezzarine stopped, and, with horror and consternation depicted in his looks, whispered,

"'You savey who dat?'

"'No,' said I; 'who is it?'

"'What!' he exclaimed, in utter amazement, 'you no savey who you play for?'

"'No, I never saw him before.'

"'Oh, you do bad ting; you play, you dance, you laugh all de same *he me!* He berry mad. Suppose ship no here, he kill you!'

"'But who is he?'

"'Who? What for you no savey *His*

Digitized by Google

*Highness Syed Mohammed, Grand Big Sultan?'"*

* * * *

"Rajapoot, a native, who had agreed to furnish us with wood, brought a large canoe alongside in the evening, containing about a whale-boat load, which was what he contracted to furnish. After we got it on board, the captain refused to pay the sum agreed upon. Rajapoot argued that he had fulfilled his contract, and was entitled to be honestly paid for his wood; but if the captain wished he would take it back again, he would do so. The captain would neither give it up, nor pay for it. Rajapoot went off in high dudgeon, swearing he would raise men enough ashore to take the vessel. As soon as he was gone, we were set to work clearing away the casks in the blubber-room, and stowing away the wood under hatches, it being the design to pay all dues 'with the fore-top-sail.' We were ordered to go to work very silently, in order that we might not alarm the natives with any symptoms of preparation to put to sea. That they might suspect nothing unusual, I was told to go out on the jib-boom and 'blaze away' on my flute. I thought it rather a hard case to be obliged to participate in cheating poor Rajapoot, light as the duty assigned me was; but this was not a matter of taste. The American portion of the crew all grumbled at the meanness of this trickery; and the mate said, 'if he could raise three dollars, he'd pay for the wood himself, sooner than such an act of low, stealthy, contemptible meanness should be attributed to a vessel bearing the flag of the United States.' We held a private consultation about raising a subscription to pay the bill; but, upon examining our effects, we were not able to scrape up even two dollars' worth of property; all our clothing, consisting of a few miserable rags, for which we felt much indebted to the outfitter.

"It is treatment like this that renders the natives treacherous and hostile. There has been more done to destroy the friendly feelings of the inhabitants of the islands in the Indian and Pacific Oceans, toward Americans, by the meanness and rascality of whaling captains, than all the missionaries and embassies from the United States can ever atone for.

"'Pay them with the fore-top-sail!' is a mode of cheating the natives, as common in practice as in theory. Such examples will invariably be followed; for where the vices of civilized life are sown, there they will grow."

The consequence of these villanies are attacks upon whaling vessels when occasion offers, resulting not unfrequently in the murder of the whole crew. The cold-blooded ruffian that can so deliberately rouse the hostility of natives against innocent and defenceless crews that may come after him, deserves the greatest punishment. It is an act which results in war rightfully on the part of those poor savages as far as their means will permit them to carry it on against their aggressors. The Journal of the Exploring Expedition states:

"A knowledge among the whaling fleet that their interests were watched over, even if they made no calls for aid, would give security and protect them from impositions, as well as prevent them from practising fraud, or committing aggressions on the natives of the islands they visit. Such aggressions invariably lead to retaliations on the part of the chiefs, which they inflict upon the first unsuspecting vessel that anchors in their ports. The capture of vessels and the massacre of their whole crews, have been frequently owing to this cause."

These are national evils, that require the prompt interposition of Congress. The masters of vessels should be made rigidly responsible for the abuse of his power. The ancient idea, that flogging and ill-usage is necessary to preserve discipline, is nearly obsolete. If men are well used at sea, knowing their own rights to be protected by, and their responsibilities to, the law, they will be as easily governed as our journeymen on land. But they must have rights recognised by law, in order that they may duly appreciate their own responsibilities. The owners of vessels, in the short-sighted parsimony that leads them to cheat the sailors of their food and raiment, and to employ an ignorant, brutal and tyrannical man as captain, because he is as servile and cringing in the presence of his employers as he is domineering at sea, and because he will sail cheap, do more to injure their own interests than they suppose. The incompetency of the captain is a bar to success, and the time spent by him in port, wrangling and cheating his men, to compensate for want of oil, appear to be the usual causes of a "clean ship," after a long cruise.

Digitized by Google

# THE INFELICITIES OF INTELLECTUAL MEN.

[Concluded.]

PITY that the awards of fame should come so laggardly to her true votaries; but so it is. In how many cases has it been proven that the only requitals of transcendent genius have been poverty, dishonor, and sometimes an inglorious end; leaving it to after times to repair the injustice of lordly ignorance and superstitious intolerance.—Roger Bacon, the parent of more original discoveries than any of his day, committed this treason against his cotemporaries, and in consequence enlisted their persecution for his crime, having been twice imprisoned, once for the long period of ten years: but to say nothing of his claims to numerous works on the exploded science of alchemy, posterity have allowed his title to the discovery of gunpowder and the telescope. We might readily refer to other instances of the kind, even down to the times of Fulton. But where to limit our rambling pen, in dilating upon the misfortunes of authors, is no easy task, the instances that occur are so manifold and marvellous. What shall we say of the cruel and heartless ingratitude shown to the intellectual, magnanimous and humane Bentivoglio, who, when reduced to the extremest distress, caused by his own prodigal munificence, was actually refused admission into the very hospital himself had erected.

"Thus birds for others build the downy nest;
Thus sheep for others bear the fleecy vest;
Thus bees collect for others honey'd food;
Thus ploughs the patient ox for others' good."

Numerous as have been the institutions designed for the relief of the indigent poor, but one is only known to have been erected for the especial benefit of the hapless author; and this, established by Pope Urban VIII., bore the strangely significant name of the "Retreat of the Incurables," as if implying that its devotees were deemed irreclaimable alike from the crime of poverty and authorship. To glance down the stream of time for a moment, we may mention many memorable cases of the pecuniary discomfiture of literary men, whose names are as valued with us as the precious metals are with the miserly worshipper of mammon. Homer, we are informed, was not only deprived the use of his optics, but was miserably in need of the necessaries of life, and had to rehearse his ballads to the vulgar populace for his meagre subsistence; and another classic and comic muse, Plautus, combined, for the convenience of his stomach, the avocations of poet with that of a turner of a mill. Terence and Boethius died in "durance vile;" Cervantes died for lack of bread; and the well-known author of the "Lusiad" ended his career ignobly in an almshouse. Tasso was subjected to the most humiliating exigences: on one occasion, having addressed a sonnet to his favorite cat, in which he begs the light of her eyes to write by, as he was too poor to buy a candle! Collins' mental derangement and death were superinduced by long neglect; Steele lived in a perpetual state of warfare with bailiffs, and Goldsmith usually suffered similar distractions; Lee, Fielding, Otway, Savage, De Lolme, Butler, Chatterton, Cotton, Anton, Fletcher, Kirke White, Logan, Burns, and others, whose writings ennoble the escutcheon of fame, afford unequivocal evidence of the fact that opulence and authorship are not twin sisters. Rushworth, whose valuable historical collections remained without a printer, was doomed to the "Bench" for the balance of his life during a period of six long years; while Samuel Boyce, whose poem on *The Creation* has high merit, was actually famished to death, being found dead in a garret, with a blanket thrown over his shoulders, fastened by a wooden skewer, with a pen in his hand.

"When Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him, resolved to clay and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The Poet's fate is here in emblem shown—
He asked for bread, and he received a stone."



Digitized by Google

Even Dryden sunk into neglect in his old age, having died in a garret in an obscure corner of London; being visited by a friend in his last moments, who commiserated his situation, he replied, "You feel and weep for my sufferings, but never mind, the pang will soon be all over." Chatterton, in Brooke-street, starved two days before he cut his throat; Dr. Johnson was once found in the most desponding hopelessness in a garret, destitute even of ink and paper with which to transcribe his lucubrations. When Goldsmith had nearly completed his "Vicar," his landlady one day surprised him by a heavy demand for his board and lodging; and on his declaring his utter inability to meet it, she proposed to cancel her claim on his becoming her spouse; this the timely arrival of Johnson prevented, as he aided him in the liquidation of the debt.

If we turn to France, we shall there find even stronger instances of the hapless destiny of genius. Vaugelas, one of the politest writers, and one of the most honest men of his time, was surnamed the Owl, from his being obliged to keep within all day and venture out only by night, through fear of his creditors. His last will is very remarkable. After bequeathing all his worldly substance to the discharge of his debts, he goes on thus:

"But as there still may remain some creditors unpaid, even after all that I have shall be disposed of, in such a case it is my last will that my body should be sold to the surgeons to the best advantage, and that the purchase money should go to the discharging those debts which I owe to society; so that if I could not, while living, at least when dead, I may be useful."

That is "honest to the back-bone at any rate."

In our own times, how many sad instances of poverty, being the inheritance of poets, occur to the memory?—the great "poet of the poor," Ebenezer Elliott followed the calling of an ironmonger; Clare that of a common day-laborer; Hogg was a shepherd-boy; Miller a basket-maker; Kirke White originally carried out the basket of the butcher, which was afterwards exchanged for the hosier's loom. But it is needless to extend their numbers.

D'Israeli has a prolific chapter on this subject: among their other misfortunes, he collates the following cases of incarceration of authors; his object, however, being to show that their imprisonment rather promoted than retarded the progress of their studies.—It was while immured within the gloomy walls of a dungeon that Bœthius composed his well-known "Consolations of Philosophy," Grotius wrote his "Commentary on St. Matthew," and Buchanan his excellent "Paraphrases." The renowned Cervantes, in Barbary, and "Fleta," written in the '*Fleet*,' afford similar proofs; the name of the *place* though not of the *author* having been preserved in commemoration of the fact; while another work, "Fleta Minor," or "the laws of art and nature in knowing the bodies of metals," by Petters, 1683, derived also its title from the circumstance of its having been translated from the German during the author's confinement in this prison. Louis XII. and Margaret, consort of Henry IV. of France, as well as Charles I. of England, made good use of the pen under similar circumstances—the latter having indited his well-known *Eikon Basilike*, or the Royal Image, the authorship of which has given rise to so much curious speculation among the learned. Queen Elizabeth, while confined by her sister Mary, wrote several poems, which are said never to have been equalled after her enlargement; and the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, during her long imprisonment, produced many pleasing poetic compositions, one of which, her Last Prayer, we transcribe for the sake of its plaintive melody and beauty. It was written originally in Latin; we append an English rendering of it for the benefit of those who prefer a vernacular version:

Oh! Domine Deus,
  Speravi in te—
Oh! Care mi Jesu,
  Nunc libera me.
In durâ catenâ,
In miserâ pœnâ
  Desidero te.
Languendo, gemendo,
Et genuflectendo,
  Adoro, imploro
Ut liberes me!

—

Oh! my God and my Lord,
  I have trusted in thee;
Oh! Jesu, my Love,
  Now liberate me.

Digitized by Google

In my enemies' power,
In affliction's sad hour
I languish for thee.
In sorrowing, weeping,
And bending the knee,
I adore and implore thee
To liberate me.

In glancing over the story of many a literary life, how touching are its appeals to our own sympathy! Who can read the above without feeling their force? It is not every one who has philosophy enough to abide the impudent reply made to the learned Frenchman, Treret, who, on being summarily taken from his sick-bed to the Bastile, after patiently submitting for several weeks to his "durance vile," on inquiring for what offence he was so treated, received from his officer the following heartless and insolent response: "Sir, I think you have a deal of curiosity!" Every one has read the history and woes of Silvio Pellico, the author of *Francesca da Rimini* and other renowned Italian tragedies, whose love of poetry survived so many years of his gloomy incarceration.

Sir Walter Raleigh's memorable "History of the World," although unfinished, remains a noble monument of his learning, industry, and indomitable perseverance, under circumstances so apparently adverse to the cultivation of letters as those in which he was placed, during the gloomy lapse of his eleven years' imprisonment. We might also cite numerous others; but two more names must suffice; they are of equal celebrity—both being remarkable instances of high genius, although remotely opposite in character. We refer to Voltaire and Bunyan, the former, who, while in the Bastile, sketched the plan and partly completed his *Henriade;* and the latter, who, during his cruel imprisonment in Bedford jail, produced his world-renowned "*Pilgrim's Progress.*" And how many more, like McDiarmid, have exhibited the sad combination of genius allied to abject poverty? who, as D'Israeli relates, while engaged upon his "System of Military Defence," became so study-worn and emaciated that his hollow eyes seemed like dim lamps shining in the tomb. His entire life was, indeed, one continuous strife with the fell spoiler; often the day passed cheerfully without its meal, but never without its page!

An enthusiastic temperament is also often the accompaniment of genius—a feature of character that renders it the easy victim of delusion and credulity. Numerous instances might be adduced in proof. Sir Isaac Newton was half inoculated with the absurdities of judicial astrology. Dr. Johnson was proverbially superstitious. What curious paradoxes may be seen between the writings and actions of the same men. Hobbes the deist was a most devout believer in ghosts and spiritual existences. Locke, the matter-of-fact philosopher, was an inordinate reader of romance, and revelled in works of fiction. And too truly has the character of the great Francis Verulam been depicted as the wisest, greatest, and meanest of mankind!

Since everything connected with men of intellect possesses interest, we shall briefly refer to some of their peculiar amusements and domestic habits, previously to entering upon the main objects before us—their misfortunes.

The favorite recreation of the learned Father Petavius, author of *Dogmata Theologica*, was, at the interval of every second hour, the habit of twirling his chair for five minutes. Spinosa, after protracted studies, regaled himself by a species of pithy sportsmanship, in making spiders fight each other. Tycho Brahe amused himself with polishing glasses for spectacles. Balzac's favorite pastime was that of making crayons. Montaigne found a playmate in his cat. Cardinal Richelieu delighted at playing leap-frog with his servant. Pope wasted his time in trying to paint; and Politian was never so happy as when singing to his lute.

Turn we for a moment to the domestic peculiarities of the learned, we shall find no less abundant evidence of the verity of their true designation—*genus irritatile.* Johnson evinced his nervous irritability by biting his nails to the very quick—an intimation, it is said, of his well-known pugnacity and crustiness. Another worthy but eccentric bibliopole, William Coke of Leith, who died some ten or twelve years since, presents also a singular instance of a quick and irritable temperament:

Digitized by Google

but we may scarcely wonder at his case, he having given us, if not an all-sufficient, at any rate, a somewhat ludicrous *clue* to his malady, for he was actually caught one day *rubbing his head in whiskey!*—No marvel that he was *hot-headed*. Others again indulged strange vagaries and humors;—such as Menage, who, while science covered his head with laurels, used to cover his feet with several pairs of stockings. Pope used to brace himself up with corsets. It is related that Magliabechi, the learned librarian to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, used to divert himself with pelting spiders. He seldom left his books, for he usually ate, drank and slept among them; thus imitating the domestic propensities of his favorites. Sir Walter Scott entertained an absurd opinion that his poetic vein never flowed happy except between the vernal and autumnal equinoxes; he was accustomed to rise at 4, and walk about his room in a state of nudity, calling it his air-breath. Rousseau, when doomed to the company of the common-place, occupied himself with knitting lace strings, which he evidently preferred to long yarns. Bloomfield wrote his Farmer's Boy with chalk upon the top of a pair of bellows—a wind-instrument, till then a novelty in the choir of the Muses. Many of the eccentric sons of genius exhibit singular deficiency in conversational powers, as though nature had designed to devote them to the pen, by denying them the gift of oral language. Corneille presents an example of this; he was so utterly insipid in company that his conversation was deemed contemptible, for he could scarcely speak correctly the language he so ennobled by his pen. Descartes was another who was made for seclusion and solitude, not for society; "he received his intellectual wealth," says a modern critic, "from nature in solid bars, not in current coin;" or, in the words of Themistocles, he might say, who, when asked to play on the lute, replied, "I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village a great city." Addison was a taciturn companion in the social circle. Shakspeare, like Virgil, was cloudy and oblivious in colloquial discourse, but how transcendentally brilliant when they communed only with their own high thoughts. Chaucer, and Goldsmith, and Dryden, were dull and stupid, as also Isocrates, so celebrated for his sublime compositions; and La Fontaine and La Bruyere might likewise be included in the category. The author, it is thus evident, is both more at ease and more to advantage in his study than anywhere else; and it is not surprising that we find him covet this seclusive retreat, and indulge his predilection sometimes at the expense of the rules of etiquette and courtesy.

Montesquieu's complaining epistle to a friend, affords evidence of this, where he intimates that the frequent and protracted visits of certain intruders caused much detriment to the progress of his works. Another scribe was so avaricious of his time, that his frequent appeals proving unavailing, he caused to be inscribed over the door of his study the inviting announcement, that whoever remained there must join in his labors. Melancthon, like Evelyn, was so chary of his time allotted to study, that he would note the intervals wasted by intrusive visitants, in order to redeem them from the hours devoted to repose. Others have been driven to the forlorn expedient of escaping from their window, being so hedged in by their considerate friends, as to be allowed of no more convenient egress; and Boyle actually had to resort to the advertising columns of a newspaper, to secure exemption from similar annoyances. A few words touching the connubial infelicities of the learned will bring our chapter to a close. That there have existed some renowned in the annals of literature, who, like Budœus, enjoyed the singular good fortune to retain the full measure of matrimonial happiness, conjoined with the pleasures of literary pursuits, cannot be denied; but it may be doubted whether these do not form exceptions to rule. This great writer found in his wife an invaluable assistant in his arduous studies; ever at his side, assiduously collating, comparing, or transcribing, she contributed essentially to the reduction of his literary toils. In one of his letters he represents himself as married to two wives, one of whom blessed him with pleasant little ones, the other with books. Evelyn was no less felicitous in this respect, for he was indebted for much of his success to his amiable wife, whose refined taste and skill were equal to any emergency; and whose breast was fired with the same passion that inflamed her hus-

Digitized by Google

band's pen; it was to her ingenious pencil the embellishment to his translation of Lucretius owed its origin. It is also true that many, we might perhaps say the majority of great men, seem to have repudiated matrimony altogether, probably from some premonition of their disqualification for its enjoyments. A host of great names occur to us, presenting an astounding array of sturdy old bachelors, enough to startle the complacency of the most charitable of the fair sex. Michael Angelo, Boyle, Newton, Locke, Bayle, Shenstone, Leibnitz, Hobbes, Voltaire, Pope, Adam Smith, Swift, Thomson, Akenside, Arbuthnot, Hume, Gibbon, Cowper, Goldsmith, Gay, Lamb, Washington Irving, et cum multis aliis, were all decided for celibacy. Michael Angelo replied to a remonstrance on the subject, that he had espoused his art, and his works were his children. Dr. Radcliffe lived and died unmarried; although within five or six years prior to his decease, he fell desperately in love with a patient of rank, wealth and beauty, triple charms to fascinate even an old beau; but alas for this gallant hero, his suit became non-suited, and to his mortification his rejected addresses were afterwards immortalized by Steele in his "Tattler." Without staying to inquire into the causes which superinduce this anti-social feature of the literary character, it may not be amiss to notice some of its anomalies. For example, Smollett, whose writings are but too frequently found not only prurient, but indelicate, was yet unimpeachable in his morals. La Fontaine wrote fictions fertile in intrigues, but he is not known to have left one amour on record in which he personally enacted a part. Sir Thomas More, who was a strenuous advocate of free toleration, yet himself became a fierce and bigoted persecutor; and Young, although constantly denouncing a love of preferment, was all his life long secretly pining after it, and, while the most sombrous of poets, was in private life a trifling punster. Cowper, the melancholy and misanthropic, perpetrated, it will be remembered, that laughter-provoking ballad, Johnny Gilpin; and we find a similar contradictory characteristic in Sterne's whining over a dead donkey, while he proved himself bankrupt in human sympathy and natural affection, beating his wife, and leaving his maternal parent desolate and neglected in her last moments.

Byron's misanthropy, also, was only to be found in his pen; for his moral self seemed a strange compound of vanity and affectation, united with a love of the ludicrous, sarcasm and irony. And poor Hood, the punster, whose master-passion gave melancholy evidence of its absorbing power over him, even at the hour of its recent dissolution,—while his wit was vibrating the national heart, his own suffered from the extremest melancholy.—Among the many extempore puns he uttered in his sickness, in describing to a friend his near approach to dissolution, he could not resist his ruling impulse, for he added, "I came so near to death's door, that I heard the creaking of its hinges."

Returning to our subject of literary marriages, we remember reading of a certain little tract, which professed an investigation of this mystery, entitled, "*De Matrimonia Literati, an caliben esse an vero nubere conveniat*," in which the writer cites some cases of the good and bad among literary spouses; among others, that of the celebrated artist, Berghem, who resorted to rather a singular mode of proving her devotion to her husband's interests, by ever and anon thumping a long stick, which she kept for the purpose, against the ceiling, to prevent her liege-lord indulging a nap during the hours devoted to his profession; a summons which he responded to, by stamping with his foot; his room being immediately over hers. It was no inelegant plea, once urged by a learned scribe, for his choice of celibacy, that "Minerva and Venus never could exist together." And so it would seem, indeed, if we judge from the fact of Byron's fatal union and Bulwer's—the story of whose domestic strifes are too notorious to require comment—to say nothing of the like instances of the lamented and gifted Felicia Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Norton, and the accomplished Mrs. Jameson. Some honorable exceptions exist to the foregoing, which redeem the literary profession from the sad odium; the Howitts are enthusiastic lovers of their literary pursuits, and anxious to educate their children in the best possible manner, and therefore live a retired and domestic life. Though be-

Digitized by Google

longing to the Society of Friends, and attached to its great principles of civil, moral, and religious liberty, they have long ago abandoned its peculiarities; and in manners, dress and language, belong only to the world. For the honor of literature we may safely say, that, among the many consolatory proofs in modern times of how much literature may contribute to the happiness of life, the case of the Howitts is the most striking. The love of literature was the origin of their acquaintance, its pursuit has been the hand-in-hand bond of the most perfect happiness of a long married life; and we may further add, for the honor of womanhood, that while our authoress sends forth her delightful works in unbroken succession, to the four quarters of the globe, William Howitt has been heard to declare, that he will challenge any woman, be she who she may, who ever wrote a line, to match his good woman in the management of a large household, at the same time she fills her own little world of home with the brightness of her own heart and spirit. Another name occurs to us, also, that of George Sloane,—to whom the reading world is, perhaps, mainly indebted for the introduction of German literature into our vernacular,—who, because he "married for love," his cara sposa being a beauty of humble birth, was disinherited by his rigorous parent, the well-known Sir Hans Sloane. To be revenged, his son had recourse to the following futile species of retaliation: he wrote a violent tirade upon his father's productions, caricaturing his splendid museum of art, with the intention of publishing it in a newspaper; but through some strange chance the plot was detected, and before the printer could compose it, it was rescued; and Sir Hans had the precious document elegantly enclosed in a frame for the inspection of his friends, to the lasting discomfiture of the author. Poor fellow! he paid "dearly for his whistle" without this infliction, for his amiable better half loaded him with the liberal bestowment of *ten* pledges of her love.

A writer in the London Quarterly has supplied some curious facts in relation to the family history of intellectual men, which are too interesting to resist the temptation of an extract. He says:

"We are going to speculate about the causes of the fact—but a fact it is—that men distinguished for extraordinary intellectual power, of any sort, rarely leave more than a very brief line of progeny behind them. Men of genius have scarcely ever done so—men of imaginative genius, we might say, almost never. With the one exception of the noble Surrey, we cannot, at this moment, point out a representative in the male line, even so far down as in the third generation, of any English poet, and we believe the same is the case in France. The blood of beings of that order can seldom be traced far down, even in the female line. With the exception of Surrey and Spencer, we are not aware of any English author of at all remote day, from whose body any living person claims to be descended. There is no other real English poet prior to the middle of the eighteenth century, and we believe no great author of any sort, except Clarendon and Shaftesbury, of whose blood we have any inheritance amongst us. Chaucer's only son died childless. Shakspeare's line expired in his daughter's only daughter. None of the other dramatists of that age have left any progeny—nor Raleigh, nor Bacon, nor Cowley, nor Butler. The grand-daughter of Milton was the last of his blood. Neither Belingbroke, Addison, Warburton, Johnson, nor Burke, transmitted their blood.

"When a human race has produced its 'bright consummate flower,' in this kind, it 'seems commonly to be near its end.'

"The theory is illustrated in our own day. The two greatest names in science and literature of our time, were Davy and Sir Walter Scott. The first died childless. Sir Walter Scott left four children, of whom three are dead, only one of them, (Mrs. Lockhart,) leaving issue, and the fourth, his eldest son, though living, and long married, has no issue."

The last particular we shall refer to, is the fact, that a prominent class of literary characters who have wives, seem, before the world, as though they had none in their social visitings: such as Anacreon Moore, Wordsworth, Proctor, Ainsworth, &c.; the author and his wife are very distinct individualities in their case, in the code of fashion; but it seems, as Dogberry says, "very tolerable, and not to be endured;" for this social divorce, we imagine, may very probably owe its origin to the habits of the authors themselves in part, and the conventionalisms of society. Our last paragraph seems, however, rather to trench upon the immunities of his "better half," than

Digitized by Google

those of the author himself; and having, we suppose, sufficiently tasked the patience of the commiserating reader with our recitals of the mishaps of authorship, we propose to strike a fresh and livelier chord, by way of staying the out-gushings of his sympathetic sorrow; encouraged by the cheering hope that the nobles of science, who shall hereafter fill the scroll of fame, may portray their sojourn in the age in which we live, with brighter tints and more joyous hues, than their "illustrious predecessors" have those which are now "with the years beyond the flood."

---

# SONNETS.

## HEART ESSENTIAL TO GENIUS.

We are not always equal to our fate,
  Nor true to our conditions. Doubt and fear
  Beset the bravest in their high career,
At moments when the soul, no more elate
  With expectation, sinks beneath the time.
  The masters have their weakness. "I would climb,"
    Said Raleigh, gazing on the highest hill—
"But that I tremble with the fear to fall!"
  Apt was the answer of the high-soul'd Queen,—
"If thy heart fail thee, never climb at all!"
The heart! if that be sound, confirms the rest,
  Crowns genius with his lion soul and mien,
And from the conscious nature in the breast,
    To trembling virtue gives both strength and will!

## WHERE TO LOOK—HOW TO SEEK.

Always the highest, and thy aim the white!
  Yet with a modesty that still prepares,
Girded with diligence to seek the fight,
  And conscious of its trials, not its fears!
    There is no policy in small desire,
If that thy aim be conquest,—for we still
Fall something short of all we hope and will!
  Who seeks for much must ever aim at more,
    As birds that haunt the mountain, dart still higher:
  And still be this the lesson in thy lore,—
The ambitious heart all middle flight must shun,—
  Must, like the eagle, in superior skies,
Stretching his giant pinions for the sun,
  Bathe in the blaze that blinds all other eyes!

Digitized by Google

# POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

## HON. ZADOCK PRATT,

Late Member of Congress from the State of New-York.

It is one of the crowning glories of our democratic institutions, and one which shows their superiority over all monarchical systems, that here "the race is open to all." The humblest individual may rise to the loftiest dignity, by the force of his own genius and virtue; nor is any man, however humble in origin, or obscure in life, shut out from the field of ambitious toil and competition. Circumstances of birth or fortune are rarely found to be stepping stones to public honors; and where there are no hereditary or transmissible titles or dignities acknowledged, there can be no bar to an honest toil for a superior condition—no insurmountable obstacle to any man's success, who looks steadily onward and upward in his career of life. It may be said that the tendency of our political system is to develope talent, to encourage virtue, and to give to both their reward. Where no artificial levels exist, and men are left to find their proper level upon the exertion of the talents with which they are endowed, there is freer scope to the powers of the mind, and the skilful devices of the hand—a wider and far nobler field of action, than in countries where the head, the heart and hand, are oppressed by conventional regulations; where the disfranchised masses are controlled by the privileged and haughty few.

Our country presents numerous examples in proof of the positions here assumed. Short as has been our existence as a nation—scarcely one-fourth of the age ascribed to some of the patriarchs of our race—we can point to a roll of great men—of warriors, statesmen, and sages—unequalled, for a similar period, in the history of any nation.

The great men of our Revolutionary period—many of the wisest of the generation which succeeded, and who laid the foundations of our republican institutions—were men who rose from humble stations. They were men who struggled against adverse circumstances, and by energy, fidelity and virtue, won renown for themselves in securing the liberties of their country. The example of such men is worth much to the country, in its influence upon the generations which are to succeed. We have seen, also, in commercial life, the same traits of character, developed in a different theatre of action, lead to wealth and distinction. Most of our countrymen are familiar with the history of William Gray, and Stephen Girard, and John Jacob Astor—all of whom present examples of what superior genius and judgment, directed to a single pursuit, can accomplish in the course of a short life. Not one of these men had a shilling to begin with; neither were they educated men; but each possessed a genius allied in power to that of a Cæsar or a Napoleon.

One of the most remarkable instances of successful enterprise in mechanical pursuits, which has come to our knowledge, is that of the founder of the beautiful and flourishing village of Prattsville, in the county of Greene, famed for its great tannery—the largest establishment of the kind in the world. The village of Prattsville, which lies in a small valley on the Schoharie Kill, some 36 miles west of Catskill, on the Hudson, was founded in the year 1824, by the Hon. Zadock Pratt, late a representative in Congress, from the 11th district in this state. The career of this gentleman has been marked with so much practical usefulness, though with little ostentation, and has so clear a bearing upon the position which we have heretofore assumed, that we are sure of gratifying the readers of the Review, by spreading before them a brief sketch of his life and character.

Zadock Pratt was born on the 30th October, 1790, at Stephentown, Rensselaer county, N. Y. His family is descended from the noble band of pilgrims, who first broke ground on the shores of New-England—the first

Digitized by Google

persons of the name in this country being Joshua and Phinehas Pratt, who came over in the autumn of 1623. Ephraim, a grandson of Joshua Pratt, lived to the great age of 116 years, and died at East Sudbury, Mass., in May, 1604. Phinehas Pratt removed from Plymouth to Charlestown. John, another of the family, came over in 1633, in company with the celebrated Puritan divines, John Cotton and Thomas Hooker; and when the church, which had been formed at Newtown, Mass., by the latter, concluded to remove to Connecticut, Mr. Pratt was one of their number. They commenced their exodus in the month of June, 1636. It was to be through a dreary and trackless wilderness of more than a hundred miles. They had no guide but their compass; no covering but the heavens. There were about one hundred persons, men, women, and children. They drove along with them 160 head of cattle, subsisting on their march through the wilderness, upon the wild fruits which they found, and the milk of their cows. The females, who were ill, or too feeble to endure the journey on foot, were borne in litters upon the shoulders of the young athletic men. The whole journey occupied nearly a fortnight, during which they had no shelter but such as they formed of the branches of the trees. From the worthy Puritan here mentioned, the families of Pratt, in Connecticut, are mostly descended.

The father of the principal subject of this notice, (Zadock Pratt, senior,) was a native of Saybrook, Conn.; was a tanner and shoemaker; and when the revolutionary war broke out, he shouldered his musket, and repaired to his country's standard. He was engaged in several hard fought battles—was twice taken prisoner, and suffered much on board the prison ships at New-York. After the close of the war, he removed to the state of New-York, and died at Lexington, Greene county, in 1829, at the age of 74.

Zadock Pratt, the younger, had no other education than that of a common school, working out of school hours, to pay for his board. He had very early to contend with the difficulties of his position. He told the writer, with satisfaction, that the first money which he ever earned, was by gathering huckleberries! He worked in his father's tannery, and employed his leisure hours in braiding whip-lashes, &c., for which he readily found a market, and in a short time, by saving his little earnings, he found himself possessed of some thirty dollars—quite a treasure for a working boy. He was now apprenticed to a saddler, served out his apprenticeship, worked a year at his trade, at the wages of ten dollars a month, and then commenced business for himself. He now labored fifteen or sixteen hours a day; and this system of industry, coupled with prudence and judicious enterprise, soon placed him on the road to fortune.

Among the rules which it may be said formed the business creed of his life, were the trite and homely, but expressive maxims, which he used to post up in his work-shop and store, and mark upon his account books; "Do one thing at a time." "Be just and fear not." "Mind your own business." Blessed with an excellent constitution, and an iron frame; with an indomitable resolution and perseverance, which no difficulties could daunt, no exertions weary—labor was to him the salt of his existence, seasoning his daily bread, and stimulating him to further and higher exertions. From this time his course has been uniformly onward and upward. His life affords no great, no striking events, like those of the statesman, the successful soldier, or the man of letters; but it offers a most instructive and useful lesson to the youth of our country, and an example of perseverance and energy for them to imitate.

Mr. Pratt carried on his business successfully at Lexington, in connexion with his brothers, until 1824, when determining upon seeking a larger field of operations in manufacturing, he closed his business at Lexington, purchased the tract and water-power now included in the village, which bears his name, and commenced his operations. The forest on either hand, to the very tops of mountains, was a dense growth of hemlock, adapted to his purposes; communication was easy with New-York; and he at once saw that here was the spot for him to establish a mammoth tannery. He lost no time in commencing operations: and his labors were crowned with

Digitized by Google

the most complete success. His establishment soon gave employment in various ways to more than two hundred men, to all of whom he gave encouragement to settle around him.—His tannery was 500 feet long, containing over 300 vats, or about 46,000 cubic feet of room for tanning operations; requiring a consumption annually of 1500 cords of wood, and 6,000 cords of hemlock bark, in the manufacture of 60,000 sides of sole leather, which he annually sent to market—or say, more than a million of sides in the last twenty years,—employing a capital of over $250,000 a year, without a single litigated law-suit.

Had we space to do so, it would be interesting to trace the progress, step by step, of this remarkable business man; but we must hasten to the more immediate purpose of this notice, which is to allude to his public career. It may be said, however, that as the tide of prosperous business poured in upon him, his friends and neighbors also flourished; the town was rapidly settled and improved; streets were laid out, and ornamental trees planted by his own hands; schools were established, churches built, and houses and stores multiplied, until the village has become one of the most pleasant and flourishing settlements in the region of the Catskills. It is stated, that Mr. Pratt has himself erected more than a hundred houses, and his munificence is seen in all the churches and public buildings of the place, of which more than one-third the cost was defrayed from his own pocket.

In 1840, retiring in part from the more active business of his manufactory, Mr. Pratt employed a portion of his capital in the establishment of a bank at Prattsville, under the free banking law of the State of New-York. A capital of $100.000, secured in 6 per ct. stocks of the United States, and of the State of New-York, is thus employed, and has been found extremely useful in that mountainous region, its business averaging nearly a million of dollars annually. It is one of the few institutions, the bills of which are kept actually at par by redemption in New-York city.

Inheriting the patriotic spirit of his father, Mr. Pratt, in 1814, served a tour of military duty on Brooklyn Heights, when it was deemed necessary to provide for the defence of New-York from any possible descent of the enemy. Returning to the country, he was chosen to a captaincy in the 5th Regt. of Artillery, and in 1823, was unanimously elected colonel of the 116th Regt. of Infantry of the State of New-York. In this position, he was prompt, energetic, and liberal—a good disciplinarian, and contributed much to the improvement of the corps to which he was attached. When in command of his company, he furnished a uniform for the whole, and being in want of a suitable field-piece, he applied to the Governor, and succeeded in obtaining one of the twelve remaining to be disposed of, though there were thirty applicants before him. He proposed to Governor Clinton, that he would mount the cannon at his own expense. "No, no, young man," said the Governor, "you have already done enough without that." He provided the regiment under his command with all their music, at an expense of some $250.

The excellent quality of the manufactures of Col. Pratt,—a result which he attained by the adoption of every useful improvement in the art of tanning leather,—secured him a never-failing market. In 1837, he and his partner, (Col. Watson,) received the Silver Medal of the New-York Institute, for the best specimen of hemlock-tanned sole leather—the first medal ever awarded for that manufacture. In 1839, he was elected a Member of the American Institute; and in 1845, at the New-York State Fair, he was awarded the first premium in a Diploma. He glories in the name of a mechanic, and is proud to acknowledge the quiet and laborious occupation, in the diligent pursuit of which he has been eminently successful, and has earned a name and station among his countrymen.

Colonel Pratt has been, through life, a firm and consistent Democrat, entertaining the opinion that the safety and happiness of our country depend, mainly, under the Divine blessing, upon a strict adherence to the principles of the Democratic party, as expounded by Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson; and holds that the government should be so administered as to

Digitized by Google

extend the greatest good to the greatest number. But he is as little of a bigot in politics as he is in religion. The open and manly advocacy of his own opinions is accompanied with the most scrupulous regard to those which are held sacred by other persons; and he gives the best pledge of the purity of his own motives, by allowing to all who differ from him, the same right of private judgment and liberty of action as he claims and exercises for himself. He holds to the theory that the democratical form of government, which we live under, affords much greater opportunities for the success of virtuous exertion, and the due reward of humble industry and unostentatious merit, than the aristocratical and monarchical usages which other countries have adopted. It is equally true, that, in a democratical form of government every citizen is under an obligation to do all he can for the general good; to discharge the duties of every office, which the favorable opinion of his fellow-citizens may think him capable of fulfilling, and to shrink from no responsibility to which the public voice, or the dictates of his own conscience, suggests that he ought to devote himself. No citizen, under a republican form of government, is at liberty to live for himself alone.

Colonel Pratt's first step in public life may be said to have been his election on the democratic ticket, for the state of New-York, as an elector of President and Vice-President of the United States, in November, 1836. Mr. Pratt recorded his vote with those of his brother State Electors, for his neighbor and friend, Mr. Van Buren.

It not unfrequently happens, that the rich and successful man is an object of envy and dislike among his neighbors. His disposition, if naturally proud and imperious, will show itself in acts of arrogance and injustice towards those who, though his equals in everything else, are in humbler circumstances of life. If called upon to take a prominent part in public affairs, his faults are made conspicuous, and it is often the case that even the best intentions and most honest endeavors, are rewarded with public odium. Col. Pratt, however, seems to have been fortunate, not only in the accumulation of this world's goods, but equally so in securing the good opinion and constant respect of his neighbors and fellow-citizens at large. Plain and unostentatious in his way of life, and practicing the democratic principles which he professed, he was looked upon by the working community around him as one whom they could safely trust.

In November, 1836, he was elected one of the representatives in Congress for the eighth congressional district, in the state of New-York. He succeeded in this election, by a majority of upwards of twenty-seven hundred votes, the largest majority, we believe, that was ever given in that district. He received very nearly the unanimous vote of the town of Prattsville. Of his services while in Congress, some account will be given hereafter. It is sufficient in this place to say, that he earned the character of a WORKING MAN in that body; that he gained the respect of all parties in Washington; and in his example demonstrated the advantages which arise from sending men of practical knowledge and business habits to Congress; and how much that is really important to the people, may be performed by one such man, who i more desirous to act than to speak, and who cares less for the reputation of perfecting a useful measure, than for the solid satisfaction of feeling that he has been instrumental in its accomplishment.

In July, 1838, Col. Pratt published an address to his constituents, declining a re-election to Congress. In 1842, he yielded to their request, and was chosen to represent the eleventh Congressional district, composed of the counties of Greene and Columbia. On resuming his seat in Congress, his inquiry was not, "How can I make the most noise, or gain the greatest eclat?" —but, "How can I do the most work?" He never undertook to "define his position," or to make a speech for Buncombe. He made, indeed, few speeches, and they were commonly brief and plain statements of facts, which he had thoroughly investigated, and which he knew could be relied upon. The value in any public body of men, who are patient and laborious in their search after truth, is beyond all estimate. In the words of one of our ablest political journals, it may be truly said, that "Col. Pratt devoted himself to the *utility* of legislation. He

Digitized by Google

has given his attention to public objects, designed to advance science, the arts, commercial intercourse, the dissemination of useful knowledge, and to facilitate the practical labors of the departments. Few men have accomplished as much in these important respects as he has done, in the course of four years' Congressional service; and he has laid the foundations of good that will mature gradually hereafter, as views and suggestions, truly enlightened, and worthy a practical republican people and government, shall be brought to the popular consideration and action of Congress."*

Representing a portion of the great agricultural State of New-York—from his youth taught to look upon the farming interest as the paramount pursuit in this country, and coming from a district where a very large proportion of the inhabitants find their profession, their pleasures and profits in the noble employment of cultivating the soil, it must be supposed that the practical and utilitarian mind of Col. Pratt would dedicate a due share of its attention to the interests of agriculture. He originated the proposition, which was finally adopted by Congress, providing for the introduction, through our consuls and national vessels, of foreign seeds and plants, and for their gratuitous distribution to all portions of the country, through the medium of the patent office. The beneficial effects of this measure have already begun to be appreciated.

In 1842, Col. Pratt delivered an address before the Mechanic's Institute at Catskill, replete with excellent sentiments; and in 1845, at the great fair of the Greene County Agricultural Society at Cairo, he delivered an address which, had we the space to allow it, we would gladly spread before the readers of the Review. Few productions of the kind ever received more general commendation or a wider circulation.

Colonel Pratt's services in Congress were eminently practical. Placed upon the committee on Public Buildings, in 1837, he made himself thoroughly acquainted with all the details connected with the subject, and was soon prepared with a mass of information, which had an influence upon the action of that body. In 1839, he presented a report upon the quality of the different materials used in the construction of the public buildings at Washington—urging the policy and eventual economy of substituting marble or granite for the fragile and porous sandstone hitherto used. He demonstrated the propriety of the change with such force as to break down the opposition to the white marble, of which he proposed that the new General Post Office building should be constructed. "It is to the untiring perseverance of this gentleman, (said the Washington Globe,) that we are mainly indebted for this beautiful specimen of the mechanic arts." And it may truly be said that this beautiful edifice, unsurpassed by anything of the kind in the world, is his monument.

Upon investigating the condition of the several departments, Col. Pratt found that the buildings now used by the War and Navy Departments are totally inadequate to the wants of the government, showing a state of things which no good business man would suffer—not a single fire-proof building among them—at the same time a surplus in the treasury. His report upon that subject shows that these departments were at that time actually renting *ninety-four* private rooms in the city of Washington, at an annual expense of some $6000, for the accommodation of the different bureaux, which could not find room in the present Executive buildings. He proposed, therefore, that the evil, and the danger of loss to the public archives, should be remedied by the erection of new edifices for those departments, corresponding in style and convenience to the General Post Office. The necessity of these buildings is apparent to every one, and sooner or later Col. Pratt's suggestions will be carried out.†

* Albany Argus.

† As an illustration of the perseverance of Col. Pratt, when he has any useful object in view, it may be mentioned, that when he urged his proposition for building anew the War and Navy Departments, a Southern member of distinguished ability and influence, who was opposed to the bill, objected, because, he said, the committee had not submitted with their report the necessary plans and estimates. Col. Pratt reminded the gentleman that his objection must fall to the ground, as the plan and estimates were before the House; and taking them from the clerk's desk, he exhibited them to the objecting member; and the House, laughing at his

Digitized by Google

Of the cheap postage reform, Col. Pratt was one of the earliest advocates; moving a resolution to that effect, in 1838; and the information and statistics which he brought to bear upon the question, contributed in no small degree to the ultimate success of the measure. He submitted a valuable report on the improvement of the public grounds at Washington, together with a beautiful design for a National Monument to Washington. He proposed to aid the Washington Monument Society, who have now a fund exceeding $50,000, by giving them the proceeds of the sales of certain vacant and unproductive lots in the city, which can never be needed for the public use. He advocated with a hearty zeal the remission of the fine paid by the patriot JACKSON, and presented a table showing the overwhelming voice by which the people, through their legislative bodies, had demanded this act of justice to the Hero of New-Orleans.

In both Congresses of which he was a member, Col. Pratt was an earnest advocate of, and introduced the bill for the establishment of a Branch Mint in New-York, the commercial emporium of the country, where seven-tenths of the revenue are collected, and into which city a large portion of the importation of foreign coin is brought. We present (said he) the singular anomaly of a republican government forcing its citizens to be anti-American in coin—a greater portion of our specie circulation being in foreign money.

The fund which has arisen from the fees for patents issued at Washington, now amounts to nearly $150,000.—Col. Pratt introduced a resolution to provide for the publication and engraving of all the important inventions patented at Washington, for the purpose of having copies of those works distributed to every town throughout the country, for the information of the people.

Another resolution, of great practical importance, introduced by Col. Pratt, and adopted by Congress, was that which requires an inventory of the public property in the hands of the public agents, to be made out once in two years, and reported to Congress. The cost of the Custom-House establishment early attracted Col. Pratt's attention, and he caused to be prepared at the Treasury, a statement, exhibiting the amount of duties accruing upon merchandize, and duties upon tonnage, together with the cost of collection, so compiled as to represent the amounts and cost, by states and territories, for each year, from the foundation of the government to 1843. From the document thus prepared, it appears that the whole amount of revenue collected in the United States, from imports and tonnage, from 1789 to the 30th June, 1843, was *nine hundred and forty-five millions, seven hundred and fifty-three thousand, two hundred and fifteen dollars;* and that the cost of collecting this amount of revenue, was *forty millions, four hundred and thirty-five thousand, six hundred and ninety-two dollars.*

But the great measure to which Colonel Pratt directed his attention, and urged upon that of Congress, was the establishment of a Bureau of Statistics. In every enlightened nation of modern times (said he) except ours, the government has given especial attention to this subject. England has her Board of Trade; France, her Bureau de Commerce; Austria, her Statistical Bureau; the States of the German Customs' League have committed the subject to persons every way competent to the charge; and the efforts of the Russian Government to collect statistical information from every part of that immense empire, are worthy of all praise. The United States seem to have been working their way in the dark, or at least with uncertain and partial lights, derived from isolated

objections, immediately passed the bill. Before the inauguration of Mr. POLK, Col. Pratt urged the House for an appropriation to provide new furniture for the Presidential Mansion. The old curtains and furniture were worn and shabby. The House seemed reluctant to respond, when Col. Pratt took the responsibility of ordering a new suit of curtains to be furnished, telling the upholsterer that if Congress did not pay the bill he would. The thing was done. A few days after, a Southern member complained of Col. Pratt that he had acted without authority. The Colonel promptly replied that he had ordered the curtains on his own authority, and if objections were made from any quarter, he should pay for them from his own funds. And he would respectfully ask the objecting member if he had ever done as much for his country as that? The laugh was turned upon the member, and the appropriation asked for was passed.

Digitized by Google

facts, or statements hastily gathered by incompetent men, or from erroneous or unauthentic sources. It was right to expect that so palpable a deficiency would attract the attention of the business portion of the National Legislature, and that measures would be taken to supply it. Col. Pratt, in January, 1844, moved the preparatory inquiry, through a select committee; and on 8th March presented a luminous report in favor of the establishment of the Bureau, with a bill prescribing its organization, duties, &c. The report was accompanied by several elaborate statistical tables, illustrating the plan of the proposed bureau, and the mode of rendering efficient and serviceable its operations. The public press throughout the Union was unanimous, and the community appeared to be equally so, in favor of the plan. The only step, however, which Col. Pratt could induce Congress to take, was to provide, by joint resolution, for the transfer of three clerks, and their employment upon this service, in connection with one of the bureaux of the Treasury Department. Insufficient as this half-way measure is, it is gratifying to know that one step has been taken towards the accomplishment of this truly great national object. Even this small beginning, if competent men be placed in charge, will ere long furnish proof of the importance, economy, and great practical utility of the proposed measure. We hope to see the outline of Col. Pratt's plan filled up in every particular, and the bureau rendered every way competent to meet the great purposes of its establishment. It would, doubtless, be the means of saving millions to the country.

We regret that we have not room to follow out in detail the various important measures brought forward by Col. Pratt while in Congress. To do so, and do justice to him, would require a volume. The accompanying list of reports, which he made to the 28th Congress, will give some idea of his indefatigable industry; they cover more than a thousand pages. At the close of that Congress, Col. Pratt declined a re-election, in a very able address to his constituents, rendering a faithful account of his stewardship;* and is now engaged in the business of a banker at Prattsville. He is still in the prime of life, enjoying unbroken health, and full of mental and bodily vigor, and has every prospect of living to achieve much good, as he possesses both the power and the will so to do. It may be said of him, that the great object of his life has been practical usefulness. He desired to leave the world something better than he found it. He has been eminently successful in all his enterprises—has preserved a character spotless for integrity and honor—and in the relations of a neighbor and friend has no superior. As a citi-

* "In those matters of legislation relating to the country at large, in which I have borne a part, the PRACTICALLY USEFUL, however I may have come short of it, has been my constant aim. And in estimating what was or would be practically useful, I have looked to the future as well as to the present. I have thought that, in a country like ours, which may be said as yet hardly to have commenced its career, no legislation could be wise which did not look to the future, provide for its probable wants, take care of its apparent interests, and ward off its apparent dangers.

"Politically democratic, elected by democrats, and firmly believing that the principles and policy of the democratic party are in strict accordance with the nature of our institutions, and best calculated to secure our liberty and promote our prosperity, the journals will show that, in the four years of my services, that policy and those principles have never lacked my sanction or my support.

"Believing also that I was bound to serve you *faithfully* as well as usefully, I have endeavored as far as possible to devote *my whole time* to the duties of a station which I owed to your kindness. I have considered myself as *the servant* of the people, and bound in honor and in conscience to labor as diligently as every 'good and faithful servant' should. Hence, during the four years and as many sessions, in which I have had the honor to be your representative, *I have never, even for a single day, been absent from my post and my duty.* I feel, therefore, whatever may have been my other faults, that indolence or negligence has not been among their number. Wrong I may have done; mistaken I may have been; but I have never *neglected to do.* In short, I have been governed by the same rules in attending to your business which have ever governed me in regard to my own. Many of you know full well the difficulties which I have encountered and overcome in establishing among the hemlock forests of the Catskill mountains one of the largest tanneries and thriftiest villages of which our state can boast. Many of you also know that I commenced this task only some twenty years ago, and with little other capital or aid than were to be found in industry, perseverance, and a proper devotion to that useful though homely maxim—'Be always sure you're right, then go ahead.'"—*Extract from Col. Pratt's Address, March* 5, 1845.

Digitized by Google

zen, he has done much for the public good, and as a sound, practical, unswerving democrat, has never been found wanting.

In selecting the founder of Prattsville as the subject of this memoir, we have been actuated by a desire to do merited honor to that noble and enterprising spirit, which marks the characteristic of the man, and to spread before the rising generation of our great and happy country, the benefits of his example. He stands out in bold relief, first making his fortune in active business, and then aiding in the councils of his country, and of him it was said, none more useful. History is said to be philosophy teaching by example, and history after all is but the records of the deeds of men. The life of the hero, who has led conquering armies, may be written, and while every one may honor his bravery not one in a million can hope to benefit from his example. The lives of statesmen, of poets, and philosophers, what are they, unless they show something practical to the world, something true and tangible, adapted to the feelings and pursuits of the masses? The life of one practical man, like FRANKLIN, or WHITNEY, SLATER, or FULTON, is worth more than all the Greek and Roman heroes that ever existed. These men became world-renowned, because they possessed, in an eminent degree, true energy, which, after all, is one of the chief elements of greatness. Their characters were self-formed—they rose from the masses, and as you follow them step by step, you see how they rose gradually to distinction; how the benefits they at last conferred on mankind grew up to perfection in the school of early trial, self-reliance, and never-failing energy. We have the best of all authority for saying, that "Faith without Works is dead." If this be true in spiritual things, it is equally true in temporal. The world is full of visionaries, and accounts of visionary men; but how little is written of the useful, practical, energetic, common-sense man.

We regard the career of ZADOCK PRATT as in many respects a remarkable one, and therefore we have chosen him for the subject of this memoir. If it be asked, what has he done? we might almost be disposed to answer by asking, what has he not done that the young men of the country should emulate? If we look back to his youth, we see him toiling to aid his parents, then the faithful apprentice to a saddler, always diligent, trusty and true. We see him as he approached manhood exhibiting the energy and perseverance which have marked his character through life. As the business man, we see with what sterling integrity, admirable judgment and sagacity, always successful, from little to much, his affairs were conducted; how he breasted, himself to every emergency, relying upon his own resolute heart and never idle hand, and the blessing of God, who has promised to help those who help themselves. We have seen him toiling for a competence that he might do good, aiding others as he went along. We have seen with what courage he could endure the severest labors and exposures, even sleeping upon the snow, in pursuit of objects which he deemed essential to his prosperity and future usefulness. Conceiving the plan of establishing a great tannery, we see him plunging into the deep forests on the Catskill, and choosing with admirable judgment a location for his works, which is unrivalled, and can never again be equalled. This great establishment, under his auspices and persevering energy, we have seen grow up to be the largest of the kind in the world. Not only so, but we have seen this humble, pains-taking, laboring mechanic, almost with a magician's wand, erect a beautiful and prosperous town, in every public building and religious institution of which are seen the marks of his liberality. We have seen him building his hundred houses—the poor boy, whose first money was earned in picking huckle-berries upon the Catskill Mountains. When he came to settle in the little valley where the village now stands, he told the few inhabitants that he came to live among them, not upon them. He has kept good his word. He has accumulated a large fortune, never by impeding, but rather aiding the course of others—never pulling down any man, and without ever making a single enemy of any honorable man.

It has been said, that one of the best governors who ever ruled in Massachusetts, was an uneducated man. He was practical and sound in his views; knew the rights of the people, and re-

Digitized by Google

spected them; knew their wants, and, as far as possible, provided for them. To him belongs the glory of first introducing free schools into that colony. Col. Pratt, though enjoying no advantages of early education, is not insensible to its importance, and has always been the fast friend and liberal patron of schools and institutions of learning, morality and religion. As a military man, we have seen him ever the friend of the soldier, and standing up nobly for the soldier's rights, and always the favorite of his company or regiment. We have seen him as the magistrate and supervisor respected, and honored as the choice for the people for elector of President and Vice-President, and twice elected, with uncommon unanimity, to the Congress of the United States. In that great body, we have seen him nobly sustain his character of the WORKING MAN, earning the respect of all parties, and having the most entire confidence of his own. In short, we have seen him fill with distinguished ability the three positions of Farmer, Banker, and Legislator. Well, then, may it be said of him, that no man did more for the good of the people; and when the judgment of the country shall be pronounced on his labors, it will be shown that no man originated so many great and important measures, whether we regard them in the light of economy, or of their ultimate effect upon the interests of legislation and of the people. We have seen that he labored in this great field, as he has always done, for the true interests of the farmer and mechanic, and for the working classes generally—proving himself equal to his business, and never above it, here or elsewhere. As the light and vivifying rays of the sun bring forth the early blossoms and rich fruits of the earth, scattering plenty and blessings around—so may it truly be said, that the HONEST MAN, who determines to be useful, and perseveres against whatever obstacle, giving employment to, and aiding the efforts of those around him, is the almoner of God's bounty to his fellow men. And it is no deterioration of the merits of the hero, the statesman, or the politician, to say, that the straightforward USEFUL MAN, upright, energetic, and liberal, is the noblest of them all—"an honest man's the noblest work of God." Such a man is ZADOCK PRATT; and his examples of industry and fidelity, perseverance and public spirit, as well as generosity, we would recommend to the observation of the youth of our land. Of him it may be truly said, when we review his plain, unostentatious and honorable career—marked by liberality in thought and deed—that he is one of "Nature's Noblemen"—an architect of his own fortunes—and truly a MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

*Memorandum of Reports submitted to the House of Representatives during the 28th Congress, by the Hon. Zadock Pratt.*

*March* 7, 1844. No. 286.—Negative report on the application of the Mayor of Washington, for a public clock, to be placed upon the Patent Office.

*March* 7, 1844. No. 267.—Report on the public buildings and grounds, showing the condition of the Executive Departments, and the importance of providing additional accommodations for the War and Navy Departments.

*March* 8, 1844. No. 301.—Report on the establishment of a Bureau of Statistics and Commerce, submitting a plan for its efficient organization, accompanied by elaborate statistical tables, illustrating the great importance of the proposed measure.

*May* 24, 1844. No. 516.—Report on the practicability of making alterations in the Hall of the House of Representatives.

*May* 25, 1844. No. 515.—Report on the expenditures since 1800, in the District of Columbia. The facts embodied in this report are exceedingly interesting. They show all the items of expenditure, the whole amounting, on the 3d March, 1843, to $10,032,425. The Capitol, including the statuary and paintings, cost about $3,000,000; the President's house and Treasury building, each $700,000; the Patent Office, and General Post Office, each $500,000, in round numbers. All the public property in Washington is exempt from city taxes. Besides the public edifices there, the government owns in President's square, 83 acres; Capitol square and Mall, 227 acres; Park, 29 acres; and in other squares, 202 acres; besides 1582 lots in various parts of the city, valued in 1844, at $182,000.

Digitized by Google

*December* 31, 1844. No. 20.—Report on the necessity of erecting new buildings for the War and Navy departments, and recommending an appropriation of $100,000 to commence the work, under the direction of the President.

*January* 28, 1845. No. 89.—Further report on the same subject, accompanied by a plan of the proposed buildings to be located on the Executive Square.

*January* 28, 1845. No. 78.—Report on the expediency of altering the Hall of the House of Representatives, so as to obviate the difficulty of hearing within the chamber.

*January* 28, 1845. No. 79.—Remarks on presenting the Memorial of Asa Whitney of New-York, for aid in the proposed construction of a National Railroad, connecting the Atlantic and Pacific. Col. Pratt believed the project, though a stupendous one, was feasible, and that once completed and properly managed, the road would become the great highway of nations.

*January* 28, 1845. No. 80.—Report on the preservation of National Trophies, recommending that a suitable building or place should be provided, in which the flags and other trophies taken by our heroic troops from the enemy in battle, may be arranged and preserved.

*February* 7, 1845. No. 110.—Further report on the importance of establishing a Bureau of Statistics, submitting a letter in favor thereof from the Secretary of the Treasury.

*February* 15, 1845.—No. 138. Report on the Extension of American Commerce to Japan and Corea. Col. Pratt proposed that measures should be taken to effect commercial arrangements, similar to those with China, with the empire of Japan, containing a population of 50,000,000, and the kingdom of Corea, having nearly 20,000,000 of inhabitants—believing that it would result in great and permanent advantages to this country.

*February* 15, 1845.—No. 139. Report in favor of the Publication of the Patents recorded at the Patent Office in Washington, and of providing for the distribution to every town in the country of the descriptions and engravings so published, for the information of the people.

*February* 25, 1845.—No. 186. Report on the Statistics of the United States, particularly with reference to the population, business, and relative progress of the North and South, and the bearing of the admission of Texas upon the great interests of the country. The document not only displays the comparative industry and productiveness of the different sections of the Union, but throws a great deal of light upon the influence of climate and occupation upon human life in the United States. It contains matter which, properly carried out, would supply a great desideratum, viz., a means of modifying the tables used by insurance companies upon lives in the United States, a business that is becoming of great importance, and requires the developement of facts to regulate rates of insurance in the United States. The whole is evidently the projection of a comprehensive business mind, alive to the many wants of the community. An elaborate and very valuable document.

*February* 25, 1845.—No. 185. Additional Report on the Public Edifices at Washington, with plans and estimates of the proposed new buildings for the War and Navy departments.

*March* 2, 1845.—No. 200. Report exhibiting in detail the Salaries of persons employed in the various public offices at Washington, a very interesting document, showing among other facts the following:—There are 733 persons employed upon stated salaries in the different public offices at Washington, their salaries ranging from 500 to 6000 dollars. These are exclusive of the Officers of the Army and Navy. Of these persons, it appears that the different states furnish the following proportions.

| States. | No. in Off. | Agg. Sals. |
|---|---|---|
| Virginia, | 144 | $200,396 |
| Maryland, | 133 | 170,305 |
| District of Columbia, | 99 | 77.455 |
| Kentucky, | 7 | 34,150 |
| South Carolina, | 5 | 17,800 |
| North Carolina, | 10 | 16,300 |
| Louisiana | 1 | 9,000 |
| Tennessee | 3 | 7,300 |
| Delaware | 4 | 6,750 |
| Alabama | 1 | 4,500 |
| Mississippi | 1 | 1,500 |
| Pennsylvania | 90 | 123,790 |
| Massachusetts | 43 | 86,245 |
| New-York | 37 | 63,250 |
| New-Hampshire | 23 | 42,000 |
| Maine | 25 | 31,150 |
| Rhode Island | 6 | 24,100 |
| New-Jersey | 17 | 23,245 |
| Connecticut | 15 | 22,815 |
| Vermont | 5 | 5,545 |
| Ohio | 6 | 4,400 |

*Foreigners in Office, at Washington City.*—Ireland, 19; England, 14; France, 5; Germany, 7; Scotland, 6; Switzerland, 4; Morocco, 1; Prussia, 1; Spain, 1;

*March* 3, 1845.—No. 165. Letter of the Secretary of the Treasury, in reply to a call of Col. Pratt, transmitting a statement, exhibiting the amount of duties on imports and tonnage, and expenses



Digitized by Google

of collecting the same, from 1769 to 3d June, 1843.

*Same date.*—No. 284. Report in favor of testing the new mode of taking yeas and nays in the House of Representatives, proposed by Lieut. Farley, of the U. S. Coast Survey, with the correspondence of Professors Morse, Bache, Hare, &c. on the subject.

*May* 25, 1845.—No. 514. Report in favor of appropriating a plot of ground on the public Mall, in Washington city, to be called Monument Square, in the centre of which a National Monument should be erected, and in favor of giving the Washington Monument Society sufficient aid by the sale of unproductive lots, now owned by government, to enable them to complete the long-meditated and too long-neglected monument to the Father of his Country. The report was accompanied by a plan of a beautiful monument, designed by Col. Pratt. The crypt or basement to contain the Statue of Washington, with niches for the Busts of the Presidents of the United States. The second story to contain niches for Statues of illustrious men of the country. The third story to be a Saloon or Gallery for paintings of historical and national subjects.

In addition to the above reports mentioned, there were other and prominent objects to which Col. Pratt gave his attention. Among these was the elaborate report, in 1839, in relation to the public buildings at Washington, concluding with a resolution declaring that thereafter all the government buildings should be constructed of the hardest and best material. He introduced, as early as his first session, the resolution to reduce the rates of postage, which he lived to see accomplished at his last session. He moved the bill for the amendment of the naturalization laws. He moved, also, a resolution requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to furnish blanks to enable the banks to make uniform returns. He introduced, while the Texan question was pending, a resolution calling on the Secretary of State for a statement of the amount of the public debt of Texas, her imports, exports, revenues and expenditures for the years 1843 and 1844; her population, free and slaves; her public lands under grant, and the amount estimated as suitable for cultivation ungranted. In the District of Columbia there is no law authorizing the business of banking, the charters of all the banks having expired. Col. Pratt introduced a bill authorizing the establishment of banks in the District, upon the system of the free banking law of New-York. The bill, however, was not acted upon for want of time, and the circulation of the District of Columbia is almost entirely in the paper of banks acting without a charter. He was also the author of the bill to establish a Branch Mint in the city of New-York. He introduced a bill providing that the income of the Smithsonian Fund should be appropriated for improvements in agriculture, mechanics, and literature, so as to be beneficial to the people of all the states; the spirit of this bill of Mr. Pratt has since been embraced in a law. He also introduced a resolution for a periodical and careful examination of the bonds and other securities held by the government, and for taking an inventory of the public property. His resolution, authorizing the loan of the government marquees and tents to state fairs, led, no doubt, to much facility in the arrangement of these useful assemblages. He was also one of the most efficient advocates of a Dry Dock at Brooklyn, N. Y. Other important propositions were submitted by this gentleman, from time to time, which we have not space to enumerate.

Digitized by Google

## FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

THERE has been little change during the month in the general features of the markets. The causes which have been in operation since August, to promote exports at advancing prices, have continued to affect exchanges, sinking the rates rapidly, until they approximate the specie-importing point, both here and at New-Orleans. Money has been, therefore, gradually becoming more abundant, notwithstanding the withdrawal of funds by the government from the deposit banks here, for transmission to the south, in extra war expenditures. It is to be considered, however, that although the government, by sending funds from New-York to New-Orleans, apparently diminishes the amount to be loaned in New-York, yet the diminished import of dutiable goods has reduced the payments to be made by the importing-houses to the custom-house, and, consequently, the demand for money. That is to say, the amount of public money on deposit in New-York, August 1st, was $3,924,983, which was reduced to $2,232,266 Nov. 1st; being a withdrawal of $1, 692,717 more from New-York than the current revenues for the quarter. The customs were, however, in August, Sept. and Oct. $4,505,568, against $5,742,622, in the same months of 1845. Hence, although the government sent away $1,692,717, it received $1,237,060 less money from the New-York importing merchants, or reducing the foreign trade of the quarter in New-York, as compared with the same quarter last year, to a kind of account current, it will stand thus:

| | 1845. | | 1846. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Goods imported | | $21,479,535 | | $18,016,440 |
| Paid in produce | $8,382,182 | | $8,972,189 | |
| " bills | 11,962,144 | | 9,924,057 | |
| " specie | 1,135,209 | | 120,194 | |
| | | 21,479,535 | | 18,016,440 |
| Duties cash | | 5,742.622 | | 4,505,568 |

The difference is here very great. There has been $1,015,015 less specie sent abroad, the value of foreign goods purchased being less by $3,463,095, and $1,237,060 less paid the government, making $2,252,075 less outlay by the importers, while the exports of produce have been greater by 590,007; under such circumstances money could not but be plenty, and the effect on the exchanges is seen in the following table of rates, by each packet, from August 1st to November 16th.

| | 1844. | | 1845. | | 1846. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Sterling. | Francs. | Sterling. | Francs. | Sterling. | Francs. |
| August 1 | 9¼ a 9¾ | 5.25½ | 10 a 10¼ | 5.27½ | 7¼ a 7¾ | 5.40 |
| " 15 | 9¾ a 10 | 5.23¾ | 10 a 10¼ | 5.25 | 7¾ a 8¼ | 5.37½ |
| September 1 | 9¾ a 10 | 5.22½ | 9¾ a 10¼ | 5.25 | 8¾ a 9 | 5.31¼ |
| " 15 | 9¾ a 10 | 5.22½ | 9¾ a 10¼ | 5.25 | 9 a 9¼ | 5.30 |
| October 1 | 9¾ a 10 | 5.22½ | 9¾ a 10 | 5.25 | 8¼ a 8¾ | 5.30 |
| " 15 | 9¾ a 10 | 5.22½ | 9¼ a 9¾ | 5.25 | 8 a 8½ | 5.31¼ |
| November 1 | 9¾ a 10¼ | 5.21¼ | 9¼ a 9½ | 5.25 | 6¼ a 7¼ | 5.37½ |
| " 15 | 9¾ a 10¼ | 5.21¼ | 8½ a 9 | 5.26¼ | 6¼ a 6¾ | 5.38¾ |

The prospect is, that this state of things will continue for some time at New-Orleans. The rates of bills are as follows, on the 1st of each month:

| | July. | Aug. | Sept. | Oct. | Nov. | Dec. | Jan. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1844 | 8 pr ct | 9¼ | 8¼ | 8¼ | 6 | 6¼ | 7¼ |
| 1845 | 8¾ | 9¼ | 9¼ | 8¼ | 8¼ | 8¾ | 8¼ |
| 1846 | 6 | 6¾ | 8 | 8¾ | 5¾ | — | — |

Digitized by Google

The rates of bills are still very heavy at New-Orleans, and must soon be followed by renewed imports of specie, notwithstanding that the quantity held by the New-Orleans banks continues very large—as follows:

BANKS OF NEW-ORLEANS.

| | Cash Liabilities. | Cash Assets. | Circulation. | Specie. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Nov. 1, 1845 | 11,781,742 | 15,387,978 | 4,295,665 | 6,208,381 |
| May 30, 1846 | 13,450,078 | 16,244,363 | 5,865,056 | 6,698,031 |
| Nov. 1, 1846 | 12,599,188 | 15,611,804 | 4,840,511 | 6,627,027 |

This large amount of specie has been held by those institutions for more than three years, and has, we see, increased during the last year; while a new year has opened with exchanges 4 per cent. below par. There is nothing in the position of affairs at that important point which can indicate any scarcity of money. The banks of the state of New-York are equally strong in their position; being, according to their reports, as follows:

IMMEDIATE MEANS AND LIABILITIES OF THE NEW-YORK BANKS.

| Immed. Liabil. | Nov. 1843. | Aug. 1844. | Feb. 1845. | Nov. 1845. | Feb. 1846. | May 1846. | Aug. 1846. | Nov. 1846. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Deposits | $27,380,160 | 28,757,122 | 25,976,246 | 31,773,991 | 29,654,401 | 30,868,337 | 28,110,553 | 30,629,196 |
| Nett circulat'n | 12,952,045 | 15,349,205 | 16,126,394 | 19,366,377 | 18,407,773 | 18,409,977 | 15,537,425 | 19,847,453 |
| Due banks | 4,941,414 | 7,744,118 | 3,816,252 | 3,996,249 | 4,662,073 | 2,973,658 | 5,986,583 | 3,660,361 |
| Canal Fund | 1,157,203 | 1,210,794 | 1,607,572 | 1,581,330 | 896,843 | 646,328 | 433,715 | 581,737 |
| United States | 1,645,320 | 3,674,171 | 700,064 | 3,002,649 | 2,580,711 | 3,493,622 | 2,115,640 | 1,098,330 |
| Total | $48,076,142 | 56,735,410 | 48,296,528 | 59,020,596 | 56,201,761 | 56,391,962 | 51,463,916 | 55,817,077 |
| **Immed. Means.** | | | | | | | | |
| Specie | 11,502,789 | 10,161,974 | 6,893,236 | 8,884,545 | 8,361,383 | 8,361,383 | 8,673,309 | 8,048,384 |
| Cash items | 3,102,856 | 4,916,862 | 4,839,886 | 5,947,585 | 6,370,302 | 5,830,700 | 4,941,221 | 7,786,699 |
| Total | $14,605,645 | 15,108,836 | 11,733,122 | 14,832,120 | 14,731,685 | 14,011,324 | 13,614,530 | 15,835,083 |
| Loans | 61,514,149 | 71,643,929 | 66,883,098 | 74,780,435 | 71,897,580 | 72,591,431 | 68,852,486 | 71,950,191 |
| Excess Liabil. | 33,479,607 | 41,626,574 | 36,493,406 | 44,188,476 | 41,470,071 | 42,380,678 | 37,842,386 | 39,971,994 |

The net circulation of the banks is larger than ever before, being at this season paid out freely in the interior for produce which, on coming down, finds a ready sale to meet the notes as they arrive. Notwithstanding this large circulation, there are less country bank notes in the hands of brokers than usual, showing that there is less holding of produce for account of the interior than is generally the case in times of speculation. Notwithstanding the withdrawing of United States deposites, which for the whole state amounts to $2,133,288, the private deposites have increased in banks $3,634,621 during the quarter. The "cash items" of the banks have increased largely, being to some extent, treasury notes.

In such a state of affairs, the new loan asked for by the federal government was a desirable investment. The loan asked for was $5,000,000, at 6 per cent. stock, payable semi-annually, redeemable Nov. 16, 1856, or in ten years. The old loan is redeemable in 1862, and bears 6 per cent. semi-annual interest. The loans are, therefore, of the same nature as the new one, having six years less to run. The old loan sold at 106, with four months interest accrued, which was equal to 104 for the stock, at which rate the stock, 16 years to run, will pay 5¾ per cent. per annum interest on the money invested. The new stock to pay the same rate of interest, for 10 years, is worth 102.52. More than double the amount of the stock was bid for at par, and was sold on the day the proposals were assessed, to the New-York stock board, at 101 for the opening of the books. Small sales of the old stock were made at the same time at 107, but did not establish the price. The wants of the government will probably require a further loan. The quarter, which ends Sept. 30, is usually that in which the largest revenues are secured for the year. The revenues and expenditures this year in that quarter, as compared with former ones, are as follows:

Digitized by Google

UNITED STATES REVENUES AND EXPENDITURES FOR THE SEPT. QUARTER IN FOUR YEARS.

| | 1843. | 1844. | 1845. | 1846. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Revenue. | | Quarter ending Sept. 30th. | | |
| Customs | $6,132,272 | 10,873,718 | 8,861,832 | 6,125,000 |
| Lands | 388,870 | 434,902 | 480,819 | 640,000 |
| Miscellaneous | 26,871 | 27,839 | 17,717 | 17,600 |
| Loan | 66,000 | — | — | 1,953,950 |
| Total | $6,614,013 | 11,336,559 | 9,360,469 | 8,735,950 |
| Expenditure. | | | | |
| Civil, &c | $1,016,257 | 1,411 052 | 1,792,178 | 1,644,271 |
| Army | 3,156,557 | 3,277,996 | 4,211,931 | 10,406,924 |
| Navy | 2,049,387 | 1,906,206 | 2,331,359 | 1,969,980 |
| Debt | 6,997,587 | 638,589 | 121,054 | 67,485 |
| Total | $13,219,389 | 7,233,844 | 8,456,522 | 14,088,661 |

The quarter for 1843 was the first of the operation of the tariff of 1842, and the customs were rather *more* than in the same quarter of the fourth year of its operation. The great speculations of 1844 produced a large revenue in the Sept. quarter of that year. It fell off $2,000,000 in 1845, and again $2,000,000 in 1846. The new tariff fortunately comes into operation on the 1st December, and with the prospective abundance of money, and large exports to supply the wants of Europe, the imports for the next year must be healthily large, and, as a consequence, the government will derive improved revenues. The government debt is now as follows:

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT DEBT.

| | Interest. | |
|---|---|---|
| Old debt and debt of D. C. | | $1,446,815 56 |
| Loan of April 15, 1842, redeemable Jan., 1863 | 6 per cent | 8,343,886 03 |
| " March 3, 1843, " July, 1853 | 5 " | 7,004,231 35 |
| " July 22, 1846, " Nov., 1856 | 6 " | 5,000,000 00 |
| Treasury notes issued prior to July, 1846 | ¼ " | 412,283 97 |
| Do. Do. under act of " " | 1 mill a 5 2-5ths | 2,660,000 00 |
| Total actual debt, Dec., 1846 | | $24,867,216 91 |
| Authorised to issue | | 2,340,000 00 |
| Total debt | | $27,207,216 91 |
| Deduct cash in hand | | 3,459,560 62 |

This is the state of affairs after six months of warfare, and of actual operations in the field, by which several vast provinces have been added to the territory of the United States.

Independently of the financial, political and military operations of the federal government, the state of affairs is such as to present the greatest prospect of national and agricultural prosperity.

A combination of events throughout the commercial world, conspires to give permanency and stability to the free trade policy adopted by England and the United States, and which is progressing in France and the countries of Western Europe, and also to promote the commercial ascendancy of the United States. While following the example of England, all countries have been seeking to turn the industry of their people from the production of food into other employments, apparently on the assumption, that in any and all events there will always be abundance of food produced, they are, in the midst of fancied prosperity and of vast accumulation of wealth, suddenly threatened with famine.

Almost all the products of industry other than food, can be produced in excess of supply, so that for long periods of time they will go on accumulating in surplus stocks. Not so with food. Not only does it usually happen in all countries, and in all ages, that the quantity raised by the inhabitants of a country, in each year, is about equal to their con-

Digitized by Google

sumption, but from the nature of food it will not keep good for a length of time. Hence the whole human race is, as it were, dependent each year for its existence upon the fruitfulness of the earth; and notwithstanding that occasionally whole nations suffer severely through deficient harvests, short sighted governments and quack legislatures are continually seeking to promote the production of all other articles rather than food. England, for 150 years, to be sure, directed the whole powers of her government to the encouragement of farming, in order to avoid a dependence on foreign nations. Look at the result! The existence of millions of her people depends upon the products of American industry. Notwithstanding the necessity of farming occupations, it seems ever to have been the case, that when it becomes matter of choice, other employments, manufactures and trades, are preferred by the people of all countries, probably as being less laborious, and affording more of the luxuries of life. They concentrate in cities, and apply their industry to the production of other articles than food. Seeing that is the natural tendency of human industry, it would seem to be indicative of wisdom on the part of governments, not to seek to lessen the production of food by encouraging other pursuits, but rather by facilitating commerce, to promote not only an enhanced market for produce, but the means of transporting it. We have shown in former numbers, that the tendency of affairs in Europe and England has been, for the last 20 years, to diminish the production and increase the consumption of food, and consequently to accelerate that state of affairs which now presents itself, viz., a general dependence upon the United States both for a supply of food to make good deficient harvests, and of shipping, to transport it in sufficient abundance. It was the great mission of the United States, not only to set the people of Europe an example of popular government, but of freedom of politics, conscience and commerce, and to relieve, through the agency of free institutions, the evils that might overtake them through the workings of bad government there. The United States have, however, been false to this duty. Instead of adhering to their principles, and allowing commerce to thrive under the genius of liberty, they have sought to trammel and oppress it, by following the absurd maxims of European politics. They have, by protecting manufactures," and "encouraging home industry," discouraged the production of that food which, sooner or later, was certain to be demanded of them by the people of Europe. The same false system has discouraged the building of ships necessary to transport large quantities of food to Europe, and bring back the ample returns in the products of European industry. We consequently now find that the high prices at which American food is laid down to the people of England, is composed by nearly one third the enormous charges for transportation. The vast produce of the west, under the influence of foreign demand, has been pouring through the Erie canal to market in great abundance, and freights had risen to a rate ruinous to the farmers and shippers. At the same time a line of railroads, running along the banks of the canal, have been prohibited from carrying freight. This senseless and outrageous prohibition has cost producers of grain $1,000,000, during the present season, more than it otherwise would have done, had the competition of the railroad brought down freights on the canal.

We have, in former numbers, when treating of the corn trade, shown that England can in no wise derive supplies from the continent to make good a large deficit. During the year which has just elapsed, ending Sept. 5, 1846, England has been dependent upon foreign countries for large supplies of grain and food. The harvest which is just ended, is represented on all sides as deficient in all coarse grains. Potatoes are but half a crop, and peas, beans, oats, barley, &c., are by no means so full as last year. In estimating, therefore, what the actual wants of England will be in the course of the year, we must take into consideration what they were last year. These are indicated in the actual quantities imported for consumption, in addition to her own production. As wheat and flour are represented to be the least deficient, we will take the trade in those articles, as represented in the following table, compiled from official sources:

Digitized by Google

FOREIGN SUPPLY OF WHEAT AND FLOUR IN GREAT BRITAIN, YEAR ENDING SEPT. 5, 1846.

| | Import. | | Ent. for consumpt'n. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Wheat, qrs. | Flour, cwt. | Wheat, qrs. | Flour, cwt. |
| In bond, Sept. 5, 1845 | 445,088 | 222,292 | — | — |
| Sept. 5 to Jan., 1846 | 884,820 | 688,808 | 744,160 | 446,688 |
| Jan. 5 to April 5, " | 312,276 | 479,135 | 11,993 | 65,008 |
| April 5 to Sept. 5, " | 1,216,588 | 1,698,837 | 1,840,765 | 2,744,194 |
| Total | 2,858,766 | 3,089,072 | 2,596,864 | 3,255,890 |

By this, it appears that the supply of foreign wheat, and wheat flour, for the year ending Sept. 5, was equal to 30,593,808 bushels of wheat; and of that there was taken out of bond for consumption, a quantity equal to 28,914,537 bushels of wheat, leaving nothing in bond with which to commence the new year, considerable quantities having been exported from English warehouses to meet the greater wants of France. The largest portion of the produce was taken out of bond after May, and the quantities have been as follows:

| 1846. | Wheat. | Flour. | Barley. | Oats. | Beans. | Peas. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | qrs. | cwt. | qrs. | qrs. | qrs. | qrs. |
| In bond May 5, | 1,339,955 | 1,119,427 | 92,572 | 127,473 | 53,803 | 18,374 |
| Imp't fm. May 5 to Sept. 5 | 783,388 | 1,698,837 | 86,724 | 439,704 | 120,869 | 45,823 |
| Supply | 2,123,343 | 2,818,264 | 179,296 | 567,177 | 174,672 | 64,170 |
| Export and consumpt'n | 1,922,521 | 2,801,226 | 127,431 | 492,090 | 71,751 | 39,120 |
| | 200,822 | 17,038 | 51,865 | 75,087 | 102,921 | 25,050 |

We have now to observe the effect upon prices of these large quantities turned into the English markets, and to that end we will bring forward the table, published partially in a former number, as follows:

AVERAGE PRICE OF GRAIN THAT REGULATED THE DUTY IN ENGLAND.

| | Wh't. | | Bar. | | Oats. | | Rye. | | B'ns. | | Peas. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | s. | d. | s. | d. | s. | d. | s. | d. | s. | d. | s. | d. |
| May 2 | 56 | 5 | 29 | 8 | 23 | 7 | 32 | 5 | 34 | 11 | 33 | 10 |
| " 9 | 56 | 8 | 29 | 7 | 23 | 9 | 33 | 5 | 35 | 8 | 34 | 7 |
| " 16 | 57 | 0 | 29 | 4 | 24 | 1 | 33 | 5 | 35 | 11 | 34 | 11 |
| " 23 | 55 | 5 | 28 | 10 | 23 | 8 | 34 | 6 | 36 | 0 | 34 | 6 |
| " 30 | 53 | 4 | 29 | 4 | 23 | 9 | 32 | 4 | 35 | 10 | 34 | 2 |
| June 6 | 52 | 10 | 27 | 8 | 23 | 4 | 32 | 10 | 35 | 10 | 34 | 10 |
| " 13 | 52 | 0 | 27 | 1 | 23 | 8 | 32 | 4 | 35 | 8 | 34 | 9 |
| " 20 | 51 | 5 | 27 | 3 | 23 | 3 | 33 | 4 | 36 | 4 | 32 | 6 |
| " 27 | 52 | 2 | 27 | 4 | 23 | 6 | 32 | 7 | 37 | 6 | 35 | 0 |
| July 4 | 52 | 10 | 27 | 6 | 23 | 8 | 33 | 11 | 38 | 5 | 35 | 5 |
| " 11 | 52 | 3 | 27 | 7 | 24 | 3 | 33 | 3 | 37 | 11 | 35 | 3 |
| " 18 | 50 | 10 | 27 | 10 | 23 | 0 | 36 | 5 | 38 | 4 | 36 | 4 |
| " 25 | 49 | 11 | 27 | 2 | 23 | 5 | 29 | 9 | 38 | 9 | 36 | 10 |
| Aug. 1 | 47 | 5 | 26 | 11 | 23 | 5 | 28 | 2 | 39 | 3 | 35 | 11 |
| " 8 | 45 | 2 | 26 | 9 | 24 | 0 | 29 | 8 | 39 | 8 | 35 | 3 |
| " 15 | 45 | 1 | 27 | 3 | 23 | 3 | 30 | 7 | 39 | 0 | 36 | 0 |
| " 22 | 45 | 11 | 27 | 5 | 23 | 3 | 30 | 10 | 39 | 9 | 36 | 9 |
| " 29 | 47 | 10 | 29 | 1 | 23 | 0 | 31 | 10 | 39 | 9 | 38 | 6 |
| Sept. 5 | 49 | 0 | 31 | 0 | 23 | 2 | 32 | 7 | 40 | 4 | 37 | 1 |
| " 12 | 50 | 0 | 33 | 7 | 23 | 5 | 32 | 4 | 40 | 11 | 38 | 10 |
| " 19 | 51 | 3 | 36 | 1 | 23 | 7 | 33 | 0 | 41 | 6 | 40 | 5 |
| " 26 | 53 | 1 | 36 | 10 | 23 | 7 | 35 | 7 | 42 | 7 | 45 | 0 |
| Oct. 3 | 54 | 0 | 36 | 9 | 24 | 3 | 35 | 5 | 43 | 4 | 45 | 4 |
| " 10 | 56 | 10 | 37 | 2 | 24 | 7 | 35 | 9 | 43 | 7 | 46 | 7 |
| " 17 | 59 | 10 | 38 | 8 | 25 | 8 | 38 | 3 | 45 | 5 | 47 | 3 |
| " 24 | 60 | 10 | 40 | 00 | 26 | 00 | 39 | 0 | 45 | 00 | 48 | 10 |

On the 16th of May the price of wheat was higher by 12s., than on the 15th of August, three months later, on which day prices of all grains were very low, as compared with the May prices. That great and rapid fall was the natural consequence of the quantities released from bond. As those supplies were consumed, prices again began to rise, until in the middle of October they had reached points higher than ever. The advance from August 15, to October 24, was as follows:

| | Wheat. | Barley. | Oats. | Rye. | Beans. | Peas. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. |
| Rise | 15 9 | 12 8 | 3 0 | 8 3 | 5 8 | 12 10 |

So great an advance could not but draw out supplies of the new crops in a manner to check the buoyancy of the markets, and stop the advance. This was the case last year, and but little foreign food was admitted to consumption, while the weight of the English crops pressed upon the market. European wheat and flour continued to accumulate in bond until the large quantities, expressed in the above table, were on hand in May; and but for those large quantities, the distress would have been great before the new crops were harvested, even although they were realised a month earlier than

Digitized by Google

usual. Now, most of that large stock was derived from Europe, because Europe then had it to spare. That is, however, not the case this year. Whatever may be the wants of England between May and September, 1847, she must depend upon the United States for them. The capacity of the United States to spare to England quantities so large as those required by her last year, unless at high rates, may well be questioned.

The following is a table of the quantities of wheat and flour which arrived at tide water on the Hudson for three years:

FLOUR AND WHEAT DELIVERED AT TIDE-WATER ON THE HUDSON.

| | 1844. | | 1845. | | 1846. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Flour. bbls. | Wheat. bush. | Flour. bbls. | Wheat. bush. | Flour. bbls. | Wheat. bush. |
| To 1st week in Sept. | 1,299,856 | 599,879 | 1,108,685 | 291,938 | 1,590,292 | 915,283 |
| 2d " " | 75,491 | 57,438 | 75,819 | 34,821 | 69,009 | 137,118 |
| 3d " " | 71,514 | 55,773 | 77,070 | 70,871 | 79,157 | 159,425 |
| 4th " " | 98,172 | 50,913 | 82,289 | 85,797 | 115,630 | 156,090 |
| To 1st week in Oct. | 76 964 | 103,679 | 89,412 | 75,572 | 105,439 | 148,088 |
| 2d " " | 79,687 | 82,536 | 81,322 | 82,600 | 98,032 | 193,117 |
| 3d " " | 89,320 | 78,716 | 127,599 | 141,945 | 120,682 | 269,205 |
| 4th " " | 120,836 | 43 013 | 146,858 | 182,156 | 65,166 | 123,035 |
| November, 1st week | 73,867 | 28,217 | 146,497 | 136,180 | 178,488 | 282,423 |
| " 2d | 111,477 | 54,664 | 132,178 | 101,990 | 196,104 | 211,105 |
| " 3d | 139,685 | 67,246 | 240,580 | 185,543 | — | — |
| " 4th | 85,335 | 30,075 | 174,096 | 196,497 | — | — |
| Total | 2,222,204 | 1,262,249 | 2,482,527 | 1,604,112 | 2,617,799 | 2,584,868 |

The supply this year will probably be near 4,000,000 bushels in excess of the last. Under the stimulus of high prices the quantities this year have been greatly increased, so much so, as to task the capacity of the canal. The effect upon its revenues is seen in the following table of its business for a series of years, ending with October and May, the quantities of flour and wheat, delivered at tide water, and the tolls:

| | 4th week in October. | | Total to 31st Oct. | Tolls. | Total |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Flour, bbls. | Wheat, bush. | Flour and Wheat equal to bbls. flour. | 4th w'k in Oct. | to 1st Nov |
| 1839 | 67,916 | 51,208 | 719,472 | $89,114 | $1,411,677 |
| 1840 | 108,191 | 113,026 | 1,583,124 | 99,928 | 1,530,527 |
| 1841 | 77,937 | 77,607 | 1,405,151 | 114,662 | 1,792,466 |
| 1842 | 115,464 | 72,747 | 1,563,766 | 102,855 | 1,525,525 |
| 1843 | 127,593 | 61,741 | 1,798,168 | 123,108 | 1,826,607 |
| 1844 | 120,836 | 43,013 | 2,028,229 | 120,132 | 1,971,230 |
| 1845 | 146,858 | 182,156 | 1,985.956 | 165,795 | 2,246,278 |
| 1846 | 65,166 | 123,034 | 2,665,111 | 135,803 | 2,355,098 |

This being the business of one great avenue, through which the produce of the west reaches tide water, we may look at that of the other, via. the Mississippi, at New-Orleans:

| | 1845. | | | 1846. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Arr. at N. Orl. | At T. water. | Total. | N. Orleans. | T. water. | Total. |
| Flour, bbls | 533,312 | 1,935,541 | 2,468,853 | 837,985 | 2,421.884 | 3,259,829 |
| Wheat, bush | 194,277 | 1,093,619 | 1,287,896 | 1,211,358 | 2,386,551 | 3,597,909 |
| Corn | 1,192,892 | 30,838 | 1,223,730 | 3,498,360 | 1,447,071 | 4,945,431 |

The increase this year, at both points, has been but equal to 6,264,893 bushels of wheat, whence there is to be derived 30,000,000 bushels to make good the English deficit between May and September, 1847? There will be, doubtless, a large quantity of barley released from distilleries for food. That is to say, in order to protect the English barley growers against the colonial sugar growers, the use of sugar by distillers has been prohibited. The quantity of barley used in England, for beer and spirits, is the enormous quantity of

Digitized by Google

78,732,000 bushels per annum. It is now proposed to permit the use of sugar in its stead. The effect of this would be to release about 2,000,000 bushels of barley from distillers for food, enough for the maintenance of 1,500,000 farms for a year. From this source, no doubt, a large portion of the coarse food will be supplied; but it will not lessen the deficit of wheat, more particularly that the high price of Indian corn, purchased by government for Irish use, already causes a substitution of the poorer qualities of wheat for uses to which corn was applied last year.

A great difficulty in the supply of English markets with food, is the want of freight. The comparatively small quantities sent forward this year, have advanced freights to rates that check transactions; and even if the produce existed here to the extent which England requires, it is doubtful if high charges for transportation would not become as prohibitory as high duties. This is a difficulty naturally resulting from the long anti-commercial policy of the government, which has sought to discourage the export of produce, in order to prevent payment in goods, which it was supposed might rival those of domestic manufacture. This policy has served to prevent that growth of shipping which would otherwise have been equal to any emergency. In the first week in Nov., a reaction and decline in prices took place in London, by reason of misapprehensions from this side of the water in relation to the supply of food that might be expected from New-York. The London Times, deceived by false data, gravely announced that from 3 to 5,000,000 quarters might be expected from New-York before January, seemingly not reflecting that such a transportation would require 1,000,000 tons of shipping, which is already so scarce as to make freights prohibitory. In consequence of some such information, the cabinet council of Oct. 28 refused to throw open the ports to the free importation of corn, or to admit sugar to the use of distillers.

---

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*A First Book in Latin.* By John McClintock, A. M., Professor of Languages, and George R. Crooks, A. M., Adjunct Professor of Languages in Dickinson College. Harper & Brothers, New-York.

There is a visible improvement in the elementary books issued within the last few years from the press. They are much simpler, more perspicuous, comprehensive, and practically useful, than those formerly published. This work is got up in the same style as Kugner's Greek Grammar, which we had the pleasure of noticing in a recent number of the "Review," and possesses in an eminent degree the various requisites of a successful class-book. It contains within itself a Grammar Exercises, Reading-Book, and Dictionary. It presupposes no knowledge of the language on the part of the scholar, and is calculated to lead him gradually from the very first step to a considerable degree of knowledge. It seems to anticipate every difficulty, and exercises the mind as if by oral instruction. We feel assured that this is one of the best elementary books that can be placed in the hands of the student.

---

*Chambers' Information for the People.* G. B. Zieber & Co., Philadelphia.

The second number of this useful and able work has been laid on our table. It fully sustains the high character acquired by the republication of the first.

Besides the conclusion of an interesting article on the Whale and Whale Fisheries, we have a learned treatise on Conveyance, both ancient and modern,—being an essay on Roads, Canals, and Railways; and a number of admirable contributions on Natural Philosophy, Mechanics, Machinery, Hydrostatics, Hydraulics, Pneumatics, Optics, Light, Acoustics, and Chemistry. We regret that our space prevents our making those extracts which would enable the reader to judge of the importance and value of this work, but we feel assured that its merit will command the success to which it is so eminently entitled.

Digitized by Google

*Heroes and Hero-Worship.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. 1 vol. Wiley & Putnam, New-York.

These lectures form one of the most valuable works in the "Library of Choice Reading," of which they form a part. Carlyle is justly regarded as a great writer. At a period when elegance of diction and a sort of sickly sentimentality seemed to be the chief objects of literary attainment this author made his appearance, and by his boldness, depth, and originality of thought, and Scriptural simplicity of style, infused a new and healthy vigor into the minds of men; dispelled some of the darkest clouds of prejudice, and enabled us to arrive at juster conclusions on many important subjects. In reviewing the life, character and motives of the hero—whether he regarded him as divinity, prophet, poet, priest, man of letters, or king—and in weighing the exact estimation in which he was long since and is yet held by mankind, he has had ample scope for the display of those mental requisites with which he is so peculiarly endowed. His treatment of Odin the Pagan divinity, Mahomet, Dante and Shakspeare, Luther and Knox. Johnson, Rousseau and Burns, Cromwell and Napoleon, all of whom he has placed under the above respective categories, will be perused with deep interest and most beneficial effect. He seems to be directed by an intense faith, which gives remarkable force and interest to all his views or assertions, and cannot fail to impress the reader with the fact that he is a powerful laborer in the cause of truth and the intellectual and moral progress of the world. We have much pleasure in recommending any of Carlyle's works to the most profound attention of the reading community.

---

*Two Lives; or, To Seem and To Be.* 1 vol. By MARIA J. MCINTOSH, Author of "Conquest and Self-Conquest," Praise and Principle," "Woman an Enigma," &c. D. Appleton & Co., New-York; Geo. S. Appleton & Co., Philadelphia.

This novel will be read with interest.—It presents many touching scenes of domestic life—displaying on the part of the fair authoress considerable knowledge of human nature. The portraits of Grace and Isabel are exceedingly well drawn, and the various conversations with which the volume is replete are of the most readable and pleasant nature.

If there be no deep-laid plot, nor scenes likely to occasion intense excitement, as in the works of the more celebrated writers of fiction, there are innumerable touches of pathos and sentiment which will not fail to sustain the interest of the reader from beginning to end.

But many of the incidents are of a lively and startling description, and the entire volume serves admirably to carry out the intention of Miss McIntosh as evinced in the title, for it illustrates in the happiest manner some of the most heart-felt realities, and frivolous yet mischievous deceptions of life. This work is handsomely bound, and published in a style creditable to the establishment from which it has emanated.

---

*First Greek Lessons.* By THOMAS KERCHEVER ARNOLD, M. A., Rector of Lyndon, and late Fellow of Trinity College. Re-arranged and carefully corrected, by Rev. J. A. Spencer, A. M., from the London edition. D. Appleton & Co., New-York.

This excellent work is remarkable for the utmost perspicuity; and its treatment of all the elements of the Greek language, from Alpha to Omega, renders it worthy of a place with the Eton Latin Grammar, which is bound and published in the same style. We trust that both these books will be generally adopted in our schools.

---

*Eton Latin Grammar.* From the twentieth London edition. Revised and corrected by T. W. C. Edwards, A. M. With Additions and Improvements, selected from the celebrated work, by C. G. Zumpt, P. H. D. And the Appendix to the Latin Accidence, by James Hinton, A. M. Also the Rules of Latin Prosody. Arranged, Edited, and Adapted to the Schools of the United States. By Rev. WILLIAM MORRIS. D. Appleton & Co., New-York.

It will be seen from the title-page of this work, that the most extraordinary care has been taken to render it thoroughly efficient, as a means of acquiring an elementary knowledge of the Latin language. The chief cause of the immense success of the original, upon which these improvements and additions are based, was its peculiar simplicity of arrangement, a feature without which books of this description are worse than useless; for they not only perplex the mind of the student, but in many cases give him a distaste for classical literature, which it takes years to overcome. The chief merit of the grammar before us, is, that whilst it preserves this essential characteristic, it is far more comprehensive and more generally useful.

---

*The Sufferings of Christ.* By a Layman. Second edition. Revised and enlarged. 1 vol. Harper & Brothers: New-York.

The professed object of this work is to pissipate the general belief amongst all classes of Christians, that the sufferings of

Digitized by Google

Christ were limited to his manhood alone. The author contends, that, according to Scriptural authority, the agonies of our Saviour reached both of his united natures. Deeply impressed with the importance of the inquiry, the writer has neglected no means of arriving at a knowledge of the truth. The works of the most learned divines are examined with great care, their views frequently placed in juxtaposition, and sound deductions, drawn both from the Old and New Testaments. The novelty of the author's views, and the means taken to sustain them, give an interest to the work, which we had not anticipated in glancing at the title. We think, however, that it matters little to salvation, or to a knowledge of the true spirit of Christianity, whether the opinion of the writer or that of the divines, to whom he has so frequently referred the reader, be generally entertained. The volume is handsomely bound, and published in a style worthy of the establishment from which it has been issued.

---

*The Architect;* A Series of Original Designs for Domestic and Ornamental Cottages, connected with Landscape Gardening. Adapted to the United States. Illustrated with Drawings of Ground-Plots, Plans, Perspective Views, Elevations, Sections, and Details. By William H. Ranlett, Architect. W. H. Graham, Tribune Buildings, New-York.

We have seldom been more gratified than in looking over this excellent publication. It has opened a charming vista to our mental vision. It is an indication of an increased taste for those useful and ornamental arts, which tend to add new comfort and new charms to life in America; and we can already picture in imagination the most beauteous and highly-cultivated gardens and landscapes, studded with innumerable "fairy cottages," to which our citizens will often retire, like the philosophers of old, from the rude intercourse of daily life to the only paradise which man has it in his power to create. Let us cultivate to the utmost possible extent this description of architecture, and increase the national taste for landscape gardening. By this means we shall develope more fully the great natural beauties of our country, and present a combination which will eventually render the United States the fashionable resort, as it is now the refuge, of the inhabitants of Europe.

---

*Harpers' Pictorial History of England.*

No. 13 has just reached us, enriched with quaint and curious engravings, as is usual with this publication. The interest of the historical records increase as they reach more modern times; for exciting details and tragic events, there might be found enough in the present number for the plots of a score of romances.

---

*The French Revolution.* By Thomas Carlyle. Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading.

The proprietors of this series deserve the thanks of the public for the valuable works which they are almost every day adding to its lists. Mr. Carlyle's works, all of which are to be included in it, have the advantage over former editions, of having been carefully revised by himself, and furnished with an index to each volume. He has a share in the proceeds, which is an act of unusual liberality on the part of American publishers, who appropriate the writings of foreigners.

Carlyle's French Revolution, though called by the author a history, is more properly a great prose-poem or historical romance; for it has none of the dullness of history and all the life of an animated bustling novel. The various scenes and characters of that most terrific period of confusion and uproar, are presented with picturesque, and sometimes startling effect; the reader feels as though he was in the midst of what was going on, listening to the daily and hourly rumors, or haled along by the tumultuous movements of the populace.

---

*Spurzheim's Phrenology.* By J. G. Spurzheim, M. D. Harper & Brothers.

This is an admirably got up and most interesting work, illustrated with plates, and should be in the hands of all; as well those who are votaries of the science, as those who have yet to look into its allurements.

---

*Classical Antiquities.* By Prof. Salkeld.

Harper & Brothers have also just issued, in a neat pocket-sized volume, a compendium of Roman and Grecian Antiquities, with a sketch of the Ancient Mythology; a work that will be found of peculiar utility in primary schools, and for family and private use.

---

*History of the Kings of France.* Carey & Hart; Philadelphia.

This is beautiful, embracing a history of each of the 72 kings of France, from Pharamond to the reigning king. There are 72 beautiful medallion portraits, believed to be good likenesses, from the most authentic sources. By Thomas Wyatt, A. M., author of "Natural History," &c. &c.

Digitized by Google

*Arnold's Cornelius Nepos.* With Answered Questions and Imitative Exercises. Part I. By the Rev. Thomas Kerchever Arnold, M. A., Rector of Lyndon, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Revised and Corrected by E. A. Johnson, Professor of Latin in the University of the city of New-York. D. Appleton & Co.: New-York.

The exercises contained in this work, are admirably adapted, at once to awaken a spirit of inquiry, convey much historical information, and above all, to impress upon the youthful mind the exact construction of the Latin language.

---

*Dombey & Son.*

This new work of Dickens' is likely to be one of the most popular of his productions, and probably, the most profitable to the author. No. 2 has just been issued by Messrs. Wiley & Putnam.

---

*Harpers' Illuminated Shakspeare,* Nos. 123, 124.

This issue, comprising the continuation of the historic drama of Richard III., is as usually evinced in this splendid edition, admirably embellished.

---

*The Senate Chamber.*

We have received a beautiful engraving of the Senate Chamber of the United States, with the members in full session. The picture, we should judge, is some 36 by 24 inches, and represents the interior of the chamber, the senators listening to the valedictory of Henry Clay. The members are so disposed as to give portraits of the whole, and the likenesses are all excellent, being from Daguerreotypes by Anthony, Edwards & Co., of New-York, and engraved by T. Doney, with whose work the readers of the Review are familiar, in the portraits engraved by him for us monthly. Messrs. Anthony & Edwards deserve the highest credit, as well as the ample pecuniary remuneration which, we are pleased to learn, they are acquiring for their great and national enterprise. The picture contains portraits, not only of the members of the Senate, but of distinguished spectators. Among whom are to be seen W. C. Bryant, Esq., of the Evening Post, Hon. Caleb Cushing, Generals Worth and Scott, Hon. A. Gallatin, Audubon, the ornithologist, and many other eminent men. The whole forms a national work, which no one can well do without. When reading senatorial debates, an admirable likeness of each speaker is before the possessor of such a picture. The fine faces of Benton, Allen, Wright, Dallas, Polk, Webster, Calhoun, and the whole galaxy of talent that adorns our national senate, are grouped in a most admirable and artistic manner, doing credit to the well-known skill of Mr. Doney.

*Capture of Major Andre.*

This is a beautiful line engraving, forming the last annual work of the Art-Union. It is indeed a superb work, and well calculated to do credit to American art, fostered under the society of gentlemen who direct the Union. Lest all our readers may not be aware of the nature of the Union, it may be as well to state that the American Art-Union was incorporated by the Legislature of New-York, for the promotion of the fine-arts in the United States. It is managed by gentlemen who are not artists, and have no privileges beyond the other members, and no compensation, except the satisfaction of serving the cause of art. The following is the plan pursued, which is believed to be the best adapted to the situation of our country, the nature of our institutions, and the wants, habits and tastes of our people. In furtherance of a truly national object, it unites great public good with private gratification at little individual expense.

Every subscriber of five dollars is a member for the year.

The money thus obtained, after paying necessary expenses, is applied in the first instance, to the production of a large and costly original engraving, in the highest style of American art.

For every five dollars paid by him, every member receives a copy of the engraving. Every member also receives an annual report, containing the proceedings and addresses at the annual distribution, a list of the members, &c., and sometimes an additional work of art.

The residue of the money is applied to the purchase of American books of art, painting, sculpture, &c., varying in price from 20 to several hundred dollars.

These works of art—the paintings being richly framed—are publicly distributed, by lot, among all the members, on the Friday before Christmas in each year; every member having one share for every five dollars paid by him.

Each member is thus certain of receiving in return the value of the five dollars paid, and has also a chance of drawing a painting, or other work of art of great value. The income of the Art-Union last year was more than $16,000, and the number of paintings distributed, 123.

The Art-Union rooms also contain a fine picture gallery, which is always hung with paintings, and is always open free of charge. The Committee have already purchased several pictures of great value, by most distinguished artists, which may be seen at the rooms.

Subscriptions and payments may be made to R. A. Fraser, corresponding secretary.

Digitized by Google

# GOSSIP OF THE MONTH.

*Park Theatre.*—The "revival" of Shakspeare's plays in a becoming style of magnificence, has often been desired by the friends of art, both in this country and in England; but the difficulties which presented themselves to the accomplishment of so desirable an object, and the doubt entertained by distinguished actors as to the attainment of that degree of success, which would indemnify them for the laborious research and enormous expense required at their hands, has deterred but too many from making this final effort to ensure the permanent support and brilliant triumph of the legitimate drama. Macready has done much to raise the English stage; but his labors were in some respects abortive, and in a pecuniary sense he lost more than he might reasonably have expected to gain. In the United States, however, we need have no apprehension of failure. The success of Richard III., as brought out by the Keans a short time since, has formed quite an era in the annals of theatricals in America, and has emboldened the enterprising *artistes* to get up a series of representations, unequalled in gorgeousness of costume, appropriateness of scenery, and accuracy of detail. The great event of the month, at the above theatre, has been the production of "King John;" preparations for which had been several months in progress. Much as we had expected, owing to the various announcements which had appeared in the daily journals, and to the opinions expressed by individuals, who had exclusive means of information, we confess we were taken completely by surprise. In whatever light it be regarded, the *spectacle* of King John is equally admirable. The curious skill of the antiquary and the taste of the painter are displayed in every scene, and even in the minutest accessary. In fact no expense has been spared that could have heightened the effect. The various *tableaux* are as a mirror of the times,

"Vivid and faithful to the historic page"—

The costumes, armor and arms, of the different courtiers, knights, soldiers, citizens, priests, and attendants, have been duly authenticated, as indeed have been those

"Ensigns of war, of peace, or rites divine,"

which glitter throughout the performance, with alternations of wild commotion, dubious repose, and stern command. The state-room in the palace of the king, where the first act takes place, is one of the finest scenic displays ever beheld, and so real were all the adjuncts, that we could almost have fancied ourselves present on the occasion. We do not, however, admire the text of the play as well as that of most other of Shakspeare's works, for there are few of those powerful passages, which, almost "acting themselves," produce an electrical effect upon an audience. The three principal performers were, notwithstanding this, lucky in having parts admirably adapted to their respective powers. Mrs. Kean threw such intense pathos into her personation of the Lady Constance, as to elicit frequent applause; and Mr. Kean, of whose abilities as an actor we have already spoken, acquitted himself most creditably in the part of King John. Mr. Vandenhoff's Faulconbridge was a natural, vigorous and racy piece of acting, and seems to have made a very favorable impression. We have never seen larger audiences within the walls of "Old Drury," than witnessed the earlier representations of this piece; and this afforded us much pleasure, for it is ever gratifying to find our citizens ready to encourage all that is really worthy of patronage. That these *spectacles* are so, —not merely as a source of amusement, but a means of instruction, is apparent to every cultivated mind, whose taste for the fine arts is susceptible of improvement.

—

*Concerts of Henry Hertz.*—The immense and brilliant audiences which attended these concerts are a triumphant refutation of the oft-repeated assertion, that the success of artists in this country has been mainly owing to the glowing eulogies of the public press. Mr. Hertz appeared in our midst almost before we had heard of his intention to visit our shores, and yet his reception has been cordial beyond example. He is, undoubtedly, one of the greatest pianists of the age. His performances are remarkable for the most exquisite delicacy of execution and sweetness of expression.

Though in some points inferior to De Meyer, he is greatly superior in others—what that gentleman possesses in manual

Digitized by Google

vigor being more than counterbalanced by a refinement of taste and dexterity of touch, that enable Mr. Hertz to produce a thousand delicious harmonies, far less noisy and startling, but, in our own opinion at least, much more agreeable. Madame Pico and Miss Northall sang at these concerts, and their sweet voices, whether in solo or duett, were poured forth in such silvery streams of melody, as to elicit the most rapturous applause.

Indeed, Madame Pico fully sustained her reputation as the most accomplished cantatrice in our city, and it was quite evident that Miss Northall had made rapid progress in her profession. A new feature was added to this "feast of music and flow of soul;" sixteen pianos having been introduced, and played upon by half that number of our best musicians.

—

*Painting by Leutze.*—Two or three pictures of more than ordinary merit were exhibited during the month, at the rooms of the American Art Union. It was our original intention not to notice any of the works in this collection till about the time of the annual distribution; but as many of them are lent only for a limited period, and others are frequently purchased and taken away by their respective owners during the course of the year, we think it advisable to depart, occasionally, from the rule we had adopted. We shall reserve our general notice of the paintings, however, till that appropriate moment when their number and merit arrive at the climax, which must win the admiration and insure the deep interest of the public. In selecting particular works for remark we shall always be actuated by one simple and pure motive—a desire to make known the best productions of our native artists, or to point out the defects of those remarkable pictures, which, though far below the standard of excellence, are still regarded by many persons as *chef-d'œuvres* of art. The most striking deficiency to be observed in the works of those painters who have not had the advantages of early and severe academical study and instruction, is ignorance of the human figure; and we have seen few pictures in the exhibition entirely free from this objection. Several of our best painters are so conscious of their want of actual knowledge in depicting the form of man, that, with all their taste, talent, power of coloring, and of light and shade, they have rather devoted themselves to landscapes, and low familiar subjects, than to the elevated walks of historical and poetical painting. It is not surprising then, that Mr. Leutze's picture of "Iconoclast Puritans destroying a church," which has been exhibited by the Art Union, for some weeks past, should have been so generally admired. It contains several groups of figures, drawn with great accuracy, spirit, and dramatic effect. The scene takes place, evidently, in the time of Oliver Cromwell, as most of the persons introduced are attired in the severe, simple, and characteristic costumes of that period. The Puritans have rushed into a Roman Catholic Church, and just begun to break the statuary, tear down the pictures, deface the walls, and trample upon all that is peculiarly essential to the performance of the more revered rites of that religion. At one side are to be seen a number of females in a kneeling and affrighted posture. Two of these figures are, in all respects, excellent, but a third, which, from her position is the most prominent in the group, seems hardly sufficiently affected by the deeds of destruction going on around her, and the fury depicted in the countenance of a person who, with arms outstretched, and a Bible in his hand, appears to address her in the most violent terms. This man, who stands to the left of the picture, is a perfect type of his class, being full of life and character. There is an altar in the background near the female group, of which we have just spoken. Several soldiers have rushed upon its steps, and two of them in breast-plates, helmets, and armed *cap-a-pie*, having mounted to the spot where the chalice is laid during the mass, are busy destroying the altar-pieces and ornaments, with their battle-axes. Two more, at a short distance, are occupied, the one in tearing the missal, the other, in breaking the censer. Others further back are still coming in, and following their leaders in the work of destruction. Some men to the left have caught hold of a priest, and are dragging him to death. The church itself, and accessaries, are painted with great truthfulness. The coloring, throughout, is rich, pleasing and natural, and the picture finished with great care. There is a slight deficiency of expression in some of the figures, but this work, regarded altogether, is the best we have seen here of the kind. Since the above was written, this picture has been removed by James Robb, Esq., of New-Orleans, in whose possession it now remains. The other pictures, to which we have alluded, we shall probably notice in the ensuing number of the Review.

Digitized by Google

# POLITICAL STATISTICS.

## CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS,

*Showing the members elected at the late elections to the Thirtieth Congress, and the votes of the same States on the passage of the Tariff of* 1846.

| Twenty-ninth Congress. | | | | Thirtieth Congress. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **MAINE.** | | | | | |
| Federal | vote. | Democratic | vote. | Federalists. | Democrats. |
| 1. | | J. F. Scammon, | N | | D. Hammons. |
| 2. | | R. P. Dunlap, | N | no choice. | |
| 3. L. Severance, | N | | | H. Belcher, | |
| 4. | | J. D. M'Crate, | Y | no choice. | |
| 5. | | Cullen, Sawtelle, | Y | no choice. | |
| 6. | | H. Hamlin. | | no choice. | |
| 7. | | H. Williams. | | | H. Williams. |
| **VERMONT.** | | | | | |
| 1. S. Foot, | N | | | Henry. | |
| 2. I. Collamer, | N | | | no choice. | |
| 3. G. P. Marsh. | N | | | G. P. Marsh. | |
| 4. | | P. Dillingham. | | no choice. | |
| **MASSACHUSETTS.** | | | | | |
| 1. R. C. Winthrop, | N | | | R. C. Winthrop, | |
| 2. D. P. King, | N | | | no choice. | |
| 3. A. Abbott, | N | | | A. Abbott, | |
| 4. B. Thompson, | N | | | no choice. | |
| 5. C. Hudson, | N | | | C. Hudson, | |
| 6. G. Ashmun, | N | | | G. Ashmun, | |
| 7. I. Rockwell, | N | | | I. Rockwell, | |
| 8. J. Q. Adams, | N | | | J. Q. Adams, | |
| 9. vacant. | | | | Artemas Hale, | |
| 10. J. Grinnell, | N | | | J. Grinnell. | |
| **NEW-YORK.** | | | | | |
| 1. | | J. W. Lawrence, | Y | | F. W. Lord, |
| 2. H. J. Seaman, | N | | | | H. C Murphy, |
| 3. U. S. Miller, | N | | | | H. Nicholl, |
| 4. | | W. B. McClay, | Y | | W. B. M'Clay, |
| 5. T. M. Woodruff, | N | | | F. W. Talmadge, | |
| 6. W. W. Campbell, | N | | | | D. S. Jackson, |
| 7. | | J. A. Anderson, | Y | W. Nelson, | |
| 8. | | W. W. Woodworth, | Y | C. Warren | |
| 9. | | A. C. Niven, | Y | D. B. St. John, | |
| 10. | | Samuel Gordon, | Y | E. Sherrill, | |
| 11. | | J. F. Collin, | Y | P. H. Sylvester, | |
| 12. R. P. Herrick, | | | | G. O. Reynolds, | |
| 13. | | B. R. Wood, | Y | J. J. Slingerland, | |
| 14. E. D. Culver, | N | | | O. D. Kellogg, | |
| 15. | | Joseph Russell, | N | | Sydney Lawrence, |
| 16. Hugh White, | | | | Hugh White, | |
| 17. | | C. S. Benton, | Y | | Geo. Petrie, |
| 18. | | P. King, | Y | W. Collins, | |
| 19. | | O. Hungerford, | N | Joseph Mullen, | |
| 20. | | T. Jenkins, | N | | T. Jenkins, |
| 21. | | C. Goodyear, | Y | | G. A. Starkweather, |
| 22. | | S. Strong, | Y | | A. Birdsall. |
| 23. | | W. J. Hough, | Y | W. Duer, | |
| 24. | | H. Wheaton, | N | D. Gott, | |
| 25. | | G. Rathbun, | Y | H. S. Conger, | |
| 26. | | S. S Ellsworth, | Y | W. P. Lawrence, | |
| 27. | | J. De Mott, | Y | J. M. Holley, | |
| 28. E. B. Holmes, | N | | | Elias B. Holmes, | |
| 29. C. H. Carroll, | N | | | Robert L. Rose, | |
| 30. | | Martin Grover, | Y | David Rumsey, | |
| 31. A. Lewis, | N | | | Dudley Marvin, | |
| 32. W. A. Moseley, | N | | | Nathan K. Hall, | |
| 33. Albert Smith, | N | | | Harvey Putnam, | |
| 34. W. Hunt. | N | | | Washington Hunt. | |
| **NEW-JERSEY.** | | | | | |
| 1. J. G. Hampton, | N | | | J. G. Hampton, | |
| 2. | | Geo. Sykes, | N | W. A. Newell. | |
| 3. John Runk, | N | | | | Jos. E. Edsall. |
| 4. | | J. Edsall. | N | John Van Dyke, | |
| 5. W. Wright, | N | | | D. S. Gregory. | |
| **PENNSYLVANIA.** | | | | | |
| 1. L. C. Levin, | N | | | L. C. Levin, | |
| 2. J. R. Ingersoll, | N | | | J. R. Ingersoll, | |
| 3. J. H. Campbell, | N | | | | C. Brown, |
| 4. | | C. J. Ingersoll, | N | | C. J. Ingersoll, |
| 5. | | J. S. Yost, | N | John Freedly, | |
| 6. | | J. Erdman, | N | J. W. Hornbeck, | |

Digitized by Google

| Twenty-ninth Congress. | | | | Thirtieth Congress. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Federal | vote. | Democratic | vote. | Federalists. | Democrats. |
| 7. A. R. M'Ilvaine, | N | | | A. R. M'Ilvaine, | |
| 8. John Strohm, | N | | | John Strohm, | |
| 9. | | John Ritter, | N | | W. Strong, |
| 10. | | R. Brodhead, | N | | R. Brodhead, |
| 11. | | O. D. Leib, | N | Chester Butler, | |
| 12. | | D. Wilmot, | Y | | David Wilmot, |
| 13. James Pollock, | N | | | James Pollock, | |
| 14. A. Ramsey, | N | | | George N. Eckert, | |
| 15. | | M. M'Clean, | N | Henry Nes, | |
| 16. | | Jas. Black, | N | James L. Brady, | |
| 17. Jas. Blanchard, | N | | | John Blanchard, | |
| 18. A. Stewart, | N | | | Andrew Stewart, | |
| 19. | | H. D. Foster, | N | | Job Mann, |
| 20. J. H. Ewing, | N | | | John Dickey, | |
| 21. C. Darragh, | N | | | M. Hampton, | |
| 22. | | W. S. Garvin, | N | J. W. Farrelly, | |
| 23. | | Jas. Thompson. | N | | Jas. Thompson, |
| 24. J Buffington, | N | | | A. Irvin. | |
| | | **DELAWARE.** | | | |
| 1. John W. Houston. | N | | | John W. Houston. | |
| | | **SOUTH CAROLINA.** | | | |
| 1. | | Jas. A. Block, | Y | | Jas. A. Block, |
| 2. | | R. F. Simpson, | Y | | R. F. Simpson, |
| 3. | | J. A. Woodward, | Y | | J. A. Woodward, |
| 4. | | A. D. Sims, | Y | | A. D. Sims, |
| 5. | | Armistead Burt, | Y | | A. Burt, |
| 6. | | J. E. Holmes, | Y | | J. E. Holmes, |
| 7. | | R. B. Rhett, | Y | | R. B. Rhett. |
| | | **GEORGIA.** | | | |
| 1. T. B. King, | N | | | T. B. King, | |
| 2 | | Seaborn Jones, | Y | | A. Iverson, |
| 3. | | Vacant, | | J. W. Jones, | |
| 4. | | Hugh A. Haralson, | Y | | H. A. Haralson, |
| 5. | | J. H Lumpkin, | Y | | J. H. Lumpkin, |
| 6. | | H. Cobb. | Y | | H. Cobb. |
| 7. A. H. Stephens, | N | | | A. H. Stephens, | |
| 8. Robert Toombs, | N | | | R. Toombs. | |
| | | **OHIO.** | | | |
| 1. | | J. J. Faran, | Y | | J. J. Faran, |
| 2. | | F. A. Cunningham, | Y | D. Fisher, | |
| 3. R. C. Schenck, | N | | | R. C. Schenck, | |
| 4. J. Vance, | N | | | R. S. Candy, | |
| 5. | | W. Sawyer, | Y | | W. Sawyer, |
| 6. | | H. St. John, | Y | | R. Dickenson. |
| 7. | | J. J. McDowell, | Y | | Thos. L. Harmer, |
| 8. | | A. G. Thurman, | Y | J. L. Taylor, | |
| 9. | | A. L. Perrill, | Y | Thos. O. Edwards, | |
| 10. Columbus Delano, | N | | | D. Duncan, | |
| 11. | | Jacob Brinkerhoff, | Y | | J. K. Miller, |
| 12. S. F. Vinton, | N | | | Saml. Vinton, | |
| 13. | | Isaac Parrish, | Y | | Thos. Ritchey, |
| 14. A. Harper, | N | | | N. Evans, | |
| 15. | | Joseph Morris, | Y | | W. Kennon, |
| 16. | | J. D. Cummins, | Y | | J. D. Cummins, |
| 17. | | Geo. Fries, | Y | | Geo. Fries, |
| 18. | | D. A. Starkweather, | Y | | Saml. Lahm. |
| 19. D. R. Tilden, | N | | | John Crowell, | |
| 20. J. R. Giddings, | N | | | J. R. Giddings, | |
| 21. Jos. M. Root. | N | | | Jos. M. Root. | |
| | | **ILLINOIS.** | | | |
| 1. | | R. Smith. | Y | | R. Smith, |
| 2. | | G. A. McClernand, | Y | | J. A. McClernand, |
| 3. | | O. B. Ficklin, | Y | | O. B. Ficklin, |
| 4. | | John Wentworth, | | | John Wentworth, |
| 5. | | S. A. Douglass, | Y | | S. A. Douglass, |
| 6. | | Jos. P. Hoge, | Y | | T. J. Turner. |
| 7. E. D. Baker. | | | | Lincoln. | |
| | | **MISSOURI.** | | | |
| 1. | | Jas. B. Bowlin, | Y | | Jas. B. Bowlin, |
| 2. | | Jas. H. Relfe, | Y | | John Jameson, |
| 3. | | John S. Phelps, | Y | | Jas. S. Greene, |
| 4. | | Sterling Price, | Y | | W. P. Hall, |
| 5. | | L. H. Sims, | Y | | John S. Phelps, |
| | | **ARKANSAS.** | | | |
| 1. | | Archibald Yell, | | | R. W. Johnson. |
| | | **MICHIGAN.** | | | |
| 1. | | R. McClelland, | Y | | R. McClelland, |
| 2. | | J. S. Shipman, | Y | | Edward Bradley, |
| 3. | | Jas. B. Hunt. | Y | | R. S. Bringham. |
| | | **FLORIDA.** | | | |
| 1. E C. Cabell. | | | | E. C. Cabell. | |

Digitized by Google

THE

# UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

# DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XIX. JULY, 1846. No. XCVII.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE

I. PRACTICAL ANNEXATION OF ENGLAND..... 3

II. MODERN ARMS AND ARMIES..... 15

III. HOWARD'S SPECIAL TERM REPORTS—New-York Supreme Court Special Term Reports; by N. Howard, Jr., Counsellor at Law, and Deputy Clerk of the Supreme Court..... 19

IV. ORIGIN OF IDOLATROUS WORSHIP..... 22

V. REASONS WHY THE ASPECT OF SOCIETY IN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES MUST BE RADICALLY AND PERMANENTLY DIFFERENT. By Junius Smith..... 25

VI. MARGINALIA. By Edgar A. Poe..... 30

VII. BRAZIL—Sketches of Residence and Travels in Brazil, &c. &c. By Rev. D. P. Kidder, A. M. 2 vols. (Concluded.)..... 33

VIII. CORRESPONDENCE OF MR. RALPH IZARD. By Lieut. Col. Henry Whiting, U. S. A.; author of "Ontwa," "Washington's Orders," &c..... 40

IX. SONNET—Consciousness and Resolve. By the author of "The Yemassee," &c..... 47

X. WHICH IS THE FORTUNATE MAN? By Miss Annie Middleton.... 48

XI. SOME TRANSLATIONS FROM UHLAND. By William Allen Butler... 55

XII. A LETTER OF A VALETUDINARIAN..... 62

XIII. FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL RECORD—Operations of the Tariff—Deficit in Revenue—Comparative utility of Loans and Treasury Notes—Taxes upon Tea and Coffee—English Harvest—Fall in Produce, &c, &c..... 71

XIV. NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS..... 76



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

# UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

# DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

Vol. XIX. AUGUST, 1846. No. XCVIII.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE

I. Legislative Embodyment of Public Opinion. Texas—Oregon—The Land Bill—The Tariff—The Warehousing Bill—The Independent Treasury ..... 83

II. An Essay on the Ground and Reason of Punishment.—"An Essay on the Ground and Reason of Punishment; with special reference to the Penalty of Death. By Taylor Lewis, Esq. And a Defence of Capital Punishment. By Rev. George Cheever, D. D. With an Appendix, containing a Review of Burleigh on the Death Penalty." ..... 90

III. No Remedy and Remedy. By D. P. Barhydt ..... 103

IV. Gluck in Paris. Translated from the German. By Mrs. Von Hassel ..... 106

V. Travels in North America.—"Travels in North America. By Charles Lyell, Esq., F. R. S." ..... 113

VI. West Point. By H. T. Tuckerman ..... 121

VII. The Writings of Charles Lamb: An Essay. By J. W. Shelton ..... 123

VIII. Prison Discipline. Reports of the Prison Association of New-York ..... 129

IX. Sonnet.—Dark Hours of Ambition. By the author of "The Yemassee," &c. ..... 140

X. Papers of an Old Dartmoor Prisoner. Edited by Nathaniel Hawthorne ..... 141

XI. Financial and Commercial Record ..... 148

XII. Notices of New Books ..... 151

XIII. Political Statistics. Oregon Treaty—Tariff Bill, and vote thereon in the House—Land and Treasury Note Bill, and vote—Warehousing Bill, and vote—Land Graduation Bill, and vote ..... 154



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

# UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

# DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XIX. SEPTEMBER, 1846. No. XCIX.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE

I. THE TARIFF—ITS HISTORY AND INFLUENCE..... 163
II. IMAGINARY COMMONWEALTHS. By J. Sullivan Cox..... 175
III. AMERICAN ACTORS IN ENGLAND..... 186
IV. THE OLD ARM-CHAIR THAT ROCKS SO EASY..... 192
V. HAYDN'S APPRENTICESHIP.—Translated from the German..... 193
VI. MISS FULLER'S PAPERS ON LITERATURE AND ART.—"Papers on Literature and Art; by S. Margaret Fuller, author of 'A Summer on the Lakes,' 'Woman in the Nineteenth Century,' &c." 198
VII. SONNET.—First Purposeless Strivers of the Imagination. By the author of "The Yemassee," &c..... 202
VIII. LITERARY LARCENIES..... 203
IX. PAPERS OF AN OLD DARTMOOR PRISONER. Edited by Nathaniel Hawthorne..... 209
X. REASONS WHY THE ASPECT OF SOCIETY IN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IS AND MUST BE FUNDAMENTALLY DIFFERENT. No. II. By Junius Smith..... 217
XI. A SONG OF THE STARS. By Miss Anna Blackwell..... 224
XII. FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL RECORD..... 230
XIII. NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS..... 235



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

# UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

# DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XIX. OCTOBER, 1846. No. C.

To OUR READERS.—We have, for this month, substituted for our customary portrait 16 pages of additional matter—making 96 pages of original articles. We have also added a new feature to the general character of the contents, viz., a light synopsis, under the head of "Gossip," of the matters of social interest that occur during the month. No pains will be spared to render this department light and attractive.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE

I. SLAVES AND SLAVERY.—1st. Message of the President, transmitting to Congress Despatches from the American Minister at Brazil. 2. Report of the Secretary of State, with Correspondence of S. W. Slacum, late U. S. Consul at Rio Janeiro. 3. Parliamentary Debate on Sugar Duties.....243

II. HOCHELAGA.—Hochelaga; or, England in the New World. Edited by Eliot Warburton, Esq., author of the "Crescent and the Cross".....255

III. COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE RELATIVE ADVANTAGES OF CONSTRUCTING STEAM-SHIPS OF WOOD OR OF IRON IN THE U. STATES, FOR OCEAN NAVIGATION. By Junius Smith.....260

IV. MINSTRELSY; ANCIENT AND MODERN.—Minstrelsy; Ancient and Modern; by William Motherwell.....264

V. WHAT IS TRUTH?—1st. Acts and Resolutions passed at the first session of the 29th Congress of the United States, published by authority. 2d. Sections adopted at the New-York Constitutional Convention.....267

VI. THE INDIAN LOVER.....272

VII. THE ELEMENTS OF MORALITY; INCLUDING POLITY.—The Elements of Morality; including Polity; by William Whewell, D. D., author of the "History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," &c.....273

VIII. MOBNI AND ETHNEA—A Tale of St. Columba.....284

IX. LITERARY LARCENIES. (Concluded).....289

X. HAYDN'S APPRENTICESHIP.—Translated from the German. (Concluded).....298

XI. SONNET—All Mortal Performance but Progress. By the author of "The Yemassee," &c.....302

XII. A DREAM OF THE WORLD. By R. S. S. Andros.....303

XIII. HUMAN CLOTHING, DYEING, AND CALICO PRINTING.—Practical Treatise on Dyeing and Calico Printing, &c.; by an Experienced Dyer, assisted by several scientific gentlemen.....305

XIV. THE BROKEN HEART—A Tale of Hispaniola. By S. Anna Lewis, author of "Records of the Heart."....312

XV. MODERN ENGLISH POETS.....316

XVI. FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.....321

XVII. NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.....327

XVIII. GOSSIP OF THE MONTH.....332



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

# UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

# DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XIX. NOVEMBER, 1846. No. CI.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE

I. THE NEW-YORK CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.....339
II. POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.—Silas Wright, of New-York. (With a fine Engraving on steel.).....349
III. LIFE INSURANCE.—1st. Litten on Life Insurance. 2d. Return of Life Insurance Companies, agreeable to standing order of the Chancellor of State.....357
IV. MUTATIONS OF TIME. By Mrs. J. W. Mercur.....361
V. THE GODDESS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—A Bohemian Legend.....365
VI. THE NORSEMAN'S RIDE.....368
VII. MONEY.—1st. A Manual of Gold and Silver Coins of all nations struck within the past century; by Jacob R. Eckfeldt and William E. Dubois, Assayers of the Mint of the United States. 2d. Annual Report of the Director of the Mint at Philadelphia, showing the operations of the Mint and Branches for 1845.....369
VIII. THE INFELICITIES OF INTELLECTUAL MEN.....378
IX. THE ELEMENTS OF MORALITY; INCLUDING POLITY.—The Elements of Morality; including Polity; by William Whewell, D D., author of the "History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," &c. (Concluded.).....385
X. SONNETS—Eager Confidence of Ambition—The Sacrifice upon our Altars. By the author of "The Yemassee," &c.....391
XI. MORNI AND ETHNEA—A Tale of St. Columba. (Concluded).....392
XII. THE WELCOME RAIN—Translated from the High German of Herr Niemand of Weisznichtwo.....400
XIII. FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.....401
XIV. NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.....408
XV. GOSSIP OF THE MONTH.....411
XVI. POLITICAL STATISTICS—State Elections.....414



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

# UNITED STATES MAGAZINE.

AND

# DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XIX. DECEMBER, 1846. No. CII.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE

I. THE RESULTS. State Elections—Speech of the Hon. Daniel Webster, at Boston—Do. of J. M. Clayton and Henry Clay.. 419

II. THE ADMINISTRATIONS OF WASHINGTON AND ADAMS. Memoirs of the Administrations of Washington and John Adams. Edited from the papers of Oliver Wolcott. By George Gibbs..... 426

III. THE NATURAL HISTORY OF NEW-YORK. Natural History of New-York. By Authority..... 433

IV. UPWARD! By J. Bayard Taylor..... 442

V. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GOETHE. Truth and Poetry: from My Life. Translated from the German of Goethe. Edited by Parke Godwin..... 443

VI. A DAY IN THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE. By Francis Copcutt.... 446

VII. TO THE OCEAN. By Mrs. J. W. Mercur..... 452

VIII. WHALE-FISHERIES. Etchings of a Whaling Cruise; with Notes of a Sojourn on the Island of Zanzibar, &c. By J. Ross Browne 453

IX. THE INFELICITIES OF INTELLECTUAL MEN. (Continued.)..... 465

X. SONNETS.—Heart Essential to Genius.—Where to Seek—How to Look. By the author of "The Yemassee," &c..... 471

XI. POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.—Zadock Pratt, Late Member of Congress from the State of New-York..... 472

XII. FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW..... 483

XIII. NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS..... 489

XIV. GOSSIP OF THE MONTH..... 491

XV. POLITICAL STATISTICS—Congressional Elections..... 495



Digitized by Google

3903

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

3 2044 012 637 773

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.

CANCELLED
AUG 28 1986
2022 77

CANCELLED
STALL-STUDY
CHARGE

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google